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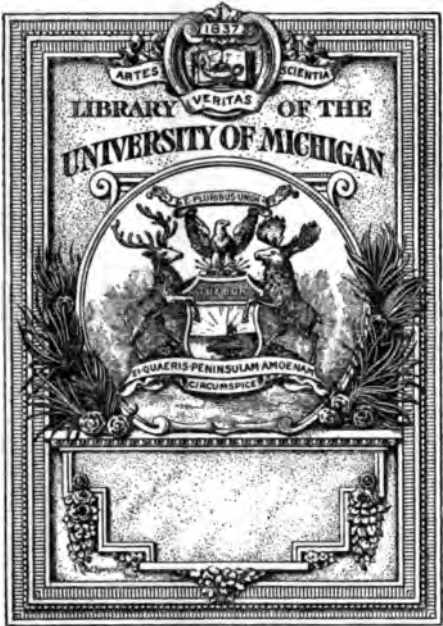
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THE DUBLIN

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WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Our contributors are requested to observe, that all articles designed for publication in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, must be forwarded on or before the 8th of the month preceding that in which they are intended to appear.

The versification of Ossian's Comala shall appear in our next number; we hope to hear shortly from the same quarter.

We unintentionally omitted in our last Notices to Correspondents the answer to H. B. We shall be most happy to hear from him in any of the departments mentioned in his note. It would be very desirable to have a continuation of the paper which he last enclosed to us.

We must decline, with many thanks for his good feeling, the lines of T. L. Macclesfield. Also the stanzas by Zeta.

The translation by Z. evinces a degree of ability of which we should gladly avail ourselves, if otherwise applied.

The translations by Victus are not equal to those which have already appeared in our pages from the same author.

The Address to Spring; Lines by M. S., and an Essay on the Genius of Greek Tragedy have been received.

We should feel obliged by the immediate restoration of the article which a few days since was so unhandsomely withdrawn by its present, we much regret, unknown possessor.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. VII.

JULY, 1833.

VOL. II.

THE COMING CRISIS, AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

It has rarely happened, if ever, that great political calamities have befallen a civilized nation, without being foreseen and predicted by men wiser than the generation to which they belonged. And at the present day it is the avowed belief of most of the judicious and reflecting that a great crisis, both for the Church and for the State of England, is drawing on, and now at hand. This opinion is founded upon a sober examination of the records of the past; for the practical use of history is to make us wise and forecasting by the sufferings of others, and from a well-digested knowledge of other crises, in other nations, or in our own in other times, to teach the application of past experience to the circumstances of the present distress.

Perhaps, indeed, no small proportion of the manifold errors by which the business of the British Government is now beset, may justly be attributed to the crude, imperfect views, and scrambling knowledge, which the generality of public men, both in and out of office, seem to possess, of the annals of even their own country. Misled by ignorance, and prejudice, and misinformation, ten thousand fold more dangerous than simple ignorance, they are not only incapable of anticipating events from an observation of the profound and half-buried causes which are sure, sooner or later, to give them birth; but even when the contingency takes place, they commonly ascribe it to some cause which was itself but secondary—the symptom, not the source, of the disease. Far otherwise than thus, and armed alike with history and

philosophy, reflecting mutual light upon the facts and reasoning which each in turn presented to their view, our wiser ancestors, those men of might when “there were giants in the land,” repaired the breaches of a shattered constitution, removed its incumbrances, cleansed its impurities, and fixing its foundations in the great principles and immutable feelings of human nature itself, transmitted it to us, a standard of political wisdom, an imperishable monument of rational liberty, the study and the admiration of an envying world.

As long as Englishmen continued to value the rights and institutions thus secured to them at the infinite price which their importance merited. They justly deemed that to be ignorant of the origin and growth of these their privileges, was to be undeserving of the inestimable benefit of their excellence. While Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Settlement were familiarly referred to in public debate, or common private speech, it was not quite superfluous to be somewhat acquainted with the precise meaning and extent of these household phrases. But now the principles of 1688 are, it seems, out of date. The French, and not the English, revolution is the object from which all lessons of political wisdom should henceforth be drawn, and all beyond this Gallic barrier should be at once rejected, as obsolete, unfounded, and inconclusive. It is assumed, and argued upon as an acknowledged axiom, that the present is a more knowing and enlightened generation than all or any of those which

have preceded it. All sorts of people are agreed in this. We have discarded the prejudices, exposed the errors, and improved the discoveries of our fathers, yea, and have sought out also many inventions of our own. If gas or steam can constitute the elements of national or individual happiness, we admit the premises; but for the rest, we join issue on behalf of our good old ancestors, and shall be ready, on any fitting occasion, to shiver a lance in their defence, malgre Miss Martineau and the modern science of political economy.

Acting in the spirit of this creed, we deem no further apology necessary for insisting with great earnestness upon the duty of all men, who are capable of doing so, imbuing themselves with the spirit of authentic history, more especially with that of their own country. A master in this most noble science, formerly so cultivated and honoured, was never more indispensable than now, to extricate us from the mazes of error and disaster in which we are involved, and which, if they be not disentangled by a practised and a patient hand, will too surely be rudely cut asunder by the headlong violence of exasperated desperadoes. In pointing out, as we are now about to do, a brief and bird's-eye view of the leading facts of English constitutional history, as bearing on the present crisis, we would be understood as wishing only to incite our readers to consult the well known sources of authentic information for themselves—to fill up by patient, well-digested study, the brief outline they find referred to here.

If we try back from the constitution of 1688, we shall very soon become convinced that it is not the foundation or beginning of any new rights or privileges, but simply declaratory and corroborative of the old law of England. Indeed the remarkable words with which the declaration of rights, presented by the Lords and Commons to the Prince and Princess of Orange, concludes, are sufficiently decisive on this point; "and they do claim, demand, and insist upon, all and singular the premises, as their undoubted rights and liberties." And the act of parliament itself, which followed, solemnly recognises "all and singular the rights and liberties asserted and claimed in

the said declaration, to be the true, ancient, and indubitable rights of the people of this kingdom."

In tracing up the origin, or perhaps we should rather say the absence of any fixible origin, of these "ancient and indubitable" rights, it will be necessary to maintain the distinction between the Constitution and the Government, very clearly in our minds, because while it is contended that the Constitution always has been free, it must be confessed that the *Government* has very often been tyrannical. This is the answer, and a sufficient one, to that sweeping assertion of Mr. Hume's, "that it is idle to look beyond the revolution of 1688 for any thing like a free constitution in this country; faction or tyranny will alone be met with, and the existence of either disproves the reality of freedom." True; but each may be in turn the violation of the Constitution, not its legitimate operation.

Mr. Hume undoubtedly considered the Crown as originally possessing all power in itself, and consequently that all the boasted rights and privileges of Englishmen were but so many successful usurpations on the Royal prerogative; and this is an opinion held by many at this day: but Hale and Blackstone hold a very different doctrine.

William, the so-called Conqueror, was undoubtedly a despotic and tyrannical Sovereign, but he was so in defiance and open violation of his oath and bond. The very name of Conqueror is attributed to him only by a vulgar error, a mistake of the peculiar force of the feudal term Conquest, which simply signifies an "acquirer of a feudal inheritance," and might have been applied with equal truth to Harold, before the battle of Hastings. Duke William swore the customary Coronation oath, and took upon him all the customary obligations of an English King. He himself played off his Norman against his English subjects with policy and success; but Rufus, his successor, equally oppressed them both, so that the Normans turned against him too, and with their English lands began also to demand the English liberties. Henry I. went even before the temper of the times, and at his Coronation granted a Charter remedying abuses and establishing the laws of St. Edward. Stephen, in his Charter,

pledges himself, "*Bonas leges et antiquas et justas consuetudines observabo, et observari præcipiam.*" Henry II. and Richard I., swore no less; and John subscribed and swore to *Magna Charta*.

Even *Magna Charta* was not the origin but the confirmation only of the ancient liberties of Englishmen. Like the Charter of Henry I., it restores to the people (*reddidit*, is the word in the original,) the enjoyment of the old laws and liberties of the Saxons. Accordingly we find Rapin, in commenting upon the Coronation Oath of Edward II., observe expressly: "It manifestly appears by this Oath, that, far from supposing the Great Charter to be the original title of the privileges granted by King John to the people of England, it was considered only as a confirmation of the ancient liberties of the nation. Upon this supposition Edward II. was made to swear that he would observe the laws of St. Edward, which were no other than those of the Anglo-Saxons, lest, by causing him to swear to keep the Great Charter, there might be room to imagine the privileges of the people were founded on the concessions of the Kings. Nor was the solemn oath at Coronation then considered, as it sometimes seems to be considered now, a vain ceremony, the technicality of a popular pageant, to amuse the people with idle words, instead of real security. This very Edward, and some of his successors, had ample experience that its obligations were deemed binding on the conscience of the king, and were expected by the people, to be faithfully fulfilled.

Let it then be acknowledged that the ancient constitutional liberties of the nation were substantially such as they have been enjoyed in this our day. That great as had been the changes and accumulations of property, great the consequent transitions and transferences of power, numerous as had been the slowly-growing improvements in particulars—the accommodations to new interests—the bulwarks gradually raised against every form of oppression—and bright the splendour which an extensive commerce, a liberal love of science, learning, and the arts, and, above all, which a reformed religion, founded on the pure and unadulterated Word of God, had shed upon this favoured island, the spirit of liberty lived

before all these among us, it struggled hard and often against the Roman dominion, and even when it slumbered through exhaustion it did not die—it breathed in the Witten-agemots of our Saxon forefathers, it groaned under, and fought, and ultimately prevailed against both the Danish and the Roman Sceptre. It softened the harshest features of the feudal system by an assimilation to itself—changed tyrants into kings, edicts into laws; and barons and vassals into lords and commons.

Lord Bolingbroke and Fox, agree in fixing upon the reign of Henry VII. as the æra from which modern English history dates its beginning. The nation which, for more than a century, had been torn and distracted by two infuriated factions then began to repose under the fortunate union of the Roses, and to repair her shattered strength.

The foundations of a steady and principled system, both of internal and external policy also then were laid, by which a fixed shape and intelligible purpose were given to the measures of the domestic government on the one hand, and on the other the futility and loss of continental conquest, were acknowledged, and the grand and far-reaching idea of a European league of balanced powers, influenced by England's international arbitration, was conceived, and its probable consequences foreseen.

Now too it was that a series of magnificent discoveries, alike in the physical and in the moral world, concurred to awaken and exalt the slumbering faculties of mankind. The shadow of the dark ages began to pass off from the face of the earth. The dayspring from on high again shot forth its first pale beams across the bosom of the deep. The great spirit of human knowledge, moved by the divinity that stirs within, gave indications of approaching wakefulness, and already murmured oracles in its latter sleep.—The second birth of revelation and of christianity was at hand. Luther was up and doing. The immortal champion of reason and religion was training himself unconsciously, but not unknown to God, for the predestined combat. No mere man ever did, nor will the nature of things perhaps admit that any man ever hereafter should, effect so much for the liberty

of thought and conscience, and the universal happiness of mankind. The lofty and ennobling principles which he asserted were pregnant with life, and prolific of freedom. They were not confined in their application to one country, or to one generation, but adapted for all nations and all time—yea! and after time for all eternity, to which they lead, and on which they teach us to set all our hopes.

It is from the want of a deep, practical persuasion, that all things in this world depend upon fixed laws, that there can be no effect without a cause, and those causes too commensurate, either intrinsically or by relation, to the effects produced, that men are willing to put up with arguments and opinions, substantially so absurd and illogical as they do, and to live as it were by chance, waiting, with gaping mouths and wondering eyes, to see what will turn up next. The error, however, is a very wide-spread one, and lies at the bottom of many worthless theories as well as those of politics and history. It is this wretched mistaking of secondary for primary causes, of symptoms for diseases, that has produced most, if not all, of the miserable materialism and infidelity, which have proved, from time to time, the blot and the humiliation of the human intellect. And thus in politics, even at this day, a great majority of the loud-voiced haranguers about the right of resistance, (a right which it has been well said, the people ought never to remember, nor the rulers ever to forget), seriously believe that the refusal of Hampden to pay ship money was the principal cause of the civil wars in the 17th century. No doubt both this, and the act which made the parliament indissoluble by the crown, and the attempt of the King to seize the five members; all were instrumental in accelerating the crisis, but to pretend or think that they were first and leading causes, so that if these things had not been, neither would the civil struggle which ensued have ever taken place, is of that calibre of childish wisdom which affirms that the spur of the rider is the cause of the fleetness of the horse, or the gilded pipes of the organ the cause of its modulated sound.

But there is a natural eagerness in the minds of all, adults as well as children, to find out some cause or

other for every apparent effect.—Hence the majority, not sufficiently long-sighted or informed, to discern the potential agency of, it may be, an obscure, first cause, easily and indolently lapse into the belief, which they perhaps feel necessary to their repose, that some more visible and contiguous events sufficiently account for results with which their connexion is more immediately apparent, and upon which their operation is more sensibly demonstrable.

The accession of Charles I. took place at one of those critical periods to which political as well as natural bodies seem to be subject. The Commons possessed little real power, or influence over the councils of the nation for a very long time after they were recognized as one of the three estates of the realm. Even when the power of the feudal nobility had been broken, some generations passed away before they became sensible of their great and growing strength. From Henry VII. to Elizabeth, the Executive had acted with a high hand, and though no sovereign of the House of Tudor affected wholly to dispense with the appointed forms of the constitution, the parliament had crouched at their feet in fear and submission. Elizabeth indeed found it necessary to curb their rising spirit by a vigorous exertion of her royal prerogative, and even Elizabeth might perhaps have failed in this, if the uniform wisdom of her government had not combined with the chivalrous feeling towards her person as a female sovereign, to impose upon the people a profound and well-merited respect; and if the nation had not been sensible of the blessings which they enjoyed under her singularly favoured reign. She surmounted unprecedented obstacles; she unravelled endless intricacies; established Protestantism, at home and abroad; shook Spain to its centre; gave back to the nation the money which the Parliament had voted to her use, and depended for her safety against Jesuits and assassins, upon nothing save the national pride, and the loving watchfulness of her own people.

With the accession of James Stuart began an æra of mixed imbecility and despotism. He was as flexible in temper, as he was arbitrary in principle. The circumstances under which he

had assumed the reins of government were favourable. The path of foreign and domestic policy was already chalked out for him, and by a master-hand; experience had proved it too, to be the true one. The cloud of dangers and of difficulties which had frowned upon the youth of his female predecessor was all but dissipated. Things were in that train, that obstacles which Elizabeth and Burleigh could scarcely conquer, might now have been removed by even James and Buckingham. But all these advantages of position were thrown away. James, though by nature almost superstitiously attached to peace, was forced into an impolitic war by popular clamour, fostered and fomented by his unworthy favorite. It is unnecessary to trace here the downward steps of folly, and treachery, and cowardice, by which King James's councils were betrayed into the lowest depths of national degradation. It is more essential to our present purpose to observe, that notwithstanding the arguments which prevailed at court, in favour of the divine right of despotism, and the inculcation of civil servitude, under the impious pretext of religious obedience, the Commons of England now began both to feel and to exercise their real power, and when Charles succeeded, they had already reached a disposition and ability not only to use, but to abuse it.

We mean not to deny, or palliate, the errors and misgovernment of James and Charles, from 1603 to 1640. That national honour was betrayed; that public trade was unduly monopolized; that a court faction was created upon principles unknown, except to be condemned, by the constitution, that the great right of an English freeman, not to be taxed without the consent of parliament, was violated; that regal independence and arbitrary power were sought to be established: these things are to be found where none will doubt the authority, in Lord Clarendon. Royalist as he is, few will deny Lord Clarendon to have been a wise, a statesman-like, and a religious historian; a christian philosopher, and, what is far more remarkable, a christian politician. His work is full of constitutional wisdom. Tinged, doubtless, sometimes, with the strong antipathies, which wrong, and suffering, and

final triumph naturally produce, but presenting, nevertheless, ample materials for profound reflection, and suggesting the most persuasive arguments, and the most pregnant proofs of one essential article in the political creed of every sober and discerning Englishman, namely, the necessary connexion, the thorough intercommunion of the Established Church, and the established form of civil government. "Manifest as are the blessings," says a great modern political writer, from whom we mean to borrow largely in what follows, "for which Englishmen are beholden to the institutions of their country, there is no part of those institutions from which they derive more important advantages than from its church establishment; none by which the temporal condition of all ranks has been so materially improved. So many of our countrymen would not be ungrateful for these benefits, if they knew how numerous and how great they are, how dearly they were prized by our forefathers, and at how dear a price they were purchased for our inheritance; by what religious exertions what heroic devotion, what precious lives, consumed in pious labours, wasted away in dungeons, or offered up amid the flames. This is a knowledge which, if duly inculcated, might arm men's hearts against the pestilent errors of these distempered times. Herein it will be seen that when the errors, and the crimes, and the corruptions of the Romish church were at the worst, the day-break of the Reformation appeared among us: the progress of that reformation through evil and through good; the establishment of a church, pure in its doctrines, irreproachable in its order, beautiful in its forms; and the conduct of that church proved both in adverse and in prosperous times, alike faithful in its principles, when it adhered to the monarchy during a successful rebellion, and when it opposed the monarch who would have brought back the Romish superstition, and together with the religion, would have overthrown the liberties of England. It has saved us from temporal, as well as spiritual despotism. We owe to it our moral and intellectual character as a nation; much of our private happiness—much of our public strength. Whatever should weaken it, would, in the same degree, injure

the common weal ; whatever should overthrow it, would in sure and immediate consequence bring down the goodly fabric of the Constitution, whereof it is a constituent and necessary part. If the friends of the Constitution understand this as clearly as its enemies, and act upon it as consistently and as actively, then will the Church and State be safe, and with them the liberty and the prosperity of our country."

Charles I. succeeded to a war, conducted as feebly as it had been rashly undertaken, and to an exhausted treasury. The House of Commons refused supplies for a contest, which had unquestionably been of their own seeking, and thus, at the commencement of his reign, the King unexpectedly found himself at variance with his Parliament. A crisis had arrived at which it might have been possible, had there been prudence on both sides, to have defined and balanced the Constitution without a struggle. The political reform, really needful, might have been effected with less difficulty than had attended our religious reformation, because there was less evil to be corrected. But the men by whom popular opinion was directed, aimed at more than the correction of real grievances, and the throne was surrounded by councillors, of whom some were weak, and others treacherous, whilst Charles distrusted no one so much as himself. To this infirmity of purpose it was owing, that he did not make himself an absolute King, after it was rendered impossible for him to govern as a constitutional one. The experiment of ruling without a parliament, and raising by his own prerogative the necessary revenues, which the Commons persisted in withholding, might have succeeded, and the liberties of England might have then been lost, had not a stronger, or at least a more active principle than the abstract love of liberty been opposed to the success of Charles.

In every European state there exist two grand and master principles of essential being, which, not sometimes or often, but ever and always are silently and irresistibly operating every change that ameliorates, every struggle that convulses the frame of human society. These are the principle of permanency, and the principle of progres-

sion. These two distinct and opposite tendencies have each their visible exponents and representatives, as distinct and peculiar. In a sound, and wholesome, and not unduly excited state of society, the principle of permanency is embodied, and, as it were, personified, in the aristocratic classes generally—the noblesse, the clergy, and the gentry, resident upon, and drawing their resources from landed property. In all these there is, for the most part, an instinctive repugnance to innovation—a prudent fear of theoretic experiments—a comparative indifference to political rights, till the private and the personal are thought to be in jeopardy.

Progression, on the other hand, animates and impels the mercantile, the manufacturing, and the merely literary classes. In some of these the pride of wealth, acquired by the individual's own exertion, the levelling spirit of barter, and in some, perhaps, the irritation of feeling produced by a consciousness of inferiority in position in the social scale, to those to whom they deem themselves intellectually superior ; and in some, it may be, the ardent imaginations of youth, or the theoretical reasonings of learning, operate still more actively, and therefore more powerfully towards innovation and change.

Hence, it may be justly, as well as charitably, concluded, that upon the two principles coming to an actual struggle between themselves, great and wise and good men will often be found ranged on opposite sides, equally honest and equally sincere in their intentions for their country's weal. Thus much, at least, may well be borne in mind, when endeavouring to form a just conception of the motives and the relations of the parties opposed to each other in the civil wars of 1641 ; and still more *this* should be had in lasting remembrance, as fatally evinced alike in the English great rebellion, and the first French revolution, that the efforts which are primarily directed to the redress of real grievances, are afterwards too surely turned to the worst purposes of democratic tyranny. A parliament which originally offered little more than a legitimate resistance to oppression, proceeded, after the accomplishment of all it ought to have effected, to such intolerable lengths in its subsequent acts and requirements, as to drive from its councils into the ranks of the royalists,

many of the most distinguished speakers and movers in laying open the original grievances of the nation, and demanding reform and redress of the King.

Radical reformers, whether they breathe the air of England or of France, whether they rejoice in the denomination of rooters, or roundheads, or of *sansculottes*, are an insatiate people. Like the daughters of the horse-leech, their cry is ever "give, give," and their joy is not full till they are gorged with blood. Which of their just demands was not granted by Charles? Which even of their cruel and unreasonable requisitions was not conceded, so as it were not utterly inconsistent with all law and order? Had they not sent Laud to the tower and Stafford to the Block? They had destroyed the Courts of the High Commission and the Star-Chamber. They had reversed the proceedings, confirmed by the voices of the King's Judges, in the matter of ship-money. They had taken from the King his ancient and undoubted privilege touching the order of knighthood. They had provided that after their dissolution, triennial parliaments should be holden, and that their own power should continue till in the condescension of their wisdom they should be pleased to lay it down of themselves. What more could they desire? But it was not enough that they had taken from their King all his oppressive powers, and many that were most salutary—it was not enough that they had filled his council board with his enemies and his prisons with his adherents—it was not enough that they had raised a furious rabble to shout and swagger under the doors and windows of his royal palace—it was not enough that, complaining of intolerance themselves, they had denied all toleration to others—that they had urged against forms, scruples more childish than those of any formalist—that they had persecuted the least remnant of the Popish rites, with more than the bitterness of the Popish spirit. But besides all this, they must needs have the command of the King's army, and full power to massacre all they deemed his friends, and therefore their own foes.

The power of the sword is not one fit to be possessed by the commons, nor was that sword which they then drew, in defiance of the prerogative of the King, wielded for their advantage, or sheathed again at their command. Then, as since, civil anarchy soon paved the way to military despotism. "Some devils," says the allegory, "are easily raised, but never to be laid," so that if the unlucky magician calls them up, he will be forced to find them in constant employment, for though they are bound to obey his behests while he has work for them to do, yet if he leave them for one moment unoccupied by mischief of his own brewing, they turn their destructive claws upon himself.

Such a foul fiend is a mob, or a modern political union. They who evoke it, who avail themselves of its power to work their own selfish or wicked ends, cannot dismiss it when the deed is done. They are at once its masters and its slaves. Let them not fail to find for it task after task of rapine and destruction. They dare not leave it for a moment in repose, lest it turn and rend them in pieces.

But time and space fail us to tell, at present, how with these "rude and rascal commons" even religion changed her blessed nature. How she ceased to be the parent of arts and letters, of wholesome knowledge, of peaceful innocence, and cheerful godliness. How in the place of these came sour looks and whining tones, the chattering of fools and the yells of madmen. How troopers raved from the tops of tubs against the sons of Belial, and drummers rang the changes on the hollowness of Popery with all the self-satisfied infallibility of the Pope himself.

From the time that systematic opposition to the establishment had been commenced in the commons, by a few persons, then called by an odd coincidence of nicknames, "*Rooters*," the danger to the Church, and through it to the State, was foreseen and foretold.

God grant that in this our day the effort to avert it may be more wise and energetic, and, under his good guidance, more happy and successful.

TO THE ABSENT BEYOND OCEAN.

I.

In fancy's hush'd dominions
 Comes thy spirit to me,
 Swept upon Love's pinions
 Across the midnight sea.

A spell is weaving o'er me
 As it floats before me,
 And charms me from the slumber
 That doth the flesh encumber,
 Up to the rapt communion
 Of a mysterious union,
 Where, each the other folding
 Is speechlessly beholding
 Above, what angels shew us,
 And time and earth below us.
 'Tis joyous, 'tis enchanting,
 When spirits, fluttering, panting,
 Thus loo'd a season from the unconscious day,
 Burst in their immortality away !

II.

Then swiftly are we tracing
 Back on the scroll of fate
 What time had been effacing
 Whilst we were separate.

As kindred souls thus nightly,
 In fancy hover brightly
 Above renascent hours,
 Like fire-flies over flowers,
 The links of strong affection
 Spring to their old connexion,
 And the fairy chain that bound us
 Is rivetted around us.
 For spirits suffer only
 When they are 'reft and lonely,
 But when they are together,
 And feather touches feather,
 'Tis o'er love's mysteries their long wings meet,
 Like the twin cherubs of the Mercy-seat.

ADVENA.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE SULTAN, AND CAPO D'ISTRIAS.*

There is no country, perhaps, which has ever exhibited a more interesting spectacle, than the Turkish Empire does at this moment. It is now nearly five centuries since an obscure people from the mountains of Asia burst into Christian Europe, and, with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, established themselves on its eastern coasts, subverted the remains of a mighty empire, which had given laws to the then known world for 2000 years, endeavoured to extinguish all the arts of civilized life as derogatory from their military character, destroyed libraries and every source of human knowledge as a matter of conscience, and finally enlarged their limits on every side, till they occupied the fairest portion of Christendom, extended their conquests into the very heart of it, and seemed designed as it were by Providence, to extirpate the Religion of the Gospel, and substitute in its place that of the Koran.

For several centuries they seemed to persevere in this object. While all the people about them were advancing in the race of improvement, adopting new lights which the ingenuity of man invented, and ameliorating their social state by the discoveries of art and science, the Turks refused to move. They rejected with disdain every thing which was not found in their koran. All necessary knowledge, they said, is contained in that book, and anything not contained in it, is worse than useless. Under this impression they fancied themselves the chosen of the earth, and the perfection of the human race; and that any change could not be an improvement, and so must be a deterioration. Even their very barbarous language they considered as a mark of their superiority, and the man who was known to have learned any

other lost his cast, and was an object of contempt and persecution to all true Mussulmans. Among the characteristics of this race was a bigotted attachment to their own residence, and a total seclusion from that of every other. A Turk not only never came to the house of a stranger, but no stranger ever came to him. He never voluntarily went abroad to see foreign countries, and if a foreigner visited him, he was not invited or encouraged, but merely tolerated, as an inferior being, who came to learn something better than he could learn at home. Even the Foreign Ambassadors, who appeared as Representatives of the Crowned Monarchs of Europe, and were, among every other people, received on terms of equality and respect, as the images of the Sovereigns they represented, were scarcely recognised by this people. An order was actually issued, that they should be washed, fed, and clothed in the Divan, before they were deemed fit to be admitted into the same place with the august Padisha, and then they were dragged as it were before him; nor did he condescend to speak to or even look at them, during the few minutes they were allowed to stand in his presence.

Whenever this hauteur and tyranny could display itself, it was strongly expressed. The subjects of other powers, allowed to reside in the Turkish dominions, were called *Franks*, as being amenable only to their own sovereigns, and free from the domination and exactions of the people among whom they lived; and this they enjoyed by certain concessions slowly and reluctantly made, and called *capitulations*; but the Christian subjects of the Porte, were liable to every oppression and degradation. They were all supposed

* Records of Travels in Turkey and Greece, and of a Cruise in the Black Sea, with the Captain Pasha, in the years 1829, 1830, and 1831; by Adolphus Slade, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833.

Sketches of Greece and Turkey. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1833.

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to have forfeited their lives, at the taking of Constantinople, and were living by sufferance ever since. To this end an annual tribute called *karatch*, was imposed on them, as a capitation tax, and as soon as a man paid it, and not till then, he had a security that he would be permitted to wear his head for the current year.

Even the proud and disdainful Turk himself submitted to a tyranny greater than that which he had imposed upon others. By ancient usage not only the property but the lives of his subjects were at the absolute disposal of the Sultan, as descended from Mahomet, and he was allowed, as of inherent right, to kill fifty of his subjects every day peremptorily, and as many more as he could show cause for. This was exercised with such unsparing ferocity by some of the monarchs, that they obtained names indicative of their awful character; one was called *Ilderim* or Thunderbolt, as if his wrath was an instrument of Heaven; and even to this day, the common appellation in the mouth of every Turk, when he speaks of the Sultan, is *Hunker*, the Manslayer.

To keep up the relations in which their political situation unavoidably, though reluctantly entangled them, it was necessary to send occasionally though rarely, Ambassadors into other countries, who being men of generally more intellect than their fellows, remarked the difference between themselves and those among whom they resided, brought back with them new lights on various subjects, and were sometimes hardy enough to propose to introduce improvements at home; but most of those unfortunate persons, who thus obtained a glimmering of intelligence and endeavoured to enlighten their countrymen, fell victims to their temerity. Even Sultans themselves destroyed the halo of awe and respect which, as descendants of the Prophet, was cast round their characters, as soon as they attempted to enlighten the venerable ignorance of their subjects, and they fell victims to their innovations, with no more regard to their person than was paid to the meanest Raya. It thus happened that the Turk, who had succeeded to the place and occupied the station of the most intelligent people in the world, continued to be the most ignorant; that he who was in contact with all the lights

of modern science, remained in total darkness, and that up to the year 1826 this European people, great in power, extent, and population, actually persisted in being the same, stubborn, brutal, ignorant, prejudiced, puerile, race that crossed the Hellespont in 1363.

To this state of things, one enlightened and energetic man put a termination. The present Sultan, endued with singular sagacity to know, and unshaken intrepidity to execute, determined no longer to be bound down by the tyranny of custom, or the prejudice of ignorance, and at once undertook a reform of a nature so extensive as, perhaps, never before entered the head of a Turk. In the execution of his enlightened projects, he had to encounter all that virulence of animosity to which a predecessor, and a near relation had fallen a victim. Matters came to an issue between him and the most ignorant and prejudiced part of his subjects, till the existence of both became incompatible, and one or the other must be destroyed. The genius and destiny of the sultan prevailed—the Janissaries were extirpated—their very name like that of Eratostratus, was prohibited to be pronounced—and after one of the most bold but frightful acts of energy, that ever distinguished a monarch, Mahomet created an unanimity of assent to his plans of improvement, by killing every man who differed with him in opinion.

Having thus silenced all opposition, he began his improvement with no sparing hand.

It was at first supposed that his plans were merely military, and that his only object was to establish the *Nizam Dgettid*, and discipline his soldiers, on the European principle. The ortas of the Janissaries and other military had been a mere rabble; every man dressed and armed as he pleased, marched as he liked, and generally speaking, was subject to no controul but his own caprice. They were now formed into regular regiments, completely armed with muskets, and screwed bayonets, having pouches and cross belts; and, instead of the loose and cumbrous robes, slippers, and turbans, which, however picturesque to view, were sad impediments to military movements, officers and soldiers were tightly equipped in Wellington coats, pantaloons, and boots, and regu-

larly paraded. To a stranger who had left Constantinople before the Revolution, and visited it immediately after, the change in a year or two was very striking. The military used to have something of mystery about it, that no one ever saw; it was like some secret engine of despotism that lay concealed till it was pushed out with rude and fearful violence, and then again disappeared.—People never had a sight of it, except they met it in straggling groups on a march; and when arrived in towns, it was shut up in kishlas or barracks, which, like the mosques, no one was allowed to enter.

The first sound that now strikes a stranger, on entering the city, is that of a fine military band, and the first sight is a regular regiment marching through the streets. If he goes in the morning or evening to a public parade, he will see soldiers drawn out in line, regularly exercised, and hear excellent music, to which groups of well-dressed people are listening, while they walk up and down. 'Tis true, there are many things in this approximation to European usage, which still remind him that he is not at the Horse-guards or the Castle-yard. The soldiers appear to have no shirts, they are not yet reconciled to the restraint of a stiff black stock, and the shoes which they have taken in exchange for slippers, are not in the neatest order; the greatest number are down at the heels, as if they were still slippers, and they are all dirty as if they never had been cleaned.—Every man got brushes for the purpose, but they have not yet been reconciled to them. Some orthodox Onbachi suggested that they were made of *hog's bristles*, and they thought the hair of this unclean animal would only defile them still more. These, and similar circumstances, trifling as they are, are yet indications of the inveteracy of habit, and the difficulty which the sultan had in conquering prejudices deeply rooted.

When his military reform was effected, he applied himself to other departments, and soon displayed an equal energy in every improvement. One of the greatest impediments to the introduction of knowledge, arose from the inveterate hostility of the Turks to any language but their own. Very few could read, and those few merely read

the Koran, almost the only book in Turkey, and that in an oriental language. When it was necessary to hold a communication with other nations on affairs of national policy, there was not a Turk to be found in the empire, who was able to maintain a conversation with any European agent, and it was always necessary to employ a Greek or a Frank as the medium of intelligence. Among the first acts of the sultan, was one to establish a school for European languages, and it was made a point, that Turks of rank should educate their children at it, in order to qualify them to become drogomans or interpreters, whenever it became necessary. This was at once an introduction to European literature, and tearing asunder the veil that concealed it from their view. But a few years ago, it was a hopeless and sometimes hazardous attempt to address a Turk in any language but his own. It is now common to meet well-dressed men who can talk with you in French, Italian, and English more rarely; for the latter is a language of exceedingly limited circulation even among the Franks.

A printing press had for many years been established at Constantinople, but had fallen into total disuse, till an attempt was made to revive it by Sultan Selim, among his other efforts to enlighten and improve his subjects; but this was too daring an enterprize for a well-meaning, but timid man; he soon fell a victim to his innovation, and his printing-office and his paper manufactory, for which he had given up one of his own palaces, were spurned at and cast into oblivion, when he himself had been put to death. But his more energetic successor not only revived them, but added an innovation altogether incredible to those who had only known the Turks a few years ago. We remember an editor of a London periodical, who, through inadvertency, inserted a paragraph that a newspaper was established at Constantinople—there was no epithet of ridicule that was not cast in his teeth by his contemporaries, and he was obliged in a subsequent number to apologize for his mistake. What will the scoffers now say, when they learn, that the Sultan has established not *one*, but *four* different newspapers in the several languages spoken in Turkey,

that every one of his subjects may be enlightened by a periodical printed in his own tongue.

The first is in the Turkish, published at the public printing-office now established at the Porte ; this is nominally conducted by an Effendi, who has, since the opening of the office, distinguished himself by other literary publications, but the real editor is known, or said to be the Sultan, who writes *himself* some of the leading articles. The next issues from the patriarchal press of the Armenians in their own language, and circulates among that numerous community. The third is printed at the press of the Greek Patriarch, in Romain or modern Greek, and enlightens the inhabitants of the Fanal ; and the fourth is in French, for the Franks, and descendants of the Genoese, and other Europeans in Pera. All these are published weekly, and very extensively read. It is understood, that every Pacha, Muzzeim, or other public man, must take a copy, as well for himself as for his district ; so that in this way they are not confined to the capital, but sent over the provinces.

As yet the limited capabilities of the Turks impede their use by individuals. Among the mass of the population a very few, comparatively, are able to read them ; but it is quite common for a number of persons to hire a reading room, where they sit round on stools, smocking their chibouques, or nargellais, while a capable man is elevated in the centre, and reads the news for the company. Such a mode of communicating printed knowledge, is superseding the oral information of the story-teller, who was formerly the only enlightened man in the empire, from whom the Turks derived amusement and information. The number of readers is daily increasing, and in coffee-houses men are sometimes seen poring over the Gazette with their coffee, as in London or Paris.

The information contained in these periodicals is very varied and generally taken from the European papers. Many articles appear on arts, and sciences, and useful improvements ; many on literature, historical events, and amusing tales, and many on politics. The freedom allowed in this latter is unexpectedly great ; debates

in the Chamber of Deputies and House of Commons, are extracted from the French and English newspapers, and the names and sentiments of M. Dupin and Mr. O'Connell are actually printed in Constantinople Gazettes, and the most violent declamation on liberty permitted to be read by Mussulmans and Armenians. It is true, indeed, the Sultan is not treated with the licence indulged against the Kings of France and England, and his name is never mentioned but with respect and admiration ; it is always introduced as connected with some recent benefit he has conferred, or some improvement he has made, and never coupled with that gross and unmeaning personal adulation in which the "Morning Post," and other of such similar organs indulge to existing royalty.

The state of medical science was as low as that of literature ; and the miserable expedients of the *Hakims*, or Turkish doctors, consisted in little more than amulets and charms. Frank physicians were held in higher estimation than the natives, and the city and country towns were inundated with quacks from Germany, France, and Italy, who having failed in other speculations, took up the trade of medicine, of which they were more profoundly ignorant, than of any other. To obviate the fatal effects of this, the Sultan established a school of medicine and surgery at the Porte, and set over it a Doctor Sat, an ingenious and intelligent Frenchman ; in this school a course of lectures is given in the various branches of pharmacy, surgery, chemistry, and anatomy, and it is attended by two or three hundred pupils, from whom are taken the army medical officers, after a competent course of education. It is said that the dissection of human bodies will be soon introduced, and, notwithstanding the horror and repugnance of Turks, in general, to such a pollution, it is not, perhaps, greater than that entertained by many Christians in these countries, who think themselves very intelligent. Already has some approximation been made towards it. A student, who could not comprehend the mechanism of some part of the frame from mere description, contrived to get at a human body, and cutting off the part, he brought it next day to lecture for the edification of his companions, who

examined it without repugnance. The Sultan is favourable to it, and no doubt will have it adopted.

Among the prejudices of this kind which he has already conquered is that against vaccination. The strong and extravagant notions of predestination entertained by the Turks, had hitherto been carried so far, that they deemed it an act of impiety to take any precautions against that which Allah was pleased to send, and they rejected vaccination on this principle. But the Sultan adopted the argument of a Frank physician, that the process was not a prophylactic but a therapeutic, not intended as a protection against a coming evil, or to prevent a disease, but to heal one already existing in embryo, in the human constitution; and to show his own conviction on the point, he had his children vaccinated by the Doctor. His subjects soon were, or affected to be, satisfied with the propriety of the distinction, but were probably still more influenced by the example, and the practice thus introduced and recommended is gradually expanding itself.

But the greatest benefit rendered in this way to his subjects, is the establishment of a quarantine. Even after the awful visitation of the plague in 1812, the Turks of Constantinople could not be induced to take any precautions against this fearful malady. They saw that the Franks, who shut themselves up from all communication or contact with the infected, escaped amidst the carnage that surrounded them; yet they could not be persuaded to follow their example. They would not ventilate the apartment or wash the clothes in which the infected died, least it should appear like a distrust in Providence; and they carried this rooted misapprehension so far, that they would not suffer prayers to be offered up in the mosques to stay the plague, lest even that should appear to be a *mur-muring* against the decrees of Allah, though 1000 persons a day were carried out of a particular gate to be buried. The Sultan was the first of his nation, who conquered this most Turkish absurdity. In the year 1830 he determined to establish a quarantine, on European principles, notwithstanding the many difficulties he had to encounter from local causes, as well as from the prejudices and superstitions of his subjects. The narrow straits

of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, being little more than ferries, afford facilities of communication between Asia and Europe, which it would seem impossible to impede; and when the plague was raging in one quarter of the globe, there seemed no means of preventing its importation into the other.

Not deterred by these and similar impediments, he applied to the Ambassadors of the different powers resident at Pera, for information on their respective quarantine establishments, to enable him to adopt the best plan for the purpose. The application to our Ambassador, Sir R. Gordon, was forwarded to England, and orders were sent to Malta that the plan of the noble Lazaretto at that place, should be sent to Constantinople. But this on examination, was found susceptible of much improvement, and one on a new model, adapted to the local circumstances of Turkey, was drawn up. With this Captain Schembri, the intelligent superintendant at Malta, arrived at Pera in May, 1831, when it was submitted to the Sultan and approved of, and orders were issued from the Porte for its future adoption. It is deeply to be regretted that the embarrassments and difficulties in which the government were soon after involved have prevented, hitherto, the completion of this plan, which when carried into effect, will be the most perfect of its kind in the world. The edifice alone will cost 1,600,000 piasters, or about £20,000 of our money, and instead of being a gloomy filthy prison, where everything that is disgusting and depressing to the spirits is added to rigid imprisonment like as in European Lazarettos, (as those who have been incarcerated in them can testify,) the apartments will be airy and elegant, ventilated by the breezes and enlivened by the current of the Bosphorus, situated in gardens and plantations affording pleasant walks, and compensating for the necessary detention, by rendering it as healthful and agreeable as possible. We notice this intended establishment, because it is not generally known, and we believe that few of our readers have ever heard of it. When completed it will considerably abridge the period and correct the annoyances of other quarantines, so justly and universally complained of. Turkey is the great cradle of contagion,

to guard against which the nations of Europe have drawn round her a vast and impassible cordon of these quarantines. Should similar precautions be taken in Turkey also, for the prevention and extinction of this disease, apprehension and exclusion will cease, and a free communication be universally established.

It would far exceed our limits to enumerate the many similar prejudices conquered and the many improvements proposed or executed by this extraordinary and enlightened Turk, for the benefit of his subjects, which have not yet been published to the world we believe by any traveller, many of which inability alone prevents him from carrying into effect. When in 1831, Pera and a considerable part of Constantinople was burnt down by his inveterate enemies the Janissaries and their adherents, and 100,000 people were left without homes and lying in the burying grounds, he not only distributed large sums of money among the sufferers, and allocated public edifices for their immediate shelter, but he formed a plan to prevent the recurrence of that evil. One cause of the numerous and destructive fires in the capital is the facilities afforded to incendiaries by the narrowness of the streets and the combustible materials of the edifice. When the houses were now destroyed, and nothing remained but an open space, he had immediately drawn up the plan of a new town, with spacious streets and squares, which standing on such a noble site, would have equalled or surpassed in beauty the finest city in the world; in the mean time all building was suspended till the plan was complete and means were provided for carrying it into execution; but many of the proprietors of the former houses were *baccule*, poor shopkeepers, who suffered severely from the suspension of their trade, and many others were persons in better circumstances, who had interests which they would not surrender; and as there is yet no "Commissioners for making wide and convenient streets" with ample powers, as in Dublin, the Sultan was obliged to yield to the clamours of the poor and rich, and defer his plan till another conflagration afford him another opportunity.

Nor were his benefits and good intentions confined to the capital. Among

the grievances complained of in Turkey was the arbitrary manner in which the taxes were levied, every Pacha exacted what he pleased in his pachalic, and the revenue which came to the Crown was but a small part of what was squeezed from the poor peasant. An equitable tribute was laid on, its amount ascertained and stated, and no functionary under the severest punishment dared to exact more. The rigid and inflexible character of the Sultan soon effected implicit obedience to this regulation, which was not confined to Turks, but equally extended to all classes, and the despised and trampled on *Raya*, now found himself for the first time, really protected, and raised in the estimation of the government to a degree of consideration equal to that of his oppressors.

There is perhaps no trait in the Sultan's character more estimable than this. On the first insurrection of the Greeks, he applied himself with rigour and severity to suppress it, and though he has been charged, and justly, with acts of cruelty, not only to those actually in arms, but to all who were known to have participated in the plan, which in fact included every Greek wherever he resided; yet his cruelties were always provoked by the greater atrocities of the insurgents, and allowing for the difference of the Oriental character, they were not greater than any European Powers would and do use, to reduce to obedience their rebellious subjects. When, however, it was found hopeless to subdue them, and he was compelled to acknowledge their independence, he shewed no angry feelings to those who were left in his power; on the contrary, as if to obliterate all sense of the past, he treated them with a kindness and protection which they had never before enjoyed. This was very remarkably displayed in the conduct of the Greeks of Constantinople. A traveller who had left them sunk into the most abject depression, their houses pulled down, their churches dilapidated, themselves in poverty and rags, shrinking from notice and hiding at every corner, was surprised to find them, on his return after a short absence, totally changed; their houses generally repaired, their churches re-edified, themselves well dressed, celebrating their festivals by dancing about the street, generally intoxicated not

only with joy but wine, and hustling the grave Turks out of their way, as if they were actually masters in the city. So great was their indulgence, indeed in every way, that a rumour was spread abroad that the Sultan himself was inclined to become a Christian; and so far from the Greeks of the capital flying to the Morea to enjoy the new-born liberty, which they so much cherished in imagination, that crowds of them abandoned their emancipated country to seek under the Sultan that safety and protection, which anarchy and oppression denied them at home.

Nor was this good faith, this sacrifice of anger and revenge confined to his subjects, but extended to foreign enemies. There never was an act of greater or more unjustifiable aggression against an independent and even friendly nation, than that gallant but *untoward* one of Navarino. It was truly characterized by the late King, when he said, the *action* deserved a ribbon, but the *act* deserved a halter. Yet when every one here expected that a just retaliation would be immediately made by an exasperated monarch for so gross and unprovoked an outrage, by visiting its consequences on the persons and properties of every subject of the offending governments which he had in his power, a firman was immediately issued in Turkey for their more effectual protection; and though they were abandoned by their own Ambassadors, who fled from the consequences of the acts of those whom they represented, it only insured the more effectual security of those who remained behind, as if the very circumstance of being deserted gave them an additional claim on his care and attention. Nor was this protection confined to the metropolis, but it extended to the remotest confines of the Turkish dominions. A friend of ours at this time left Constantinople with a companion, to proceed overland to England. They were everywhere treated with attention and respect by the authorities of the towns through which they passed, and a guard assigned them on the road; but when they arrived at a place near the frontiers, they told the Pacha they considered it no longer necessary, and they had now no apprehension for their own safety. "If you have not," said the Pacha, "I have; my head is a pledge for yours as long as you remain within

my pachalic," and he escorted them safely into the Banat of Temeswar out of the Turkish territory. When we consider the manner in which Christian powers think themselves justified in treating the persons and properties of their enemies, not only after hostilities have commenced, but even before war is declared and while peace and amity are supposed to subsist between them, we think they might take lessons on the law of nations from this Mahomedan.

The character and conduct of Mahomed have been compared with that of Peter the Great, and there are many circumstances of resemblance; the extermination of the Janissaries was similar to that of the Strelitz, and the reforms to be introduced and the difficulties to be surmounted, were alike in both countries; but in many points the Sultan seems to have the superiority. He was less qualified by education, his orientalism was more repugnant to change, he never left his own country to see the manners of others; his conquest over early prejudices and prepossessions was therefore proportionably greater and seemed some intuitive illumination, rather than the calculations of his reason or experience; in fact he was a *Turk*, and had to reform Turks, which the examples of centuries had proved to be the most difficult, dangerous, and hopeless attempt that ever was made by man. In his personal character, too, he seems superior to his great archetype. He never indulges in intemperance. He has so far approximated to European habits that he sits at a table, uses a knife and fork, and has no scruples about taking a glass of wine, particularly Champagne, which he prefers; but this is done in strict moderation, and never produces the brutal and bloody ferocity of Peter's brandy. He never obliterated the feelings of nature in his heart and sacrificed an only son, as if he had been a common malefactor: on the contrary, he is a fond and affectionate father, and in the very tempest and whirlwind of his various excitements, he is said to have behaved to his family with uniform calmness and gentleness.

Who then can contemplate such a man and the nation he is reforming, without the deepest feelings of interest and sympathy; he has brought his subjects to that state when they are about

to pass from an Asiatic to a European people, when the almost impenetrable wall of separation which divided them is nearly broken down, when by the Providence of God, the lights they are every day receiving may change, not only their views of civil policy but of religion, and they might finally become members of the great Christian family; but just at this critical moment, a horde of barbarians from Africa, whose devastations already in Greece were so dreadful and ferocious, that they may boast, like Attala, that no grass ever grew in the track they left behind them, have threatened to hurl him from his throne, possess themselves of his country, and, as a natural consequence, obliterate the traces of his improvements, and render the Turks more Turks than ever. Happily these barbarians have been for the present stopped, and their designs suspended; but surely it is the interest of every Christian Power, that they should not be renewed, that the shield of protection should be held over this reforming Turk and his improving people, and the lights of civilized usages and feelings introduced among them should not be extinguished in Egyptian darkness.

We have dwelt the longer on the character of the Sultan because, though fairly appreciated in general, some travellers have not done it justice. Among these is Mr. Slade. He writes with all the prejudice of a very John Bull, and in his condemnation of others becomes Turkish himself, as if he thought nothing good could be found out of his own country. He begins his chapter on the Sultan by detailing "his crimes," "his despotism," &c. Among the former he accuses him of causing the death of his brother and his own son. With respect to the first, it is a usage so common in the East and so little turpitude is annexed to it, that however revolting to our apprehension, it is there considered only as a necessary and even useful policy. His brother Mustapha was a frivolous and cruel character, and he certainly caused his predecessor and amiable cousin Selim, to be put to death, and would probably

have served his brother in the same manner; but he was soon deposed and despatched as altogether unfit to reign or live; and when Mahomed was taken from the Haram to succeed him, it does not appear by any certain evidence, that he had a hand in, or even a knowledge of, his death.*

With respect to his son, the story, we believe, is altogether a fiction of prejudice, and circulated by the many enemies his reformation has naturally raised. The mysteries of the seraglio are generally impenetrable, but the present Sultan calls in Frank physicians, who make no secret of what they see and hear. The son supposed to be put to death was sickly; he was first afflicted with the jaundice, and when the Doctor was introduced, he found him in a room lined with yellow silk, and was informed that this precaution was taken to conceal as much as possible the colour of the child from his father, lest it would too deeply affect him. This did not indicate the feeling of a man who meditated putting him to death. But it is well known the poor boy died of the small pox, and that this was the immediate reason why the Sultan caused the rest of his children to be vaccinated.

He accuses him of "making war upon trifles and wounding every prejudice of his subjects to let them see that he considered their ancient usages absurd." Where ancient usages are interwoven with inveterate prejudice, foster our ignorance, stimulate our pride, and promote our bad passions, they are *not trifles*. The Turkish military dress was no trifle, for as long as it was worn, the improvement of the soldier was hopeless. The wise ministry of George II. thought the Highland dress no trifle, and they compelled the people to change it. The moment they laid aside the philibeg and put on breeches, they became good and peaceable subjects, and have continued so ever since.

"He talks of his 'despotism'—the despotism of a Turk! Some of his proofs of this are not more happy than his charges. There existed in Natio-
lia certain Feudal Lords called *Dere*

* This, if we rightly recollect, is also the statement of Juchereau, a Frenchman, who was in Constantinople at the time, and has written a most interesting account of the event.

Beys, or Lords of the Valleys, who, on the first occupation of the country by the Turks, obtained large territories, with certain arbitrary privileges annexed to them, which they exercised like similar feudatory Barons, who were once the curse of Europe. To restrain their excesses, reduce their barbarous cavalry to the discipline of regular soldiers, confine them to a certain tax, instead of allowing them the exaction of an arbitrary tribute, and so subject them to the common law of the Empire, could hardly be said to be a cruel or even an unwise act of despotism in any sovereign. To their resentment and co-operation Mr. Slade attributes the extraordinary success of the Egyptians in Asia, omitting a much more obvious cause. A number of the Janissaries were Asiatics, who after the first carnage was ever sent home to the amount of 12, or 15,000. It was these fellows and their connections, rankling with a sense of the extinction of their corps, that first endeavoured, by their emissaries, to set fire to the capital, and then joined in large bodies the first invader who promised to depose their adversary and restore their ancient abuses.

Nor is the charge of "cruelty" better founded. When excited by the revolt or opposition of his subjects he *did* exercise an unsparing severity on both Greeks and Turks; but he has also shewn a lenity altogether unknown in the former Turkish character. The deposition of a Pacha for any real or imputed offence, was formerly followed by certain death, as a necessary policy. When the Pacha of Albania, who had alarmed the Empire by his revolt, and in communication with the disaffected Janissaries, advanced as far as Sophia, was at length defeated and brought a prisoner to the capital, in 1831, the exposure of his head was daily expected, like that of Ali Pacha's. But to the astonishment of all, he was freely pardoned, and attached to his sovereign by an unprecedented tie in the annals of Turkey—forgiveness for the past and kindness for the future.

"But what particularly characterises him," says he, "is unbending obstinacy." To undertake what he has accomplished without such a quality, would be worse than absurd. Had he for one moment vacillated or shewn a disposition to yield to the Janissaries'

dictation, he would have shared the fate of his predecessors, and deposition and death have terminated his reforms. In endeavouring to reduce his Greek subjects to obedience, he did no more than every prudent Monarch could have done. He persevered as long as there was a chance or hope of success.—When there was not, he submitted to irresistible force with a good grace, and entered into engagements which he adhered to with inviolable faith.

He is even accused of "petty economy and unostentation," as crimes. His daily donations to the distressed and his activity to relieve the sufferers in every public calamity attest his useful liberality, while his new palaces, which adorn the Bosphorus prove that he is not inattentive to a proper display of magnificence. It is true he is very unostentatious, and is fond of retiring to an eminence on the Bosphorus, where he is seen sitting under a little tent, with a few people at a distance about him, to keep off intruders on his privacy. The man who wished to correct the love of pomp and barbarous splendour of his subjects, and inculcate the simplicity of European manners could not set a better example.

Our author's character of the people is no less prejudiced than that of the Sultan. "The various people above mentioned, (viz. Osmanlies, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews,) however different in most points, have one common character—a total want of conscience. Examine them as we may we never find a trace of it." With respect to many of the Turks we will let the Author of *Zohrab*, who was long and well acquainted with their character, reply to the charge. "Let me ask any one who has lived in the East, particularly in Turkey, whether they have not been acquainted with Mahomedans there, whose conduct in life would have done credit to Christianity." This is the language of a fair and candid observer, who does not go forth with an overweening opinion of himself and his own, and d—mn every one and every thing because it is not English. Similar testimony might be quoted for the Armenians, who are a gentle, quiet, industrious people, strongly resembling in disposition, character, and conduct of the Quakers of England. Among the Greeks, with all their fickleness and volatility, it is well known that during the fearful times of

their insurrection, when the life and property of any individual among them were not worth an hour's purchase, and terror and despair pervaded all, the most generous and devoted actions were performed to each other. Property confided by those who fled to those who remained was restored, with inviolable integrity, and life and limb was perilled by one to conceal or forward the escape of another. In their dealings as merchants with other people, they are highly respectable, which is acknowledged by their Frank competitors, notwithstanding the envy and jealousy of commercial competition. Even some of the despised Jews are considered perfectly trustworthy by those who know them. They are the brokers and bankers of the merchants, and credit and property are freely confided to them. His summary of characters is concluded by the following extraordinary illustration. "Among such a people it is difficult at all times to divest ones self of an involuntary emotion, similar to that which is experienced, when viewing for the first time the ponderous movements of a steam engine, which appear immutable, subject to no ordinary control. So we cannot help feeling that if it be the interest of our host, our seeming friend, to slay us, no moral tie, no human affection would restrain him." We were well aware of the various powers of steam, but we confess we never heard such an odd and unintelligible *application* of it before.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Slade's book is very informing and gives many excellent details of persons and things, particularly of the seat of the late war on the Balcan mountains, which he visited from Constantinople. He is the last of the many travellers who have recently visited Turkey, and his accounts come down to a later period than those of any other. He left Constantinople for the last time in May 1830. His personal narrative is really amusing; there is a dash and heedlessness about it, which well befits the character of an English naval officer, which he seems to have been. His pursuit of the Turkish fleet into the Black Sea, his manner of overtaking it, his cruise after the Russians, his anecdotes and character of the Captain Pacha, and his firing off the great gun, are admirably told, and the only draw-

back to one's amusement is, that we are led to say with Curran, "is this fancy, or is it fact?"

While contemplating the state of Turkey, our eyes naturally turn to Greece, and we are anxious to know her actual state after her final separation from it. In this we are gratified by "Sketches from Greece," by a traveller who visited it within the last year. He has written an agreeable sketchy book, the subjects thrown off in a desultory manner, and the author, without regard to order, transports his readers to

"Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where."

He returned from Greece in the Autumn of 1832, and so left the country after Captain Trant, who visited it in 1829, and supplies many details of persons and events from that time up to the present. He sojourned in the principal towns, and had an opportunity of conversing personally with some of the principal men, who distinguished themselves in the Revolution; Mavrocordato, Ypsilanti, Colocotroni, Miaulis and others; and, generally speaking, he has given more lively portraits, and brought these celebrated men more before our eyes in his brief and sketchy manner, than we remember to have met in much more elaborate pictures. There is no regular detail of anything, but from his detached and loose accounts, and other sources, we collect that the following is the actual state of that interesting but unhappy country.

On the appointment of Capo D'Istria to the government in 1828, the greatest hopes were entertained of the benefits he would confer on it. His great experience—his acknowledged talents—his perfect knowledge of the Greek character, being himself a Greek, but one whose mind was cultivated by foreign travel, and long residence in the capitals of Europe, particularly St. Petersburg, where he held a high diplomatic situation; all these things gave him, not only great advantage over his less gifted countrymen, but also excited in their minds a respect for his superior acquirements. Above all, his great disinterestedness, in refusing a pension of 30,000 dollars which was offered him, was such an extraordinary instance of self denial in

a Greek, as excited high ideas of his virtue in the minds of his countrymen. With these circumstances in his favour, he seriously applied himself to the amelioration of the country, and seems to have had such great success, that all parties concurred in his measures. His first act was an edict issued from on board the British ship of war, in which he arrived, directing the Greeks to lay down their arms; and the alacrity with which it was obeyed, was an extraordinary proof of the influence of his name and character.

The country had just before been over-run by armed bands, who having no fixed pay from an impotent and indigent government, paid themselves by all kinds of outrage and plunder of the peasantry. Every man who owned a sheep was obliged to watch it with arms in his hands—the roads were covered with robbers, so that no traveller could venture from town to town—the fields were waste, the houses in ruins, and the excesses of the Grecian army after the battle of Navarino, and the expulsion of the Turks, were more barbarous and harassing than even those of Ibrahim's Egyptians. Suddenly the face of things was changed. The arms of these wild soldiers were literally turned into plough-shares and reaping-hooks. As British travellers passed through the country, they found the roads perfectly safe, and the peasant, with a perfect sense of security, tilling his ground, or pruning his vines. Argos, Napoli, and other ruined towns, began to rise like Phoenixes from their ashes; schools were established on enlarged and enlightened plans, and the arts of peace seemed so completely reassumed in the country, that many foreigners speculated on taking land and building houses on this beautiful and now well established region. Among these Sir P. Malcolm, the English Admiral in the Mediterranean, purchased an estate on the plains of Athens, and sent the materials of a new house from Malta, to be erected on it; and several others whom we have personally known, followed his example.

But this state of things was as evanescent as the transition was sudden. The imprudent conduct of the president, acting on the excitability and love of change which for so many ages have distinguished the Grecian character, soon deformed and obscured the fair

prospect. Instead of cultivating the good-will of the leading men in Greece, and binding them to his government, by conferring on them posts of profit and distinction, he sent over to our Ionian islands, for his brothers and other members of his family, who came to Greece with crowds of needy followers, and every place of emolument was conferred on some *Græculus esuriens*, who had not even the claim of being born in the country. The influential men retired in disgust to the island of Hydra, where they formed a separate party, and the president found it necessary to proceed against many distinguished individuals, who had perilled everything to establish the independence of the country, as disturbers of his government, and the repose of the nation. Among them was Pietro, Mavromichaelis, hereditary Bey of Maina, the district of ancient Sparta.

When the Greek revolution broke out, he was among the first to raise the standard of insurrection, and was one of the most active in promoting its success; and in this he appeared perfectly disinterested, as his territories were already, by a former compact with the Turks, nearly independent of them, and in point of power and wealth he had everything to lose, and nothing to gain. In the course of the sanguinary struggle, he lost almost all his relations, nine sons, brothers, and cousins perished in the contest, and he was left with an only brother, and an only son, to whom he was bound by the strongest ties of mutual affection and attachment.

When Capo D' Istria arrived, he named Pietro one of his senators, as a mark of his esteem and confidence in such a man; but causes of distrust and dislike soon grew up between them, so that the old man wished again to return to his own home, and the enjoyment of his domestic habits. But this the president would not assent to.—There is a law, by which a senator cannot absent himself from the seat of government, and he enforced it in this instance. Pietro, however, unused to such restraint, left Napoli, in high disdain of the president's authority to prevent him—he was arrested on the road, and cast into a dungeon in the fortress of the Palinodes, where he was detained a prisoner for many months, notwithstanding the interference of friends,

and the warnings of enemies to liberate him.

Among those who were most indignant at this treatment of the venerable patriot, were his surviving son and brother. The former was one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and amiable men of modern Greece. Elegant in his dress, comely in his person, polished in his manners, and his natural talents, improved and cultivated by various acquirements, he was looked upon with respect and admiration by his countrymen, and endeared to them by the kindness of his disposition, and the integrity of his heart; and this was the young man who was destined to be the Harmodius of his country. Among the traits of character which, through the various vicissitudes of centuries, have yet remained unchanged in the people of Greece, is a feeling, that the removal of a tyrant *per fas aut nefas*, is a duty, and the means are sanctioned by the end. Even the precepts of christianity cannot alter this heathen feeling, and the sword of the assassin who effects it, is still in their imagination, wreathed with a garland of flowers.

As the death of the president has not been detailed, we believe, by any traveller, who was present at it, we will here give it from the report of an eyewitness, somewhat different from that of our author. Some time after the imprisonment of the Father, both his son Georgio and his brother were put under the surveillance of the police, as suspicious characters, and two guards were appointed to watch them, and accompany them wherever they went. It is the practice of the Greek church to commence its service at day-dawn, on festival and sabbath days, and on Sunday, the 9th day of October, 1831, the two Mavromichaelis repaired with their guards to the church of St. Spiridion, to be present at the service, and stood in the narthex or porch, apparently waiting till it commenced. In a short time after, the president, who, either from conviction or policy, was very attentive to the duties of the Greek church, arrived with an escort of two or three persons, and as he passed through the porch, he was saluted by the Mavromichaelis. He immediately raised his hand to his head, to return their courtesy. At that moment the report of a pistol shot was heard, and

the president fell dead on the pavement. In the first confusion of terror and alarm, no suspicion was attached to any particular person, and the son and the uncle quietly retired from the crowd; but the friends of the president immediately ordered them to be apprehended, and they were pursued. The uncle ascended the city, and was seen by his pursuers just descending the hill at the other side, when one of them fired at him. On their gaining the summit of the hill, he was no where to be found; but traces of blood led them to search some mean houses at a little distance, where he was discovered concealed by some poor women, who wished to protect him. He was dragged out, and killed on the spot, and his mutilated body brought to the square of the Platanus, where it was exposed all day to the people, and then cast into the sea.

Georgio had escaped altogether unperceived, nor was it conjectured whither he had taken refuge, till a messenger arrived from the French minister, stating that he was at his residence.—He had entered unnoticed at that early hour of the morning, and presented himself to the astonished Frenchman, while search and pursuit were making after him in every direction. As he was not a military man, it was strongly represented, that he ought to be tried by the ordinary laws; but by the influence of the president's party, a decree of the senate was past, that he should be handed over to a Court Martial. He refused to make any defence, or appoint any advocate, and he was sentenced to be shot.

On the day of his execution, he was led to the ramparts of the fortress, where he evinced an unshaken intrepidity. Like the young, accomplished, and enthusiastic but mistaken Robert Emmet, he seemed superior to every situation, and in the front of a public and ignominious execution, he was as unaltered in his face and person, and as indifferent in his manners, as in a state of perfect security and tranquillity.—He would not admit that he had committed a crime against man, though it was said, he was induced to acknowledge to his priest, that as a Christian, he was afraid he had done so against the laws of God. He refused to suffer his eyes to be bandaged, affirming that he was not afraid to look upon

death; then addressing the people who were round him, he bade them farewell—told them he died unjustly, but he was consoled in knowing it was in the service of his country. A few of the crowd answered by execrations, but the rest remained in profound and sympathizing silence. He then gave the word himself to fire, and he immediately fell dead by the discharge.—His body was cast ignominiously into the sea, while that of his victim was carefully embalmed and preserved, till it was brought over to Corfu, and finally deposited in the tomb of his ancestors.

Shortly after, the afflicted father, the old Bey, was released, and sent to his home in an English ship, and our author accompanied him. He describes the desolation of the old man, now left alone in the world, with much feeling. It is remarkable, that the Athenians, who were a gay, elegant, and luxuriant people, inhabited a province, bleak, and sterile, with no natural beauties to recommend it; while the Spartans, with all their stern virtues, were born and brought up in a country of unequalled charms for its rich luxuriance, and softened beauty. In this scenery, not far from his castle, the old man erected a small monument to the memory of his dear son. "Near his grave he wanders the livelong day, like a ghost lingering round the scene of its departed pleasures, or like a homeless friendless wanderer, who sits in winter beneath the bare and decaying branches of his accustomed oak, when the leaves that once sheltered him are scattered in the wind."

On the death of the president, the post was conferred on his brother Augustine. This young man was educated for the bar; but wanting both talent and industry, he was idling about the streets of Corfu, when his brother was elected President of Greece.—The president pretended to discover in him some military talents, appointed him to the command of the army in Acarnania, and finally Sir Richard Church, who had done signal service as a Philhellene to the cause of the Greeks, was removed, and this young, inexperienced, and worthless person was appointed Generalissimo in his place. In this important command, he neither achieved nor attempted any thing, but to make money by every art, in which he was very successful. On

the death of his brother, he was brought forward by his party, and became a puppet in the hands of Colocotroni, and other mercenary men, who proposed to rule over Greece by means of such an imbecile president. The consequence was, that the whole of the respectable and independent party declared against him. They would not submit to the arrogant assumption of his talented brother, who had rendered real service to Greece, and it is not to be supposed they would tolerate the equally Russian despotism of a weak and worthless young man. The hostility against him became implacable; he was called in the Italian idiom of the Morea, *uomo infernale*, and every chieftain declared his open determination to hang him, if he did not decamp before they caught hold of him.

In this state of public feeling, the excitable population of Greece could not remain long inactive, and hostilities commenced between the people and the government, with an acrimony as great, and an enmity as deadly, as they both had united in displaying towards the Turks. Again, the country was over-run with bands of armed men; the traces of improvement commenced by Capo d'Istria, were soon obliterated, and desolation more wild and wasting than ever, spread over the country. Of this our author paints several frightful pictures. He arrived at Corinth the day after Griva and the Romeliotas had defeated the partizans of Augustine, pursued them to Argos, and were preparing to invest Napoli, the seat of government:—

"It was a melancholy afternoon in April, the whole atmosphere was dark and threatening, the rain falling with hopeless pertinacity, and not a living creature was to be seen along the shore. My companion and I pursued our way to Corinth over fields and marshes, whitened with the bones and skulls of men, who had fallen in the revolutionary war. I never beheld a more desolate and gloomy spectacle than the town presented on our first arrival; We trod for many hundred yards, over an undistinguishable heap of ruins. When we entered the interior of the town, the scene was nearly similar; here and there a wet and solitary dog prowled about the deserted streets, and was in no way disturbed at our approach; the houses were all

barricaded, and the wooden windows closely shut, and the rain was pouring down as darkly and as despairingly as on a November Sunday in London.—We thought we had arrived at the city of the dead.”—

A similar spectacle, but of a more active character, presented itself at other places. They passed over from Athens to Pidavro, the ancient Epidaurus.* This is now a small fishing village, hemmed in by rocky precipices and so out of the way of intercourse and resort with other places, that it was not to be supposed, that the hope of plunder could bring any straggling party to so poor and sequestered a spot—but no place was exempt from their visits. Just as their boat had reached the shore, a party of Albanese marauders had appeared near the village. A crowd of terrified women and children rushed to the beach, and entreated “with more than Irish volubility,” to be taken on board a little bark, which could only contain the passengers who had come in, and already filled her. The men who rushed down with the women, were generally armed; but instead of retaining their arms for defence of themselves and property, such was the effect of debasing terror, from constant suffering and alarm, that that they threw their yatigans, muskets and pistols into the boat, and no entreaties of the English would induce them to resume them, and defend themselves :—

“The Albanese soon appeared, they were, as I conjectured, a straggling party, without pay, or without leader, and subsisting entirely by plunder.—A more squalid, ferocious, ruffian-looking set of men I never beheld. They were filthy in the extreme,—their dress was torn and ragged, and their countenances denoted long-endured famine and hardships. They all carried two enormous pistols and a yatigan in their belts, and a long gun over their shoulders. They saw at once that they had no resistance to encounter, so set about their errand vigorously, seizing everything in the way of food or ammunition they could lay their hands on.—

The people subdued to the cowardice of silent indignation, stood quietly by, watching the seizure of their stores, without venturing even a remonstrance. I was equally disgusted with the dastardly endurance of the one party, and the brutal oppression of the other.—The brigands, after rifling every house except the one in which we had established ourselves, began to feast upon their spoils. They were soon intoxicated, and their brutality then became unbridled. Their conduct was that of utter barbarians.”

After brutally treating all the females they could lay their hands on, one ruffian pursued a young woman with a babe in her arms, who ran shrieking from a house. This was too much for our author to endure—“So looking this way and that, like Moses when he slew the Egyptian,” he rushed after the inebriated brute, and brought him to the ground with a blow of his carbine. The poor woman escaped with her child to an adjoining thicket, where she remained till the satiated Albanians departed, and the travellers pursued their way to Napoli.

“These bloodhounds, it appears, now swarm in every part of Greece, and till they are utterly extirpated, there will be neither security nor peace. It is to be hoped that this will be one of the first measures of the new government.”

This is a dismal picture of that country which has made such sacrifices and waded through so much blood for thirteen years, in pursuit of the phantom Liberty, and when at length it is overtaken, and within their grasp, the very possession has entailed much more evils on them than the pursuit. We confess we were among the number of those who thought that Greece should be left to enjoy in plenary indulgence without restraint or foreign interference, that freedom which she so highly prized. We are now convinced, from melancholy experience, that such an indulgence would be a cruel indifference to that interesting country.—The people are utterly incapable of self-government. In their best day,

* By the way, this word is a good specimen of the mutations which ancient names have undergone. By omitting the initial and final letters, and pronouncing the *upsilon* as a *v*, according to modern usage in the Romaic, Epidaurus becomes Pidavro.

they never could be condensed into a body, but were split into several little states, generally in open hostility to each other. The petty jealousy, ambition, intrigue, and fickleness which distinguished them in ancient times yet remain, without the cultivation of mind and moral sense of right and wrong, which education and knowledge had imparted. They are as ignorant as they are vain and unsteady. Nothing but a strong government, and that im-

posed by powerful and foreign interference, can reduce them to any order, or keep them so. Whether the young Bavarian has the necessary qualities for this purpose, remains to be seen. We fear, however, from the impracticable character of his subjects, and the mild, and almost imbecile character of the man, that the reign of the Grecian Otho will be almost as short as that of his Roman namesake.

CHIVALROUS ROMANCES OF THE GERMANS.

By HERR ZANDER, Professor of German Literature.

Uns ist alten maeren wunders h l gesetzt,
 von heleden lobebaeren, von gro zer arebeit,
 von breuden und' hochgeziten, von weinen und' von  hlagen,
 von chuner rechen striten muget ir nu wunder horen sagen.

Der N belungen Liet.

If the progress of a country in arts and science be in a great measure connected with and depending upon her political situation, this is more especially the case with regard to the national literature. A most remarkable instance of this we find in Germany, where, during all ages, political events have most powerfully influenced the literary state of the nation. After the Teutonic tribes had overthrown the Roman Empire, between the free and valorous, yet uncultivated Northerns and Southern civilization a beneficent mediator stepped in. The mild principles of the Christian religion soon showed their mighty influence in various ways, but particularly by cheering and powerfully aiding the intellectual

improvement of the people. The Goths were the first of the Germans that embraced Christianity, and already in the fourth century (between 360 and 380) their Bishop Ulfilas or properly Wulphilas, translated the Sacred Scriptures* into his native tongue, which sufficiently proves that there were some who would and could *read* his version. The following centuries are marked by great political convulsions which naturally retarded the progress of civilization for many ages, but almost immediately after those violent commotions had somewhat subsided, various efforts were made for the mental improvement of the country; it was reserved, however, for Charlemagne to begin, properly speaking, a new era. The reign

* He translated the whole Bible with the exception of Samuel and the Kings; of his version we have, however, but few fragments remaining, especially of the four Evangelists, which are preserved in the library of the university of Upsala, and commonly called the Silver Book.

of this great Monarch, and the means which he took to promote science and literature amongst his subjects, are too well known to dwell upon them here. Under him German poetry boldly began to unfold its wings, but its rise was still retarded by the internal wars between his worthless sons and descendants and by the inroads of the Normans and Hungarians. A more favourable period ensued under the Saxon Emperors, after Henry I. and his great son Otho I. had defeated the invading barbarians on the fields of Merseburg and Erfurt. The cities which Henry I. and the three Othos founded for the security of the country, became the centres of science and arts; the intermarriages between the imperial houses of Germany and Constantinople, and the more intimate connexion with Italy had the most favourable effects upon German literature. Gerbert, (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.) transplanted into his country those sciences which he had studied in the Colleges of the Spanish Arabs, and thus this period became, as it were, a preparatory school for the next which commences with the gallant race of the Suabian Emperors, under whose reigns German poetry took its highest flight during the middle ages.

For nearly 300 years German literature had been almost exclusively nurtured and fostered by *Ecclesiastics*, but as the Latin language had gained the ascendancy in Church and State, and exercised almost monarchical power, the cultivation of the German tongue might have been endangered, had it not eagerly been taken up by the *Nobles*.

About these times we find a new institution, if we may call it so—of *chivalry*, whose origin, in spite of many different but equally unsubstantiated suppositions, must be traced to *Spain*. A bold and brave spirit, certainly, pervaded the Normans and the Franks, but true chivalry first sprung up in Barcelona, the centre of the Spanish Mark, as that part of Spain was called which Charlemagne wrested from the Spanish Arabs. His weak successors had left that country, the western advanced post against the Moors, to her own defence. This dangerous and incessantly threatened position required every hour renewed enthusiasm for freedom and faith, and called forth uncommon exertions and

heroic valour from the Christian Knights. The intervals of repose, however short, afforded to both parties sufficient opportunities for a more intimate acquaintance and the interchange of the arts of peace. Thus, notwithstanding their reciprocal hostility, they soon learned to feel for each other that mutual respect which the brave owe to a brave enemy. Love adventures between Christian Knights and Moorish Ladies, Spanish Dames and the warriors of the Crescent were by no means of rare occurrence, and the hostility and fanaticism that separated the warring parties, threw particular charms over their lofty gallantry.

The vicinity of Spain exercised a powerful influence upon the high-spirited nobles of the Lower Burgundian empire. In Arles, its capital, the politeness of Spanish manners, and the sciences transplanted from the other side of the Pyrenees, soon gained ground. The Provençal people, like their chiefs, were lively, gay and fond of enjoyment; no wonder, then, that poetry, the favourite child of cheerfulness and free reflection, early became the domesticated guest and constant inmate of the Burgundian court and the halls of the nobles. Thus it happens, that the name of the *Provence* has descended to posterity encircled by a rich and brilliant, never-fading wreath. This poetry, unencumbered and unrestrained by scholastic rules, consisted in the simple effusion of sentiment, in the true expression of nature and the life peculiar to those days; its sphere was tender love, and warlike manliness, it celebrated the beauty and virtue of the ladies, and the valour and bold adventures of the chevaliers. Love, perhaps under a mystical veil, or desire of fame, excited and inspired the Minstrels to poetic contests before the tribunals of beauty and royalty. Such poetry could not be in want of variety, especially in the age of the Crusades which shed a peculiar lustre around it.

Those warlike pilgrimages to the Holy Land were joined in the more readily, as they coincided so much with the spirit of chivalry. The knights being always prepared for strife, Godfrey de Bouillon found their breastplates polished and their steeds caparisoned, when he fixed the cross upon his shoulder. Eagerly he was followed

by those who were inspired by devotion, anxious for adventures, or desirous of fame and riches,—by the unsuccessful wooer, and by the lover, whose faithfulness was yet to be tried by the caprices of his ladye-love. Thus, a motley crowd, they went to Palestine to tear down the crescent, and to rear the sacred banner of the cross upon the walls of the Holy City. An universal enthusiasm had seized all nations; and this very excitement, already in itself, could not but be favourable to poetry. Moreover, pilgrims and crusaders returning from the East, came home enlightened by various experience and enriched in knowledge, for, like Ulysses of old, they had seen the towns of many men, and learned their customs. Thus, manifold traditions and legends of the Orient, and still more of the Greek empire, and various tales and adventures of the chivalrous crusaders and the gallant Saracens, spread over all the West, and extended and enriched the field of occidental poetry. This influence was the greater, as many minstrels themselves took an active part in the Holy Wars, like the troubadours in the suite of Queen Eleanor of France.

During this time chivalry gradually advanced also in Germany, but in this country it assumed a different aspect. There was much dignified firmness in the character of the people, and under the walls of Damascus, as well as in their wars with the Popes and the Normans of Calabria, the German knights evinced, that in the battle-field none were more daring—more powerful, and more resolute; but we find their valour less mingled with enthusiasm, and the bold courage of the Teutonic warrior was but seldom joined to the ardour of chivalric devotion.

Chivalric poetry became diffused through Germany not long before the second crusade, which was the first the Germans joined as a nation. But minstrelsy, like chivalry itself, assumed a national character, and the *Minnegesang* therefore differs much from the lays of the Troubadours. It usually displays

less gaiety and vehement passion, but more depth of feeling. The Troubadours frequently play, to use an expression of *Jean Paul's**, on the poetic strings with such rich and jewel-loaded hands, that the sparkling mass disturbs, if not the playing itself, yet our hearing of it;—this is but seldom the case with the Minnesingers. Under the fostering care of Frederick I. called Barbarossa,† minstrelsy became not only the fashion at Court, but began to form an essential and almost indispensable part of refinement and politeness, and soon constituted the favourite relaxation of those very men who wielded the lance and the sword in the battle-plain. The Emperor Frederick I. himself was distinguished as a minstrel, and with equal enthusiasm the *Minnegesang* was cherished and cultivated by all the Suabian Emperors; even the last descendant of that glorious race, who lost his life upon the infamous Neapolitan scaffold—the gallant CONRADIN, though a less fortunate Prince than his ancestors, was not less successful in minstrelsy, which during the age succeeding his, more faintly sounded and then died away.

The German Minnesingers, for the most part, led a life similar to that of the Troubadours. Many of them, even of high birth, were seen wandering from one castle to another, and were welcome guests everywhere. Their songs speak the unaffected language of the heart, they are the true effusions of deep-felt sentiments. The simplicity and purity of their poetry, its tenderness and overpowering truth add to it a peculiar attraction, and show at once, that it has been grown in German soil. The charms of love, female beauty and virtue, plaintive sighs of despairing love, rapture when successful, complaints of the fair one's coldness, or a tender solicitude for her welfare, form, if we may so say, the central points of their lays. To these sentiments every thing in their songs must pay homage; all that exists in the breeze, in the waves of the waters, in the depths of the earth, or amongst the flowers of the meadows. In their form these compositions resemble those of the Trouba-

* In his *Vorschule der Aesthetic*.

† This was about the same time, when with Eleanor, the heiress of Guienne and Poitou, in 1251, it went over to England as a lovely part of her dowry to the Plantagenet Henry II.

dours, but in general, more attention is bestowed upon the rhyme which the old Minnesingers made corresponding and subservient to the mood and character of their songs. The language itself was more melodious than that of the present day; in fact, there is perhaps no period when the German tongue was more pliable to verse and rhyme than during the thirteenth century, when the minstrels did not recite, but *sung* their compositions. For this reason, the language itself derived considerable advantages from the improvements by which *Franco of Cologne*, brought music to a high degree of perfection (under Frederick I.)

The number of Minnesingers during the Suabian period is very great, and amounts to more than three hundred. Their principal patrons were, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, *Leopold VII.* Duke of Austria, and *Herrmann*, Landgrave of Thuringia. The latter usually held his gay court at the Wartburg which constantly was crowded with minstrels. At one time when several of the most distinguished poets were assembled there, a dispute arose amongst them, which of those two princes deserved the preference. Their difference was to be decided by a poetic contest which became rather a serious affair, as it was agreed upon, that he, against whom the umpires should decide, was to suffer the ignominious death of the rope. *Wolfram von Eschenbach* and *Reinmar the Old*, called the *Videler*, or Musician, were chosen umpires, and the contest began. *Sir Henry von Osterdingen*, a Wurtemberger, (died 1223,) who is well described as a skilful, indefatigable, and powerful singer, celebrated in brilliant strains the praise of his magnanimous patron, Leopold of Austria. Vain were

the exertions of his opponents, Sir Henry von Risbach and Peter Olp; in vain even Sir Walter von der Vogelweide* tried his art;—but when the victory of the Osterdingen already appeared certain, his wandering look caught the eye of the fair Landgravine Sophia and there it rooted immovably; he became confused, and consequently was conquered. The princess, however, more generous than many of her sex, saved the unfortunate minstrel from the awful punishment that awaited him. Yet matters did not rest there; our defeated bard could not master his grief, that his old well-earned fame should have been torn from him by a public decision; he therefore called upon the “ultimatum,” of *Sir Klingsohr*, one of the most learned men and greatest Minnesingers, who, in the thirteenth century was considered quite as great a prodigy in natural philosophy, astronomy, and necromancy, as Nostradamus, or the famous Doctor Faust in other times. Henry went himself to bring him from the court of King Andrew II. of Hungary, who had secured this “wonder,” and retained him by means of a rich pension. Towards the end of the year 1207, they both arrived at the Wartburg, and now the second act of the contest began. Sir Klingsohr immediately commenced a strain in opposition to those who had decided against his client, and almost exclusively against Sir Wolfram von Eschenbach. Sir Klingsohr now sings in almost Oriental style, deals in prophecies and mysteries, and also introduces an evil spirit, called Nasian, who is not very sparing in his attacks upon the clergy.

The final result was a decision in favour of the minstrel, whom bright eyes had nearly brought into an unpleasant contact with the halter.†

* Sir Walther was one of the most distinguished Minnesingers of the Suabian period. Like many of his class he was not overburdened with riches, his sole possessions were in the empire of songs; but a minstrel of his talents was a welcome guest every where. With his harp he travelled on horseback from East to West, from North to South, and one of his most splendid songs is written from the ranks of the crusaders which he had joined. During forty years, his muse was devoted to the service of his father-land, to the praise of female virtue, and the admiration of nature, zealously inculcating the precepts of religion in lofty strains of devotional feeling. He attained to an old age, and is buried at Würzburg, where a suitable monument commemorates the amiable minstrel.

† The preservation of this curious contest, we, most likely, are indebted for to Sir Wolfram von Eschenbach himself. It has peculiar attractions on account of the mixture of Lyrics with Didactics and Satyrice; it displays uncommon knowledge,

If, however, the brilliant period of the Hohenstaufian, or Suabian Emperors, was distinguished by Lyric fertility, it was not less so with regard to compositions of another character. The Germans certainly had Epic poems long before chivalry gained ground in their country; but the Romantic Epos was a foreign importation, which, however, was received by them with warm affection, nurtured carefully, and, we may say, treated more scientifically than in any other land. Lyrics, from their very nature, were common to high and low, but Epic romances became a sort of exclusive property of the great, of the princes, the chieftains, and the ladies, with whom they formed the serious part of their favourite entertainments. When, however, chivalry degenerated both in spirit and practice, when the filial belief in the wondrous and mysterious ceased—when the lofty fancy was lowered by the cold reality of earthly life, this poetry could maintain its former grandeur no longer; with chivalrous spirit, chivalric poetry faded away, and thus the period of its bloom terminated even before the end of the thirteenth century.

Their subjects for Epic composition the Germans derived partly from ancient national traditions, partly from the great mass of those foreign chivalrous legends which during the Crusades, became a sort of universal property. For, whether originating in the east or in the west, by the frequent intercourse and intimate connexion that prevailed at the period of the Holy Wars between the knights of all Christian nations, those legends spread from country to country. The original themes, indeed, remained, to a great extent, the same, or, at least, can be traced through all those compositions, but the individual imagination of each poet shaped them according to his own fancy, which, unrestrained by facts, delighted in soaring through wondrous adventures, miracles, and enchantments.

The numberless foreign traditions principally have their common source in the north of France, amongst the gallant Normans;—for the Provence, however fertile in romances, notwithstanding the vicinity of Spain, never attained the summit of Epic maturity. The increasing closer connexion with England, so rich in heroic deeds and sufferings,—the interest taken in the Crusades, which so powerfully acted on the mind, and excited the imagination,—and the characteristic restless activity of the Normans, and their susceptibility of chivalrous grandeur and lofty ideas continually extended the sphere of the Epic spirit.

The whole of these traditions may be reduced to three great *Cyck*, which may be considered as three immense trees, with their boughs variously intertwined. The first of them, decidedly the most extensive and favourite one, has its root in England, and stretches its branches towards all regions. A slender historical thread is still to be recognised to which the first legends have been attached, but these have again been so richly embellished and decorated with so many new images of gigantic exaggeration and unlimited fancy, that the facts almost entirely vanish from our view. We hardly need say, that their principal theme is *King Arthur*, and the mysterious *Round Table*. The whole of these traditions are, however, we may fairly presume, too well known to our readers to justify us in enlarging upon them.

Intimately connected with these is the second cyclus, which embraces the wonderful legends of the *San Gral*. It touches upon evangelical history, but is so much interwoven with the most grotesque fancies,—moves so much in the land of wonders, that already in its very origin it seems to outstep all historical events. Still, however void of Epic truth and probability, it attracts our mind by charming supernatural colours and delightful harmonies, so much, that our excited imagination soon be-

and gives valuable information on the customs and the spirit of the times. There are two manuscripts of it: one is at *Jena*, and the other, by *Rüdiger Manassen*, is at *Paris*.

† For instance, the *Heliand*, and the praise of *St. Anno*, which certainly, are fine old specimens.

comes nationalized in this world of signs and wonders, which evidently exhibits a reflection of Oriental ideas and views.

The San Gral (sang real, sanguis realis) is understood to be a large jewel, formed into the plate which the Redeemer used at his Last Supper, and into which afterwards *Joseph of Arimathea* received the blood flowing from the wounds of The Crucified. It was considered a present of the Queen of *Sheba* to King *Solomon*, and is said to have been at the time of the *Messiah* in the possession of *Nicodemus*.—Afterwards it was transferred to *Cæsaræa*, and thence during the crusades to *Genoa*; in 1806 (26th November) the French carried it to Paris, where, we suppose, it still remains. The sacred Gral possessed great miraculous powers, and had its temple in the poetical castle of *Montsalvatsch* (Mons Salvatoris). It had disappeared in the east; its guardians and champions lived in the west. Thence all the knights-errant descended from the great mysterious school of the Round Table exert themselves to recover it. Most distinguished among them by their adventures are *Lancelot*, *Percival*, *Titurël*, and *Lohengrin*; but every thing they do or see is so marvellous and enormous, that it excludes even the very idea of probability. Men, animals, plants, countries, buildings, and gardens are the free and wondrous compositions of a rich fancy delighting in gigantic creations.

Chretien de Troyes was the first who soared into the aerial heights of this miraculous world. There are, however, but few poets who have attempted to embrace the whole of this immense field; generally they have selected only some portion of it.—Amongst the German Epics derived from this source, especially deserve to be mentioned, *Iwein*, the knight with the Lion, by *Hartmann von der Aue* (written about, or a little before the year 1300); *Lancelot of the Lake*, by *Ulrich von Zazikofen*, and *Tristan* by *Gottfried von Strassburg* (died between 1230 and 1240).

The most distinguished epic poet of that age is, however, Sir *Wolfram von Eschenbach*, whom we have already mentioned as one of the umpires in the

contest at the Wartburgh. To his powerful imagination, the chivalric wonders of the foreigners were more congenial than the natural grandeur of native traditions, and he attired them in all the rich colours which depth of reflection, blended with brilliant fancy could exhibit. The deep mysterious foundation which he figured to himself as existing in them, was with him not an empty toy of arbitrary humour, but he bore it in his soul, and endeavoured to bring it to light by word and parable. Many of those mysteries and miracles may, indeed, be retraced to reality, and the wonders of nature, and it seems not at all improbable, that the vale of *Chamoug*, with its towering, ever-changing ice-masses, has suggested the first ideas of those enchanted castles and palaces, for which we might in vain seek an architect. Nature and fancy frequently amalgamate; but fancy itself, however wild and wonderful it may have grown, must be always retraced to nature.

Sir *Wolfram* knew the whole empire of foreign traditions, and ruled over it with the boundless power of a bold imagination. But his most exalted flight he took in those compositions which derive their subjects from the legends of King *Arthur* and the *San Gral*. Amongst his Epic romances of this sort, there are especially three which form, as it were, one entire. The first contains the adventures of *Parcival*, *Gahmuret's* son, who acquired the Gral; the second "*Titurël*" is an original creation free from all historical or traditional restraint. It is decidedly the most perfect and highly finished, and may be considered as a cyclopædia of the whole art and science of intellectually matured chivalry; it abounds in rich allegories and parables, many of which are obscure to us, and seem to refer to the lost mysteries of the Knight-Templars. The last of this Epic trilogy is *Lohengrin*, probably founded on a similar romance by *Camelain* of *Cambray*. The tale of this poem is entirely transplanted into Germany, and interwoven with other native traditions, the history of the Emperor *Henry I.*—the three *Othos*,—*Henry* of *Bavaria* and his consort *Kunigonda*.*

* With regard to *Titurël* and *Lohengrin*, especially the latter, it appears still

The legends of the third cyclus have their origin in the age of Charlemagne, and refer to the chivalric adventures of the old hero and his Paladines Roland, Ferragus, Ogier, &c. Besides it includes the Markgrave of Narbonne, Flor, and Blanchiflor, St. William of Orange, and the traditions of the four sons of Aymon, which afterwards became popular tales, and form a sort of minor cyclus, with which many other tales have been embodied.

The whole of these legends most likely were not generally circulated before the year 1200, and seem to be of south-western origin; for, notwithstanding Ariosto and most poets of that period are in the habit of pretending to derive their information from Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, it nevertheless will appear, as if the old Latin biography of Charlemagne, which is ascribed to that prelate, had been touched up and refreshed at Barcelona, with Arab-Spanish colours.—Warlike enthusiasm against the infidels and the prevailing inclination and taste for wonders and chivalric adventures have, as it were, modernized the old hero, and adorned and enlivened the painting with motley groups of enchantments, fairies and giants.

But while these foreign traditions made their fortune, especially at court, and the more refined world of Southern Germany, there were national legends which, for centuries, lived amongst the *People of the North*. These yield to those derived from abroad neither in ancient descent, nor in abundance and variety of Epic matter, nor in extent of circulation. The historical foundation of this vast Cyclus we find in the age of Attila, King of the Huns, an age thronged with great events and mighty convulsions, which implicated all the most energetic German tribes, and fixed their destinies for such a length of time, that it excited the attention of the most distant and remote parts. The dominions of that great conqueror of nations, and devastator of countries, extended from Hungary over the Rhine, and from the Danube to the shores of the sea; kings and princes homaged him as their feudal lord; he made the world tremble, and

chastised the human race. The great and mighty he humbled into servitude, —gallant bravery was lost before the numberless hordes of his savage warriors. From all countries riches and splendour streamed together to grace the banquets of his court. Thus, he became, in the eyes of the awed and trembling world, encircled by the magic light of a supernatural glory, and considered as a being above man. No wonder, then, that he and his age became the centre round which epic traditions conglomerated like an avalanche, with which all national legends of earlier, and even of later origin were embodied. This was the sphere in which the *native* imagination and fancy of the people roamed and into which they transplanted all the recollections and wonderful adventures, sufferings and enterprises. Thus those numerous ballads and romances, those popular tales and family traditions originated which, of course, assumed a different character in each of the various tribes. The real facts, in many instances perhaps incomprehensible even to the contemporary world, soon after the first age, gave way to the miraculous, and but a slight trace of the historical events remained perceptible. How deeply rooted and how widely extended these traditions were, we may collect from quotations and hints of the earlier historians of the middle ages. Even in the sixteenth century *Aventinus* found many remains of them amongst the Bavarians, and in Switzerland they lived still longer amongst the people. In the 13th century, if not, as we have great reason to suppose, much earlier, commercial intercourse and political connexions with the imperial court paved their way to Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, where they were wedded to the mythology of the Edda and the old northern traditions. In their greatest purity they are still to be found in the *Wilkins*, and *Blomstura-walla-Saga* of the Scandinavians and Icelanders.

Amongst the old German epics belonging to this Cyclus there are especially two deserving of our attention, viz. the book of heroes (*Heldenbuch*) and the *Nibelungenliet*. The former is a sort of collection of various not ex-

doubtful, whether the whole or only part of each is to be ascribed to Eschenbach.—The second part of *Lohengrin*, certainly, bears the traces of another pen.

actly coherent romances formed upon heroic traditions of very ancient origin and different workmanship. Most of them refer to the heroes of the Slunnic empire; some, for instance, those of *Otnit* or *Odoacer* seem to be of Longobardic origin; those of *Hugh Dietrich*, *Wolfdietrich*, *Dietrich of Berne*, &c. appear to be East Gothic, whilst *Siegfried* and others evidently are of Frank or Rhenish descent. As late as the age of Charlemagne these traditions lived, as songs, amongst the people, but were not until then committed to writing, for Eginhard, the son-in-law and biographer of the Great Monarch, expressly says, in his *Vita Caroli Magni*, cap 29. "Item antiquissima carmina barbara, quibus veterum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit memoriaeque mandavit." These collections are, however, lost, but there can be no doubt, that at least a great part of them has been embodied in the *Nibelungenliet* and *The Book of Heroes*. The ground colouring of both is decidedly of an ante-Christian age, the habits, manners and modes of thinking of the different heroes belong to an earlier period, but in their present shape they have lost somewhat their original force by having been mixed up with later romantic traits and also with Christianity, which, however, in no way influences the action, and is only occasionally introduced. All the motives and impulses are entirely pagan, nay, they hardly bear a single trace of a ruling Divine Being; every thing seems to be left to men and some imaginary fellow inhabitants of the earth. The *Nibelungenliet*, or the song of the *Nibelungs*, is decidedly the oldest of modern epics, older even than the Spanish *Cid Campeador*, though its present shape is of a comparatively modern date, at least, if we regard the age in which the poem must have originated. The matter, as well as its treatment is entirely German, and bears no trace of foreign influence, but with regard to locality, a great obscurity prevails throughout, and we hardly can imagine any time in which the scene of the fabulous adventures of the first part of the poem might possibly be laid within the boundaries of Worms, Xanten and East Friesland.

The principal heroine of this grand romantic epos is *Chriemhild*, the sister of *Gunther*, the King of Burgundy. The poem begins almost from her birth

and concludes with her death, wherefore the Munich manuscript not improperly is inscribed "*das Buch Chriemhilden*," the book of *Chriemhild*. Even the adventures of her beloved *Sivrit* are merely interwoven into the action as a long episode, and his earlier history as well as the dreadful destiny, that for ages byegone and to come persecutes and finally destroys the race of the *Nibelungen*, another house of *Tantalus*, are only now and then alluded to or presumed to be known. In the commencement we are introduced to the heroine and to the Burgundian court at Worms, where *Gunther* is surrounded by his brave and mighty vassals, amongst whom, in the course of events, the cunning *Hagen* chiefly acts a prominent part as the "maleficus." But already in the second canto the scene changes to *Xanten* on the Rhine, the residence of *Segismund*, King of *Netherland*. His son *Sivrit* (*Siegfried*) a pattern of knight-hood, has become of age, and tournaments and numerous festivities celebrate the happy day. Many vassals express their wishes that the young Prince should assume the regency, but filial affection induces him to go abroad to seek and conquer a kingdom for himself. He accordingly sets out with eleven knights, and arrives at the Burgundian court, where the renown of his gallant deeds, his valorous conquests of giants and dragons, had already preceded him. *Sir Hagen* knows, that the young *Netherlander* is not to be trifled with, and upon his suggestion King *Gunther* receives him with the greatest courtesy. During his stay at Worms the country of his hosts is invaded by the powerful armies of the united Danes and Saxons. He readily offers his assistance, a great battle is fought, and the victory is principally owing to the gallantry of the young hero, who takes both the kings of the enemies prisoners. Thus respect and gratitude produce friendship between guest and hosts, and mutual interest soon draws the ties still closer. For, *Gunther* begins to think of marrying, and his choice falls upon *Brunhild*, the far-famed Queen of *Iceland*. As, however, her athletic character makes the expedition rather doubtful and dangerous, *Hagen* advises the king to secure, if possible, *Sivrit's* powerful assistance. This is obtained without much difficulty, but not uncon-

ditionally. The young hero has not remained insensible to the attractions of fair Chriemhild; her royal deportment and gentle manners have won his heart, and her hand is to be the reward of his services, if their matrimonial voyage be crowned with success. This being most readily agreed to, Gunther, Sivrit, Hagen and his brother embark, go down the Rhine, and after twelve days sail see the morning sun glittering upon *Istein*, the castle of the insular Queen. On their arrival fair Brunhild welcomes them with stern courtesy; Sivrit immediately informs her of the object of their visit, but by no means meets with a gracious answer. Her heart is not to be conquered by tender wooings—she is a sort of northern Amazon, and will marry no man except he prove his superior strength in a solemn contest with her. Defeat is death, and many brave knights have already paid for their presumptuous love with their lives. The matrimonial trial consists in an athletic contest, in casting an immense spear against one another, in putting the stone and leaping after it. The vassals of the Queen assemble; she and Gunther enter the lists. The Burgundians, at the sight of the weighty lance and the huge shield she is to wield, begin to despair, but Sivrit has in the mean time put on his *tarnkûf* or hiding cap, which not only has the power of making invisible, but also increases the strength of its wearer twelvefold. Thus he is enabled to assist Gunther throughout the contest, and virtually gains the victory for him. Brunhild conquered must follow them to the Rhine, where she is received with great pomp. The Burgundian King and the Netherland Prince celebrate their marriages on the same day, and Worms for many weeks is the gay scene of numberless festivities. Sivrit then returns with his fair consort to his native country, and on the death of his father Sigismunt succeeds to the throne, but their conjugal happiness is not of long duration. After some time the royal couple are invited to Worms to splendid feasts and tournaments, and meet with a most affectionate reception from their princely relatives. But in an evil hour a dispute arises between the two Queens about their husbands, their power and virtues. Chriemhild in her passion inconsiderately betrays the secret of Gunther's conquest. This

wounds the pride of the violent Brunhild, and excites her implacable hatred against the man who, by deceiving her, had obtained her hand for another. Glowing with revenge she draws Hagen into her interest who always has borne a secret enmity to Sivrit, and both determine on his death. The Netherland King, however, ever since he had bathed himself in the blood of the dragon he slew, is covered with horn, and, similar to Achilles of old, only to be wounded in one spot; but on a hunting party the treacherous Hagen watches his opportunity and thrusts his spear into the shoulder, the only vulnerable part of the unsuspecting Sivrit.

Chriemhild's grief knows no bounds. She breathes bloody vengeance, and this feeling henceforth exclusively occupies her mind, especially as she is continually exposed to the insults of Brunhild, and of Hagen, who even robs her of the immense treasure of the Nibelungen. Thus she gladly consents to the marriage proposal of the mighty Attila, which enables her to satisfy her dreadful wrath. The Burgundian heroes are invited to the Hunnish court; they go, never to return. Chriemhild takes horrible revenge; all the knights of Worms are slain, the head of Hagen she strikes off herself with the *Balmung*, the famous sword which he had stolen from the assassinated Sivrit. Thus the murder of her husband is avenged by mixing the guilty and the innocent in one great slaughter. But the Chriemhild herself does not survive it; she falls by the hands of Hildebrand one of Attila's knights.

This is the lay of the Nibelungenlied which justly may be considered as the German Homer, to which it bears resemblance in more than one particular, and even in its history. The poet to whom it owes its present form, is not known, and of the many suppositions which have been advanced in this respect, none appears to us at all satisfactory. But whosoever he may have been, he certainly was the greatest genius Germany has produced during the middle ages. In the whole composition the master's hand is not to be mistaken. Each event by itself forms an entire and appears like the well executed picture of a pilgrim passing on his travels, who directs his steps to a final aim, where everything will be unfolded and resolved. Throughout we

perceive the spiritual superiority of creative poetic energy guided by necessary economy, distributing colours, light and shade with a skilful hand. Everywhere re-echo the popular accords to which the harp of the bard is tuned. He rules freely and independently over versification and language, which with all its rich resources and flexibility, is so perfectly at his command, that of all the modern translators, even not *Von der Hagen* and

Simrock have been able to produce any thing beyond laborious and affected versions, which but ill correspond with the beauteous, powerful simplicity of the original. If therefore any of our readers should feel inclined to become acquainted with this *Cyclus* of German traditions, we would advise them to take the original, as published by *Nan der Hagen*, and to use his translation merely as a guide.

ENIGMA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

Where peaceful contemplation loves to dwell,
 Where Beauty's Queen the golden prize obtain'd
 The festive wreath that decks the rural cell ;
 What all have sought, but few, alas, have gain'd.

These four initials will compose my name,
 A name to no corporeal form assigned :
 Scorn'd by the gay, I court not empty fame,
 The tender tell-tale of a joyless mind.

PARODIED.

The simplest word that affirmation speaks—
 The god of music and of eloquence—
 The scene alike of all our cares and freaks—
 And that which ever is opposed to sense.

These four initials will compose my name,
 A name well known wherever dullness sits ;
 Feared by the gay, whom oft I bring to shame,
 The ruthless tell-tale of their stupid fits.

THE COURT MARTIAL.

“ There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed farewell!”

BYRON.

In the summer of 1827, the — regiment of foot was quartered at Thomar in Portugal. To men accustomed only to the moderate heats and genial winters of Britain the excessive warmth of a southern summer was very oppressive and injurious, in consequence of which the parades were generally held before the sun acquired sufficient strength to have an overpowering influence on the men, and so late in the evening that the cooling breezes tempered the burning heat of his setting beams. Orders were issued, prohibiting the men from rambling out of their quarters during the day, as several of them had been attacked by severe fever, and even some sudden deaths had taken place in the corps. Under these regulations the men had much idle time on their hands, which they contrived to get rid of in various ways—some lolled indolently half-sleeping, half-waking, dozing the day away—some busily employed at burnishing and regulating their arms and accoutrements, cleaning black and white by turns—others, more lively, amused themselves and excited laughter by a “keen encounter” of the rude wit of the barrack room; while others whiled away their hours singing the songs of their native land and far off home, with their thoughts perhaps fondly engaged among the friends of their youth, and the scenes of their happy childhood.

The grenadier company of the above regiment was, at that time, composed of as fine a set of men as ever put on the British uniform; the greater number stout, athletic Irishmen; some blunt, brave, honest-hearted Englishmen, and but a few Scotchmen. They were not all young men—there was a sprinkling of steady, veteran-like war-

riors among them, who often tempered by their experience, advice, and example, the wild, headlong rashness of their more youthful companions. Coming into the corridor of the convent where the company was sheltered, one morning after I had been relieved off the general's guard, I found the men in an unusual state of excitement. Some were talking aloud, with seeming earnestness, more were assembled in small groups, and in half whispers communicated their sentiments and opinions to one another. One man in particular, an Irishman too, for whom I entertained no good opinion, appeared to be the prime mover of all this agitation. He was a man of middle age, strongly built, and tall, and of a dark complexion. His features, taken singly, nay in the whole, and in quiet moments when the mind was at rest, were good, but when speaking or acting, there was a bitter gathering of the mouth into a sour sneering smile, that betrayed the workings of dark and evil passions. He was in reality a selfish, heartless, and ill-designing man; I could never like to meet his cold gaze; it seemed to dwell on you with such a designing expression, I wont say malignant, that you felt uneasy under it, without being able to assign to yourself any reason wherefore; you almost imagined you could feel that his eye was on you even while your back was turned to him. Yet this man possessed an influence among his comrades that was truly surprising; with the bold he was their equal in desperate and reckless daring, and their superior in art and cunning—he made them feel, when he wished, that his aid and judgment were wanting in the direction, management and perfection of their schemes and plans. The

imbecile and quiet-minded he over-ruled in almost everything, by assuming an air of authority and a tone that they could not, or even dared not dispute. This may seem strange under the strict and regular discipline constantly kept alive in a British regiment; but every one must be aware that there is an internal management carried on among the private soldiers themselves, that even the non-commissioned officers cannot interfere with, as it does not come under a breach of discipline, or of military regulations; and should any plan be adopted by the men in general, and one dissentient voice be raised against it, they know so well the art of making that individual's life a burden to him that he will very soon lose his anxiety to oppose, and feel proud to be admitted to their society again.

But to return, M'Namara, the man above-mentioned as the prime mover of the bustle in the barrack room, (if a part of a convent inhabited by soldiers can be called so,) had assembled some two dozen of his comrades round his birth, and harangued them in his own rude manner, with all the force of a practised orator, touching strongly and dwelling on the points of a nature the most exciting and likely to effect his purpose.

"Well, comrades, you's may think as you's please ov coorse, but by this blessed an' holy iron an' steel!" said he, at the same time emphatically striking the end of the ramrod which he had been brightning against the flags under him, "I think it's not fair to pass by such things; the company 'ill get a bad name in the ridgmint, an' we'll just be called the 'Grabbers,' or the 'Look-sharps,' the same as the ridgmint was called long ago at Geerbalther. I tell you's I saw him wid my own two eyes stop behind me in the wine-house, an' he new I was comin' away, an' why didn't he follow me? Besides, you see he come up from the town quite hearty an' bragging about what he could do, as iv the niggerly Portuguese 'id give him

as much as the smell ov a tot ov *veeno** 'ithout the *des reast*†, iv he was dyin' dead with the bare thirst, or one with his sort ov a coat on his back; no, they'd sooner give him the *cuttho*‡ in his guts, an' sure I know that the sorra farthin' he had in his company but three double *vint*§. Then he was late for rowl call atattoo, and only the cop'lar stood his frind he'd be stuck in the guard-house all night, and in the *dhry-room*|| this mornin'. The Portuguese wont persecute him for fear we'd tatter his house; but what signifies the likes o' that, ought'nt we let the captain and the colonel see that we have the sperrit ov men an' sodgers among us not to let such a mean thing be done an' we in the middle of furriners. I'll tell you's what we'll do, the very minit he comes in we'll just put Jack Weldon at the head ov the table, an' pick out four of the ouldest sodgers in the room, an' hould a coort marshal ov our own on him, an' that 'ill be better than reportin' him to the major or the colonel, an' gettin the whole ov us confined to barracks.

"I say," replied a fair, open, honest-browed Englishman, about two-and-twenty years of age, "I was always as much against pilfering as any other man in this here company, or put the corps to it either, but dang my buttons, if I can think Muldoon is such a feller as you say; I liked the chap always somehow or tother for his fair ways. Have you good sound proof of this here business, think you?"

"Proof!" said M'Namara, in a tone between conciliation and astonishment, "do you think I'd say the likes ov id if it was not thrue;—didn't I see him gettin' sitten behind the *capote*¶ on the seat; an' when I came away, didn't he stop behind; an didn't I tell you's all the shame an' the disgrace it id bring atop ov us, iv it came to the colonel's ears; or even to the general's? Why, be all the books that ever was shut or opened, we wouldn't see the outside ov the convent gate these three months to come, nor we wouldn't

* Vinho-wine,

† Ten reas, value about $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

‡ The knife.

§ A large copper coin, value about $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.

|| A room where soldiers suffer confinement for minor crimes.

¶ Capote, a large mantle worn by male and female.

see the smell ov the rashin wine for three months more, but when he hears we done this, he'll say we're honest hearted chaps, that don't like roguery, and he'll give us credit for it."

"Why, so we are," said another Irishman, "an' who dare say any thing else, it was a shame for Muldoon, so it was, an' we *will* thry him, an' *is* he done it why he's a deceitful fellow, an' that's all."

"Where's your proof? iv he done it why, blur an agers boys, do you's take me for the garrison liar, that you's imagine I have nothin' else to do but tell lies by wholesale?" said the wily M'Namara, with well-feigned surprise, and knowing the *matériel* he had to work on, then adding with warmth and affected anger and indignation, "why, I say you's might as well say 'you lie' to me at once; but by the piper that played before Moses, I would'nt take that from the best man in the ridg-mint."

"Why, as for the matter of that," answered the before-mentioned young Englishman, "there's none cowards here no more than you Jem M'Namara, nor, as I suppose, but thinks as much about these sort of things as you do; if *you* can prove the affair, why let Muldoon be tried, and if he done that there as you say, why, I say, he deserves it, but if he didn't, why no one should say so."

"Isn't it for the credit ov the company I'm doin' it," replied the proposer, in a softened tone of voice, seeing that the slight disapprobation at first manifested to the thing was melting away, "but then iv you's don't agree, I'll just consither it my duty to tell the whole affair to the colonel; I'll be hanged," he added in a positive and determined accent and manner, "iv I bear share ov any man's crimes, or any man's punishment: nor I don't want any comrade to take share ov mine."

This was conclusive, and it was therefore conceded *namine contradicente* that Muldoon should be tried by a court martial of his comrades. His crime was stated by M'Namara, and taken down by the secretary of the room. There is no barrack-room that has not a particular personage of this sort, of no little consequence among his comrades, and importance in his own eyes, from his utility in writing their letters, petitions, complaints, passes, &c., for

which he always has a set regimental form, and out of which it were loss of reputation to deviate even in a single letter; he is also the keeper of all the secrets—family, friends, births, and breeding, confided to him in right of his office, as writer in general to the men of his room, and often to a whole company. There was no accuser but M'Namara, and the proofs were wholly circumstantial.

Muldoon was a very young man; you might say from his appearance about two and twenty years of age, tall and straight, with fair hair and blue eyes. He was about two years and a half in the regiment, and of a gay, careless, frank, and merry disposition. He was generally esteemed among his comrades, as an inoffensive, agreeable companion, and no derelict or flincher from his duty. His character had never been impeached before, and they could now scarcely believe that the straightforward, manly, Mily Muldoon could turn a petty thief.

The members and president of the court were selected from the oldest soldiers in the room. The before-named Jack Weldon, a gaunt, upright, iron-featured veteran, with

"His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare,"

took his seat at the head of the table, and the secretary took his, at the opposite end, the other members, four in number, sat two on each side. Thus they awaited the arrival of the accused who had previously heard something of the charge, but repelled it with indignation.

He entered the room, and when matters were explained, he darted a fierce glance at his accuser, who sat cool and collected, with that heartless sneer, which he always called up, darkening rather than brightening his features, and then looking on the solemn yet grotesque preparations for his trial, he burst into a loud laugh.

The president was in his shirt sleeves, the secretary with a halfpenny worth of paper, and his ink-horn before him, sat grimly waiting the signal to commence operations.

"You need not be after a laughing at us, Mily Muldoon," said the offended president, "I have tried in my time better men than ever stood in your shoes, and for worsen crimes than this here, and I tried them fairly too, for I

acquitted but one out of eleven at different times—but you're a recruit yet, and don't understand this here business, till by and by, when the captain's approven will tell you a something."

"Why, tundher an' turf boys dear," said Muldoon, made something serious by the tone of the old man, "sure its not in earnest you's are, or do you's b'lieve that I stole the capote good or bad. But this is Mac's doin's, for 'pon my conscience, I never laid a finger on it."

On being assured that everything was intended seriously, and that it was purely to clear the good name of the men in general, from the imputation of knavery, and to avoid their being punished in consequence, and that if he was innocent, there was no danger of disgrace, Muldoon was obliged to submit. Besides he found they had now come to a determination on the point; some for the fun of the thing, others, and the larger party, from the dreadful apprehension of having their wine stopped, and being confined within the walls of the convent.

"Joe—Mr. Secretary, read this here man's crime out loud," said the president, opening the proceedings *pro forma*, and the secretary commenced with a sonorous twang, reading the crime, accusing Miles Muldoon, of number one, or the Grenadier company, with unsoldier-like conduct, in stealing a capote, or large dark watch-coat from the house of an inhabitant of the town of Thomar, such being contrary to the standing orders of the regiment, rules and regulations of the army and mutiny act; and unbecoming a soldier and a man."

"That's tipping them the Dic* of the business, more power to your fingers, Joe, as old Nick said to the Piper," said one of the spectators to the secretary. Joe, who seemed to be full of the dignity of his own situation, and the high authority of the court, merely answered the interruption by casting a look of severe reproof towards that quarter of the laughing circle by which the court was surrounded and from which it proceeded.

"Come, come," said the president,

catching Joe's indignant glance, and taking the hint accordingly, "no noise here, the first as says one word shall be bundled out of this here room, I swear." Then turning to address the prisoner, he added, "What have you got to say in your own behalf, why sentence of death should not be passed on you by this honorable court, according to the black book, and the——"

"Hollo, Mr. President," said one of the members, interrupting him, "sure you won't pass sentence till we have him tried first?"

"And who gave you liberty to turn your jaw on me," gruffly asked the president, turning his scowling eye on the last speaker, "don't you know that I am your Colonel now?"

"We must hear the wickedness of the business, please your riv'rence, first and foremost," said another.

"Hoot, mun," said a penetrating Scot, "ye dinna ken that you should first speer the prisoner, if he be guilty of the crime, or the contrair?"

"Do you think the man's a fool," said old Jack, "what's the good of asking him all that there?—did you ever hear a man say as how he was a rogue, before the justice?"

"It's only for the form o' the thing; answered the sagacious Scotchman, "I like to see business carried on wi' reglarly."

"You're right, Sandy, man," acquiesced the president, "nothing like regular motions, and strict discipline;" then turning to the prisoner, "are you guilty of this here piece of roguery, Mily Muldoon, or are you not?"

"Upon my sowl and conscience, and that's as good as iv I took the full ov my two arms of an oath, I am not, Jack," answered the young soldier.

"Jack! Jack!" exclaimed the jealous president, "I'd have you to know that I am your officer, now, Sir, and that you must use me with respect, and all that sort of thing now, Sir—come take off that there furrage-cap of yourn before me. Jack, indeed, to me, Sir!" then addressing the court, and to vindicate his claim to "reverence due" he began "I say, comrades, I have served many a bloody day on the Pen-

* Dic—Dictionary, a barrack room slang term for high-sounding words, or language beyond their comprehension.

inshuler here before this, I was then drafted off to the Ingees, and after that to the frozen land of Amerikey. I have seen a good many strange sights to be sure, seeing as how I am the senior officer in this here room. I have messed with comrades both good and bad, and carried the kettle in my turn, both for rascals and gay fellows. I have stood many a court martial, but never a room one, though I was often chose a member for all that, but I never was called Jack before in this way, and I say it should not be tolericated in this manner among men and soldiers."

This had the desired effect, and the accused was cautioned to use language fitting his situation in future.

"Shall I call the first witness in this trial?" enquired the formal secretary. The president gave an assenting nod, and James M'Namara was called, and he stepped forward with becoming gravity. He had been sitting apart, watching with anxiety the proceedings of his comrades; now and then a malicious smile curled his lip, as if in scorn and derision at their weakness and folly, otherwise his countenance was calm, and with an unmoved and a settled look, he met the angry and portentous flashings cast on him from time to time by young Muldoon. He stood before them as one impressed with the importance of a regular trial, though he inwardly scoffed, and contemned their mockery of justice.

One of the members addressed him, "Now James M'Namara, private soldier in the Grenadier company of His Majesty's — Regiment of Foot," said he, "you shall give your *davy*, in the whole truth and all but the truth on this trial, has Mily Muldoon been guilty of —"

"And who gave you leave to ax them there sort of questions," said the fiery old president, cutting short this legal harangue, "I thought I was the commander here in this case of life and death?"

"O, I beg your pardon, Mr. President," said the rebuked offender, smiling mischievously and with affected humility.

"And that's your duty, Bill, so mind your eye again," said the President; then turning to the culprit, and setting a special face on himself for business, he began his *examination* after the following manner:—

"Miles Muldoon I have known you since you joined. I saw you at drill and at duty, and I never could consider you were a rogue, as for the matter of that I do not say so yet, since you have not as yet underwent your full trial; but then you soon will, and there's one comfort, you must get a fair hearing; still I have no doubt as to the upshot of the thing, for Jem M'Namara says as how you stole the Portigee man's capote, and sold it, and you know what a disgrace such a thing is to the company you are in; and your comrades have stuck me here to put you through your facings on the head of it, so just see what you have got to turn out for yourself. I think, comrades, that's drilling him according to law."

"The devil a man in the company could do it half so well," said one of the spectators.

"A good right he has," said another, "for devil a man in the company heerd it so often as himself."

"Silence, I say," said the president, rising in a rage at this direct attack on his character, by bringing at such an unwelcome and unhappy moment the memory of his many trials before their assembled comrades, "if I done anything I paid for it, and no man shall fling my punishment in my face, and I'm hanged if I bear it."

The men interfered, and he was induced at their solicitations to resume his seat at the head of the table.

"I tell you what, comrades," said Muldoon, "I never pilfered a farthing's worth from man, woman, or child. I am an honest man's son, and I defy a man in the regiment to say that ever Mily Muldoon was consarned in a mean or a dirty action, or that I ever stood back from taking a comrade's part when he wanted my helping hand. But let me hear all about the robbery and how it was done?" and again he darted a fiery glance at M'Namara, who all cool and collected, commenced his depositions in a clear, full, and decisive tone. He asserted, in a voice that seemed to defy contradiction, that himself and Miles Muldoon went the evening in question into a wine-shop kept by a Portuguese named Miguel Perreira; that on entering a little room where they usually sat to drink, he observed the capote hanging from a peg at the end of the room, and next to

the place where Muldoon was sitting ; that on Maria, the daughter of the *padrone** entering and engaging him in conversation, he became apprehensive of something not pleasant being the consequence, knowing the jealous, treacherous, and blood-thirsty disposition of the people, and accordingly he requested Muldoon to rise and come away ; and on his refusal, he departed without him, and observed the capote hanging in the same place on his quitting. " Now you see," he added, " there was no person in the *casa de vinho*† since he left it, the capote is gone, Muldoon I know had no money, and yet he came home drunk and late ; and let him account for how all these things came about. Now I have done. You can see yourselves how the cloak went, or how it could go."

" That's all very fair, no one could say a word against being found guilty on such a fair story as that there," said the convinced President, " Have you all that down in your paper, Joe Lum ?"

" Down Sir," responded the precise Joe.

" Yes, Joe, you're the boy to tip them the long shot in short hand ; but read the witness your interruption of his cross-examination," said the President, and Joe complied, and read with a gravity that would defy the sourness of a Diogenes to imitate, a most whimsical detail of evidence.

Another soldier was produced, who proved that the Portuguese, Miguel Perreira, came up to the convent to look after both Muldoon and M'Namara, and accused them with having robbed him ; that Mac confronted him, and denied the charge, throwing the whole affair on his comrade, Muldoon, with which he (the Portuguese) seemed to rest satisfied, but on being told that if he made a complaint to the captain, he would be detained to prove it, and that some of the regiment would do him harm, besides never again entering his house, he departed. This was the substance of the accusation and proof, and Muldoon, from the nature of the circumstances, could bring no evidence of his innocence ; so that on the *mature deliberation* of the court, he was found

guilty, and sentenced to receive seven dozen lashes with a *sling belt*.

" Put down that regularly, without making a mistake," said the president to the secretary.

" Aye, aye, Sir," said Joe.

" Seven dozen without fail," said the president again.

" Seven dozen, Mr. President, no more nor no less," answered Joe.

" Right, Joe ; and now I dissolve this honourable court 'till further orders, and I'll take the mittimus here to the captain, for his holy fist to scribble one word at the tail of it, by way of a blessing on our work, and do you keep the door fast till I fetch it back."

After attentively reading the paper handed him by Jack Weldon, the captain, a gay young man, commended the spirit of the men, laughed heartily at the humour of the thing, and approved the finding of the court, with the exception of altering the figure of seven into a four. Old Jack, on his return was received with three cheers, and they proceeded without hesitation to put the sentence into immediate execution, ordering the downcast young man to strip, which he, with desperation in his features, refused, at the same time avowing his innocence in language the most earnest and convincing. They were deaf to his asseverations, and a dozen stout fellows flinging themselves upon him, quickly bore him down and made him doff his jacket in a twinkling. He struggled violently, but without avail ; they soon tied him hands and feet, with his face downwards, on a long form, and inflicted the stipulated number of stripes with exactness and according to military customs and usages, with a hard weighty musket sling.

Young Muldoon rose up ; he glared madly about him, like a lion in the toils ; he cast a furious scowl of withering hate and revenge on M'Namara, and smarting with pain and burning with shame, he darted from the room without uttering a word. He was absent the whole day, and the fun of the trial, and the shame of the punishment furnished matter of discourse to the company during their hours of idleness. Towards evening, and while his

* *Padrone*—Landlord, host, or master.

† *Casa de vinho*—Wine house.

comrades were busily preparing for the sun-set parade, Muldoon entered the corridor. He held his musquet in his hand, and he rushed along the passage, throwing glances fraught with dreadful meaning, on each side of him. He made directly for where M'Namara was seated, arranging his accoutrements and putting them in order. He levelled the musquet against his breast, and M'Namara, alarmed at the action, and still more at the frightful expression of the young man's countenance, started in trepidation, but was scarcely erect on his limbs when he received the contents of the musquet in his bosom. The report and the dreadful groan that succeeded it brought all the men in the room to the spot. Muldoon stood with his eyes fixed and his teeth set without moving a muscle; the firelock had dropped to his side, and he seemed to be anxiously watching the writhings of the wounded man before him. He never attempted to move or stir till the non-commissioned officer made him a prisoner—then he looked about him, and again at the wounded M'Namara, and handing the musquet quietly over to the corporal, he exclaimed—

“Now the black-hearted dog! he laughed at me, yes into my very face he grinned, and then went and told his stories to Maria. I knew well, and I know still, that I'll suffer for it, but I'm satisfied to die now.”

He was taken to the guard-room, and M'Namara to the hospital. The surgeon examined the wound, and after extracting the ball, pronounced it mortal.

Maria Perreira, the daughter of mine host of the Casa de Vinho, so much frequented by the men of the — regiment, was a fascinating little Portuguese girl, about fifteen years of age, warm and ardent as the clime, with hair black as the “raven's plume,” and eyes dark as midnight, and passionately expressive, shaded by bronzed eye-lids and long black lashes, her cheek glowing with health and her rich lip wreathed in happy smiles; Muldoon and M'Namara became her professed admirers, but the most indifferent observer could perceive at a glance to which the maiden had given the preference. The fair and ruddy cheek of Muldoon, his golden curling locks, and his lively light blue eyes, and tall manly soldier-like figure and

bearing, made a deep impression on the young and fervid Portuguese even at first sight, and after acquaintance ripened the partiality into a deep-rooted affection. The young soldier admired her first, partly for her mildness and simplicity, and partly that the contrast in the style of her beauty, in her manners, language, and even in the music of her voice, when compared with the females of his own native land, made an impression on his heart which he could not well define; but when he felt that she loved him in preference to others, and when time and closer intimacy disclosed to him the ingenuousness and sincerity of the handsome girl, the ardour, still more than womanly tenderness, of her heart, and the glowing and romantic affection with which she regarded him, he gave up his whole soul to her, and he seemed as if inspired by her with the same devoted attachment. M'Namara made several fruitless attempts to sever the connexion, but the gentle Maria was unchanging and confiding. All the black and revengeful feelings of M'Namara's breast were roused into action by this obstruction to his wishes, and he was determined to destroy the hopes and happiness of his rival at any risk, and we have seen with what art, and how well he contrived and conducted his plan, and how dreadfully and fatally to himself he succeeded.

M'Namara passed the night in dreadful agonies—the surgeon and his assistant were constant in their attentions, and he was anxious in his enquiries concerning their opinions whether he was likely to do well or not. Towards morning, symptoms of his approaching death were evident, and the head surgeon considered it his duty to inform his patient of his situation. When told that his hours were numbered in this world, and convinced by a warning voice from within speaking in the same awful accents, he became uneasy and distressed; he was silent for a few moments as if mastering the bitter thoughts rising in his bosom, or manning his soul with resignation, firmness, and resolution to meet the final moment. At length he spoke: “What! no hopes, Doctor jewel,” said he; “well thin its all up with me, an' it can't be helped; it's a hard thing to leave this world, but it id be worse to leave it with a lie in a person's mouth

without telling the truth; I'm sorry now for what I done to Mily Muldoon, for he never deserved the likes ov id from me; it was myself that stole the capote like a big blackguard as I am, an' I sould it for two crusado novas,* which you'll find foulded into my stockings in my knapsack, and thin he suffered—O God!" and a sudden pain shot through him, "I'm a desaver and a villain, but I'm now reapin' the benefit; all I want is, that the Portigee man should get his money, and that he'd forgive me, and ax God to forgive me." His voice faltered—the last pang came on him, and soon the last struggle was over. Jem M'Namara, dreaded by his comrades as much as ever eastern tyrant was by his subjects, was no more.

The evening of the day on which young Muldoon was punished he had rambled towards the wine-house, and watching his opportunity he saw the Padrone go out, and then he entered with a fevered brain and an aching heart, anxious to know if the crime with which he was accused, and the punish ment attending it, had made any alteration in Maria's love. "She cannot and will not believe it," said he to himself, "she at least has a better opinion of me." As soon as she beheld him entering the house, she burst into tears, and exclaiming in a tone of sorrowful and overwhelming passion, "Ladrone, Ladrone!"† she placed one hand over her eyes, and motioning him to depart with the other, she retired, as if shunning the presence of some hateful reptile. Stung to the heart at this reception from the person he adored—tortured in soul at the idea that she should doubt him and he innocent, and maddened to revenge by the base means which M'Namara took to undo his reputation and happiness the same time, he rushed back to the convent like a maniac, and perpetrated the shocking deed related above. Notice of the transaction was dispatched to head quarters at Coimbra immediately, and a General Court Martial was summoned without delay, and the very day on which M'Namara was interred, it assembled at Thomar to try Muldoon for the murder. The

many aggravating circumstances arising from the conduct of M'Namara were urged in palliation of the crime, but the language he made use of after committing the action, viz. "that he knew before, and was then aware that he would suffer for it," rendered every thing offered in vindication of no avail. At the very moment when the Court pronounced him guilty, the guns pealed the funeral discharge over the body of M'Namara, as his comrades were committing it to the earth; and on some allusion being made by one of the officers present, to the remarkable circumstance of the report of the funeral, as it were, announcing the murderer's guilt, Muldoon exclaimed, turning towards the officer, with fire in his eye and energy in his voice and gesture, "Yes, I shot him; and I would rather he had shot me a thousand times, than do what he had done to me; he blackened my character—he got me punished by my comrades—he accused me of a robbery which he done himself, and he destroyed my happiness for ever; yes, he was a rogue and a villain, and I shot him, and I'd do it iv it was to be done again."

He was sentenced to be hanged.—He thought he would have been shot; he thought he would have met the death of a soldier—but no, he was a murderer, and could not claim the honorable distinction. He was to be hanged like a petty thief—it almost broke his young heart. He cared nothing about dying, but the way in which they were going to put him to death had something in it so horrifying he could not bear to think on it.

The morning appointed for his execution arrived—the place fixed on was a small deep valley outside of the town, surrounded by steep hills, thickly covered with olives and vines. The regiment was marched out at day-break, and the thick hazy veil of night yet hung on the brow of the morning; even in this sultry clime it was chilly, and there was a melancholy impressed on the mind of the most thoughtless. Not a sound was heard, save the heavy measured tread of the men under arms, and the rumbling of the rude cart, drawn by a bullock, on which the once

* Crusado nova—New crown, value about 2s. 4d.

† Robber! Robber!

gay and happy Mily Muldoon was placed.

The men were drawn up in line and the band struck a low mournful air, as the cart slowly past up the line from left to right, to the fatal spot, a lonely olive tree, in the centre of the little valley. It is useless to dwell much longer on my painful story. He suffered severely for his crime, and some, perhaps, will say, that his punishment was dealt out with too rigorous a hand. He was the victim of strong passions, excited by wrong and injustice, and young Muldoon sleeps in that narrow little valley, beneath the lonely olive tree. But Maria, what pen shall describe her pitiable condition, when she heard of the fate of her lover, and of

his innocence and misfortunes—his miserable death? Her brain could not remain firm beneath the weight of grief that oppressed her, for she partly blamed herself for his death. She was seized with fever—a burning fever.—She raved continually of her lover and his comrade—of hanging and shooting, and when the fever left her, it left her a miserable maniac. When we quitted the country, she was often to be seen seated on the brown mound of earth that covered the body of Muldoon, but I have since heard that she is dead. She left her father's house one night very ill, they did not miss her for some time, and she was found lifeless on his grave.

J. L. L.

THE STAR OF DARKNESS.

Seest thou the pale, though radiant star
That gleams through yonder troubled sky,
Still burning there alone and far,
The only light that shines on high?

Though mingling clouds and storms do roll,
Around its desert path are seen,
Beyond their dark and wide control
It smiles all silent—all serene!

That self same star on many a night
Of spangled splendour meets your gaze,
Though scarcely notic'd then its light,
Whilst orbs more brilliant 'round it blaze.

'Tis but beheld, as now, alone,
And in that wild and threat'ning sky,
Whose influence all besides must own,
That its soft beauties fix your eye.

Just such is Virtue's star, though fair;
'Midst kindred lights of joy 'twill shine.
'Tis only through the mists of care
That its mild radiance beams divine.

And when the cheering orbs of life
Have darkly set no more to rise,
It smiles upon the storms of strife,
From its high home in cloudless skies!

R. C.

GOLD AND SILVER—CHINESE EMPIRE.

Since the discovery of America, vast quantities of the precious metals have been poured into Europe, and distributed from time to time, through the commercial world at large. Gold, the most valuable of these metals, is almost indestructible by the ordinary operations of fire in the process of melting or by the action of the atmosphere. Its weight, indeed, (like that of all other bodies, the parts of which are separable by attrition) may be diminished by friction, but cannot be lessened by heat or by moisture, or by any of the common causes which produce change in other substances of less intrinsic value. Hence we entertain no doubt, but that some of the gold now in general circulation, as money, may have descended to us from the most remote periods of antiquity, after having undergone a thousand transmutations of form. The same piece of metal may, perhaps, have served as pay to one of the warriors of Alexander the Great, and to one of the soldiers of his successful rival in fame, the Duke of Wellington. Silver also, though not so indestructible as gold, is yet a substance of such durability that it is capable of being transmitted from generation to generation, with little diminution of specific weight.

Under these circumstances, it may seem extraordinary that the quantity of these precious metals is not continually and sensibly augmented in the commercial world, in a high ratio indeed; and it may be worth while to investigate the operating causes, which in this respect counterbalance the effects of their incessant influx into the general commercial mart.

Gold and silver possess a real value in themselves, independently of their use as a circulating medium of commerce, in the form of coin. Their beauty, their capability of assuming and retaining any shape, either for use or for elegant display—their durability—their imperviousness to water—the

facility with which they may be kept clean; in short, their useful qualities soon attracted the attention of mankind, and their value was enhanced by their scarcity. To these qualities they owe the high degree of estimation in which they were held, long before any portion of them bore an *imprimatur* as current coin.

The precious metals may therefore be viewed in a twofold capacity—first, as the materials of sundry manufactures, and consequently articles of commerce on that account. Secondly, as a circulating medium of traffic in the form of money.

In the former capacity, their use is extensive, and the loss or waste of the metals themselves immense. So long ago as the year 1775, the quantity of gold and silver employed, by the manufacturers of Birmingham, in gilding and plating alone, and thus disqualified from again appearing in the gross form of these metals, amounted in value to more than £50,000 sterling per annum—(*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, vol. 1st.) At that time the annual import of gold and silver by the Spaniards, amounted, according to the same author, to about £6,000,000. That a vast quantity of these imports must have been consumed, by the gilders and platers of all the other manufacturing towns of Europe, is obvious on the slightest reflection; and we know that the demand for such goods has been greatly increased since that period. Neckar affirms that, prior to the year 1789, the precious metals were consumed yearly in France to the amount of £840,000 sterling in jewellery, lace, and embroidered stuffs, manufactured in that kingdom. Forbonnais, as quoted by Humboldt, estimates the quantity of gold and silver subducted annually from the general circulation or stock in Europe, by friction, by lace, plated goods, &c. &c. in various forms, at £1,300,000; but we shall now, in further proof of this part of our argu-

ment briefly recite a few particulars more immediately connected with the subject in hand.

Considerable quantities of these metals are expended in making gold drapery, silvered stuffs, gilt furniture—on books and picture frames—in setting jewels—in brooches, ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, clasps for girdles, chains, crosses, necklaces, silver purses, snuff-boxes, cords, tassels, fringes, stomachers, embroideries of all kinds, silver and gold nets, and other ornaments for the hair, watches, and their cases, chains, seals, pins, pencils, thimbles, handles of pen knives, fruit knives, tooth and ear picks, rims of spectacles, and eye glasses; silver used in large and small bells, in keys of musical instruments, ink stands, &c.; also in sword hilts, epaulettes, and other military ornaments—*cum multis aliis*.

The annual expenditure of gold and silver, in making solid plate for domestic uses is also prodigious. Modern luxury and taste for splendour are not to be contented with such simple apparatus and table ornaments as satisfied our hospitable but unostentatious ancestors. The sideboards of our modern gentry groan with massy plate, and the rage for such costly utensils, has descended through every gradation of society in middle life.

Having thus cursorily glanced at the particulars recited above, we now beg leave to add, that a great portion of the European, American, and Asiatic trade, with the Chinese empire, is carried on by means of the precious metals, particularly silver, and in that populous country the purchase of goods, with these metals, is a mere barter. Their value is ascertained by their weight and purity, not by their character as coin. It is obvious that the Chinese buy gold and silver, not merely as a circulating medium of commerce, but also as raw materials for some of their manufactures, for there is a continual influx into China, and little or no efflux of those metals from that vast empire, in which, of course they must long ago have superabounded, if they had been employed as current money alone.

We shall now glance not only at

some of the uses to which the precious metals are applied to in China, but at some amusing particulars connected with this branch of our subject.

In China, the working of the gold and silver mines is, in a great measure, prohibited by the Government, lest a too great abundance of the precious metals might depress the interests of agriculture.* The gold, therefore, or a great part of it, found there, is collected in the sands of rivers and torrents which fall from the mountains in the western boundaries of the empire. A good deal of it is procured from the kingdoms of Ava and Pegue, and from the different nations trading for the teas, spices, and manufactures of the country. A very considerable quantity of silver is sent from Manilla, Japan, and Corea, into China. This metal is chiefly melted into sheets, being one of the two circulating mediums of the empire. Gold is never coined, being purchased according to its weight and fineness. The following seem to be some of the great causes of consumption of the precious metals in this very extensive region; and first, as to *silver*, which, being what may be called the principal currency of the country, is in much demand. The merchants, mechanics, &c. carry it about them in a great variety of plates, beaten either thinner or thicker, for the convenience of cutting. There is no stamp on these plates, so that they are cut up from the largest to the smallest possible dimensions, for which purpose each individual carries with him a pair of small shears, and with wonderful accuracy clips from the main piece a quantity, that on being weighed will exactly correspond with the value of the article purchased. The scales employed for this purpose are so nicely balanced, that the one thousandth part of a crown will turn them. Still waste and loss to a considerable extent must result from this mode of transfer; and this loss must be increased by friction, as the metal passes from hand to hand through this immense and populous empire.

As to gold; gilding in China, of which the inhabitants are very fond,

* Grosier, vol. 1, p. 398, states that the Chinese mines of gold and silver are not permitted to be wrought.

consumes much of this metal, but we shall enumerate some particulars.

The wax candles (made from the wax tree) are of a pure white, but the greater part *burned before the idols* in the temples are superbly gilt, and the gilding, of course, with flowers of gold and silver, are destroyed with the candles. A prodigious number of these candles is burned during the year. A great quantity of gold is used for ornamenting the ladies' hair, in artificial flowers, &c. The pagods or temples are, with few exceptions, richly gilt; even the tiles and roofs of some are ornamented with the precious metals. The great temple of the Sun, which stands about half a mile from the east gate of the city, is one of the most noble piles about Pekin—it is highly decorated; the dome is supported by 82 columns magnificently gilt, and the roof curiously painted with gold and azure, representing the sky. Three others, for the remaining cardinal points, are placed at the same distance outside of the wall, and are equally rich and curious. There are others for the sun, moon, and seven planets, twelve signs, and twenty-eight constellations, in which the glitter of gold is amazing; no less magnificent is the Temple of the Earth to which the Emperor repairs at the proper season, to go through the ceremony of turning up the ground as a husbandman, with a plough drawn by oxen with gilt horns.

It would be no easy matter to enumerate the massive ornaments of the great temple of the *Tian-tan*, dedicated to the *Spirit that created and preserves the world*, in which the monarch of China sacrifices, as the father of his people. The vases and all the utensils used in sacrificing are of gold. The instruments of music are of enormous size and elegantly ornamented. The immense glare of gold which adorns the Emperors' regalia dazzles the sight. The golden dragons which float on the twenty-four colours that bear his arms, with forty-eight umbrellas and fans embossed with gold—the *Palankin*, or chair of state, in which he rides, with the trappings of the Imperial Guard, the livery and helmets of his attendants—the garbs of the bearers of the *Palankins*, the dresses of the pages and footmen, relays and musicians, all shew the purposes to which this metal is applied; but further, the dishes and

other vessels served up at the Emperor's tables, are elegantly formed of solid gold, and the small instruments used as forks are of the same metal. The great men and officers of state have theirs of silver tipped with gold. The imperial palace in many parts is highly ornamented. The great dragons in the hall of audience are beautifully gilt, and the candlesticks of gold are so contrived that in the shape of majestic birds they hold an immense number of flambeaus. Independently of all this, and infinitely more, would time or space admit of a description, there is a vast and continually increasing mass of this metal in the royal treasury. It is admitted that, on the taking of the imperial city by the first Tartar conqueror, he spent five days in conveying the gold, silver, jewels, and other riches from the palace in carts, upon camels, horses, and men's shoulders, and a considerable quantity still remained in the coffers of the palace.

The pagodas, palaces, towers, and domes of most of the public buildings at Nan-king and other cities, are beautifully gilt, and make a noble appearance. The gates of that ancient city are curiously carved and inlaid with gold and silver; and the windows of some of the great buildings are fenced with a small kind of *wire net* of gold, made so fine that you can scarcely perceive it, yet the effect on the eyes when illumined by the sun is dazzling in the extreme. The same kind of net work was observed by Sir G. Staunton spread over the whole entablature of one of the halls of audience at Pekin. The vanes or weather-cocks throughout the various cities of the empire are gilt—some are large and curious. On the mountain contiguous to the city of Hangchur, stands a high tower, on which by the help of a large water-glass, the hand of a dial is made to turn so as to shew by means of a *splendid gilt figure* about 18 inches long, the hour of the day at a considerable distance. Such, even in the most extraordinary devices, are the uses to which gold is converted. Another great cause of its consumption in this empire is, the immense quantity required for ornamenting books, as well as in the embroidery of silk, and in the porcelain manufactory, which is of very great extent, employing even in one instance no less at the city of King-te-ching, in the province

of Kian-li, than 500 furnaces.—Moreover, in the shops of the several cities and towns of the provinces great quantities of gold and silver utensils, jewellery and other trinkets, in the ornamenting of which this metal is employed, are ranged for sale in a most tasteful manner, and are not unlike the richest goldsmiths' or jewellers' shops in London. Above all*—numberless pieces of gold and silver are put by the rich into the mouths of their deceased relations among other deposits, as a provision for the next world, when they are about to lay them in the grave. The same practice prevails among the *Lolos*, a people inhabiting the mountainous districts of Ava and Pegue, but subject to the Chinese government.

The Lifans also consume a great deal of gold in offerings to their idols, as do many of the wandering clans on the frontiers of the remote provinces. An extraordinary quantity of the same metal is continually employed in the decoration of Lama temples, some of which are so splendidly adorned, that they have been termed *golden chapels*. In short, the great drain of the precious metals in the various ways in which they are employed, has rendered the common rate of interest for money in China very high, and it is seldom less than 30 per cent. From 1775 to 1795, the amount of the bullion sent by the East India Company alone into China, came to £3,676,010. The quantity sent since that period is probably more than doubled—for the demand for tea, &c. has vastly increased.

The internal commerce of China, in which gold and silver form a considerable part, is greater than that of all Europe. The Chinese deal with the inhabitants of Siam, Manilla, Achun,

Malacca, Thorpatan, Ligon, and Cochin, China—from many of these places gold and silver are procured. There are few people more expert in the melting, refining, and working of the precious metals, than the Chinese. We learn from Gerboux, page 36–70, that before the year 1760, the East Indies and China absorbed annually £1,680,000 sterling of the precious metals extracted from the American mines. Humboldt estimates, that by the harbours of Canton, Macao and Emoué, £1,050,000 sterling enters China. He thinks that, by the commerce of the Levant, £840,000 sterling are annually subtracted from the general circulation.

We shall now refer to a few specific authorities, for some curious particulars respecting some of the uses to which gold is applied in China.†

Grosier, in vol. 1, page 58, says, that in the island of Emouy is a pagoda consecrated to the deity Fo. On entering it, a vast portico presents itself, with an altar in the middle, on which is placed a gigantic statue of gilt brass, representing Fo sitting cross-legged. In another part of the pagoda the god Pousa is exhibited on a flower of gilt brass, (with several subaltern idols ranged around him,) and holding a young child in his arms. A gallery annexed contains twenty-four statues of gilt brass, representing the ancient disciples of Confucius, pages 61 and 62, vol. 1. In vol. 2d, Grosier states‡ p. 201, that all the utensils employed in sacrificing in the great temple of the *Tien-tan* are of gold, and cannot be applied for any other purpose. In page 81, vol. 1, he says that in the city of *Lim-tin-tchiou*, in the province of *Chamtong*, is an octagonal tower, in which are magnificent galleries with gilt balus-

* Grosier, p. 399, states that gold is put into the coffins, &c. of the dead, in plates, by the *Lolos*.

† See Navarette's account of China—Grosier's History of China—Sir George Staunton's Embassy—Modern Universal History, vol. 7—Abel's Journey through China, 1817.

‡ *De Paw* and *Sonnerat* censure the accounts of China, given by the Missionaries and others, but the Abbe Grosier ably defends them in his preface to the *General History of China*, translated by *Father Moyrac de Mailla*, and published by Grosier in twelve quarto volumes. This Mailla, whom Limpriere calls an amiable man, was 45 years in China, and died at Pekin in 1748—he was employed by the Emperor *Kan-ki* to construct a map of China and Chinese Tartary, which was engraved in France in 1732. He translated the Great Annals of China, which he transmitted to Europe. They were first published under Grosier in 1777. His authority cannot be doubted.

trades; the cornices and projections of the tower are furnished with little bells whose tinklings, when agitated by the wind, produce a very agreeable harmony. In the highest story is an idol of gilt copper, to which the temple is consecrated. In page 292, vol. 2d, he tells us that the Chinese dress, in general, consists of a long vest, which reaches to the ground. One part of this vest, that on the left side, folds over the other, and is fastened on the right by four or five *gold or silver buttons*, which are placed at a small distance one from another. "The general head-dress of the women consists in an arrangement of their hair in several curls, among which are interspersed small *tufts of gold or silver flowers*." There are some, says *F. Du Halde*, who ornament their heads with the figure of a fabulous bird, named *fong-koang*, of which antiquity has related many marvellous things. This bird is made of copper or silver, gilt according to the rank of those who wear it. The bird moves freely about on a concealed hinge to imitate nature.*

The posts of the beds of genteel families are gilt, painted, and ornamented with sculpture.† The furniture of the houses is covered with a beautiful transparent varnish, through which is seen various gilt figures and other ornaments.‡ In the march of a Viceroy through any of the provinces, he is preceded by twenty-four trumpeters, whose trumpets are above three feet in length, and about eight inches in diameter at the lower end. They are made of a kind of wood, named by the Chinese *ou-tong-chu*, and ornamented with rings of gold. Twenty-four men follow them armed with sticks, seven feet long, varnished green, and decorated with gilt foliage.§ 200 fans are carried in procession, supported by long gilded poles.|| In the Emperor's train, which is described in a former part of this article, are (*Grosier says*,

Vol. 2, p. 332.) "A thousand footmen, in red robes interspersed with flowers and stars embroidered in gold and silver."

Abel, p. 227, informs us, that contiguous to the temple at Canton, were temples with dormitories annexed, containing a host of gilded idols distributed over an extensive piece of ground. Various labyrinths and edifices contained similar idols of different degrees of dignity and influence. Amongst these, four hideous colossal monsters, at the entrance of an avenue from the precincts of the principal temple, were pre-eminent; these were profusely gilt, and incense continually burned before them. Abel observed, that great quantities of gold were employed in gilding the sign-boards of the merchants and traders in the different cities and towns through which he passed. And again, in page 188, he remarks, that a gilded board, seven or eight feet high, with three large characters inscribed upon it, is to be seen before each door. The porcelain pagoda at Nankin is surmounted by a gilded ball, and contains various compartments filled with gilt idols, placed in niches in the walls.

Abel also informs us that European silver coins were much sought after at "*Tung-Chow*," a city at which the embassy under Lord Amherst in 1816 and 1817 stopped for some time, "but less for their intrinsic value than as curiosities. English eighteen-penny and three shilling pieces were particularly in request, and seemed to be as highly prized as the Spanish dollar. Indeed, so far did the inhabitants carry their anxiety to possess a coin with a perfect device, as to offer me (says the author) handful after handful of their small copper money, called *Tchen*, for a few silver Java coin with the figure of a horse on one side. The same coin was valued by their money-changers at seven *Tchen*."¶ This estimation of

* *Grosier*, vol. 2. p. 290.

† *Ibid.* p. 306.

‡ *Ibid.* 305.

§ *Ibid.* 330.

|| *Ibid.* 331.

¶ This coin, the only figured money in China, is of a round form, has a square hole in the centre for the convenience of stringing, and has the name of the Emperor in Chinese on the face, and two Tartar words on the reverse. This coin is melted not struck.—*Vide Mem. concern. les Chinois*, tome 4. p. —

the value of small silver coins could only be the consequence of their rarity, as all silver passes with the Chinese by weight. The smallest portion of a dollar goes for its relative worth, as readily as the whole coin. Silver, for a medium of circulation in China, is often melted into conical masses, having the shape of the crucible in which they have been formed. For large payments, the entire masses are used; for smaller, bits of these are cut off, and weighed on the spot. For this purpose, a Chinese usually carries about with him a pair of scissors and a small balance of a very sensible description, the rod of which is usually of ivory. *Gold in China is merely an article of merchandise.*—Vide Abel's Journey in China, page 114 and 115.

Before we dismiss this part of our subject, it may not be improper to remind our readers, that in the very gilding of China cups, saucers, teapots, vases, and other articles exported from that country to Europe, or used for domestic purposes by the natives at home, much gold must be for ever withdrawn from the mass in general circulation.

Be this as it may, it is certain that by much the greater part of our Eastern trade is managed by battering the precious metals, particularly silver, for goods; and as these articles bear a higher price there than in Europe, they seldom return from that quarter. It is scarcely necessary to mention the sums expended in the Molucca spices, the piece goods of Bengal, &c.—*See Smith, p. 307-308, vol. 1. et passim.*

From what we have said, it is evident that gold and silver are not only merchantable commodities, but in very great demand as such, and that the drain from these countries, and domestic consumption of those metals is vast and continual. We proceed now to shew some other causes of their waste and of their subduction from Europe, which are,

First—Emigration to America. Gold is uniformly brought to that country by all those who wish to purchase land and settle there for life. Much of this gold, however returns to Europe in the ordinary course of trade.

Secondly—The wear and tear of plate.

Thirdly—Frequent loss in transporting the precious metals from place to place, by sea and land. The mass of wealth buried in the ocean is beyond all human calculation.

Fourthly—The subduction of money from circulation by avarice, which frequently locks up, and timidity, which often buries the current coin in the earth. In Asia, and under all parts of the Turkish empire, vast sums are deposited in the ground, to hide them from the rapacity of the great and petty despots of those countries. This, of course, is subducted from circulation, and much of it is totally lost.

Fifthly—Loss produced by those who often put into circulation a spurious coin, frequently mixed with small quantities of sterling silver and often plated over with it.

Independently of these things, there are other causes which frequently render gold and silver scarce in particular countries, without diminishing the general mass circulating through the commercial world at large.

Such are subsidies paid in time of war to foreign princes, and sums expended in the support of armies abroad. Gold disbursed in this manner does not return to the country from which it has been transmitted, so long as its value as a commodity exceeds its nominal value as money, rates of exchange have also a powerful effect on the price of bullion. But these and similar causes do not, in any manner, diminish the precious metals in general circulation.

REMARKS ON THE HISTORY OF ROME.

The origin of any nation must be obscure, except it spring from a colony or an association of individuals collected from different quarters, and combining to form it. Notwithstanding the exception in its favour, the early history of Rome has been considered by some as peculiarly uncertain. This uncertainty is thought to arise from the late period at which its first historians appeared, and the antiquity of its foundation, which was prior to the commencement of authentic history. If, however, it sprung from an assemblage of men, who were let loose upon society, and were brought together for the express purpose of founding a state; such a formal proceeding, attended by such consequences, could hardly be forgotten. The rumours of it would live longer in tradition than the gradual formation of other nations, the germs of which are usually imperceptible. But though the nature of the union may live long in the memory both of themselves and their neighbours, their subsequent actions may be involved in fable and doubt, and will naturally partake of the exaggeration with which men usually magnify their exploits; and the confusions and anachronisms, to which ancient history is unavoidably liable. When these errors have once taken place, they will descend through the writings of the most correct and authentic historians, and though their credit may be occasionally shaken by critical scrupulosity. To judge, therefore, of the grounds of their belief, we must ascend to the earliest writers and documents, from which they derived their information.

The earliest historians among the Romans were Fabius and Cato, respectable men, and very credible with respect to what came within their own knowledge; but they did not appear for five hundred years, at least, after the supposed foundation of Rome.

This date, however, goes on the supposition that the seven kings reigned 244 years. This is evidently an extravagant calculation, even for an here-

ditary race; still more so for a series of elective kings; and above all for those of Rome; who were all of mature or advanced age, when they came to the throne; of whom four were taken off prematurely by violent deaths, and one was deposed in the vigour of life. Newton, therefore, I think, reduces the duration of the monarchy to about 126 years. This will bring the Fathers of Roman History within 400 years of the building of the city. Still this is too long for tradition to carry a minute and correct record of events. It becomes necessary, therefore, to inquire, whether they had any better authority than oral tradition.

The other sources from which they may have drawn their materials are the following:—the Pontifical Annals, and other ancient monuments mentioned by Livy;—the acts of the Senate, and Comitia;—the Laws of the Twelve Tables, which vouch for the existence of the Decemvirs;—*Libri Lintei*,* (Books of the Magistrates);—Tables and Memorials of the Censors;—Books of the Decemvirs and Duumvirs. When the city was burned by the Gauls, it is probable, that many of these were destroyed; but others were saved by the vestal virgins, who carried them across the Tiber, with other sacred deposits; and as the Capitol was not taken, it is reasonable to suppose, that the most ancient and authentic documents were preserved. Add to these, similar memorials in the neighbouring nations, and public treaties, which would be preserved by them, though lost by the Romans, and also Family records, Funeral Orations, and Inscriptions. Some of the most ancient of these records were in existence in the time of Horace;—*Tabulas peccare vetantes—Fœdera regum, vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis, Pontificum libros, annoso volumina vatum—Saliara Numæ carmen.*

Greater stress, I apprehend, should be laid on the aid to be derived from foreigners, than is usually done; especially the Etrurians. They were a

colony from Lydia, and excelled in arts and letters before the origin of Rome. From these, she derived her religious ceremonies, legal formalities, and scenical amusements. They were settled on the other side of the River, in a neighbouring district; and may have been the depositories of more authentic records than the Romans themselves possessed; and other refugees beside the vestals, may have transported valuable articles, and authentic registries out of the city, and deposited them safely in Etruria.—Thus the original writers of history may have gained much important information from this and other neighbouring districts. On the whole, they may have had sufficient authority for all those transactions and institutions about which posterity is materially concerned; and credible reports of minor matters.

Besides, there is nothing incredible in the general tenor of the history.

The history of the kings is not improbable: their characters are such as might arise in an elective monarchy; were well suited to the times, and were such as those times might produce.—Neither is there so great a spirit of exaggeration or panegyric betrayed, as might impeach the credibility of the authors. Romulus must have been a man of great address and talents, military prowess and political wisdom, if he began with organizing a banditti, and ended by establishing the only constitution, I believe, that has ever been compared to the British, consisting of a limited monarch, a Senate of able and experienced men; the foundation of a body of gentry in the *Comites* or Knights, and an assembly of the people, who were checks upon their encroachments on each other; and protected by the need that each party experienced of their support. The peaceful and pious virtues of Numa were wisely selected to complete the system by organizing their religion.—After his quiet reign, the vigorous and warlike character of Tullus Hostilius was probably necessary to revive the courage of his people; and repress the encroachments of their restless neighbours. “*Cui deinde subibit—Otia qui rumpet patriæ, residuesq; movebit—Tullus in arma viros, et jam desueta triumphis—Agmina.*” Ancus Marcius

united the qualities of his two predecessors; and completed or forwarded what they had begun. Why Virgil gives him the title of Boastful or Ostentatious, and fond of popularity, (*paullo jactantior Ancus, Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens popularibus auris,*) is still, I believe, a secret. He was succeeded by a family which had emigrated from Corinth to Etruria, and who introduced something of Grecian refinement; the circus and the games; and the art of augury.—The first of the Tarquins, in particular, fortified the city, and made those sewers, which still remain, though buried under the ruins of near 2500 years. The natural tendency of an elective monarchy to glide into hereditary succession began now to appear, and he was murdered by the sons of his predecessor. Instead, however, of restoring their family, the son of a noble lady, a prisoner of war, ascended the throne, and distinguished his reign by perhaps a greater number of wise and splendid improvements in government and policy, than were ever executed by any prince of antiquity. He too fell by the hand of the son of his predecessor; who, profiting by experience, usurped the government, without asking the consent of either senate or people, and earned the title of *Tarquinius Superbus*. His insolent and licentious tyranny produced its natural effect, by occasioning a Revolution, and an abolition of monarchy.

The balance of the Roman constitution under the kings did not depend on the three estates pulling different ways with equal forces, which, as in mechanics, would only keep the body stationary and at rest; but in the combination of two against the third, when it would transgress its limits. On this principle, it was the policy of the monarchical and constitutional powers to keep on good terms with the people, who could turn the scale, and if they were oppressed by the one they could fly for refuge to the other. The equilibrium was preserved, not by an obstinate and hostile counteraction, but by a mutual sympathy: as the equipoise in our constitution does not depend on a systematic jealousy and opposition, so much as a mutual influence.

Tacitus says, that all nations have been governed by a democratic assem-

bly, an oligarchy of nobles, or a king ; and that a form of government, composed of these, may more easily be raised than expected to exist : or if it ever should take place, it would not be lasting.

"Cunctas nationes & urbes populus, aut primores, aut singuli regunt : delecta ex his & constituta reipublicæ forma laudari facilius quam evenire ; vel, si evenit, haud diuturna esse potest."

Notwithstanding this, Dionysius and Polybius pronounced that to be the most perfect form which consisted of a due mixture of the regal aristocratic, and democratic powers.

Cicero, in a fragment, says, "Statuo esse optime constitutam Rem publicam quod ex tribus generibus illis regali, optimo & populari confusa modice."

This constitution they exchanged for the most confused, inconsistent and turbulent form of government that ever existed. For one king they had two consuls with royal power, often at variance with each other, or combining to tyrannize over the people. As their power lasted but one year, they were solicitous to plunge the nation into a war in the beginning of their magistracy and to finish it before they resigned their office, lest their successor should reap the fruits of their services. The elections taking place in the middle of their year, they were obliged to return from the most distant service to hold them. These were often delayed, from various causes, accidental or factious ; and the commander-in-chief was detained from his army at the most critical period of the campaign. When in the field together their commands were alternate, each anxious to come to battle on his own day ; as in the fatal day of Cannæ. The same absurd policy prevailed among the Greeks, particularly at the battle of Marathon, where, however, it was followed by a more fortunate result.

To correct the mal-administration, incapacity and dissensions of the consuls, the senate compelled them very soon, and very often to resign their power to a Dictator, a Magistrate invested with despotic power for six months, and not liable to any responsibility afterwards ; and to add to the absurdity and danger of this bungling contrivance, the Consuls had the ap-

pointment. In one instance, they resented this interference by naming a person so notoriously deficient, that the Senate forced him also to resign.

Thus the higher orders in the state had the liberty of the people at their disposal ; and they exercised their authority by forced and arbitrary enrollments, and the most cruel extortion of the payment of debts ; in both cases by servitude and corporal punishment, and every other species of insolent oppression. To prevent the people from acting in a body, and exerting their constitutional powers, they appointed a Dictator, or invested the Consuls with arbitrary power, or they availed themselves of the superstition of the times ; and as nothing could be done without favourable auspices, and all the sacred offices were in the hands of the Patricians, they could at any time dissolve the assembly of the people, or proclaim war and compel them to enlist.

The Commons, on the other hand, had no better means of counteracting these arbitrary measures than by the desperate expedient of departing from the city, abandoning their oppressors to their own resources in the most critical periods, and taking possession of the Mons Sacer, the Aventine Hills, or the Janiculum. By these means they extorted the appointment of the Sacred Majesty of the Tribunes. As the Patricians had their Magistrate, not accountable for his conduct, who could at any time disperse the assemblies of the people ; so the Commons had a set of Magistrates whose persons were sacred, and who, by their veto, could put a stop to the proceedings of the Senate, and the most important measures of Government. The people, with the jealousy natural to republics, had vested these powers in a number of individuals ; and the Senate availed themselves of this circumstance to corrupt one of their body, whose veto was sufficient to paralyze the whole college.

The result was, that their contests were decided by brute force ; and bloody battles were in the common forum. In these the nobles could bring a large proportion of the Plebeians into the field ; for every Plebeian was obliged to addict himself as a client to some Patrician. The patron was not only

entitled to certain services, but had the client in his power by means of debts, which he unavoidably contracted; for as Rome was neither a sea-port, nor in any respect a commercial or manufacturing city; as the land was chiefly tilled by slaves; and the arts and trades, and even liberal professions were, in process of time, exercised by the same class—as every Roman was subject to military service by arbitrary conscription, and in the early times served without pay, leaving their families destitute on their farms or in the city, it is so far from being strange, that they were overwhelmed with debt, which by the insolvent laws subjected them to private imprisonment and corporal punishment in the houses of their creditors, that it was even inconceivable how the body of the people could subsist at all.

The strength of the government was in the Senate, a body very irregularly constituted, but composed of ancient and illustrious families, and of all the ablest and most experienced men both civil and military; but they were so tainted with the vices inherent in nobility, riches, and military command, that how well soever they administered foreign affairs, they were not only guilty of habitual oppression at home, but committed many flagrant and ruinous errors in domestic policy. The equestrian was an intermediate order of great influence, but no constitutional authority. In the second Punic war 190 knights were enrolled in the Senate, and a similar measure was in agitation on another occasion. In short the civil government of the Romans appears to have been, not only very crudely conceived at first, but subject to continual fluctuation in its essential parts, and its errors corrected only by short-sighted and temporizing expedients. Their Chief Magistrates were successively, Consuls, the Interrex, Dictators, Decemvirs, and Military Tribunes. For five years the Tribunes of the people obstructed the elections of the principal magistrates; and having no executive power themselves, an anarchy prevailed.

Thy judicatures and legislative authorities were intricate, and contradictory. Decrees of the senate—votes of the people—constitutional laws—Comitia of Centuries, Curiae and Tribes

—privileges vested in Priests and Augurs—Prætors, Quæstors and Ædiles; and, above all, the Tribunes of the Commons, and the extraordinary prerogatives of the Censors.

But all this agitation and turmoil, resistance and oppression, political factions, and dangers from abroad combined to create the most public, spirited, energetic, and warlike people that ever existed, though I should think in every respect, except the pride of victory and national independence, the most unhappy.

One of the ancients observes, that the power and glory of republics resulted from the abilities and virtues of a few individuals. This was remarkably the case in the Grecian states in the times of Pisistratus, Pericles, and Epaminondas, but not so with the Romans. Their operations were more consistent and systematic, being conducted by the senate, a permanent body of men well versed in politics and war.

The Romans are classed not only among the first people, but also the most warlike; and yet their military discipline appears, in many respects, as defective as their civil government.

Their legion, indeed, was a most effective corps. It was a moveable column, varying in number from 3000 to 6000, composed of infantry of different orders, distributed into battalions and companies—of a body of cavalry divided into troops, and a train of battering engines, and attended by some cohorts of allies. It was possessed of great activity; a machine of great flexibility, consisting of many joints, very superior to the stiff and unwieldy phalanx. The discipline, too, exercised over the men was absolute and severely exercised even to the decimation of armies. Their Centurions, Tribunes, and Generals also, were, with very few exceptions, men of consummate military talents and experience.

But, notwithstanding this, their history is full of such misconduct and violations of discipline, as are altogether unknown in our days.

Dictators, appointed to supersede incapable or unpopular Consuls—Generals disobedient to the constituted authorities—mutinous armies—general panics—alternate commands—and jealousy among superior officers. In later times it was either a great error,

or an unavoidable misfortune that large armies were kept together in the provinces, which either dictated to the authorities at home, or became the instruments of ambitious men to overturn the state. Our mode of distributing and changing the quarters of regiments, with the small number of men in each, precludes such danger.

The Roman practice was eventually the cause of the ruin of the republic; but long before that time it was ready to fall, and hardly worth supporting. I shall conclude with offering some ideas on the cause of its downfall, and the measures by which it might have been retarded.

I do not mean to enlarge on the great and general cause of the decline of all states—luxury, but to advert to some minor and peculiar errors, which hastened the downfall of the Roman republic. I shall, in the mean time, briefly mention a cause of her greatness, which I remember to have seen noted in one of Cicero's fragments—he says, "We conquered the world by assisting our allies." On the conclusion of a war they gratified their allies with a share of their conquests. They made use of their allies to subdue their enemies, and then reduced their allies to subjection. They forbade kings to make war on their allies; and if they did, whatever might be the provocation, they took part with their allies, and made a conquest of the country that had quarrelled with them. And in general, even in their infant state, they augmented their territory by encouraging appeals: when two nations had a controversy, the Romans were always ready to act as arbiters, and generally gave their award in favour of the state that applied to them first. They were then bound to support their sentence, and assist their ally; and having with their assistance easily subdued the other party, they took a favourable opportunity to subjugate them both. A few examples of this kind made the disputants vie with each other in being the first to refer the cause to the Romans. Instances of such interference are innumerable. In the very commencement of the republic, the people of Ardea and Aricia referred a dispute to the Romans; and they adjudged the land in question to themselves; this was done by the popular assembly, contrary to

remonstrances of the Senators, who represented the impolicy, rather than the injustice of the transaction—"nequicquam tantum agro intercipiendo acquiratur, quantum amittatur alienandis injuria sociorum animis." When these states resented such treatment, the Senate told them they could not rescind the vote of the people, and would not sow discord in the republic on their account, and advised them to be quiet till a convenient opportunity should offer. Thus, too, they took part with the Athenians against the King of Macedonia—with Eumenes against Perseus—with Massinissa against the Carthaginians—with Cleopatra and Ptolemy against Antiochus, and so on, and reduced them all to the level of subjects at last.

It is worthy of remark, that modern Rome extended her influence by the same policy, encouraging different religious parties to refer their controversies to her, and deciding against the party that refused to appeal.

It was the policy of ancient Rome to side with the weaker party, because after they had jointly conquered the stronger, the other would fall an easy prey. I suppose, in this respect, Christian Rome would differ from pagan, and favour the stronger side.

I shall now state what appears to me to have been ruinous errors in domestic policy, which hastened the downfall of the commonwealth. The act of the Decemviri prohibiting the intermarriage of Patricians and Plebeians was a great error, but of short continuance; while it lasted it was a great obstruction to public business, and a pregnant source of animosity, dissension, and tumult. The ground taken by the Patricians was altogether untenable; *their* railing and the argument of Canuleius in Livy form a remarkable contrast: "*patrem sequuntur liberi*" was an answer to it all. The wife could not ennoble the children of the Plebeian, nor degrade the family of the Patrician. Another more permanent error was the opposition made to the election of Plebeians into the higher magistracies; and it was equally injudicious—for every man of abilities, property, and influence taken out of one seat and removed to the other, was a double gain. When the Commons had at last obtained this privilege, they showed that they had no desire of obtruding

mean and unworthy persons on the state. On the contrary, their leaders were disgusted at their preferring the Patrician candidate. If Plebeians, of fortune and high military, or political character, saw the door of the Senate open to them, they would look upon that body, as one in which they had an interest; one, of whose privileges they might one time or other partake, and whose influence therefore they should not wish to impair. Cicero says, "That no man would prefer popularity to the honours of the Senate."

A third error, which had a worse effect than either of these, was the encouragement of slavery. Every thing in the city was done by slaves, and the poor were left destitute of employment. The great had each of them thousands of slaves employed in lucrative occupations, and even in the arts and professions. The cause of the seditions of the Gracchi was, that Tiberius, in travelling through Italy, saw that the conquered lands, and the estates of the nobles were cultivated by slaves, while the Romans were living on the sportulæ and largesses. This was a great abuse equally calculated to corrupt the rich and degrade the poor—to encourage tyranny and oppression in the one, and meanness and servility in the other. Where there are slaves, there will be tyrants, and tyrants will not confine their insolence to their slaves. The conspiracies and insurrections of the slaves are too numerous to be recited here; and the formidable magnitude of the servile war is a striking instance of the alarming height to which this dangerous practice had arisen. After successfully defeating irregular armies, and the best disciplined legions, Spartans could be conquered only by Crassus and Pompey.

The greatest error of all was the admission of the states of Italy to the freedom of the city. After this innovation, it could not be known whether the assembly of the people was legally constituted or not; the citizens assembled to fight instead of voting. Every ambitious leader could bring a crowd of these spurious, adopted citizens into the forum to carry his projects, or to silence and put down his adversaries. Then followed, as a matter of course, the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey, Octavius and

Antony, and the extinction of the commonwealth. The political wisdom and address of the Senate was indeed finely exemplified on this occasion—but in vain.

This discussion would be incomplete without inquiring how these errors might have been prevented or remedied. The dissensions about marriage should never have taken place; and owed their origin to the despotic spirit of the Decemvirs. It was repressed by the repeal of the law. The admission of Plebeians to the Consulship should have been graciously conceded; and in that case certain regulations might have been established, that would have rendered it harmless, and even beneficial; a strength to the Patricians, and an encouragement to merit among the Commons.

The prevalence of slavery, and the tumults and confusion of the citizens consequent on granting the freedom of the city to the Latins, might have been prevented by the employment of free labourers and tenants, instead of slaves and the introduction of the representative principle.

Slavery was the natural result of the wars, in which the Romans were continually engaged; for the slaves were all prisoners of war or their descendants. How these could be otherwise disposed of I cannot say; but I am sure they ought not to have usurped the place of free citizens, and have left the populace without trade or agriculture; destitute of support, and immersed in debt. With this was connected the monopoly of the conquered lands by the nobles; the desperate contest about Agrarian laws; and the degradation of the people, who at length cared for nothing but *panem et circenses*. All this might have been remedied or alleviated; and great estates rendered harmless or beneficial by an independant tenantry, and the suppression of domestic slavery.

As the combination of small states to form a representative Council was a common practice among the ancients it may not be thought chimerical to expect that the representative system should have occurred to the Romans; and that the cities of Latium and other provinces might have been satisfied with the privilege of sending deputies to Rome, either especially, or to reside.

Of the custom to which I allude,

there were numerous instances, not only among the Grecian states, as the Amphyctionic Council, but in Italy; and particularly in the 12 Lucumonies of Etruria, from which country the Romans derived so many other institutions.*

In fact, the Prætors of the Latian cities, were, by right, Roman citizens, and entitled to the privileges of nobility for life. These were a kind of representatives or deputies.

The confusion occasioned by the promiscuous introduction of voters from Latium was such, that all appearance of a deliberative assembly was lost.—These adopted citizens, on one occasion entered the city, with swords under their gowns, and filled the forum, excluding the Romans, who were driven from the assembly by force of arms.

It was vain for good men to contend any longer for the freedom of Rome. Contentio (says Cicero) tamdiu sapiens est quamdiu aut proficit aliquid, aut si non proficit, non obest civitate. After the series of civil wars, ending with that of Antony and Octavius, nothing remained but to adhere to the mildest and most moderate master. Cicero found the democracy ruined, and the aristocracy sunk in corruption: still the Senate, corrupt as it was, was the only body capable of governing the

empire, and in alliance with the equestrian order, might still have opposed a bar to the ambition of individuals. He laboured, therefore, to renew and cement their union. On his return from exile, he found this association dissolved, and the first Triumvirate forming or formed. Nothing remained, but to keep on such terms with them, as would enable *him* to good, or prevent *them* from doing harm; if freedom was gone, provide for peace. When these great men took different parts, he sided with him who was least ambitious of unlawful power, most respectful to the constituted authorities, and most disposed to listen to his advice. The question for wise and good men was, "Whether anarchy should prevail, or a government of three men?" When Pompey was chosen sole Consul, it was the opinion of Cicero, that any government was better than anarchy, and that Pompey was the best master they could hope for. After the death of Pompey he studied to make the most of Octavius.

Octavius complimented Antony with the life of this illustrious man, and his death brings to a natural close our remarks on the monarchy and republic of Rome.

NEMO.

* Of these I have noted the following, the most ancient of which was formed in the East, from which our knowledge in general seems to be derived; the Philistine Pentarchy; the Amphyctionic council; the Etrurian Lucumonies; the Ionian, Eolian, Dorian, Lycian, Etolian, and Theban confederacies; the Sabine, Volscian, and Latin associations; the federal assembly of the Romans, Sabines, and Latins; and the Tarentine and Sabine diet; the Achaean league; the Thessalian and Macedonian confederations, and the alliances of factions among the states of Gaul and Britain. As these must have been representative assemblies, though not all elective, it is strange, that the same form of government was not oftener resorted to in single states. It obtained in the Republic of Mantinea, but the most distinct trace of it is to be found in the Athenian senate, to which each of the tribes sent an equal number of representatives.

THE MUSIC OF SCOTLAND.

It may be confidently asserted, that proof is yet to be adduced, of the existence of any *ancient* Scottish melodies, save those of the *Erse*; which are identified, in a considerable degree, with the *Irish*, and radically different from the music of the rest of Scotland.

In some respects, never were two nations more dissimilar than the inhabitants of the *high* and *low* lands of Scotland. The aboriginal Irishman and Caledonian converse with one another in their respective tongues, and "the Irish, Erse, and Manks," both in Irish poetry, and historical truth, "are three sods of one native soil."*

The musical instruments of the Highlands and Lowlands were as different as their languages and manners. The Highlands alone had the *harp*; and a great portion of their music was composed for it.† Both of them had the *bag pipes*, but even these were of different construction, power, and expression.

An eminent writer remarks, that "the native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles, is as different from that of the southern parts of the kingdom, as the Irish or Erse language is

different from the English or Scotch." If her own annalists deserve credit, in declaring that Scotland owes *her people* to Ireland, the original Erse melodies were probably derived from the same source.

Of these melodies, the existing Highland airs are vestiges. A collection of them was made by the Rev. Mr. M'Donald of Argyleshire. That ingenious critic, in a prefatory discourse, asserts that he found an evident resemblance between the Irish songs and the Highland *Luinns*; the latter, he conceives, were composed for the *harp*, which is probably the most ancient instrument of both countries, and perhaps the most ancient in the world.‡ He remarks that the difference between harp strains, and those of the bag pipes is so great, that both instruments could not have originally belonged to the same people. They were certainly introduced, as far as analogy can direct us, at different periods, by different races of men, and they mark very different stages of society.

Mr. M'Donald forms the ancient Scottish strains into four divisions:—*North Highlands—Perthshire—Argyle—*

* Collect. de Reb. Hibern.

† "In Historia Anglicana Scriptores decem ex Vetusis manuscriptis," it appears that the Scotch were eminent performers on the Harp in the 13th century. In the same passage Scotland is termed the daughter of Ireland, "*Hujus terrae Filia*." The whole of the country, as far south as Moffat, was originally inhabited by a people speaking the Erse or Irish language. It is as easy to conceive that the music passed from one country to the other, as the language. So late as 1745, when Prince Charles took possession of the Palace of his family, the Irish Harpers, mindful of their former habits, flocked over to Edinburgh to entertain him with their music; and were received, according to the custom of his ancestors, with every mark of respect. DENIS HEMPSON was one of those, from whom some fine old Irish airs in Bunting's collections were taken.

‡ Of all instruments in common use, the triangular Harp is of the greatest antiquity. Hawkins, v. 2, p. 272.

The anonymous author of "Certayne matters concerning the Realm of Scotland, as they were A.D. 1597," under the title of "the Yles of Scotland in general" says, "they delight much in music, but chiefly in Harps and Clairschoes, of their own

shire and Western Islands. It is clear from his collection, that they were either the productions of an age in which the musical art was little cultivated, or that they have been extremely injured in their transmission. No marks remain in them of that musical proficiency attributed to the Scots by Cambrensis, in the 12th century, when he alleged that Scotland excelled even her mistress Ireland. From the difficulty which the most expert musician finds in dividing the bars, ascertaining the time, and noting down ancient, artless melodies, rudely played or sung, Mr. M'Donald's notation may not possibly be sufficiently close to the primitive spirit of the airs, to enable us to pronounce on the merits of the originals. We find, that so late as the end of the 15th century, they had not forfeited the character which a Welsh ecclesiastic so long before had given

them. John Major, in that age, calls James I. of Scotland "another *Orpheus*, who touched the harp more exquisitely than either the *Highlanders*, (*Sylvestres Scotos*) or the Irish, the most eminent harpers then known."*

NORTH HIGHLANDS.

The compositions of this district appear like fragments of ancient tunes, wild, abrupt, and imperfect. They seem to have been either calculated for the bag pipes, or modified and disfigured to answer that imperfect instrument, probably on the decline of the harp. This is rendered the more plausible by the frequent recurrence of the key-note and the fifth.

In the collection of Mr. M'Donald, No. 74, under the name, *The Mu-*

fashion. The strings of their *Clairchoes* are made of brass wire, and the strings of their Harps of sinews, which strings they strike either with their nayles growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use." The *Highlanders* assert that their Harp originally had only four strings. (a)

We are told (b) that the oldest of two Caledonian Harps still in existence, was brought from Argyleshire about A. D. 1460, by a lady of the family of Lamont, to the house of Lude, in the Highlands of Perthshire, where it has remained. It is 38½ inches high. The greatest projection of the fore-arm or pillar, from the sound-board, is nearly 18 inches. The front arm is perpendicular to the sound-board. The upper arm or comb, as well as the front arm, is of plane tree. It contains 30 strings; pins of near 4 inches long, originally of brass. The second Harp, still preserved in the Highlands, was the gift of Queen Mary, on a hunting excursion in the Highlands, to Miss Beatrix Gardyn, of Banchory, and is in the same house of Lude. It is 31 inches high, has holes for 28 strings, the longest string would measure 24 inches, the shortest 2½. The front arm is not, as the former Harp, perpendicular to the sound-board. Its upper part and the top arm are turned considerably to the left. That the Harp was formerly an instrument of the Highlands of Scotland, the author of this treatise insisted in different parts; he must, however, be allowed to remark, that there is no distinctive difference between these two Harps and the Harp of Ireland; and that they may as likely have been constructed in the latter country where they have abounded, as elsewhere. Mr. Gun, in the same work, mentions an ancient Gaelic poem, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old Harp, by asking "*what had become of its former lustre?*"

The Harp replies—"that it had belonged to a King of Ireland, and been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterwards been frequently in the possession of Dargo, son of the Druid of Baal—of Gaul of Filan—of Oscar—of O'Duine—of Diarmid—of a Physician—of a Bard—and lastly of a Priest, who, in a secluded corner, was meditating on a white book." The song and music he promised in a subsequent publication.

* Major, *De Gestis Scot.* l. VI.

(a) Dr. Beauford.

(b) Gun's Historical Enquiry respecting the Performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland, Edinburgh, printed 1807, drawn up by desire of that exemplary and patriotic body, the Highland Society of Scotland.

lad, is a bad version of the celebrated Irish COOLIN.

No. 86, *Ribhinn aluinn aribhinn oigh* is the Irish ELLINOGE, or *Erin-go-bragh*.

It is curious to notice the close similarity between certain Chinese Melodies in Ouseley's oriental collections. and those of this district of the Highlands. The Chinese airs, *Tsin fu*, *Tsin Tsin fu*, *Tsi tsong-chen-ten*; (especially the two former) bear the closest similitude, particularly to No. 12 of M'Donald's collection, (*Ugi nan gu smothriall dachaidh*) and No. 14, (Mac Cavidh chonassain); but still closer to No. 20.

Lempriere, in his Tour to Morocco, remarked, that the quick Moorish tunes in Barbary, are beautiful, simple, and pathetic, and partake in some degree, of the characteristic melody of the Scotch.

PERTHSHIRE.

No. 88, *M'Gregor of Ruro* is evidently an Irish harp tune.

No. 89, *Drumionndubh* is the Irish air Drimminndhu, disguised and rendered almost unintelligible by being set in common, instead of triple time.

No. 102, and 112, partake of the Irish character, but wilder, and less regular.

ARGYLESHIRE.

In these, we remark the following, beside others which resemble Irish.

No. 137, *Morniau a Ghiobarlain*.—This is sung in all parts of Ireland, and played on the harp.

No. 141 is the Irish *Burn's March*, given by Mr. M'Donald, without a name.

No. 144, *Callum a Glynne*, a modification of an Irish strain.

No. 152, *A Robaidh tha tha Gorach*; the Irish *Baccagh buidhe ne lemnigh*, or *lame yellow beggar*.

WESTERN ISLES.

Nos. 156, 157, 163, 166, and 172, resemble Irish. The remainder of the Vol. II.

collection consists chiefly of Pipe Tunes.

SCOTCH LOWLAND MUSIC.

None of the old historians of the country, neither Fordun, in the 13th century, H. Boethius, in the 15th, nor Buchanan, in the 16th, allude to any high musical attainments of the Lowlands, in early times. The Harp, the sweetest instrument of the early ages, was unknown, certainly uncultivated, in that quarter. The character of the melodies, however, whatever be their age, perfectly answers Dr. Beattie's description; they are sweetly and "powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of a pastoral life."

The æras in which they were composed have led to different hypotheses; but none of these imply any considerable degree of antiquity.

They have been ascribed to—

I. The Monks of Melros Abbey, and to laymen in the 15th century.

II. To James I. of Scotland, about the middle of the 14th century.

III. To David Rizzio, the Italian favourite of Queen Mary, about the end of the 16th century.

(1) The first supposition has little more than vague conjecture to support it.

(2) To the First James, the fourth in descent from King Robert Bruce, the honour of composing or improving many of those charming airs, has been latterly given. In the 12th year of his age, on his passage to France, he was taken by an English squadron off Flamborough-head, 12th of April, 1405, and by King James IV. carried prisoner to London. After an imprisonment of two years in the tower, he was carried to Nottingham-castle, and thence to Windsor, where his mind was enriched by a princely education, under the charge of Sir John Pelham. His captivity continued *eighteen years*, extending from the reign of Henry IV. through those of Henry V. and VI. On the demise of the latter, a treaty was entered into for his liberation, and he returned to his dominions in 1423 or 4, having espoused a princess of the blood-royal of England, Lady Jane

Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, who was grand-son to John of Gaunt, and grand-uncle to King Henry. By "THE KING'S QUAIR,"* a poem not inelegant, compared with the compositions of Chaucer, nearly his cotemporary, it appears that he had fallen in love with his queen from the windows of his prison at Windsor.† He was an admirable musician, and skilled in the music of the harp.‡ One historian informs us, that his Majesty's *Cantilend* were commonly sung by the Sidel as the more favourite composition; and he played better on the harp than the most skilful Irish or Highland harper.

To this musical monarch Lord Kaimes and Mr. William Tytler have ascribed the invention, at least the reformation, of the music of their country, resting chiefly on the declaration of Alessandro Tassoni early in the 17th century, in his *Pensieri Diversi*, (lib. 10.)§ "We may reckon among us moderns James, King of Scotland, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Guessaldo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions."||

Certainly this description answers well to many of the *Lowland* strains. To the pleasure which James took in this delightful art, probably his greatest solace in prison, and to the turn of thought which long captivity would naturally inspire, we may owe the peculiar cast of composition which distinguishes the national airs of the Lowlands of Scotland. The scenes of his

youth would be often present in his mind, and the simplest carols that had amused his infant years, might tempt him to improve them, and to add airs of his own. To this it has been objected, that his long absence from his native land would obliterate its traces from his mind. It ought to be considered, however, that, though a captive, he was treated with the delicacy due to his rank, and not secluded from the society of his companions, who would, of course, foster the early impression. Tassoni could hardly intend the eulogium for any other; none of the other princes of his name were remarkable, at least as remarkable for taste in the fine art.

To the supposition, that *David Rizzio* was either the inventor or improver of their melody, we think no credit due. It is not known that he was an eminent performer on any instrument, nor is there, it is said, reason to believe that he was a composer.

Mr. Tytler endeavours to prove, that Scotland possesses an *ancient national music*, on the ground that its *most* ancient airs are extremely simple and void of art, that they consist of one measure only, and have no second part,¶ as more modern airs have; that they must have been composed for a very simple instrument, as the shepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes, and of the diatonic scale, without the semi tones, or sharps, or flats; that they must consequently have been composed prior to the use of any musical instrument, but of a very limited scale, and prior to the knowledge of any rules of artificial music.

He has not, it is conceived, made out his case. His remark would apply

* Leslie De Reb. Gest. Scot. 57.

† Allan Ramsay and others have attributed to his pen *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, "Peblis to the Play," and *Falkland on the Green*, which had formerly been given to others, especially the first, which Bishop Tanner ascribed to King James V.

‡ Leslie de reb. Gest Scot. LVII.

§ Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Scottish Songs*, on the other hand alleges, that James the First of *England* is the person alluded to by Tassoni, and not the First James of Scotland, so long before him in point of time. In the same opinion Mr. Ritson, in his discourse on ancient songs and music, concurs.

|| Dr. Burney could not discover the least similarity or imitation of Caledonian airs in any of the Prince of Venosa's Works. H. Music, vol. 3, p. 217, 219.

¶ Some of them have a second part, but it consists merely of a repetition of the first, on the higher octave.

to the music of every country, ancient or modern, in a certain stage of its musical history.*

The melodies of Ireland and Wales are not so simple; but this, instead of showing the recency of their date, indicates that the Irish and Welsh music were comparatively refined, when the Lowland Scotch was confined to the notes of a shepherd's pipe. The modern Scotch airs, (by which we may designate every thing composed both *in* and *since* the reign of their first James in the 15th century,) are those which deservedly possess high celebrity. But the oldest melodies of Ireland are the finest and most admirable in point even of ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITION, where their origin cannot be traced.†

With regard to the celebrated panegyric of Cambrensis on Scotch music, the Rev. Mr. M'Donald says, "It is plain that he (Cambrensis) means the *Gaelic Scots*, from his describing them as of the same stock with the Irish. His information, with respect to the musical attainments of the Scots, was probably derived from the Irish themselves, for there is no evidence of his having ever visited Scotland."

Mr. Taylor, in his ingenious divisions of the Melodies of his country,‡ considers the following as prior to the age of James of Scotland :—*Gil Morice*; "There can't a ghaist; Laddie I mannae loe thee; and Hap me wi' thy petticoat.§

He supposed King James to be the author of several old melodies, and the reformer, if not the inventor, of such Scotch airs as those of *Jockey and Sandy, Waly Waly, Aye wakin' O! Be constant aye, Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion*. It cannot be admitted that the extremely simple Scottish airs, which Mr. Tytler selects as the composition of King JAMES, were his. Versed as that prince was in the instruments and elegancies of his age, devotedly fond of cathedral music, which he introduced into Scotland, it is unlikely that he could be the author of the most simple, and at the same time the most *unimproved* of the Scotch Melodies, and such as may inadequately correspond with the description given by Tassoni.

To that interval, from James IV. to the end of Queen Mary, he attributed the old tragic ballads :—*Busk ye, Busk ye*;—*Hero and Leander*;—*Willy's race*;—*Cromlet's lilt*;—*Flowers of the Forest*;—*Gilderoy*;—*Ballow my Boy*;—*The gaberlunzie man*;—*The bonnie Earl of Murray*;—*Leader Haughs and Yarrow*;—*Absence will never alter me*;—*Tak your auld cloak about ye*.

To the period from Queen Mary to the Restoration, he ascribes :—*Through the lang muir I followed my Willie*;—*Pinkie House*;—*Elrick Banks*;—*I'll never leave ye*;—*Broom of Cowdenknowes*;—*Down the burn Davy*;—*Auld Rob Morris*;—*Where Helen lies*||

* Wedderburne's complaynt of Scotland, A.D. 1549, mentions a number of songs, as does also a music book published at Aberdeen, A. D. 1666, entitled "Cantus, Songs and Fancies," in which none of the airs now so deservedly popular, are to be found.

† Mr. Tytler thinks that all the Scottish heroic ballads, as *Hardiknute*, and others were sung to chaunts, now lost, as the Episodes of Ossian are, at this day, in the Highlands. *Gil Morice and the Flowers of the Forest, Hero and Leander*, &c. are, he says, still sung to their original Strains. *The Cherry and the Slae* was sung to the *Banks of Helicon*, a well-known air 200 years ago, but now lost.

‡ Mr. Tytler alleges that what makes the Scottish melodies soothing and affecting is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale often ending in the fifth, and sometimes in the sixth. By this test he attempts to trace some of their oldest according to the old sets, as *Gil Morice*, and others.

§ The Broom is noticed in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, written about 1599.

|| The story of this ballad is thus given in *Mr. Pennant's Tour in Scotland*. In the burying-ground of Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover. She was daughter of the House of Kirkconnell, and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time. The one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment, and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, that washed those grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate

Fye on the wars ;—Through the wood Laddie ;—Fye let us a' to the wedding ;—Muirland Willie.

To the period from the Restoration to the Union, Mr. Tytler attributes the following ;—*An' thou wert mine ain thing ;—O dear Minnie what shall I do ;—Bush aboon Traquair ;—Last time I can' o'er the moor ;—Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow ;—The Bonnie Boatman ;—Sae merry as we twa hae been ;—My dearie an' you die ;—She rose and let me in ;—My apron dearie ;—Love is the cause of my mourning ;—Allan water ;—There's my thumb ;—Highland Laddie ;—Bonnie Jane of Aberdeen ;—The Lass of Patie's Mill ;—Yellow-hair'd Laddie ;—John Hay's bonnie Lassie ;—Tweed side ;—Lochaber ;—Banks of Spey.**

In the preceding list of tunes, Mr. Tytler has been able to produce only four airs, antecedent even to James I., and yet this list comprehends almost all those airs which have given celebrity to the music of Scotland.

There are two songs not included in the above list, *Cauld and Raw*, and *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray*.

There are two interesting anecdotes connected with these airs.

We are told by Hawkins, that "The Queen Anne, having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gostling, then one of the chapel, and afterwards Subdean of Saint Paul's, to Henry Purcell, and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her ; they obeyed her commands, Mr. Gostling and Mrs. Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length the Queen beginning to grow tired,

asked Mrs. Hunt if she could not sing the old Scotch ballad *Cold and Raw*.—Mrs. Hunt answered, "Yes," and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music ; but seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it on another occasion, and accordingly in the next birthday song he composed an air to the words, "May her bright example chase vice in troops out of the land," the bass whereof is the tune to *Cold and Raw*. It is printed in the second part of the *Orpheus Britannicus*, and is, note for note, the same with the Scot's tune."

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray are buried near Lednoch. The common tradition is, that the father of the former was Laird of Kinvaid, in the neighbourhood of Lednoch, and the father of the latter Laird of Lednoch. These two young ladies were both very handsome ; and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. While Miss Bell was on a visit to Miss Gray, the plague broke out, in the year 1666, in order to avoid which, they built a bower, about three quarters of a mile west from Lednoch-House, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, on the side of the Branchie burn. Here they lived for some time, but the plague raging with great force, they caught the infection and died.

Their burial-place lies about half a mile west from the present House of Lednoch.—*Muses Threnodie*, 1774.

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The subject of Scotch Music leads

lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels. On his return, he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with, *hic jacet Adam Flemming*, the only memorial of the unhappy lover.

In an account received by Mr. Ritson, from a gentleman well known in the literary world, no notice is taken of Adam's flight into Spain and service against the infidels, who were subdued many years before the reign of James V., when the event should have happened. It was added that, on the spot where Ellen fell, a cairn was erected.

* Mr. Oswald, about 1750, was author of the sweet airs, *Roslin Castle*, *the Braes of Ballenden*, and *the Banks of Forth*.

us to make some remarks on the national instrument of Scotland The Bag-pipes.*

The bag pipes have been often considered as a national instrument of Ireland.

Mr. Pennant, ascribing to the Scottish Gael in particular, what Aristides Quintilianus, in the century preceding the christian æra, had ascribed to the ancient Celtic tribes in general, hazards an opinion, that this instrument prevailed from the earliest ages, in the Highlands of Scotland.†

That they were neither in Scotland nor Ireland, in the 12th century, and that they were then in Wales, are points ascertained by the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis.‡ It may therefore be concluded, that they were not received either into Scotland or Ireland, prior to the invasion of the latter by the English.

The antiquity of the instrument is unquestionable; both the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with it.§

They probably found it among those conquered nations which they denominated *barbarous*. To the instruments of rude nations, they have sometimes given names, though we cannot, at this distance of time, ascertain their respective kinds.

Montfaucon, a very high authority, says, "The Bag Pipe, called in Latin *Tibia Utricularia*, and in Greek *Askaulos*, was used by the ancients. We have the image of one here (referring to plate 78, figure eleven) taken from a bas-relief in the Court of the Palace of Prince *Santa Croce*, at Rome, near

the Church of St. Charles, in *Calimari*. There is another like it, under the arms of a Shepherd, in the cabinet of Cardinal *Albani*. In the figure given, two large pipes, or flutes, on one side, come from a bag blown up, and from the other a short pipe."

We are told that they were once as great favourites among the Shepherds of Calabria, as they are at present among the peasants of Scotland; and were also in use among the peasantry of France.

Canonico Orazio Maccari of Crotona—apud Walker—Boccace, in his account of the plague in Florence, A.D. 1348 mentions that the cornumusa, or bag pipe, was used in dancing; being put into the hands of *Tindarus*, a domestic of one of a number of lady dancers.

That the ancient Britons, or Welsh, possessed the bag pipes, at the time of Cambrensis may be readily admitted; since in the course of the long period during which the Romans occupied their country, they may have derived the instrument from *them*. That they were not coeval with the *Harp*, in *Wales*, is almost certain. The tones and expression of no other two instruments are more at variance with each other.

The tradition of the *Hebuda* or *Hebrides*, is, that those blown with the mouth were introduced there by the Danes and Norwegians; who governed them about the year of our Lord 1098 to 1263.||

A considerable space must have elapsed before the music of the Danish

* *Greek Askaulos—Roman Tibia Utricularis—German Saekpfeiff, or Sack-pipe—Italian Cornamusa, and Piva—French Musette and Chalumeau—Welsh Pibau—Erse Piobh.*

† Leyden's Prelim Dis. to "The Complaint of Scotland."

‡ Marvid's pipes, it is said, are noticed by the Welsh in the 7th century, and the instrument appears in K. Howel's Laws, A.D. 942.

§ See plate 4, Nos. VIII. and X. Vol 1, of Bunting's Irish Music. In a basso relievo of Grecian Sculpture at Rome, there is the figure of a man playing on an instrument exactly resembling an ancient Highlander. The figure of the utisculus, or bag-pipe (but blown with bellows) is also preserved on one of Nero's coins; and history records that emperor's intention of exhibiting himself publicly as a player. The bag-pipes, on ancient sculptures, had two long drones, and a short pipe for the fingers.

|| Dr. Solander informed Mr. Pennant, that in the oldest Northern songs, the bag-pipes are mentioned under the name of Soeck Pipes.

Mr. Barrington enquired of Mr. Forught, a Laplander by birth, and a good musician, whether they had any pipes in Lapland, on which he mentioned two, the

invaders could become general in the Hebrides; and its progress from the Hebrides to the Highlands was yet later. We are told, that after the year A.D. 845, the Highlands ceased to have a resident Government and Kings of their own, living at their castles on the Northern and Western parts of the kingdom; which they had till Kenneth M'Alpine subdued the Pictish kingdom, and transferred the seat of royalty from Argyleshire to Scone.

We are further informed that a degeneracy and ferocity of manners followed that event. This change of manners would prepare the people of the Highlands the more readily to admit the dissonant music of Denmark, and to neglect their own older instrument, the harp, the harmonious tones of which were no longer congenial to them.

We know that the harp was early in the Highlands, probably as early as the first settlement of its Erse inhabitants; and it is certain that its music was by degrees supplanted by that of the pipes, and has been nearly lost there for some centuries past, though once their delight.*

Their oldest and most perfect music, the *luinigs* calculated for a chorus of voices, were exclusively composed for the harp. They resemble Irish strains and cannot be played on the pipes. The present inferiority of Highland melodies to Irish is in a great degree owing to the introduction of that instrument. The music originally composed for the Caledonian harp has been evidently mutilated and impover-

ished by the omission of notes, to adapt it to the imperfections of the pipes. This is apparent in the frequent recurrence of the 5th to the key note, in most of the Highland airs edited by the Rev. Mr. M'Donald. Of the great Scotch bag pipe blown by the mouth, the lowest note was A in the bass, and the chanter sounded E, 4th space on the treble; which latter note is predominant in the compositions alluded to.

It is a question whether these pipes found their way into the Lowlands by means of the Romans, and afterwards passed through the Highlands into the Hebrides.

To the latter hypothesis, the total difference in the construction and compass of the Highland and Lowland pipes presents an objection. That the Lowland Scots had their pipes from the Romans and the Highlanders theirs (so much ruder in construction) from the Hebrides, supposing the Hebridean to have received them from the Danes, is an hypothesis in some degree confirmed by the circumstance that the pipes of the Lowlands are blown like the Irish, by bellows instead of the mouth; and are calculated for a more civilized people. It is also a question whether after being received from the Romans, the pipes reached Scotland through Wales. From whencesoever they were derived, it seems almost certain that they came in with a people whose manners answered the genius of the instrument—impetuous and uncultivated. Of this their peculiar strain, THE PIBROCH, is an indication.†

sack-pipe and the *wal-pipe*, which he describes to be exactly the same as the bag-pipes. Mr Barrington thinks, that it is as probable that the *Scots* borrowed the bag-pipes from the *Norwegians*, as that the *Swedes* learned the use of it from them.

* JOHN MAYOR, in the annals of Scotland, published A.D. 1521, speaking of the Highlanders says, that "they make use of the harp, which, instead of strings made of the intestines of animals, they string with brass wire, and on which they perform most sweetly."

BUCHANAN, A.D. 1561, speaking of the Hebrides says, that "instead of the trumpet they use the great *bag-pipe*. They delight very much in music, especially in harps of their own sort, some of which are strung with brass wire, others with the intestines of animals. They play on them either with their nails grown, or with a plectrum."

† "The Pibroch (or Cruineachadh) was, in Dr. Beatty's opinion, peculiar to the Western Isles and Highlands of Scotland, and differs totally from all other music. Some of them, he adds, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy

It is well ascertained that the bag pipes were in the LOWLANDS in the latter end of the 14th and commencement of the 15th century; but how much earlier is uncertain. In that age James I. of Scotland mentions them in his poem, "Peblis to the Play," and they are likewise noticed in "Cockilbie's Sow," where they are appropriated to swineherds. In the *Houlate* (an allegorical Scotch poem by Holland, printed about A.D. 1450,) the *lilt pipe* forms one, in an enumeration of instruments.

The *croude* (or cruth) is in the number; and the "*clarsach*" or harp appears there as belonging to the Irish, or Erse bard; an additional presumption that that instrument did not belong to the Lowlands.

In "Wedderburne's Complaynt of Scotland,"* A.D. 1548, among eighty instruments enumerated "ane drone bag pipe," is allotted to one of his shepherds. Another has "*ane pipe made of ane bladder and of ane reed*," and a third "the corne pipe," but no notice is taken of the harp.

So late as the 17th century, Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, in the Lowlands, is mentioned in an ele-

gy (by Hamilton of Bangour) as having made "his cheeks as red as crimson," when he blew the bags; and in the song of "Maggie Lauder," a border piper is similarly described. From these instances, it may be thought, that the mouth-pipes were used in the Lowlands as well as the Highlands; but the instrument blown by bellows, was certainly predominant in the former.

England received the pipes either through Wales, or directly from her Roman invaders. That she had them prior to the 14th century, appears from Chaucer, who places them in the hands of the Miller, in his *Canterbury tales*,

A bag pipe well couth he blowe and sowne,
And there-withal brought he us out of town.

They were early in the royal household establishment of England, (Edward III.) and they appear in the Northumberland House Book, about the third year of Henry VIII.

We have no reason to think that the bag pipes were at any period a *national instrument of Ireland*.†

In Bunting's collection of ancient Irish melodies, *no pibrochs occur*, nor

confusion and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit, then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy, and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."

The literal meaning of *Pibroch* is ARM pipe.

* When no more than four copies were extant of that curious work, it was reprinted at Edinburgh 1801, with an excellent preliminary dissertation by Mr. J. Leyden.

† When Sir James Ware says, that "the Irish Kearns and Idlemen used a bag-pipe instead of a drum in war, his remark was probably formed on the customs of the northern parts of the kingdom, with which the Highlands had daily intercourse and had formed close connexion. In an act of the Scotch Parliament, (reign of James I. of that kingdom,) "The gude auld friend is the *Erischerie* of Ireland," are particularly noticed.—(Acts of the Scottish Parliament, A.D. 1565, Fol. II.)

Stanishurst, about 1584, says, "The Irish likewise, instead of the trumpet, make use of a wooden pipe of the most ingenious structure, to which is joined a leathern bag very closely bound with bands; a pipe is inserted in the side of this skin, through which the piper, with his swollen neck and puffed up cheek, blows in the same manner as we do through a tube. The skin being thus filled with air, begins to swell, and the player presses against it with his arm; thus, a loud and shrill sound is produced through two wooden pipes of different lengths. In addition to these, there is yet a fourth pipe perforated in different places, which the player so regulates by the dexterity of his fingers in the shutting and opening the holes, that he causes the upper pipes to send forth either a loud or low sound at pleasure. The principal thing to be taken care of is, that the air be not allowed to escape through any other part of the bag than that in which the pipes are inserted: for if any one were to make a puncture in the bag, even with the point of a needle, the instrument would be spoiled, and the bag would immediately collapse; and this is frequently done by humorous people, when they wish to vex the piper. It is evident, that this instru-

anything composed for the instrument, exclusively calculated for that music, but all *for the harp*, save a few airs, evidently not of the old class. One of the oldest airs for the bag pipes, found

in Ireland is *M'Alusdrums*, or "Young Alexander M'Donald's March," played at the battle of Aughrim, and there called, "*March of the Munster Pipers.*" J.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

FROM METASTASIO.

When modest Eve, retiring mildly, yields to night her power,
And every sound is hushed around, and closed is every flower;
My Julia! wilt thou leave thy cot, and come and rove with me,
And drink the freshening twilight breeze by yonder flowing sea?
'Tis not alone in smiling mead that joy and beauty dwell,
Or waving wood, majestic hill, or in the sunlit dell.

For now the softest zephyr cools the scarcely ruffled tide,
And gently o'er the sloping sands the rippling waters glide;
The wide—wide heavens, that lately glow'd with gold and crimson light,
Are now all darkly shadowed by the purple veil of night;
The evening star comes sweetly forth, the pensive mind to cheer,
The lady moon from clouded throne looks down serenely clear:
These are sweet *lessons* in the book which God to us has given,
And these are *thoughts* that lead the heart to soar from earth to heaven!

ment must be a very good incentive to their courage at the time of battle, for by its tones, the Irish are stirred up to fight in the same manner as the soldiers of other nations by the trumpet."

In Vincentio Galileo's *Dialogo*, &c. we find the following passage respecting the bag-pipe:—"It is much used by the Irish; to its sound this unconquered, fierce, and warlike people, march their armies, and encourage each other to deeds of valour. With it also they accompany their dead to the grave, making such sorrowful sounds as to invite, nay, almost force, the bye-standers to weep."

These passages from Stanishurst and Galileo, allude to the *northern parts* of Ireland, into which it is easy to account for the introduction of the bag-pipes, from the Hebrides or from the Highlands of Scotland, and consequently for its partial use. No doubt is entertained whether the instrument was in use in the century in which these two authors wrote; their introduction into Ireland was, probably, long anterior to that period.

Walker, in his "*Memoirs of the Irish Bards*," says, "That it was reserved for the *Irish* to improve the bag-pipes, by taking it *from the mouth* and to give it its present complicated form. It did not long retain its original form among them, for the chord of drones which they gave it is supposed," he says, "to have been the chorus of *Cam-breuses*." Mr. Walker adds, that it is constructed on the *Chromatic* System; in this it is alleged he is in error, that it is in the *Diatonic*, the system on which their principal instrument, THE HARP, is tuned.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. II.*

Liberty!—slavery!—magical words! How often have they produced, and reproduced each other? How often has the despotism of an individual contributed to establish the despotism of the multitude; and the latter again to necessitate a recurrence to the former, as the less intolerable of the alternative of evils? Of this truth, the history of every age and nation affords impressive examples; but never was it so forcibly illustrated as during the progress of the French Revolution.

The grievances under which the people of France laboured were, as we have seen, real grievances. Previously to the recognition of those constitutional principles which converted an absolute, into a limited monarchy, and constituted the greatest boon that ever had been made by a king to his subjects, the national institutions of France were wholly uncongenial with the spirit of the age, and could not have been much longer maintained against the rising spirit and the growing intelligence of the people. But reforms, too long protracted, when they do come, can seldom answer any beneficial purpose, especially if their concession betray any symptom of weakness or vacillation in those from whom they have been obtained. The desire of power on the part of the people, grows in a much greater ratio, than the disposition on the part of their legitimate or hereditary rulers to part with long cherished and valuable privileges; and, accordingly, in France at the period of which we treat, every act of compliance with the demands of popular violence, but confirmed the democratic party in the consciousness of their own strength, and converted the desire to innovate into a raging passion,

which could only be fully gratified by a practical recognition, to the most unlimited extent, of the sovereignty of the people.

Of this sovereignty, unhappy Lewis was now about to experience the tender mercies; and his fall but a very little preceded the utter destruction of the powerful party who gave the first impulse to the Revolution. Of these, many were able, many were amiable, and some were honest men; they had all adopted, with sincerity and ardour, views and principles which were utterly subversive of social order, and found, when too late, that the violence with which they rushed upon popular courses had generated an impulse which they could not controul, and that they themselves were carried, by a species of moral "*vis inertie*," far beyond the point at which they had intended to stop. Over the wilder and more undisciplined multitude, whose "untried faculties" were newly called to the sublime work of regenerating civil society, they speedily ceased to exercise any important influence, and were made to feel that, like fire and water, while they may be excellent servants, they are terrible masters.

When the King and his family took up their abode at the Thuilleries, the populace regarded their residence amongst them as the harbinger of plenty. They conceived, that they should no longer suffer from a scarcity of bread; and, during the lamentable procession from Versailles, which might be described as the funeral of the monarchy, he and the Queen, and the Dauphin, were pointed out as the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice. A strange combination of feeling, which could give rise to a sentiment such as this, indicating

* A history of Europe during the French Revolution, from the Assembly of the Notables in 1789, to the establishment of the Directory in 1795. By Theobald Alison, Advocate; 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1833.

an idea of power of the king, which approached to superstition, and a disregard of his authority which amounted to contempt.

His sojourn in a place where he was daily exposed to the violence of a people, thus besotted and infuriate, was considered no longer safe; and some even of the revolutionary leaders, who began to feel desirous of taking shelter under the shadow of a throne which they had undermined, from the violence of a populace whom they had excited, and whose ascendancy began to be so terrible, advised an attempt on the part of the royal family to escape from a scene which threatened nothing but disgrace and danger. The king assented to the project, which was defeated at the very moment when it was on the point of succeeding. He had already reached Varennes, when he was arrested by the revolutionary magistracy, and sent back with every circumstance of insult and contumely to his Parisian masters.

"The barbarity of the people," says Mr. Alison, "was singularly evinced during the journey back to Paris. The two body-guards, who had perilled their life in the service of their sovereign, were chained on the outside of the carriage; peasants, armed with scythes and pitch-forks, mixed with the escort, uttering the bitterest reproaches; and at each village the municipal authorities assembled to vent their execrations upon the fallen monarch. Unable to bear such inhuman conduct, the Count De Dampierre, a nobleman inhabiting a chateau near the road, approached to kiss the hand of the king; he was instantly pierced by several balls from the escort; his blood sprinkled the royal carriage, and his remains were torn to pieces by the multitude. At length, the captives entered Paris; an immense crowd was assembled to witness their return, who received them in sullen silence. The national guard no where presented arms; threatening and frightful cries were heard from the multitude; the people, without uncovering themselves, gazed on their victims. It required the utmost efforts of La Tour Maubourg and Barnave to prevent the two faithful body-guards from being murdered on the stairs of the Thuilleries. Opinions were much divided upon the consequence of their seizure; the demo-

crats openly rejoiced in the re-establishment of their power over the royal family—the humane were already terrified at the prospect of the fate which, to all appearance, awaited them—the thoughtful embarrassed by the consideration of their disposal."

In truth, the capture of the King was an untoward event for the National Assembly. "They never," says Napoleon, "committed so great an error as in bringing him back from Varennes. A fugitive and powerless, he was hastening to the frontier, and in a few hours would have been out of the French territory. What should they have done in these circumstances? Clearly facilitated his escape, and declared the throne vacant by his desertion; they would thus have avoided the infamy of a regicide government, and attained their great object of republican institutions. Instead of which, by bringing him back, they embarrassed themselves with a Sovereign whom they had no just reason for destroying, and lost the inestimable advantage of getting rid of the royal family without an act of cruelty."

This is the point of view in which the conduct of the revolutionary party in France stands most strikingly contrasted with that of the revolutionary party in England in 1688. In this latter case every facility was afforded to James to take himself out of the country, and nothing was left undone, which the wisdom of man could contrive under such circumstances, to render the shock which the royal authority received by his abdication as slight as possible. It was the mind and the property of the kingdom which revolted against a tyrannical usurpation of unconstitutional power, and the dethronement of the despot was accomplished without leading to the overthrow of the monarchy. But, in France, it was the recklessness, the ignorance, and the poverty of the country, which now had the upper hand, and a hatred of royalty and aristocracy so possessed the populace that nothing short of the head of their blameless sovereign could satisfy their thirst of vengeance. The head of Louis, in the energetic words of Danton, was the bloody gauntlet which they were determined to hurl in defiance at the kings of Europe.

Of the prime movers of all the evils which now began "to rend and dera-

ciate" the whole frame work of society in afflicted France, we would not be thought either the apologists or the traducers. They, were, we believe, moved and seduced by the attractions of a false philosophy, rather than by any more infernal instigations; and they could not have anticipated those scenes of horror, which even at present startle credulity, and are only believed upon the most overwhelming evidence. But one of the most instructive lessons to be learned from the French revolution is, the blood guiltiness in which such men are almost always unconsciously involved, when they have once given a loose to popular violence, and entered upon courses of which they can neither controul the direction, nor see the end. Of this many of them became painfully conscious when the fate of the King was suspended in the balance. In seeking to raise the depressed condition of the commons, they never contemplated the degradation of the throne; and now, when an infuriate populace called aloud for the blood of one whom they well knew to be more sinned against than sinning, they felt an almost insuperable repugnance to the consenting parties to that great iniquity. But the die was cast. They had, however unknowingly, entered into compact with the powers of evil, and were constrained to be instrumental in villainy which their souls abhorred. They had called upon the people to follow them until the pressure from behind became irresistible, and the only alternative that remained to them was, either to head the multitude in their onward career of insanity and wickedness, or be trodden under their feet.

Of the Girondist party it must be said, that, if they contributed mainly to mislead the public mind, it was because they were themselves deluded. They were not, in the first instance at least, actuated by the rivalry of faction, or possessed of a base lust of power. They did not, in the measures of reform which they advocated, contemplate only their own aggrandisement—they did not seek to deceive the people with the belief that it was *their* cause they were promoting, when they sought for nothing beyond the perpetuation of their own political influence. Of this shameless duplicity they were

not guilty. They did not cozen the populace into the persuasion that the ascendancy of the democratic party was the prize for which they contended, when, in reality, they were only intent upon securing advantages for one party of the aristocracy at the expense of another. The political game of schedule A and schedule B was not then invented; and the errors of the party who numbered amongst its leaders, Roland and his wife, Dumourier, Brissot, and Vergniaud, are traceable to the moral and social condition of France, such as it was when they lived, rather than to the corruption or the depravity of its members. When they began their labours, the people were as dust in the balance, compared with the king and the nobles; and in seeking to raise them to their proper level, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they carried them a little beyond it, and laid the foundation of that ascendancy which ultimately proved as fatal to to themselves as it did to the nobles and the king. What curb could be placed upon popular violence by those who recognised "the sacred right of insurrection?"

Mr. Alison truly observes that "the elevation of public characters is not so much owing to their actual superiority to the rest of mankind, as to their falling in with the circumstances in which they are placed, and representing the spirit of the age in which they have arisen. The eloquence of Mirabeau should have failed in rousing the people on the tenth of August, the energy of Danton would have brought him to the block in the commencement of the revolution; the ambition of Napoleon would have been shattered against the democratic spirit of 1789. Those great men successively rose to eminence because their temper of mind fell in with the current of public thought, while their talents enabled them to assume its direction. Mirabeau represented the constituent assembly; free in thought, bold in expression, undaunted in speculation, but tinged by the remains of monarchical attachment, and fearful of the excesses its hasty measures were so well calculated to produce. Vergniaud was the model of the ruling party under the legislative body; republican in wishes, philosophic in principle, humane in in-

tention, but precipitate and reckless in conduct; alike destitute of the firmness to command, the wickedness to ensure, or the power to seize success. Danton was the representative of the Jacobin faction; unbounded in ambition, unfettered by principle, undeterred by blood; who rose in eminence with the public danger, because his talents were fitted to direct and his energies were never cramped by the fear of exciting popular excesses. It is such men, in every age, who have ultimately obtained the lead in public convulsions; like the vultures which, invisible in ordinary times, are attracted by an unerring instinct, to the scenes of blood, and reap the last fruits of the discord and violence of others."

We cannot afford space to specify minutely the series of events by which Louis was conducted from the throne to the scaffold. Girondist liberalism was quickly swallowed up in Jacobin violence; and the friends of the monarch could make but a feeble resistance to the now avowed determination to take away his life. Unhappy man! his very virtues were his enemies; the weakness, the indecision, and the amiability of his character consigned his kingdom to anarchy, and brought himself to an untimely end. Circumstanced as he was, it was not possible that he should not have excited the sympathy of every crowned head in Europe; and to the coalition formed for the avowed purpose of liberating him from the thralldom in which he was placed, may be ascribed that energetic union in France, which precipitated his doom. Had the allied powers acted with promptitude and concert, they might have marched to Paris, and established the throne. But their measures were as feeble and as ill-directed as their language was strong and insulting, and only served to reinforce the desperate faction who were determined upon the death of the king, by the accession of that numerous body, who felt alarmed for the national independence.

An insurrection, organized by the Jacobins and directed by Westerman, one of the most resolute and blood-thirsty of their number, consigned Louis to a prison, and subjected the Assembly to the direct controul of the municipality of Paris. In the National Con-

vention, which succeeded the Constituent Assembly, the influence of the Jacobins was still more decided; and its first measure was, to abolish the monarchy, and proclaim a republic. In this measure the Girondists concurred, more from a sense of their own weakness as a party, than from any cordial approval of the new constitution, and in the hope, (a vain one as it proved,) that, by going with the violent a certain length, they could prevent them from going farther. The Jacobins had resolved to consider nothing accomplished until, in the eyes of indignant Europe, their sovereign became their victim.

"To prepare the nation for this great event," observes our author, "and familiarise them with the tragedy in which it was intended to terminate, the most vigorous measures were taken by the Jacobins over all France. In their central club at Paris, the question was repeatedly canvassed, and the most inflammatory harangues delivered on the necessity of striking a decisive blow against the royalist faction. The popular societies in the departments were stimulated to present addresses to the Convention, openly demanding the condemnation of the king. The sections of Paris imitated their example; daily petitions were heard at the bar of the Assembly, praying for vengeance on the murderers of the 10th of August, and for the death of the last tyrant. In the barbarous language of the age, the president had frequently promised satisfaction to the numerous petitioners who prayed, "*De faire rouler la tête du tyran*;" and in many proclamations, the monarch they were about to try had been already condemned by the Convention."

When public feeling had thus been poisoned, the democrats lost no time in hurrying on the drama to a close. Louis was formally arraigned—all the miseries of the revolution were unblushingly laid to his charge. No one (his own council excepted) dared to maintain his innocence; he was, by an unanimous vote, pronounced guilty of having caused those evils, from which he was the greatest sufferer, and met his death with a meekness worthy of a saint, and a fortitude which, had he earlier exhibited, he would have prevented France from being deluged

with blood, and maintained his station amongst the kings of Europe.

"But," observes Mr. Alison, "the reign of injustice is not eternal; no special interposition of Providence is required to arrest it—no avenging angel need descend to terminate its wrathful course—it destroys itself by its own violence—the avenging angel is found in the human heart. In vain the malice of his enemies, subjected Louis to every indignity—in vain the executioners bound his arms, and the revolutionary drums stifled his voice—in vain the edge of the guillotine destroyed his body, and his remains were consigned to unhallowed ground—his spirit has triumphed over the wickedness of his oppressors. From his death has begun a re-action in favour of order and religion throughout the globe; his sufferings have done more for the cause of monarchy, than all the vices of his predecessors had undone. It is by the last emotions that the great impression on mankind is made. In this view, it was eminently favourable to the interests of society, that the crisis of the French monarchy arrived at the age of Louis. It fell not during the days of its splendour or its wickedness, under the haughtiness of Louis XIV. or the infamy of Du Barri; it perished in the person of a spotless monarch, who, most of all his subjects, loved the people; whose life had literally been spent in doing good; whose feelings, equally with his virtues, should have protected him from popular violence. Had he possessed more daring, he would have been less unfortunate; had he strenuously supported the cause of royalty, he would not have suffered from the fury of the populace; had he been more prodigal of the blood of others, he would, in all probability, have saved his own. But such warlike or ambitious qualities could not have permanently arrested the revolution; they might have postponed it to another reign, but it would then have come under darker auspices, when the cessation of tyranny had not extinguished the real causes of popular complaint, and the virtues of the monarch had not made unpardonable the fury of the people. The catastrophe occurred when all the generous feelings of our nature were awakened on the suffering side; to a sovereign, who had done more for the cause of freedom than all

the ancestors of his race—whose forbearance had been rewarded by encroachment—meekness, by licentiousness—aversion to violence, by the thirst of human blood. A monarch of a more energetic character might have done much to postpone revolution—none could have done so much to prevent its recurrence."

But it is not to France alone that this awful example of popular tyranny may have been useful. It has, we are persuaded, been beneficial to Europe and the world. The fall of the French monarchy, by the powerful re-action of public opinion to which it gave rise, contributed to the consolidation of the monarchies in the surrounding kingdoms, and the death of Louis threw a sacredness around royalty, and by identifying the cause of sovereignty with that of humanity, more than any other event contributed to arrest the political pestilence which threatened with destruction all other kings.

The next victims of popular violence were the Girondists. They had long been "alarmed at the appalling success of their adversaries, and perceived in the martyrdom of Louis the prelude to long and bloody feuds, and the first step to the inexorable system which so soon followed. They had abandoned Louis to his fate to show that they were not royalists; but the humiliating weakness deceived no one in the republic. All were aware that they did so from necessity, not inclination; and that the appeal to the people was an attempt to devolve upon others a danger which they had not the vigour to face themselves. They lost in this way the confidence of every party—of the royalists, because they had been the original authors of the revolt which dethroned the king—of the Jacobins, because they had recoiled from his execution. Roland, completely discouraged, not by personal danger, but the impossibility of stemming the progress of disaster, was too happy at the prospect of escaping from his perilous eminence into the tranquillity of private life."

The theme of this party, and that upon which they engrafted the revolutionary doctrines which they preached, was, the native rectitude and dignity of man. Christianity had been rejected by them as an absurd and antiquated fable, and the humiliating doctrine of

the corruption of human nature, and the fall, exploded with derision, as utterly unworthy of philosophers and statesmen, whose ambition it was to regenerate the human race. They were the loudest in maintaining that "Vox populi Vox dei:" and they were about, in their own persons, to afford a memorable example of the consequences which, even humanly speaking, must ever result from the deliberate rejection of that Divine Truth, which would seem scarcely less necessary for social happiness than for religious improvement.

We regret that Mr. Alison has not dwelt upon this. The opportunity was a fine one to exhibit in a strong light the danger and the vanity of a false philosophy. The King had now been removed. He was the only obstacle that interposed between the Jacobins and the Girondists, and immediately upon his execution, the latter became exposed to the whole force of that fiendish hostility with which political fanatics ever regard those who would place any restraint upon their violence, or sicken at the atrocities through which they never scruple to attain their favourite objects. The revolution was now in danger. Numbers were roused, by the excesses of the popular leaders, to a sense of the perils which impended over the country, and a party was in process of organization by whom the desperate faction might be overthrown. But it was crushed by the terrible energy and decision of the Jacobins, whose power in the municipality gave them an ascendancy in the convention, and enabled them to denounce and proscribe, one after another, the leaders of the Girondists, until the reign of terror produced a reaction against themselves, after they had converted France into a field of blood, the Aceldama of Europe.

When the municipality demanded that the leaders of the Girondists should be delivered up to popular vengeance, but few of the devoted individuals had the courage to be present. One, however, appeared, whose courage and eloquence, had they been exerted at the proper time and in the right cause, might have arrested the revolution. This was the intrepid Languinais.

"From the tribune, he drew a picture, in true and frightful colours, of the state of the assembly, deliberating

for three days under the poignards of assassins, threatened without by a furious multitude, denounced within by a faction, who wielded at will its violence, descending from degradation to degradation, rewarded for its condescension with arrogance, for its submission by outrage. 'As long as I am permitted to raise my voice in this place,' said he, 'I shall never suffer the national representation to be degraded in my person. Hitherto you have done nothing; you have only suffered; you have sanctioned everything required of you. An insurrection assembles, and names a committee to organise a revolt, with a commander of the armed force to direct it; and you tolerate the insurrection, the committee, the commander.' At these words, the cries of the Mountain drowned his voice, and the Jacobins rushed forward to drag him from the tribune; but he held fast, and the President at length succeeded in restoring silence. 'I demand,' he concluded, 'that all the revolutionary authorities at present in Paris be dissolved; that every thing done during the last three days be annulled; that all who arrogate to themselves an illegal authority be declared out of the pale of the law.' He had hardly concluded, when the insurgent petitioners entered, and demanded his own arrest, and that of the other Girondists. Their language was brief and decisive. 'The citizens of Paris,' said they, 'have been four days under arms; for four days they have demanded from their mandatories redress of their rights so scandalously violated; and for four days their mandatories have done nothing to satisfy them. The conspirators must instantly be placed under arrest: you must instantly save the people, or they will take their safety into their own hands.' 'Save the people,' exclaimed the Jacobins, 'save your colleagues, by agreeing to their provisional arrest.' Barere and the neutral party urged the proscribed deputies to give in their resignations in order to tranquillize the public mind. Isnard, Lanthenas, and others, complied with the request; Languinais positively refused. 'Hitherto,' said he, 'I have shown some courage; I will not fail at the last extremity; you need not expect from me either suspension or resignation.' Being violently interrupted by the left, he added, 'When the ancients prepared

a sacrifice, they crowned the victim with flowers and garlands, when they conducted him to the altar; the priest sacrificed him; but added not insult to injury. But you, more cruel than they, commit outrages on the victim, who is making no efforts to avert his fate. I have sworn to die at my post,' said Barbaroux; 'I will keep my oath. Bend, if you please, before the municipality, you who refused to arrest their wickedness; or rather imitate us, whom their fury demands: wait, and brave their fury. You may compel me to sink under their daggers: you shall not compel me to fall at their feet.'

"While the assembly was in the utmost agitation, and swayed, alternately by terror and admiration, Lacroix, an intimate friend of Danton's, entered with a haggard air, and announced that he had been stopped at the gate, and that the Convention was imprisoned within its walls. The secret of the revolt now became evident; it was not conducted by Danton and the Mountain, but by Robespierre, Marat, and the municipality. 'We must instantly avenge,' said Danton, 'this outrage on the national representation: let us go forth and awe the rebels by the majesty of the legislature.' Headed by its President, the Convention set out, and moved in a body, with the signs of distress, to the principal gate leading to the Place de Carrousel. They were met by Henriot on horseback, with his sword in his hand, at the head of the most devoted battalions of the Faux-bourgs. 'What do the people demand?' said the President, Hérault de Léchelles; 'the Convention is occupied with nothing but their welfare.' 'Hérault,' replied Henriot, 'the people are not to be deceived with fine words; they demand that twenty-four culpable deputies be given up.' 'Demand rather that we should all be given up,' exclaimed those who surrounded the President. '*Condamnez à votre piece,*' replied Henriot. Two guns, charged with grape-shot, were pointed against the assembly, which involuntarily fell back; and after in vain attempting to find the means of escape at the other gates of the garden, returned in dismay to the hall. Marat followed them at the head of a body of brigands. 'I order you, in the name of the people, to enter, to deliberate, and to obey.'

Lord Grey may yet have cause to

remember that it was thus he treated our House of Lords, when he compelled them to pass the Reform bill. The Assembly had now no other alternative—before them lay either destruction or dishonour. The mandate of Henriot and his ruffians was obeyed, and all the strength and the worth of the moderate party was put under immediate arrest. The victory of the municipality was complete—they had utterly overthrown the National Assembly.

"The political career of the Girondists," observed Mr. Alison, "was terminated by this day; thenceforward they were known only as individuals, by their heroic conduct in adversity and death. Their strife with the Jacobins was a long struggle between two classes, who invariably succeeded each other in the lead of revolutionary convulsions. The rash, but generous party, who trusted to the force of reason in popular assemblies, perished, because they strove to arrest the torrent they had let loose, to avenge the massacres of September, avoid the execution of the king, resist the institution of the revolutionary tribunal, and the committee of public safety. With the excitement of more vehement passions—with the approach of more pressing danger—with the advent of times, when moderation seemed a crime they expired. Thereafter, when every legal form was violated, every appeal against violence stifled by the imprisonment of the Girondists, democratic despotism marched in its career without an obstacle; and the terrible dictatorship, composed of the committee of public safety, and the revolutionary tribunal was erected in resistless sovereignty."

Of the arrested deputies, some escaped to wander in pitiable exile, and others met the death that awaited them with a stoical fortitude. One of them, La Source, exclaimed in the presence of his judges, or as they might be more truly called, his executioners, "I die at a time when the people have lost their reason—you will die as soon as they recover it." This was as true as it was pointed; but it did not occur to him to remember who it was that deprived the people of their reason by the intoxicating draughts of liberty and equality which they administered, until, aspiring to be more than men,

they were converted into something worse than dæmons.

The trial and execution of Madame Roland is thus graphically described :— " On the day of her trial she was dressed with scrupulous care in white. Her fine black hair fell in profuse curls to her waist, but the display of its beauty was owing to her gaolers who had deprived her of all means of dressing it; she chose that dress as emblematic of the purity of her mind. Her advocate, Mr. Chaveau Lagarde, visited her to receive her last instructions; drawing a ring from her finger, she said, " To-morrow I shall be no more; I know the fate that awaits me; your kind assistance could be of no avail; it would endanger you without serving me; do not therefore, I pray you, come to the tribunal, but accept this as the last testimony of my regard." Her defence, composed by herself the night before the trial, is one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the revolution; her answers to the interrogatories of the judges—the dignity of her manner—the beauty of her figure, melted even the revolutionary audience with pity. Finding they could implicate her in no other way, the president asked her if she was acquainted with the place of her husband's retreat. She replied, 'that whether she knew it or not she would not reveal it, and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature!' Upon this she was immediately condemned. When the reading of her sentence was concluded, she arose and said, " You judge me worthy to share the fate of the great men, whom you have assassinated; I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold." She regained her prison with an elastic step and beaming eye. Her whole soul appeared absorbed in the heroic feelings with which she was animated."

Mr. Alison does not mention what we believe to be the fact, that she spent the better part of the night before her execution in playing wild music; not any regular tunes, but strains and gusts of unpremeditated harmony, such as suited the elevation, soothed the anguish, and calmed the perturbation of her mind.

" She was conveyed to the scaffold in the same car with a man whose firm-

ness was not equal to her own. While passing along the streets, her whole anxiety appeared to be to support his courage. She did this with so much simplicity and effect, that she frequently brought a smile on the lips that were about to perish. At the place of execution she bowed before the gigantic statue of liberty, and pronounced the memorable words, " Oh, liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name." When they had arrived at the front of the scaffold, she had the generosity to renounce, in favour of her companion, the privilege of being first executed. " Ascend first," said she, " let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow." Turning to the executioner, she asked if he would consent to that arrangement? He replied, " that his orders were peremptory that she should die first." " You cannot," said she, with a smile, " refuse a woman her last request." Undismayed by the spectacle which immediately ensued, she calmly bent her head under the guillotine, and perished with the serenity she had evinced ever since her imprisonment."

Heroism such as this ill-starred lady exhibited deserves to be recorded. For her errors, she was to be pitied rather than condemned. It is no wonder that a woman of her romantic sensibility, whose mind was familiar with the models of Grecian and Roman patriotism, should have been keenly alive to the degradation of the Commons of France, and that her strong understanding should have scornfully rejected the mummeries of the prevailing superstition. There was, unfortunately, no one who could point out to her " the more excellent way," or show her that Christianity, when truly understood, is not less ennobling than consolatory and glorious. It is therefore scarcely surprising, that she mistook shadows for substances, and visions for realities. She judged of mankind according to a model of ideal perfection, which makes what they ought to be stand strikingly in contrast with what they are; and pursued a chimerical and impracticable project with a singlemindedness and perseverance that was not more sincere or energetic than it was mistaken. The consequence was, that instead of liberating the imprisoned virtues, and restoring the golden age, in which human affairs were to be harmoniously ordered

in a circle of which moral good and social happiness were to be the centre, she only succeeded in unchaining the passions, the appetites, the selfish, the fiendish, the hell-born propensities, by which she had the misfortune to witness her unhappy country rent and torn, and to which she herself was one of the most lamented victims. She and her liberal friends hoped to create a paradise; they only gave rise to a pandemonium.

Then followed the reign of terror: one of the most singular instances of triumphant wickedness of which history furnishes any record, and something similar to which we will deserve to suffer, if we are not instructed by the warning which it affords. The monarchy was in ruins. The young republic had been baptised in blood. The party whose returning sanity seemed to offer some pledge for the maintenance of whatever remained of social order was overthrown, and their places supplied by a ferocious banditti, who seemed possessed by an instinct for rapine and murder. They felt conscious that there was an universal horror of their proceedings, which must, if suffered to produce its natural effect, give rise to a re-action by which their career of blood might be arrested; and they resolved, with an audacity sublimely diabolical, to anticipate the tardy-gaited vengeance of their adversaries, and stifle in their birth every emotion of abhorrence towards their proceedings, by such sweeping extermination as it never before entered into the heart of human beings to conceive.

"It was not," says Mr. Alison, "a mere thirst of blood which made Marat and Robespierre declare and act upon the principle, that there could be no security for the republic until 260,000 heads had fallen. Hardly any men are cruel for cruelty's sake; the leaders of the Jacobins were not more so than the reckless and ambitious of any other country would be if exposed to the influence of similar passions. Ambition is the origin of desperate measures, because it renders men sensible only to the influence of an insatiable passion. Terror is the real source of cruelty. Men esteem the lives of others lightly when their own is at stake. The revolutionary innovations being directed against the whole aristocratic and influential classes, their vengeance was felt

to be implacable, and no security could be expected to the democratical leaders, till their whole opponents were destroyed."

This is a theory to which we cannot altogether subscribe. It is, no doubt, true, that terror does give rise to cruelty; but it is no less true, that the horrors which distinguished the ascendancy of the Jacobins were practised by men whose vengeance was peculiarly insatiable and remorseless. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were monsters in whom we cannot but recognise something that allies them to the hyena and the tiger; and although their measures were, no doubt calculated with political foresight, they were prosecuted with a greedy and gluttonous barbarity which proves that they were at least as congenial to their characters as they were conducive to their ends.

The aspect of the convention, after the fall of the Girondists, was completely changed from what it had been before.

"Terror had mastered their resistance; proscription had thinned their ranks. The hall was generally silent. The right and the majority of the centre never voted, but seemed, by their withdrawal from any active part, to condemn the whole proceedings of the Jacobins, and await intelligence from the provinces as the signal for action. All the decrees proposed by the ruling party, were adopted in silence, without discussion."

Therefore it was that the feeble good became the victims of the active and energetic evil. Jacobinism, like a boa constrictor, had implicated all France in its tremendous folds. By means of its committees, and affiliated societies, its influence was established in every part of the country; and the desultory efforts of the scattered and dispirited partizans of order and loyalty were altogether insufficient to cope with the monster of the hundred heads and hundred arms, whose vigilance was equal to his vigour, and whom no compunctious feelings ever diverted from the track of blood.

The country was, now, bound hand and foot, at the feet of the committee of public safety. All persons were declared liable to arrest who were suspected of any indisposition to go the extreme lengths of those who took the lead in the revolution. Auxiliary comi-

mittees multiplied, with frightful rapidity, throughout the country, and were declared the judges of persons liable to arrest. Paris had forty-eight. Every village followed its example; and the lives and fortunes of every man in France were at the disposal of five hundred thousand persons drawn from the dregs of society. Every member of these committees received three francs a day, and, observes our author, "in the immense number of the most active and ambitious of the people who were thus enlisted on the side of the revolutionary government, and personally interested in its preservation, is to be found the real secret of the firm establishment and long continuance of the reign of terror."

Forced loans were every where exacted. "Every where," said Laplanche, who had been sent to the department of Cher, to carry into effect the decrees of his masters, "I have made terror the order of the day; every where I have imposed heavy contributions on the rich and the aristocrats. From Orleans I have extracted fifty thousand francs; and in two days, at Bourges, I raised two millions; where I could not appear in person, my delegates have supplied my place. I have dismissed all the federalists, imprisoned all the suspected, put all the *sans culottes* in authority. I have forcibly married all priests, every where electrified the hearts, and enflamed the courage of the people. I have passed in review numerous battalions of the national guard, to confirm their republican spirit, and guillotined numbers of royalists. In a word, I have completely fulfilled my imperial mandate, and acted every where as a warm partizan of the Mountain, and faithful representative of the revolution."

We have the following lively description of a scene which can scarcely be imagined in any other country."

"Meanwhile the prisons of Paris exhibited an extraordinary spectacle. Filled at once with ordinary malefactors, and all that yet remained of dignity, beauty, or virtue in the republic, they presented the most unparalleled assemblage that modern Europe had yet seen of unblushing guilt and unbending virtue, of dignified manners and revolutionary vulgarity, of splendid talent and frightful atrocity. In some, where the rich were allowed to provide

for their own comforts, a singular degree of affluence and even elegance for some time prevailed; in others, the most noble captives were weeping upon a couch of straw, with no other covering than a few filthy rags. The French character, imbued beyond any other in Europe, with elasticity, and capability to endure misfortunes, in many instances rose superior to all the horrors with which the jails were surrounded. From the multitude and lustre of their fellow-sufferers, every one felt his own calamities sensibly softened. By degrees the ordinary interests of life began to exert their influence even on the the verge of the tomb, poetry enchanted the crowded cells by touching strains, eloquence exerted its fascinating ascendant, beauty renewed its silken chains. The female captives of rank became attentive to their dress, intimacies and attachments were formed, and amidst all the agitation and agony consequent on their protracted sufferings, the excitements of a happier existence were felt even to the foot of the scaffold. By degrees, as the prosecutions became more frequent, and numbers were daily led out to execution, the sense of common danger united them in the bonds of the strongest affection; they rejoiced and wept together; and the constant thinning of their number produced a sympathy amongst the survivors, which outlived every other feeling of existence."

The death of Marat, by Charlotte Corday, exasperated the fury of the Jacobins, and furnished a pretext for measures of still more atrocious severity. The execution of the Queen soon followed, and a decree passed for violating the tombs of St. Denis, and profaning the sepulchres of the Kings of France. Christianity was formally abjured, the churches plundered, the images of the Saviour and the Virgin trampled under foot, and the busts of Marat and Lapeletier raised, amidst shouts of applause; the infuriate multitude singing round them parodies on the Halleluiah, and dancing the Carmagnole!

By the death of Bailly, Barnave, Custine and the execrable Egalite, the dictators were relieved from all fears from the partizans of a limited monarchy. But there remained two other factions whom it was necessary to subdue, before their ascendancy could be

securely established: these were, the moderate terrorists, of whom Danton was the head; and the anarchists, who went even beyond the Decemvirs in revolutionary violence. By the subtlety and energy of Robespierre, both were overthrown. That wily tyrant entered into a compact with the municipality for the mutual surrender of obnoxious individuals; and he gave up Danton and his adherents to their vengeance, while they agreed to abandon to him Hebert, Choumette, Ronsin, Clootz, and others, by whose removal the anarchists were rendered powerless. The trial, if such it may be called, and the execution of these men, are very strikingly described. Danton died as he lived, with terrible determination; and on his way to the scaffold prophesied the speedy downfall of his rival. The anarchists perished miserably. Their lives had not been more remarkable for an insatiable cruelty, than their end was distinguished by pusillanimity and weakness. Considerable sums were raised by the sale of seats to witness the last agonies of this faction, late so formidable. Hebert, in particular, seemed wanting in that ferocious energy which he so freely exhibited when he had nothing to fear. He did not even attempt to conceal his terrors; but sunk down at every step; while the populace, who so lately offered him the incense of an almost idolatrous adulation, openly exulted in his sufferings, and followed the car, mimicking the cry of the persons who hawked his journal, "Father Duchesne is in a devil of a rage."

"It is impossible not to be struck," truly observes Mr. Alison, "on looking back on the fate of these different parties, with the singular and providential manner in which their crimes brought about their own punishment. No foreign interposition was necessary—no avenging angel was required to vindicate the justice of divine administration. They fell the victims of their own atrocity—of the passions which they themselves had let loose—of the injustice of which they had given the first example to others. The constitutionalists overthrew the ancient monarchy, and formed a limited government; but their imprudence in raising popular ambition, paved the way for the 10th of August, and speedily

brought themselves to the scaffold; the Girondists established their favourite dream of a republic, and were the first victims of the fury which it excited; the Dantonists roused the populace against the Gironde, and soon fell under the axe which they had prepared for their rivals; the Anarchists defied the power of heaven itself, but scarcely were their blasphemies uttered when they were swept off by the partners of their bloody triumph. One power remained alone terrible—irresistible—this was DEATH, wielded by a faction steeled against every feeling of humanity—dead to every principle of justice. In their iron hands order resumed its sway from the influence of terror; obedience became universal from the extinction of hope. Silent and irresistible they led their victims to the scaffold, dreaded alike by the soldiers who crouched, the people who trembled, and the victims who suffered. The history of the world has no parallel to that long night of suffering, because it has none to the guilt which preceded it; tyranny never assumed so hideous a form, because licentiousness never required so severe a punishment."

But the bloodiest were not the most appalling scenes of the revolution. Perhaps during the whole of it, nothing occurred so well calculated to strike the reflecting mind with horror, as when Robespierre, reeking with carnage, condescended to patronise Almighty God!—Yes! this monster aimed at the supreme power, and, fanatic as he was, he perceived the *impolicy* of the rejection of all belief in a deity. The worship of a supreme Being was accordingly restored under his auspices, after a scene of gorgeous spectacle and fantastical mummery, got up under the direction of the painter David; and Robespierre declared, at the conclusion of a flowery speech, that so convinced was he of the necessity for a deity, as a moral governor of the world, that, "if God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent his existence." This master-stroke of policy, as he no doubt considered it, was but the precursor of his overthrow. It was not to be supposed, that he who had risen by blasphemy, should stand, by a semblance of regard for religion, which was equally offensive both to the pious and the pro-

fane. He, therefore, lost the confidence of one party, without gaining that of the other; and his fall after he had rioted in human gore, constitutes another memorable instance of the kind of inseparable connexion which exists between atrocious guilt, and vindictive justice.

Before we take leave of this part of the subject, we must lay before the reader a few passages illustrative of the condition, at this period, of the interior of France.

"The disturbances on the northern frontier, led to the mission of a monster named Le Bon to these districts, armed with the power of the revolutionary government. His appearance in these departments could be compared to nothing but the apparition of those hideous furies, so much the subject of dread in the times of paganism. In the city of Arras above 2,000 persons, brought there from the neighbouring departments, perished by the guillotine; mingling treachery and seduction with sanguinary oppression, he turned the despotic powers, with which he was invested, into means of individual gratification. After having disgraced the wife of a nobleman, who yielded to his embraces in order to save her husband's life, he put the man to death before the eyes of his devoted consort; a species of treachery so common, says Prudhomme, that examples of it were innumerable."

"The career of Carrier at Nantz, where the popular vengeance was to be inflicted on the royalists of the western provinces, was still more relentless. Five hundred children of both sexes, the eldest of whom was not fourteen years old, were led out to the same spot to be shot. Never was so deplorable a spectacle witnessed. The littleness of their stature caused the bullets, at the first discharge, to fly over their heads; they broke their bonds, rushed into the ranks of the executioners, clung round their knees, and with supplicating hands and agonised looks, sought for mercy. Nothing could soften these assassins; they put them to death even when lying at their feet. A large party of women, most of whom were with child, and many with babes at their breast, were put on board the boats in the Loire. The innocent carcases, the unconscious smiles of

these little innocents, filled their mothers' breasts with inexpressible anguish. They fondly pressed them to their bosoms, weeping over them for the last time. One of them was delivered of an infant on the quay; hardly were the agonies of child-birth over, when she was pushed, with the new-born innocent into the galley. After being stripped naked, their hands were tied behind their backs; their shrieks and lamentations were answered by strokes of the sabre, and while struggling between terror and shame to conceal their nudity from the gaze of the executioners, the signal was given, the planks cut, and the shrieking victims for ever buried in the waves."

"Human cruelty, it would be supposed, could hardly go beyond these executions, but it was exceeded by Le Bon, at Bourdeaux. A woman was accused of having wept at the execution of her husband; she was condemned, amidst the applauses of the multitude, to sit several hours under the suspended blade, which shed upon her, drop by drop, the blood of her husband, whose corpse was above her on the scaffold, before she was released by death from her agony."

On one occasion, so precipitate and sanguinary were the executions, that two of the ministers of vengeance were themselves numbered amongst the victims, nor could their cries and supplications, which were confounded with those of outraged innocence, awaken their brother monsters to a sense of the mistake that had been committed, until it was too late. Some one observed to Carrier, that there were two more than the intended number. He coolly replied, "what matters it whether they are put to death to-day or to-morrow."

At the death of Robespierre, France awakened from the dreadful nightmare of tyranny by which it was oppressed, and a re-action commenced, in favour of an order of things more accordant with humanity and virtue. The Jacobins were put to the rout; the prohibition against the Christian worship removed; the statutes, confiscating the property of the Gironde party, repealed, and a general measure passed, restoring to the families of persons, condemned since the revolution, such portion of their effects as had not been

disposed of to others. But the peculiarities of the French character strikingly appeared in the manner in which they chose to exhibit the sense of their recent deliverance.

"One of the most fashionable and brilliant assemblies was called *Le Bal des Victimes*, the condition of entrance to which was the loss of a near relation by the guillotine. Between the country dances, they said, "we dance on the tombs;" and a favourite dress for the hair was adopted, from the way in which it had been arranged immediately before execution. The almanacks most in request were called "*les almanacks des prisons*," in which the sublime resignation and courage of many of the captives were mingled with the ribaldry and indecency with which others had endeavoured to dispel the gloom of that sombre abode. But the Christian virtue of charity was never more eminently conspicuous than among those who, recently delivered themselves from death, knew how to appreciate the sufferings of their fellow-creatures."

But the populace had been too long accustomed to the license of power not to make an effort to maintain their influence; and this they would have effectually done, and renewed with aggravated horrors the reign of terror, had it not been for a body of young men, known by the name of the *troupe Dorée*, and consisting of the flower of the first families in Paris, by whom they were defeated in some very formidable insurrections. The period at length arrived when they were to be finally subdued. The *Fauxbourgs*, whose revolts had so often proved fatal to the tranquillity of France, were surrounded by thirty thousand of the national guard, and four thousand troops of the line. The leading avenues to it were planted with cannon, and mortars so disposed as to be most formidable to the insurgents. There was no occasion to do more. The disturbers of the public peace made an unconditional surrender.

This great victory revived the hopes of the royalists, and gave rise to an insurrection of a different kind, which was near proving more successful. It was defeated by the skill and the intrepidity of Napoleon Bonaparte, who thus laid the foundation of that career

of good fortune, which ultimately seated him on the Imperial throne.

The Convention, meanwhile, were occupied in the formation of a new constitution. In a report upon the subject, presented by Boissy d'Anglas, are these remarkable words, "Hitherto the efforts of France have been solely directed to destroy; at present, when we are neither silenced by the oppression of tyrants, nor intimidated by the cries of demagogues, we must turn to our advantage the crimes of the monarchy, the errors of the assembly, the horrors of the decemviral tyranny, the calamities of anarchy. Absolute equality is a chimera; virtue, talents, physical or intellectual powers, are not equally distributed by nature. Property alone attaches the citizen to his country; all who are to have any share in the legislature should be possessed of some independent income. All Frenchmen are citizens; but the state of domestic service, pauperism, or the non-payment of taxes, forbid the great majority from exercising their rights. The executive government requires a central position, a disposable force, a display calculated to strike the vulgar. The people should never be permitted to deliberate indiscriminately on public affairs; a populace constantly deliberating rapidly perishes by misery and disorder; the laws should never be submitted to the consideration of the multitude." Thus it was that the leaders in the revolution late learned wisdom. A new constitution was, accordingly, framed, in which the supreme power was lodged in five directors, to be chosen by a council of five hundred, who alone had the power of originating laws, which could not, however, be enacted without being approved of by a council of ancients, of which no one could be a member until he had reached the age of forty years. The privilege of electing members for the legislature was taken away from the great body of the people. All popular societies were interdicted, and the press declared free.

"It is of importance," our historian remarks, "to recollect that this constitution, so cautiously framed to exclude the direct influence of the people, and curb the excesses of popular licentiousness, was the voluntary work of the very Convention which had come into

power under the democratic constitution of 1793, and immediately *after* the 10th of August, which had voted the death of the king—the imprisonment of the Girondists, and the execution of Danton, which had supported the bloody excesses of the decemvirs, and survived the horrors of the reign of Robespierre. Let it no longer be said, therefore, that the evils of popular rule are imaginary dangers, contradicted by the experience of mankind; the checks thus imposed upon the power of the people were the work of their own delegates, chosen by universal suffrage, during a period of unexampled public excitation, whose proceedings had been marked by a more violent love of freedom than any that ever existed from the beginning of the world. Nothing can speak so strongly in favour of the necessity of controuling the people, as the work of the representatives whom they themselves had chosen to confirm their power."

With the appointment of the directors the present volumes terminate. Our readers will, we think, be of opinion with us, that in tracing, as he has done, with the pen of a master, the progress of those evils which afflicted and desolated unhappy France, Mr. Alison has done good service to his country. Happy will it be for England if she profits by the warning which his pages are so well calculated to convey; but our fears, we confess, predominate over our hopes. Nations, like individuals, are seldom corrected by anything short of dear-bought experience. His concluding observations are very luminous and striking.

"Never before, since the beginning of the world, had so great an experiment been made, and never had the disastrous consequences of giving the reins to popular ambition been so strikingly exemplified. Begun, to arrest the evils of national bankruptcy—instituted to preserve public credit, it terminated in the most unheard of disasters. It received, at first, the unanimous support of the whole French nation; in its progress it destroyed all those whose early aid had contributed to its advancement. The King supported it and perished; the nobles supported it, and perished; the clergy supported it and perished; the merchants supported it and perished; the public creditors supported it and pe-

rished; the shop-keepers supported it and perished; the artisans supported it and perished; the peasants supported it and perished. The nobles, whose passion for innovation and misguided declamations in favour of equality, had first led to the convocation of the States General, who early set the example of submission to the popular will, and voluntarily abdicated their titles, their privileges, and their rights, to place themselves at the head of the movement, were the first to be destroyed. Decimated by the guillotine—exiles from their country—destitute wanderers in foreign lands, they beheld their estates confiscated—their palaces sold—their children proscribed—their families undone. While by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept, they learned to lament the fatal precipitance with which they had excited the ambition of their inferiors, by yielding so precipitately to the public frenzy in favour of democracy. The clergy, who had proved themselves the earliest and the steadiest friends of freedom, whose junction with the *Tiers Etat*, in the hour of peril, had first given them a superiority over the other classes, and compelled the ruinous union of all the orders in one chamber, were utterly destroyed by the party whom they cherished; their religion was abolished—their churches closed—their property confiscated—their families subjected to cruel and tyrannical enactments—compelled to wander in utter destitution in foreign lands, or purchase a miserable pittance by violating their oaths, and earning the contempt of all the faithful among their flocks. The commercial classes, whose jealousy of the unjust privileges of the noblesse had first fostered the flame of liberty, were consumed in the conflagration which it had raised; the once flourishing colonies of the monarchy were in flames; its manufacturing cities in ruins; its public wealth destroyed; its sails vanished from the ocean; its naval establishments in decay. Blasted by a ruinous system of paper currency, and crushed in the grasp of a relentless despotism, manufacturing industry was withered, and commercial capital annihilated. The public creditors, once so loud in their praises of the first movements of the revolution, whose enthusiasm had raised the public funds thirty per cent.

in one day, when Neckar was restored to power in 1788, on the shoulders of the democracy, were now crushed beneath its wheels; the once opulent capitalists, ruined by the fall of the public securities—deprived of their property by a fictitious paper—paid by their debtors in a nominal currency, had long since sunk to the dust, while the miserable *rentiers*, cheated out of almost all their income, by the payment of their annuities in assignats, were wandering about in utter despair, supporting a miserable existence by charity, or terminating it by suicide. The shop-keepers, whose unanimous shouts had so long supported the constituent assembly, whose bayonets had first upheld the fortunes of the revolution, at last tasted its bitter fruits; as its movement advanced, they became objects of jealousy to still lower ambition; the fury of plebeian revenge was directed against their ranks; insensibly they melted away under the axe of the guillotine, or were destroyed by the law of the maximum, and lamented with unavailing tears the convulsion which had deprived them at once of the purchasers of their commodities, the security for their property, and the free disposal of their industry. The artisans, who had expected a flood of prosperity from the regeneration of society, whose pikes had so often, at Jacobin command, issued from the Fauxbourgs to overawe the legislature, were speedily steeped in misery from the consequence of their actions; impatient of restraint, unable to endure a superior, they were at last subjected to the most galling bondage; destitute of employment, fed only by the bounty of government, they were fettered in every action of their lives; debarred the power of purchasing even the necessities of life for themselves, they were forced first to wait half the day as needy suppliants at the offices of the committees who issued their tickets, and then to watch half the night round the bakers shops, to procure the wretched pittance of a pound of black bread a-day for each member of their families. The peasants expected an immediate deliverance from tithes, taxes, and burthens of every description, from the consequences of their emancipation, and they found themselves ground down by the law of the maximum—forced to sell at nominal

prices to the purveyors of the armies, and fettered in every action of their lives by oppressive regulations; they saw their sons perish in the field, or rot in the hospitals; their horses and cattle seized for the forced requisitions, and the produce of their labour torn from them by battalions of armed men, to maintain an indigent and worthless rabble in the great cities of the republic."

One of the most serious errors of the Tories, during the continuance of their power, was the neglect of duly impressing the public mind with the horrors of this revolution. The consequence we fear, will be, that that wisdom which might have been learned from the sufferings of others, we shall only, as a nation, arrive at through our own. Already has the popular element attained a decided ascendancy in the national councils, and already has disgrace and humiliation abroad, and turbulence at home, given an earnest of what may be expected from the deliberate sacrifice that has been made of the power and the privileges of an enlightened, religious, and principled aristocracy, to the madness of the people.

In France, revolution was forced upon the King; he was compelled, by a power which he could not withstand, to assent to the various measures which, one by one, conducted him to the scaffold. In England, the first magistrate countenanced the movement, the issue of which will, we fear, be so disastrous. From motives of the purest benevolence and patriotism, he was led to sanction that enlargement of the influence of the Commons, which he now feels has left him no discretion in the choice of his constitutional advisers.

In France the clergy aided the movement. In England they were opposed to it almost to a man. In France the nobles either deserted the country or aided the movement. In England they opposed a noble resistance, and, had not the whole weight of the Monarchy been brought to bear against them, they would have succeeded in saving the constitution.

In France the whole mass of the people were infected with the revolutionary mania. In England we are not sure that there was a clear majority in favour of Lord Grey's reform. Notwithstanding all the delusion that

was practised by ministers, and the undue use that was made of the name of the King ; notwithstanding the unhappy conduct of the leaders of the Tory party in Twenty-nine, which alienated the affections and the confidence of a large body of their adherents, the gross numerical majority which could be boasted of by the Whigs, upon the whole of the contested elections in England, did not amount to more than *fifteen hundred !*

In France the people were totally unacquainted with liberty. To the exercise of any constitutional privileges they had never been familiarised. It was not, therefore, surprising that, in the first transports of revolutionary zeal, they should have plunged into licentiousness and anarchy. In England freedom has been immemorially a birth-right. The people have been ever accustomed to the discharge of important political functions ; and it is, therefore, to be hoped that they will bear that accession of power, which has accrued to them, with more moderation, and use it with more discretion than those to whom the experience of it was as novel as its possession was delightful. We are, therefore, of opinion that precisely the same extravagancies, and the same atrocities, which characterised the revolution in France, need not be apprehended in this country, when the sovereign multitude are invested with supreme power. The English are a people who would soon be awakened, by any such scenes as occurred in Paris, to a sense of the folly and the wickedness of persevering in courses which were only productive of ruin and misery to individuals, and of calamity and degradation to the nation at large ; and a re-action would set in, by which those who are at present a respectable minority would soon be converted into a large majority, and a Conservative policy would be adopted with the universal consent of the whole empire. This, however, in all probability, will not be until mischief has been done that cannot be repaired. If the Monarchy be not overturned, it will be so crippled as not to be worth preserving. The Church is upon the verge of destruction, and the House of Lords, as an independent branch of the legislature, has no longer any existence.

• When we have said that in France

the movement party were infidel, and their opponents superstitiously devoted to a gross corruption of Christianity, and that in England the bulk of the movement party are dissenters, and their opponents the members of an orthodox, enlightened, and tolerant church, we have stated almost all the essential differences between the two countries, which may give rise to any variance in the effects of revolutionary violence. But, however they may be modified, in their general features they must be the same. The duplication of the Tiers Etat in France was what gave the strongest impulse to the revolutionary movement there ; and that was exactly analagous to the accession of power which the reform bill has given the Commons in England. We must, therefore, be prepared for the ascendancy of a body that has been thus suddenly aggrandized at the expense of those orders which were previously considered co-ordinate branches of the legislature. As long as the King and the House of Lords co-operate with the House of Commons, they may be permitted to exercise the semblance of freedom in their deliberations. As soon as they venture to differ from it, they will be made to feel that they are powerless. The triumphant representatives of democracy will immediately issue its omnipotent decree : *" sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas."*

As infidelity triumphed in the one country, so dissent is likely to triumph in the other, until the dissenters, having destroyed the common enemy, the Established Church, begin to quarrel amongst themselves, and afford the nation a practical proof of the evils and miseries that must result from the absence of a recognised and authoritative form of national religion. The result may be to the world at large pretty much what the result was in the first age of the Gospel, when the dispersion of the Christians took place upon the martyrdom of Stephen. They were scattered abroad, and the word of God so much the more prevailed. When we have considered the neglect of the Established Church and the proscription of its clergy, which have marked the latter days of England ; and when we look across the Atlantic, and see the value that is set upon the very same form of doctrine and discipline, and the

care with which it is cherished and preserved, the thought has occurred to us that a city of refuge is there provided which will yet afford shelter and protection to the afflicted ministers of our holy religion, after they have shaken the dust off their feet against the shores of the ungrateful country from which it may be their lot to be ejected. America will derive the benefit of their ministry, and the Church of England will take root in the one country, before it has been quite extirpated from the other.

It will be a curious fact if the descendants of the Puritans, whose aversion to our establishment was one of the principal causes of their leaving England, should be the cherishers of that very church, which their progenitors regarded with so much hatred, while Puritanism, in alliance with Popery and Infidelity, is persecuting it at home; and that a place should be prepared for it, where it may at length take root and flourish, by the very men whose ancestors regarded it as an abomination.

When the Church has been disposed of, there will be nothing to interpose between the populace and the peerage. The House of Lords will become at once exposed to the whole violence of the Democracy. In France the revolution was precipitated by the union of the two Chambers; the popular thus completely overmastering the aristocratic branch of the Government. In England, we are very much inclined to believe that such an union would at present be useful. Every one must perceive, that it would be idle to expect, that the House of Lords should make an efficient resistance to the measures, whatever they may be, of the preponderating order. They are, it must be perceived, totally powerless, and must however reluctantly, or with however ill a grace, obey the behests of their domineering masters. But while, as a body, their functions are thus paralyzed, if they were eligible to seats in the House of Commons, as individuals they would be respected; and they would thus contribute to check and to moderate the violence of the lower house, and might even succeed in infusing some portion of wisdom into their deliberations.

It is very well known that the nu-
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merous creations, which, within the last half century, have taken place in the Peerage, have been the means of depriving the House of Commons of the presence of a class of persons, whose worth, whose ability, and whose property, rendered them most valuable members; and that their places were supplied out of the ranks of the second order of gentry, who by no means felt the same interest in upholding the institutions of the country. Thus, the Conservatives were placed where they can now be of no use, and the Anti-Conservatives were brought into that position where they can do most mischief. And what is the remedy?—That is, if any remedy can be found. The evil is, that the House of Lords, to a certain extent, became a House of Commons; the remedy would seem to be, that, to a similar extent at least, the House of Commons should become a House of Lords. The Duke of Wellington is powerless where he is. He would not be so if he rose in the House of Commons as plain Mr. Wellesley. Lord Eldon is powerless where he is. He would not be so if he rose in the House of Commons as plain Mr. Scott. The Conservative party still possess property and influence sufficient to command the return of a large proportion of the representation of the country, provided such a choice were offered to the people at large as would be presented in the case we have supposed. That is the only way in which, as it appears to us, they can contribute to avert impending evils; and it is for them to choose between the possession of substantial power, which may be turned to the best account, and the enjoyment of an idle privilege, which is, in reality, as valueless as it is invidious.

The House of Lords is at present nothing more than a medium for neutralizing all that worth and ability, which might be employed to good effect in the House of Commons. ONLY LET IT BE SO EMPLOYED, AND THE COUNTRY MAY YET BE SAVED.

But this will not be done. The age of chivalry is gone, and the Peerage of England have already proved their disregard of the maxim—"death before dishonour." While it contains individuals who will ever be an honour to their age and country, it also, unhappily, contains a preponderance of those

whose views of expediency led them to temporise with the present democratic mania, until it can be no longer resisted: and nothing now remains, but concession after concession to the requirements of the demagogues, until their wildest wishes have been gratified—until the Church is destroyed—the colonies lost—the empire dismembered—until one stone is not left upon another in the fabric of our foreign or domestic policy, and that which constituted the envy and admiration of the world, becomes a bye-word and an astonishment to the surrounding nations.

France exhibited the spectacle of a nation exchanging servitude for licentiousness; England that of a nation, with the example of France before her eyes, taking licentiousness in exchange for regulated freedom.

We will, before we conclude, offer just one observation upon the proposal for swamping the House of Lords, which indeed, the more consistent and able of the revolutionary journals do not affect to patronise. The only effect of it would be to produce an artificial and constrained conformity between the two houses, *with the certainty of rendering them in reality more opposed to each other than they are at present*. For, if we suppose the new creation to be confined to such of the radical commoners as have the largest stake in the country, they must naturally be indisposed to go the extreme lengths of their party, and might, if left in their old position, operate as a check upon their more violent brethren in the House of Commons, while, immediately upon their removal, their places will be supplied by more

thorough-going partizans, who will exceed them in extravagance at least as much as they fall short of them in personal respectability. This will necessitate *another* collision between the two houses, which must give rise to *another* new creation; the one house becoming more and more violent, and the other less and less able to offer any effectual resistance; until the people become disgusted with the farce of bullying on the one hand, and pusillanimous and unprincipled concession on the other; until, in fact, dignity becomes degradation, and the hereditary legislators of England are extinguished with the universal consent of the whole nation.

Such must be the inevitable effect of the swamping system. Conservatism will be neutralized, and radicalism rendered more and more powerful. How much better what we propose. Instead of sending whatever might be conservative in the House of Commons into the House of Lords, where it will be placed, in a manner "*hors de loi*," we would obtain for whatever is conservative in the House of Lords admission into the House of Commons, where wealth, and rank, and personal respectability would not be without their due importance. In this case, if the evil spirit was not cast out of that assembly, its temper might be mitigated and its rage controuled. In the other case, by the withdrawal of those who would be sent to the House of Lords, it would only be "empty, swept and garnished" to invite the entrance of other spirits worse than they, "so that its last state would be worse than its first."

B A L L A D.

By ROBERT GILFILLAN, Author of Original Songs.

It's O! gin I were young again,
 And O! gin I were young;
 Nae faithless swain should e'er again.
 Deceive wi' flatt'ring tongue!

The primrose to the e'e of morn
 Ne'er blossomed forth sae gay
 As did my hopes of happiness
 In love's young gowden day!

But joy's short hour, by cloud and shower
 Was quickly overcast,
 And sorrow came, for love's young flame
 It canna always last!

My lover left me for the deep,
 Yet promised to be true
 Till nature seven times ower the earth
 Its beauty did renew.

The parting was a waesome hour,
 And sae was mony a day;
 But aye the thought o' his return
 Beguiled the time away.

Yet seven times did the lily fair
 In beauty come and gang,
 And seven times did the simmer gale
 Waft doon the cuckoo's sang:

And seven times winter, angry cauld
 Blew ower the Norlan' main,
 And seven times simmer's bonnie face
 Cam blinken' back again.

And seven times did the day return
 That he gaed ower the sea;
 But yet, for a' his solemn vows,
 He ne'er returned to me!

In ocean's deep he does na sleep,
 I canna that deplore;
 He's wedded to a foreign bride,
 And on a foreign shore.

They tell me that wi' jewels rare,
 In beauty she does shine:
 But can she boast a warmer heart,
 Or fonder love than mine?

And o! gin I were young again,
 And o! gin I were young;
 Nae faithless swain should e'er again
 Deceive wi' flatt'ring tongue.

THE RIVALS.

It was at the commencement of spring; her green luxuriance was scarcely yet seen on field or forest, when a single personage journeyed through the southern parts of Wexford. Though well mounted, his appearance was of that dubious character, which leaves the rank of the individual vacillating, as it were, between the grades of society more distinctly marked. He was little past the prime of life, and it was evident that his powers mental and physical, had been more taxed by exertion than time.

His features were well formed, their expression shrewd and caustic, which, joined to an air of cold and deep calculation, permanently seated there, rendered their general character disagreeable, and if viewed with a penetrating eye, seldom failed to create feelings of distrust and caution.

His travelling garb bore considerable tokens of his recent journey, and the manner in which he scanned the surrounding country seemed to indicate impatience of protracted travel. The chilling evening was drawing on, when his road passed near our humble farmhouse, which had, however, all the accompaniments of rustic comfort; he turned from the high-road towards the winding "boheen," which, sweeping round an enclosure of goodly cornstacks, and other tokens of agricultural wealth, led to the dwelling. Ere he reached it, the sounds of his approach disturbed a pair who had been hitherto screened from his view by a high straggling hedge of briar. With hurrying footsteps a maiden passed upon the other side. Neither the coarseness of her rustic garb, nor the precipitancy of her retreat, caused those attractions to pass unnoticed, which labour and penury generally render very transient to the rank to which she belonged.—From beneath the shelter of the hedge a young man also came, of open countenance, and herculean proportions; with national courtesy, he touched his hat, (or in default of such appurte-

nance, the locks upon his embrowned forehead) in salutation to the stranger, who accosted him in a tone that conveyed two-fold enquiry.

"Can you point out to me, friend, the residence of Father Mahony?"

The young man's countenance at once brightened into cordiality.

"May be thin ye'er honour's the gentleman he bid us be lookin' for, iv so be, myself'll be proud to show ye'er road."

He vaulted over the hedge which separated them, and took the traveller's bridle-rein.

"But wud'nt ye just come beyant to the farm-house, an' taste somethin' to keep out the cold, an' get a feed for the baste; the honest man'll thank any, goin' to Fadther Mahony, for bein' friendly enough to do the like."

"No, my good fellow, 'tis too late to delay, and before we start, tell me how I shall call you, for I like to know every one by the names their gossips gave them?"

"My name, is it? troth, Sir, Jim Redmond O'Riley, at ye'er sarvice," replied the peasant, leading the horse through the intricacies of the "boheen" back to the road, where he continued to run, at an even pace, by the side of the stranger, who seemed willing to improve their acquaintance.

"A pretty girl that, who started from the hedge, I am afraid you owe me the loss of her company."

"It was Mary M'Daniel," said Redmond, with a peculiar consciousness upon his visage, turning his head slowly toward the farm-house, which they had left behind;—"Mary M'Daniel, ye'er honour, she just stipped out a bit from the milkin', an' was tellin' me of the weddin' at the Masther's."

"You mean your Landlord's, Sir Frederick Jerningham?"

"He's the best man in the country," observed O'Riley emphatically.

"He took the wrong side, however, last election," said the traveller drily.

"Oh, it's not in the matther o' that I

spake," rejoined his guide, "but it's respectin' the poor an' his tinants I mane; an' who bud a poor man, an' a tinant shud spake to that?"

"You hold under him then?"

"Aye, undther *himself*," replied Redmond exultingly, "there's no middle man to come atune him an' thim that tills his ground, no *black-guard* Agint to wring the rack-rint from the famishin' an' fatten upon the sweat of their brow."

"Then there's probably little distress among ye?"—observed the traveller, who seemed to hear, with little satisfaction, the statements of the peasant.

"Troth, ye'er honor, less than may be seen elsewhere, bud there's more discontent than there shud be, I can't, for the sowl o' me tell what they'd be at, bud there's more goin' on among the boys than they carry upon their faces."

"I thought the country had been tolerably quiet?"

"An' that's one rason makes me suspect them; that, an' their bein' so willin to sware before the magistrates, an' makin' a sham o' givin' up arms; didnt Jim Tracy the other day bring a musket wid a crack'd barrel, an' surrender it wid a mighty gud face, whin iv it was gud for any thin' it id never have left his keepin; bud he might as well get a bit o' credit on the head of it; an' for one that used to kneel by Fadder Mahony's knee, there's three does now; so it's asy seen, there's somethin' upon their minds, forbye that they're not like themselves at all; shure at the last fair o' Kilscommon, there wasn't a bit of sport, no more nor iv we were all black Protestants, an' bible-min, barin' one man that carried home a broken head, an' myself that just broke a neighbour's bones to make him aminds for a grudge that was atune us.

"What wedding has there been in your landlord's family?" interrupted the stranger.

"It's the young lady that was married the day bud one afore yestherday—she's gone to the other side of the country, but we've a right to remimber her here, one time or another most of us felt her gudeness; an' Mary, that's the young woman beyant, ye'er honour, many a gud guinea's worth she left her on goin' away, and whin she was sick last spring, myself saw Miss Isabel

crossin' thim very fields, bringing her one thing or another, an' it's often I blessed her as she wint; bud there's thim on the land wudn't spake as I do."

"Have they reason," asked the stranger, with more interest than he had shown in the grateful volubility of his guide.

"Why, it's not asy to make things even to every one, bud he never gave right rason to any to say an ill word o' him, only a little time agone, there was a bit of land out of lase, an' myself an' Pierce Fagan bid for it, an' to be shure Pierce ran me down fairly, bud his honour said, "Redmond," says he, ye'er Fadder was an honest man, an' I minded him on the land whin I was a boy, and ye shall have the bit o' ground. Then seein' how black Pierce tuk it, he tould him as how I'd soon have more to do nor myself needed, so by the same token, his daughter left Mary what 'ill stock it bravely."

"But as I reckon, ye got little blessing with his bounty," observed the traveller.

"Oh faith there was more nor that atune Fagan an' I; he was mighty fond o' goin' to M'Daniel's, an' houldin' the ould people in discoorse, braggin' o' what he cud rise at his trade, whinever he chose to turn to it, forbye what the ould man left him; bud he found it a dale asier to talk thim over nor herself, a purty fellow he was to thrust himself in her eye."

"If she had set it upon you, he had but little chance," said the traveller, surveying the stalwart form of his open hearted guide.

"Widout a bit o' boastin', she'd have tuk me an' the wide world afore us, sooner nor him, an' all his people to back him," said Redmond with a triumphant chuckle, "bud his honour's gudness has made all smooth for us, an' iv yeerself Sir, stays any time, afore ye lave the country, ye'll be like to see Mary M'Daniel standin' on her own floor,—Mrs. O'Riley; an' iv I might make bould to say it, there's one thing I'd like to be thankin' yeer honour for. It's to-night Mary was tellin' me, that Pierce Fagan, like a resintful black-guard is strivin' to cross it. I'd scorn to vally his ill-will—didn't I give the spalpeen a maulin' last fair o' Kilscommon, I'm thinkin the twist's still in his

shouldthers, but it's making her unasy, an' I can't say bud I'd be glad he'd put off his malice awhile; iv in yeer gudness ye'd minton it to Fadder Mahony, a word from him id do the business—I only want to content her."

"I shall certainly mention it to Fadder Mahony; this is no time for you to be quarrelling among yourselves; division and dissension have been the ruin of the country, and made you what you are, you must be united heart and hand, or no exertions can benefit you."

"Thin we're just at Fadder Mahony's now, an' its myself 'ill willingly be at pace wid all, an' behouden to yeer honour, for gettin' me lave to be so.

The stranger did not forget the office which he had undertaken; accordingly upon the following morning, O'Riley received a summons from his priest, which he obeyed, not without some anxiety respecting the interview, which he was to have with him; to account for which it will be necessary that we particularize some distinguishing traits in the character of Father Mahony. He held unlimited rule over the consciences and conduct of as wild and untutored a flock as ever owned the sway of holy priest. Besides attachment to his person and awe of his ecclesiastical authority, his controul was maintained by means more peculiar. Imagine not, gentle reader, that the devotion of his flock was increased by reverence for austere sanctity, or saintly self-denial, far other qualities endeared the priest to his people.—His jovial temper chimed well with the propensities of an hospitable, fun-loving race; at wake, or at wedding, he was ever the chief promoter of mirth and good fellowship, exercising his practical humour upon all around, and checking by his stentorian shout, each encroachment upon the privileges which his urbanity accorded; young and old loved his jokes, and were proud of his "condiscision," and with the poorest that could on occasion provide fitting cheer, none ever knew Father Mahony too proud to partake of it.

But, if in such familiar intercourse, his authority might seem to lie dormant, it was not for this brought into disrepute, nor for a moment so relaxed that he could not exercise it in its full extent. Sooth to tell, his exhortations were sometimes supported by means

not altogether canonical; and frequently did it happen, that his arguments derived their force from a vigorous exertion of the muscular strength which he possessed, "and had not the least objection in life to use," as those who had witnessed or felt the efficacy of his physical persuasions significantly remarked; strange to fastidious ears is spiritual dominion after such a mode. But his rude flock united in uniform obedience, receiving his rough kindness, and his rougher chastisements with equal reverence. One exception had indeed occurred where an unwise application of his horsewhip occasioned the immediate dereliction of the offender, who, from that time thought proper to set all threats and admonition at open defiance, no matter with what solemnity they were wont to be fulminated from the chapel altar. It was however opined with considerable appearance of probability, notwithstanding the apparent sang froid of this rebellious disciple "that whin he'd come to dyin' he'd surely sind for the priest, and part like a Christian wid the holy oil upon him." Those who, like the querulous cynic of yore, lose their sympathy for human misery in their keen perceptions of human folly, find in such circumstances matter only for their satirical or risible propensities; but they are to the graver moralist attestations of unexampled degradation in a high feeling and enthusiastic people, debased by superstition, and mentally enslaved by priestcraft.

To the domicile of Father Mahony we would introduce our readers previous to the arrival of O'Riley. The traveller of the preceding evening was seated at a small table turned towards the light, engaged in making out a memorandum which he seemed to scrawl in a peculiar cypher; the space in front of the hearth was occupied by the portly ecclesiastic; he paced it, his hands thrust into the ample pockets of his long coat, with the air of a man who has never been induced to question his own importance.

At as respectful a distance as the scanty confines of the apartment might permit, stood Pierce Fagan, a rugged, stern-looking man.

His countenance was rendered still more forbidding by the dark passions which struggled there; his heavy square brows and deep-set eye indicated

no undecided character ; he was one in whose bosom hatred, once implanted, was lasting and bitter, who might stifle revenge, but would not forego it ; who might bury an injury, but never forget it. While he spoke the excitation of his passions might be judged from the fierce gesticulation which accompanied his words.

" Myself 'id be the last man o' thim all to make a word wid ye'er reverence about the matther, only I don't see what Redmond can do for ye that he shud be put afore me, an I think less of his outdoin' me wid her, than gettin' the land in my teeth an' havin' it through his favor beyont," nodding in the direction of his landlord's residence, ' he'd never have heart to stir hand or fut iv the whole country was up."

" You say you served your time to a smith?" said the stranger, looking up.

" True for ye, Sir, I did ; an though I forsook the thrade whin the ould man left me his houldin', there's never a boy in the county 'ill do ye'er work nater nor more private nor myself that ye'd wrong and ruin for a fellow that can do nothin' for ye."

" There is reason in what he says," remarked the stranger. " The young man I spoke to last night is not for our purpose."

" Then we'll bring him to, we'll bring him to," said the priest, impatiently. " Who axed ye, Mr. Fagan, what he cud do for us? The girl's set upon havin' him. I christened her myself, 'twas on my first comin' to the parish ; an' I wint down last night to make the father agreeable. They're dacent people, the Mac Daniel's ; I never pass the door but they come about me, an' if I only ax is the still workin'? they're sure to say, " Won't ye taste a drop, Father dear, just to give it luck, it's a could day, or iv it's not ye'll taste it anyhow." An' there's none more ready to fetch it than the dacent boy himself, or more reglar an' willin' with his dues ; an' that's what I can't say to every one, Mither Fagan."

" Och, Father jewell, iv there's no more nor that atune us, I make it even afore ye say another mass."

" Very well, Pierce, very well ; I always gev ye a flamin' character. But I can't give up Redmond yet ; as I tould the Fadther last night, it id be the breakin' o' Mary's heart ; an what's the trifle she has to man like you ; my

friend here 'ill keep his word to ye, iv there's any thin' doin', an we'll be liftin' our hats to Captain Fagan ; at any rate opin the forge, an' we'll find ye work an' pay too. If its a wife ye want ye dog, for " to make ye uneasy" ye may have chice enough. The next takes ye'er fancy just be after showin' her the place ye can bring her to, the barn, and the pig stye, an the potaty pits, an ye'll find her very discoorsable. There's O'Riley comin' across the bog, ye must giv him ye'er hand in frindship an' promise to molest him no more upon the head if it."

Bud, Fadther, I swore the biggest oath evir I did to make myself quit wid him."

" Did ye, indeed Mr. Fagan ; an cu'dnt my word come over ye'er oath, as asy as I'd turn the hair on ye'er head to snakes, ye blackgard an' plottin' thief, to think to put me off with ye'er oath?" Just at this moment a bare-legged handmaiden ushered in Redmond O'Riley. With deprecating scrape he made his obeisance to the priest, and seemed to wait the notice of the traveller to tender his civilities.

Father Mahony paused a moment, somewhat out of breath, owing to the vehemence of his pastoral exhortations.

" So, Redmond," he resumed, " this gintleman has been tellin' me of a fallin' out atune ye'erself and the honest man forenenst ye. It was my thought to make ye an example for breedin' division, but ye'er behoulden to Mither Fagan there that's afther requestin' me to let ye off asier. I'd be loth to disobleege him, so ye'll escape your *desarts* this time ; he'll meddle no more atune you and the foolish cratur that takes to ye afore ye'er betthers, so all inimity must drop.

" So he's contint to lave it, myself id scorn to live in reminbrance of it," replied Redmond, applying his hand to his cranium in some perplexity, for little confirmation did the promise made on his behalf receive from Mr. Fagan, who stood with sullen anger lowering on his brow.

" Give ye'er hands, then, upon it," said the priest, " an' if evir I hear of anything coulder nor gud will attune ye, I'll turn ye both to ate grass wid the bastes of the field as King David did afore ye."

" Was it David?" asked the traveller,

raising his head in grave derision, "or King Herod?"

"Aye, David, Misther Russell, an' not much difference which," replied Father Mahony, with scholastic dogmatism, "but give ye'er hands upon it, I say." To this pledge of reconciliation the rivals seemed mutually averse.

"I'll quicken ye'er hearin' ye sinful vagabonds," said the priest, reaching suddenly to a long horse-whip, the lash of which he curled with practised hand round the cheeks of his refractory parishioners.

This measure induced their reluctant obedience. There was still however, the struggling of vindictive revenge evinced in the manner of Fagan.

"Spake out, an' like a man, Pierce Fagan; do ye give ye'er hand wid the frindship o' ye'er heart," said Mahony, fixing his eye upon him.

Fagan replied in a voice of strong effort, wringing with hard gripe the hand of his rival, as if he could hardly master his rising hate. "In frindship that wid Heaven's lave I'll never die till I prove." "There never was a dry pace-making yit," said the priest, "that lasted long. So sit down boys, ye'er a decent promisin' pair, an' Misther Russell I'll have no objection to see ye drink to ye'er gud will; an' now I ax ye where's the parson that can keep pace that away among his flock? I'd like to see whin their schools, an' their books, an' their sarmints 'ill do the like."

Not having received explicit information whether Russell, with whose arrival we commenced our narration, remained in the country to witness the union of Mary M'Daniel with her lover, we shall be discreetly silent upon the subject, certain it is that in little time she bore the cognomen of "Misthress O'Riley."

Pierce Fagan saw with secret malignity the prosperity of his successful rival, the dark projects in which he embarked seemed to divert his abiding hatred; but he brooded over his supposed wrongs with a vindictive spirit of revenge that needed but casual opportunity to break forth in deadly strength.

The contested "bit of land" was in the hands of Redmond, and his agricultural labours promised a rich return. The prospects of comfort and prosperity which opened before him were in

the fullness of his lowest gratitude, ever ascribed to the judicious kindness which had given him motive for exertion. The happiness of man generally owes more to his anticipations of the future than to his experience of the present, but it was not so with the young farmer, and he scarcely pictured the future save in the long continuance of his present lot.

However strange the tale may sound in the ears of pride or apathy, the comfort and contentment of his cabin home offered better tribute to the benevolence which fostered it than pompous eulogium could have done; and in it the agents of evil, the incendiaries who work upon the passions of the untutored multitude, would have found a stronger barrier to their purposes than the policy of statesmen ever reared.

The character of Redmond was as yet of that unsettled plastic cast which circumstances mould and chances determine; while they continued favorable its brightest traits appeared, but its worth was to be tried in other situations, and the halcyon days of his prosperity passed swiftly away: with the decease of Sir Frederick Jerningham his misfortunes commenced, and they followed one another in rapid succession.

Upon the day that the tenants assembled to pay their mournful tribute to their landlord's memory, Redmond, the most favored and the most attached was not amongst them, and as the long funeral procession moved in melancholy state, it was met by one of humbler character; a few solitary stragglers bore an unhonored bier towards an ancient burial ground in which the ruins of a church were standing. The lowly grave was already hollowed out, the brief ceremony was concluded; the green turf was replaced over the cold inhabitant of the earth; and all departed but O'Riley. He lingered by the grave, the day waned on, and his cold stupor of sorrow passed not with it, but when the sun's last light streamed upon the graves, he returned to his desolate hearth a changed and spirit-broken man.

The first violence of his grief had sunk into listless languid indifference, and all that had given stimulus to his spirit being withdrawn, it seemed to slumber in morbid apathy; but other events followed and other feelings were

called forth which exercised a more *demoralizing* influence upon it.

The estate upon which he lived had passed to the possession of a stranger, who sent an agent down entrusted with the management of his affairs. The circumstances in which Redmond had obtained his farm were now investigated, for an intimation from some hidden source directed the attention of the agent to it. Sir Frederick had given it to him on terms bearing no proportion to the rate to which open competition would have raised it, but it now appeared that such benevolent intent was frustrated, not having been ratified by legal formalities.

It was in vain that the intention of his former landlord was urged—the cause explained which had delayed legal conveyance of the gift. He had his option to relinquish the land which had not yet repaid his tillage, or to hold it at the highest terms which needy extortion could propound. He chose the former, for what motive had he to toil—what stimulus to active exertion? his labour was now the unwilling fruit of necessity, rather than the vigorous offspring of hope and industry. Feeling himself a seared and isolated being he avoided the sympathies of social intercourse, to brood in secret over his grievances; till viewed through the discontent of his spirit, they assumed a darker hue, and with proportionate grade increased that reckless craving for change which in happier days had seemed the opposite of his character: every day increased his disgust to his situation, and moulded him more and more a fitting instrument for the movers of coming disturbance.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that by few amongst the undistinguished multitude that form the operators in such civil broil, are political restrictions or disabilities understood, by still fewer are they felt. Such are, indeed, most worthy the eloquent declamations of the patriot, or the pompous discussions of legislative dignity: best fitted for the animadversions of the interested demagogue, or the self-complacent orator: but that *petty* oppression which the peasant *feels* in his wretchedness, which goads him to outrage in his necessity, is perhaps the more effective moving spring of national disaffection: each individual instance such as we now delineate may seem of little worth,

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but working in the aggregate they produce effects which have shaken kingdoms to the centre, and roused the selfish and the pitiless to fearful interest.

Let the patriot and the politician have their meed in the applause which is fleeting as the breath that bestows it, but he who provides for the meannest of his fellow creature's means of improvement and happiness may be the author of good, which shall be remembered in its effects when the labours of the statesman, and the exertions of the partizans are numbered with the cabals of the past and the abortive efforts of forgotten factions. The spring was now advanced and the machinations of rebellion were gradually developed; the secret wheels of intrigue once propelled, hurried on the catastrophe: atrocities for which no motive could be assigned, were more frequently perpetrated, and the system of intimidation, universally pursued, too often screened the authors. An anxious expectation had taken possession of men's minds which was not the less powerful for being vague and undefined.

Leave we the wide field of public events to pursue our humble narrative.

One evening Redmond leaned upon the gate which divided the land he had once owned from his dwelling; this spot was linked with other memories. Also far from it might be seen the low sloping roofs of the farm house in which had formerly centered all his hope and his happiness.

His musing was broken by light sounds of mirth, it was no moment that he could brook such, and turning in dark misanthropy he re-entered his cheerless cabin, and seating himself by the hearth, he bent his listless eye upon the smouldering embers, till a passing shadow in the doorway caused him to raise his head. A man closely muffled in a dark cloak stood there, in whom, upon a second glance, he recognised the traveller to whom he had formerly tendered his services.

"Ye'd be welcome kindly, Sir, iv ye'd step in," said O'Riley, rising, for his recollections of the stranger were linked with happier times. Russell entered, and, accepting the seat which Redmond pushed towards the hearth, looked around with leisurely survey upon the neglected, comfortless dwelling, and

then turned an eye of enquiry upon its inmate.

"Ye'er, maybe, lookin' for her that shud be here," said Redmond, in steady tone, "but she's long past sufferin' an oppression."

"How comes it that you complain of either, O'Riley? when I was last here you were in a thriving way."

"An so I was till 'the Masther's' death an' hers; from that all changed wid me, an' myself, too. Look beyant at that ground, I spint my labour an' sweat upon it for another to have the gain; bud what matther, or what gud in talkin' at all?"

Sympathy, soothing and unwonted was expressed. He told his story of misfortune in the strong colours with which he had invested it. The comments and questions of his auditor artfully wrought upon his passions, till the spirit which had long slept in his bosom burst forth ready to ignite with the first spark which should reach it.

There was now no memory of the former benevolence, no confidence in the abiding kindness of his superiors to repel the insinuations of seditious incendiary. The vehemence of his recital had acted upon himself, and during it he had been unconsciously led to stroll from the cabin, nor heeded he the direction in which they proceeded, till they stopped before the dwelling of Pierce Fagan. Russell turned suddenly, "Are you a man to crouch tamely to such oppression? they have wrung your right from you; step in with me here; many can tell your story, see how they will take it."

Redmond was taken by surprise—stopped abruptly in his passionate disclosure—any thing seemed preferable to returning to his lonely cabin and the bitterness of his own thoughts.

A dark impulse which had been long stifled and suppressed rose in his soul, and in an evil hour he entered with his companion.

The cabin was of larger dimensions than usual, and having no inner partition, its extent was seen at one view; the low sloping rafters scarcely allowed those within to stand upright, and the imperfect light which broke through the smoaky atmosphere rendered it difficult to discern their numbers.

There seemed to be about twenty men assembled—some were speaking in detached groups, and others smok-

ing and drinking around the hearth, though there was an appearance of intoxication or revelry, but an air of settled and suppressed resolve distinguished the meeting from the general merry makings of the Irish, and invested it with something of a portentous character.

The door was closed immediately upon their entrance, and the fumes of the liquor, and tobacco, mingling with the close air, rendered it almost suffocating.

Fagan came forward, and on seeing Redmond, a livid paleness was upon his visage, but so brief was the passing shade, that before it could be noted an expression of seemingly cordial welcome had succeeded. Redmond observed neither, for their visages were obscured by the smoke, or but transiently shown in the sudden blaze of firelight.

He took an offered seat by the hearth—his neighbour thrust his pipe upon him, and called loudly to the boys to "drink success to his coming." He had not need to repeat the invitation, for their wonted aptitude to it was increased by a design which all understood; meanwhile Fagan had drawn Russell to the furthest corner of the cabin, and held his coat while he spoke.

"Why thin, Mr. Russell, is it to ruin us all entirely that ye bring him down this night afore all others?"

"Nonsense, man! he's as ripe for the sport as any of ye—one plunge and he's in for it."

"Not whin he finds where we're goin', for iv he's changed in other things, he's not in regard to that family."

"Then ply him with drink, and he needn't learn your road till he goes it."

"Bud afther wont he find all out, and thin in his vexation be the ruin of us all, an' of ye'erself first."

Russell paused a space in cold remorseless deliberation, calculating the chances upon either side of the question.

"Fagan," said he, in lower tone "you're a steady decided fellow; this will be a night of confusion; I wish I had left him alone, but since he is come, and you think will preach, afterwards couldn't you put the matter past fear?"

"Why, that's what I'm thinkin'," said Fagan, as all his long suppressed hatred returned with dark prompting, "that's what I'm thinkin'; but ye know, Mister Russell, I've got little more nor fair promises yet; an' a man can't risk sowl and body for nothin'."

"As to the first, I'll give Father Mahony a whisper that will secure it," said Russell, "and what can I do till times come about; when they do, your fortune shall be made as you deserve."

"Well thin, Mister Russell, I'll keep your secret, and do you keep mine; an' afther this night we needn't fear Redmond O'Riley." Russell gave his hand in token of consent, and they mingled among the throng.

The example of all around had incited Redmond to deep libations; nor did the potteen circle less briskly for the entrance of Father Mahony. Russell spoke to him in brief whisper, and he joined the grouse around the hearth, where his presence, as usual, induced a display of low humour, but not for a moment was the suppressed tone of their voices changed, or their latent purpose forgotten.

"Redmond," said the priest, "I always said there was true Roman blood in ye'er vains, an' I'm glad it's showin' at the last. Ye sculkin thief, to go for to lie undher all ye'er wrongs sooner nor strive to mind thim like a man."

"What mindins to be had Fadther? tell me, an' thin, bad fortin to me, iv I'm not the first to start for it," said Redmond fiercely, for his passions all excited and inflamed, aided the effect of the liquor, with which he was unceasingly plied, and thus wrought him to that pitch of ruffian recklessness which his companions wished.

"Redmond, ye'll soon be more than knee deep," said Father Mahony; "but with St. Pether's help ye'll never fare the worse for it; and now, boys," continued he, "I know nothin' of what ye'er on to night; an' why shud I ax till ye'er under my knee, but afraid any of ye'd meet wid harm afore that, I give ye my blessin', an' whole entire absolution for what ever comes across ye atune this and morning-light—mind that boys; however it goes wid ye'er bodies, I'll take gud care o' ye'er sowls, and with the alms an' masses o' Christian charity land thim clean and clever

in the meadows of aase; bud ye don't know what thim is, no more nor the Hottentot country; and how shud ye, ye ragamuffins, there's no Bible tachin saints here to corrupt ye. I'll tell ye, boys, the meadows of aase is where the sowls o' gud Christians walk after been purged with fire in purgatory till it pleases Holy Pether to open the gates o' glory to thim, where no heretic shall ever put his nose, praise be to God. Amin."

The priest stood a pace enjoying the triumphs of erudition, whether or not his admiring auditors received edification, they did not the less securely depend upon his pledge of salvation, and future reward for the transactions which were before them. Pierce Fagan had more reason than the rest to be grateful, for this sweeping absolution, though his priest knew it not.

"Fadther dear, its ye'er self that's always consitherate, an' no doubt we'll deserve the pollution ye've put upon us afore mornin'."

"Well, gud night to ye boys, an' mind my last words to ye is, go home quite an' dacent to ye'er beds. Mither Russell whinever ye chuse to come home, myself 'ill let ye in, just by tappin' at the windy—no need to be risin' the sarvant."

"A little time after the departure of the priest, served to satisfy the party, that the means which they had taken with O'Riley were fully successful. All reason was now swept away in the fierce violence of his passion; they spoke with less restraint, and he echoed back with tenfold vehemence the tones of their desperation. Upon this night all conspired to his ruin; the avidity with which he returned to the fellowship so long relinquished, and the consummate art which had lured him on, step by step, from his recital of sorrow in the lonely cabin, to the dark league which he now joined. As the time wore on, a more anxious expectation crept over the party, the drinking ceased, and save a few, whose wild humour owned no curb, each seemed collected in sober resolve; Russell now told the hour, and rising in some tumult they surrounded Pierce, who, having drawn away the heavy frame upon which his pallet had been placed, knelt in a corner of the dwelling, and

bending over a deep receptacle hollowed out in the earthen floor, handed from thence the pikes at which he had wrought in secret; the handles were concealed separately, but a hammer and nails were at hand to mount them; and as each received his weapon, its workmanship was examined with the utmost "sangfroid." "Do any of ye, boys, know the shoes o' ye'er own bastes," said one taking a pike from Fagan's hand, and bringing it to the fading fire-light, "the last time I sint the mare to Pierce her futtin' was little the better o' his handy-work."

"Whist thin, Tim, or I'll give ye a spicimin won't be placin," said Fagan; "ye can each," continued he, "carry two o' thim, for they're nate and handy, an' we might meet friends wantin' the like."

The distribution was now complete, and having seen the last of the party forth, Pierce locked the door and slipped the key under it. "*To-morrow, then,*" *whispered Russell to him, as he left the party, and taking a field path reached ere long the dwelling of the priest.*

It was scarcely midnight, the moon

Oh slumber mavourneen, the could earth's ye'er bed,
The wind as it sweeps pours its wail o'er ye'er head,
The green grass above ye, is dewy an' chill,
Bud the lone heart that lov'd ye is coulder still.

Oh, slumber mavourneer, ye'er dwellin' is low,
Lost light of the home that is desolate now;
I lov'd ye a maiden—and lov'd ye a bride,
An' I'll love ye mavourneen, till laid by ye'er side.

Oh thin, whin they're layin' my bones in the earth, let it be there; that green spot that the moon shines brighter on, nor all the rest," said he, unconscious to whom, raising the pike upon which he had leaned, and pointing to the spot as if there was a foreboding of coming death upon his mind.

"It's myself shud lie there—oh, boderation to ye, that stipped in every thing atune me and my right, bud land and love, ye see how it throve wid ye," said Fagan, in brutal taunt.

Redmond turned with wild fury—"Is it upbraidin' me wid God's will ye are?" iv there's red blood in yeer vains ye monsther, this handy-work of ye'er own shall let it out an' belie ye'er words."

"Not yet," said Fagan, drawing

shone bright through the fleecy clouds, and all was slumber and peace beneath, when these dark wanderers of the night commenced their eager career. Away across the country, clearing every obstacle in direct, rapid, and silent course. The cold night-breeze, as it passed upon the heated brow of Redmond, could not cool the fever throbbing there, and his panting, respiration, and the unnatural fire of his eye told the fearful dominion of unhallowed passion co-mingling with the madness of inebriation; after some time their route led them by the lonely burial ground before mentioned; close by it a deep dyke intersected their road, which the greater number cleared in one wild leap, but Redmond paused there from his maddened race, and Pierce Fagan remained at his side. They stood upon the top of the bank; and where the wall had fallen in, the clear moon-light was seen upon the graves;—with sudden transition Redmond's mood changed, and with his eye fixed upon one grassy grave, he uttered a wild dirge-like ditty.

back, I'd be loth ye shud lose the pleasure of this night's work; bud after that, I'll folly ye far to come up wid ye afore mornin' light, as Fadder Mahony's forethought gives me rason to do."

Redmond only replied by a scowl of awakened hate, and they hurried onward. Upon reaching their comrades, they found their numbers considerably increased, and still as they proceeded, fresh allies flocked to them; sometimes a single man, summoned forth by their shrill signals, might be seen hurrying across the fields—sometimes two or three came from the shelter of hedge or tree, where they had couched in waiting, till at length when Redmond looked around, he saw himself one of a ruthless multitude. Their

dark policy had concealed from him their direct intent, but a vague memory of sorrow and of wrong—a dark craving for vengeance, and a fierce fatuous impulse urged him onward.—Ere long they made a full halt, and the disorderly concourse assumed a more regular appearance; each breathed from that wild race, and held his weapon with firmer grasp; every thought that could steel the breast of humanity was called forth in that silent interval, and the full aid of such was needed to fit them for the deeds yet to be done. The roofs of a spacious mansion were seen through the trees, and to it each restless eye was turned, as if they waited a signal from thence.

"Whist!" said Pierce Fagan, "who now took the part of leader, "there's the light in the upper story, on wid ye boys—Barney's ready to receive ye."

They were instantly in motion, and gained the mansion, while the sleep of its devoted inmates was yet tranquil and unbroken; light soon appeared within the hall, the fastenings of the door were stealthily withdrawn, as it seemed, with trembling hand, it was partly opened, and a visage of pale treachery appeared.

"Wider, like a dacent boy," cried Pierce, pushing it open; we needn't be any way tinder o' their ears now."

There was a moment of stillness, and then the wild rebel band rushed with dreadful yell upon their victims. We may tell of battles, where man meets man in disciplined array—of individual crime, that stands alone, and presents its circumstantial guilt to our view, but the scene which ensued, mocks recital. The eye that has looked upon its horrors, will shrink from the tamest delineation of it, and those who know it only upon the pages of the chronicler, will find in the most nervous details, but a faint picture of the harrowing reality.

They rushed in, pressing one upon another, as they crowded through the ample hall. Fagan snatched the light from their treacherous ally, whose example some of his fellow domestics followed, and joined the rebel band; whilst the remainder fled on all sides in selfish precipitation. The doors which opened from the hall, were at once burst in—in one apartment the

curtains were drawn, there were books upon the table—a lingering gleam of firelight still illumined the hearth, and all betokened the recent presence of the domestic party.

Finding none on whom to wreak their sanguinary hate, they passed to the wide stairway, pressing upward in dense mass, like the wild sea waves sweeping one over the other in their might. Above, all was in darkness, and even now, the shrieking of helpless terror mingled with their exulting shouts: ere they had reached the first landing-place, a voice, heard amid the clamour, in tones of strong resolve, checked their rushing course. Upon the second landing place, which was high above their heads, a single opponent took his stand, his white vest as he had arisen from his couch, being all that was clearly discerned through the gloom, he held a firelock, leaning over the balustrade, and fixed his steady eye down upon the ruthless crew that filled the lower parts of the mansion, as he repeated,

"Stand back—the first that mounts higher, is a corpse among ye."

There was a silent pause below, the cries of affright were hushed for a moment, there was none found to brave his determination, and in that wide mansion, where late the fierce rush of rebel onset had wrung to the centre, there was not a breath to be heard in the stilly interval upon which their fate seemed to hang. There was closer consultation among the rebels,—those in the lower ranks pressed anxiously upon the foremost, but no step passed the spot where an unseen barrier seemed to restrain them. They looked up as if they would have formed their own resolution upon the shrinking of their solitary opponent, but still his eye was bent upon them, and they seemed subdued and spell-bound beneath its glance. He stood alone there, save the group of shuddering females that clung to him for protection—some in search of concealment, passed to and fro in senseless terror, some had sunk beneath their wild alarm, and remained in stunned and agonized apprehension, and one stood at his side, and vain were his anxious entreaties,—vain the peril of the spot—to banish her from it.

"What's stoppin' ye boys," cried a

young man, rushing out from the lower apartments, and breaking with reckless force through the undecided throng,—“sure isn’t it himself and the ould steward yeer wantin’.

He passed his comrades, but ere he had mounted a second step beyond them, sudden light flashed before their eyes, and he fell back in his gore.

Before the wild cry of vengeance burst forth—before the loud echoes of the shot had pealed through the place, he who was above lifted the lady at his side to a chamber close by the spot where they had stood.

“Isabella, you must not stay—the window is low, fly for God’s sake, there is not a moment’s safety for you here.”

She clung to him in speechless entreaty, but he disengaged himself, and having secured the door, placed himself before it. He was but in time to meet the fierce press of the wild infuriated band. He held a brace of pistols, and already the foremost of the throng, marked by his keen aim, fell, and they passed over him in fiercer vengeance.

Then there were wild cries heard within the chamber, the agony that language cannot unfold, spoke in each thrilling shriek, as in despair’s wild frenzy, she shook the bolted door calling upon his foes for mercy—upon his God for aid. Oh, at that dark moment, had she been at his side—not all the horror that civil broil ever brought had driven her from it, or forbidden her to share his fate, and to shelter him with love.

But vain was each appeal to man or to heaven, and equally vain the last desperate struggles with which he met his fate—all the fiercer were the pike-thrusts that drank his heart’s blood, and he was a torn and trampled thing beneath their feet. A louder shout proclaimed their triumph. Ere its echoing swell had ceased, a young man again thrust his gory pike into the bosom that had scarcely ceased to feel, and leaning his hand upon the top of the handle, looked down upon the bleeding corse.

“Oh thin, ye murtherin’ villyan, havn’t I lave to crow over ye this night—ain’t it my own mother’s son that’s lyin’ upon the stairs, an’ what will I say to the ould woman that follyed three of us to the grave, whin she luks

for her pride an’ darlin’ in mornin’ light, an’ the boy beyant wid ye’er bullet in his brains; what’s his young wife to do wid the fadtherless child she was nursin’ for him. Lord luk upon thim, wife an’ mother, what sort of a hearin’ will it be for thim both.”

“Troth, Mike, purty much the same that our work’ll be to her widthin,” said one of the rebels, striking rudely upon the chamber door, from whence there now came no sound.

His remark touched some of those strange links of sympathy in the rude breast of his comrade, which all feel, but none may analyse—which sway the human heart with deep and resistless impulse, and render it a thing of secrecy and marvel to the wisest of the human race.

Why, thin, what sets us on at all,” said Mike, wiping unwonted moisture from his eye, “an’t we one minute makin’ widdys an’ orphans, an’ the next bewailin’ thim.”

“Let alone that door, Paddy, an’ go on all o’ ye’s wid Fagan, an’ the rest, for iv any wint to harm the cratur widthin, myself ’id take his place to defend her.”

“Why, Mike, an’ what’s comin’ to ye now, to go for to side wid thim that kilt ye’er born brother up beside ye.”

Whist, now,” said Mike, taking his place before the door, “I tuk satisfaction out of him for my own flesh an’ blood; ye all saw me at him afore one touched him else; but we’ll not harm the widdied wife he has left behind him. Lord love ye boys, go, an’ lave me alone.”

“Come on, boys,” said Redmond O’Riley, “he spakes right, an’ this isn’t the time to cross him, whin his brother’s lyin’ bloody afore him, an’ they’re huntin’ high an’ low for the ould Scotch steward; wait till he’s cotched the pitiless negre; that ’id be brakin’ the lasis, and ruinin’ the poor; come on, boys, an’ by the saints in glory we’ll give him his dues.”

Thus diverted to other pursuits, the few that had lingered upon the spot dispersed in various directions through the mansion, which their comrades had already filled with devastation and death. Each part was thrown open, less to plunder than to wanton destruction; all resistance was borne down, and all supplication silenced by ruth-

less butchery; and the rebel throng wandered with triumphant riot through the desert they had made.

Meanwhile, Mike had held his place by the door, and when his comrades were scattered through the place, he opened it, and entered; there was no stir, but near the door he found the object of his search.

The lady had sunk upon the floor, and her arms were still spread forth as in wild appeal, or hopeless agony. He raised her in his arms, and bore her forth, passing over her slaughtered husband, and those that had fallen by his hand; he reached the open door, without meeting any of his comrades, though the sound of their lawless uproar were upon all sides; upon one side of the shaded avenue there was a high sloping bank, and hither the rebel bore his insensate burden; ere long the cold air revived her—she raised her head, and with a cry that might have pierced the dreamless slumber of the grave, found herself supported upon his blood-stained breast, which had marked her garb with kindred traces.

"God luk upon ye, ye poor distracted cratur," said the rebel, as she beat her breast in frantic agony, "do ye know ye'er road to the glabe—ye'll be safe there to-night, at laste."

"Oh, he is murdered—he is murdered," shrieked the lady, struggling from him.

"*He is*," said Mike; bud whin in the bitterness of ye'er heart ye'll kneel to curse thim that did the deed, don't forget that the rebel, wid blood upon his hand, whin he lucked upon his brother dead, an' thought o' the grief of his mother's heart, cud feel for your's; may be its on the gallows ye'll next hear of Mike, wid the halter round his neck, an' the priest at his hand; may be kilt like the boy wid-thin, without a prayer upon his lips, or may be wid his four bones in irons, sent over the sae from the land that

bore him; bud don't forget that he cud lift ye out over the fresh flowin' blood of his own; aye, that's it upon my brogue—for I trod in my brother's heart strame as I lifted ye out."

"Blood! *his* blood," cried the lady, in wilder horror, as breaking from him, she fled along the path he had pointed out. The rebel leaned by the bank till her course might be longer traced, and then, with slower steps, returned to his comrades. He was met by a small party of them returning from the rear of the mansion, where they had been in search of the steward, who had as yet baffled their vigilance.

They again entered the *lower* apartments, and rushed tumultuously through them, ripe for mirth or mischief, as either might offer.

"Come, boys, whose for a bit o' dancin', its not often we've a piania to give us dacint music," exclaimed one whose mirthful propensities appeared in strange contrast with the scenes around him.

Loud acclamations hailed his proposition. "Ye'erself's the supplest leg in company, Tim," said one.

"An its to be axed himself he's wantin', so up wid ye, and give us a jig."

"To be shure thin its a mighty gentale springin' board I've got, iv its not too rough for my nate an' purty brogues," said Tim, vaulting to the top of the instrument; he stood upon its smooth and polished surface, and settling his arms to his sides began to "handle his feet" as he phrased it, with conscious proficiency. While the loud crashing of the strings within increased the delight and applause of the riotous spectators.

"My Lady herself never tuk more dainty music out o' the cratur," said one.

"Why thin I'll give ye better," said Tim, "an' the blessins that goes by contraries to him that wo'nt lift the chorus wid me."

Oh, the tyrant's chains wer' strong, boys,
An' held us a long while,
An' we bore wid reef an' wrong, boys,
In our own green isle.

An' we bore wid reef and wrong, boys,
In our own green isle.

Bud the time is gone an' past, boys,
 For their thrampin' an' their guile,
 An' we'll pay thim at the last, boys,
 In our own green isle.
 An' we'll pay thim at the last, boys,
 In our own green isle.

An' glory an' renown, boys,
 On our holy war shall smile;
 Put the bloody Orange down, boys,
 In our own green isle.
 Put the bloody Orange down, boys,
 In our own green isle.

Each hoarse voice swelled the rude rebel song, and they brandished their weapons with fierce gestures in keeping with the strain, during which the dancer continued his performance, beating time with no gentle tread.

At the conclusion, in acknowledgment of their hearty cheering, he flourished his feet several times successively.

"Iv ye'er sweetheart cud see ye now Tim, it 'id do more for ye nor a month's coortin; but ye'd make a boord spake undher ye'er feet."

"I never stud upon a betther, barrin' the time at my aunt's berrin, that the chapel door was off its hinges."

"Whisht! I blieve slender legs is dancin' as well as myself; any way its tremblin' undther me."

"Throth its 'stand a loney' wid it now; finish your caperin' afore it goes to smash entirely."

"Why thin, Tim Tracy, do ye think it's at ye'er aunt's berrin ye are that ye'er makin a monkey-bank an balloon o' ye'erself?" said one rushing hastily in. "There's Fagan's cotched the ould steward. Ye cud'not guess where the skamin Scotchman had himself hid."

There was an immediate rush from the place upon receiving the intelligence, and Tim resolving not to be left in the rear, leaped from his elevation over the heads of his comrades, falling foul of their informant in his descent.

"Oh murther! an sweet bad luck to ye, ye've broke my head wid ye'er nailed brogue."

"Well, ye'll not lose much out of an empty scull, and shure may be a little sinse 'id find its way in at the fractur," said Tim, hurrying on with his eager comrades.

They reached the upper story, into a small room of which the rest of their party were crowding, while from beneath a bed so low that he could scarcely crawl out, they dragged the steward, whose rapacity and guile had not a little tended to foment the spirit which this night prompted them to such dark excesses.

He was an old man; his countenance at first view impressed the beholder with an idea of benevolence and worth to which his white hair gave a venerable appearance.

"Come out here ye cute ould fox, its not this away ye'd be meetin' us whin ye'd be comin' for ye'er rint and ye'er fees."

"No, nor the day he wint wid his plausible lucks to swear agin poor Tom Farrell for the houghin' o' the cows, we tould him he might die asy, for we'd make his score wid ye even, ye ould flint-hearted Scotchman, wid ice runnin' in ye'er veins, that cum an' wormed ye'erself in to fatten upon our blood an' misery. Boys we'll sthring him up on a three below an' let him cool his heels till mornin'."

The old man fell upon his knees in the midst; he looked around, but each visage revealed darker hate than did its fellow: each reminded him of former oppression and long-suppressed vengeance. His form seemed to shrink in very terror, and every muscle in his furrowed face tended to such expression.

"Noo for the love o' heaven hand ye'er hands fra mair blude. I left a wee laddie in my ain country, dinna bring burnin' shame upon his young cheek for his auld father's endin'."

"Musha our gudwill prosper all o'

ye'er breed : go an' luck at Tom Farrell's five fatherless orphans an' the mother that bore thim ; and thin ax us to relint."

"What wad ye hae had me do?" said the steward, with looks of imploring remonstrance, "when my employer needed my testimony, cud I wi' honesty or discretion hae withheld it?"

"He has got his own for it, an' so 'ill ye'erself. When did any o' ye'er kind come among us but there was a curse wid ye. Troth ye'er cute ; in every spot o' the livin' earth where there's any fortins to be made ye'll meet wid Scotchmie, scrapin' and scrapin' and comin' atane what God sinds an' the mouths that's starvin' for it?"

"I wish to sweet Saint Patrick every mother's son o' thim from Killarney to the bottom o' the North was bindin' his shanks among as dacin' a handful as himself to-night."

"Barney, braw lad, will ye no speak wi' them for me?" said the steward on perceivin' his old compeer amongst the rebel band.

"Troth will I," said Barney, "give him a handlin' boys, and grace be wid ye ; he's fond o' delicate cookin' ; we shud all ate *singed sheep's head and barley broth*, an' Lord knows what pyson, in the sarvant's hall, for the plasin' o' his long Scotch stomach, an' walkin' about wid eyes in the back o' his head spyin' at every one. Get upon ye'er legs mither steward, an' shew us a leetle o' ye'er ways."

"What wad ye noo braw lad?"

"What's this the thievin' black-guard has got so precious?" said he of dancing notoriety, drawing a rolled parchment from the old man's breast ; he stretched his hands after it in agony. "A' I'm worth in the wide world ; a' I hae got thegither for my hairn ; wad ye leave me a beggar in my auld days?"

"Whisht, my darlint, for I'm thinkin' there id be somethin' to the fore iv this same was gone," said Tim, shakin' the steward in iron grasp. From beneath his vest a small parcel fell heavily upon the floor. A kick from Tim's dancing pump revealed its contents, and the hoarded guineas rolled about. Rage impotent and vindictive glared in the old man's visage ; with practised command he restrained each expression of it, and folding his arms upon his breast, remained silent in the throng.

"By my sowl," said Mike, "the

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hoary villyan has wronged more nor us, he desaved upon all hands ; iv it was't for him advisin', there 'id never have been the doins that brought us here to-night."

"But we'll make him pay for all," said Pierce Fagan. "Remember boys, who thracked ye'er feet from the potaty pits, an' the gallis that poor Tom Farrell swung from."

They pressed nearer with fiercer threat, but the old man seemed to feel as much agony in the trampling of his gold as in his personal risk, large tears overflowed his withered cheeks as he spoke, which only increased the triumph of the remorseless miscreants.

"Hand, haud, lads ; in God's name dinna kill the body, and damn the saul, and destroy the substance. I hae been a sinfu' auld man, I grant ye that, sae let me live an' repent."

"That's what ye'er heretic sowl 'ill never find grace to do," said Barney. "Oh boys, iv ye saw wid what a meek luk he'd giv out the hem in the sarvints' hall, 'long mether."

"Faith an we'll make short mether wid him now ; an if he'd see a Christen lavin the house for mass he'd turn his puritan snout as iv he smelt carrin."

"He'd sell his sowl any day in the year for thim yally shiners," said Tim. "Does he think he cud keep thim where he's goin'? they'd melt afore long."

"Thin shure they'd sarve him for bastin' an' it 'id be a pity to separate them," said Fagan, winking upon his comrades, "so iv he'll say his prayers as we direct an' do our biddin, we'll lave him his life an' property widout damage. There ye poor trimblin' cratur, ye may gother thim up, for we wud'nt durty our fingers wid ye'er pilferins."

The old man availed himself of this permission, and stretched along the floor and clutched the scattered gold amid the loud laughter of the throng.

"Now hould the gettin' o' ye'er thrift. Barney machree is'nt that the word wid him ? Hould thim in ye'er two hands, an' lift thim up to heaven, an' say as I bid ye," said Fagan, "an' boys if he falthers ye may make a riddle o' him on the points o' ye'er play-things." With looks of pale affright the old man obeyed, still griping the gold in his lifted hands with clinging avarice.

"Now," continued Fagan, standing beside him, "may the Lord show the same mercy to ye'er sowl that ye showed to the poor whin they wor in ye'er gripe."

The old man shuddered, but the menacing looks of those around warned him of his instant fate, and he stammered out his own condemnation, the throng responding in deep amen.

"Go on," continued his director, "may the boys dale as thrue wid ye this night as ye'erself did wid thim that trusted ye."

"Then ye're gaein' to deceive me after a'," cried the conscience-smitten wretch, shrinking from them.

"Whisht wid ye'er misdoutin," cried Fagan, "or I'll make ye ate this pike-head, so I will."

"Troth an little harder o' digestin 'ud it be, nor his favorite atin," said Barney, "ye wud'nt have known his *staged sheep's head* from a blacky-moor's muzzle drest up afore ye."

"We'll keep our words wid ye, not lay a hand upon ye'er carcase or ye'er gould, but spake quick. May they do as thrue by ye as ye'erself did by others," repeated Pierce.

The old man pronounced the imprecation, and the loud cheering of the rebel band proclaimed their satisfaction.

"Now git up an' sthretch ye'er limbs," said Tim, while Fagan whispered his instructions to some of his comrades, and they departed with tumultuous haste. "Git up an' sthretch ye'er limbs, never need ye bind thim agin in like manner, for the prayers ye've prayed now 'ill sarve you for gud."

The old man arose and stood silently amid the throng, whose jeering threats well testified the impatience with which they awaited the completion of their vengeance.

"Do ye know anything of O'Riley?" asked Pierce, "I don't see Jim among ye."

"Nor myself either," said Tim, "but I'm afeard there's somethin' not right wid him to-night; one minit like the very devil let loose; an' the next wid a woe-begone luk as if he cud'nt keep down what was workin in his heart; anyhow he left his sowl in that woman's grave, an' I miss him this sometime back."

"He's gone," said Fagan, "an' we'd betther be follyin' him—dispersin' I

mane. Holloa, boys, are ye comin' at all? if the cellar was'nt emptied afore I'd know what was keepin' ye now."

A loud reply was shouted from beneath and those that he had before despatched returned to the chamber, carrying a lighted brand and a piece of rope, with a noose resembling a halter at the end. Fagan stretched his hand for it.

"How long is it," said he, addressing the steward, "since you got in place here?"

"A little aboon twenty years last New-year's-day, replied the old man, trembling with fearful anticipations.

"Ye hoary villyan, twenty years defraudin' ye'er masther, an' grindin' the poor," said Fagan, slipping the noose adroitly over his head.

The old man made a wild and desperate struggle; "I hae cursed saul an' body for ye, but I might hae kenned ye weel." "Be quite ye auld timesarvin' knave we'er tratin' ye fair, an' detarmined to keep our words wid ye, but ye must do our biddin', so Tim give him that burnin' fire-brand, an' come now wid the halther round ye'er neck, an' set afire the four corners o' the house that sheltered ye'er wickedness for twenty years. "The out-buildins' is blazin' already, so Pierce hurry him wid his work," said one of the ruthless crew. "We'll make him stip out, I'm thinkin'," said Fagan, taking the end of the rope, and amid the taunts of the exulting throng, that seemed ever ready to goad him on with pikes, he led the steward through the mansion, causing him to fire it in every direction.

"He does'nt luk one-half as well or continted as Tom Farrell did goin' along in the cart; och! but he was'nt the boy to die soft at any rate."

"He does'nt do his pinance wid the best grace, the heartless ould sneck drawer, that id see the bed tuck from undther one widout the laste compunc-ture;—come, show ye'er teeth, ye ould tiger an' wolf, as ye used to do grinnin' an' smilin' whin ye'd be ruinin' some poor cratur."

"Arrah! now boys don't abash him," said Barry. "Hould up ye'er head Mither Steward, an' ye'er sarvant Sir, hould up ye'er head as ye did whin ye swore agin Tom, an put ye'er conscience an' pity in ye'er pocket, for the lucre o' some o' the gould; ye'er

clinchin now, ye informin imposthume, we'll give ye ye'er broth, whether there's barley wid it or not."

"I'll tell ye what boys, it'll be a burn-in' shame iv we lave the same tongue atune his jaws, that he wagged so glib that day; a raspin' cud do it no harm, for a Scotchman's tongue must be rough from the talk comes off it," said Tim, and the plaudits of his comrades, as was usual, hailed his speech.

"No, boys, for the gray hair upon his head we'll lave that alone," said Mike, "an' keep our words even with the likes o' him." To this advice they assented more soberly than to the preceding propositions. The mansion was now fired in several places, and they led the old man to the cellar which had been already completely ransacked, to supply their riotous carousals. A large cyder hogshead stood in the centre—the top had been driven in, and the bung also, so that the last of the liquor was slowly oozing out upon the soaking earth. The old man saw that his fate was inevitable—all supplication as fruitless as resistance had been vain; and he was sullenly passive in their hands. "Put him tidy together like a taylor, boys," said Tim, as they bound him hand and foot and put him down into the hogshead, in the bottom of which he lay as in gathered ball; his head bent between his knees, which were bound tightly to his breast. They showered his cankered gold upon him, and thrust the parchment bond into his teeth. "For feared he'd miss his pipe," said Tim, "an' he looks for all the world like a growling cat wid a bird in its fangs."

Barny rested his chin upon the edge of the hogshead, and looked down with broad grins: "Ye've close lodgings, Misther Steward, bud it's all to ye'er self, an' I hope ye part in friends wid ye'er fellow-servant."

"Off wid ye an' hould ye'er prate," said Fagan, pushing them rudely back; he held a heavy adze in one hand and the top of the hogshead in the other, and looked down with demoniac leer whilst he fitted it to its place—"Ye'll be as snug as a potted herrin', an' I hope baked and barrelled to ye'er satisfaction, since you've a taste in cookin'."

"Shure we're lavin ye life an' substance safe an' sound, an' what more

did we promise; wid ye'er boardins' all about ye, ye can't complain?"

He replaced the end of the hogshead, and two or three heavy blows of the adze grooved it again to its place.

"The poor devil's burried afore he's dead, but it's in a quare shaped coffin."

"The fitter for his carcase," said Fagan, "an' a merry time to him in it. Lend a hand all o' ye's, and set him roullin'."

Each arm was stretched to the task with alacrity; and overturning the hogshead, they clattered their pikes upon the sides as it rolled to the further end of the ample vault.

"There's a little noise in his ears any how," said Tim, "but no better music ever come across any o' his kiped, an' the same luck to their prayin'."

Fagan hurried them impatiently forth, and giving "three cheers for the Scotch Steward," they ascended from the subterranean place which they had made his living tomb, and dispersing in detached parties left behind the scene of their guilty triumph.

Meanwhile the lady had fled through the park, with the wild speed of frenzy and of fear; still the shouts of the exulting victors sounded in her ear, and ere long the light of the blazing dwelling was flung fitfully upon her path. Her strength and intellect seemed alike to fail, and taking refuge in a house which had been for sometime untenanted, she remained there apparently in a total suspension of all faculty or sensation. At this time it was that Redmond separated from the reeking crew all breathless and exhausted, wishing to lose the remnant of reason which he possessed; with maddened brain and wild rolling eye he wandered to the retreat of the wretched fugitive. His presence recalled her terror, and with it her power to fly; she sprung past him with a wild shriek, but the pale moonbeam streaming through the shattered roof fell upon his features, upon which deep red stains were seen in ghastly contrast. She stopped, and drawing nearer looked steadfastly upon him; her form no longer trembled, but its weakness seemed transferred to his when she uttered, in a thrilling tone, "Redmond O'Riley!" Even in that hour of madness and of ruin, he knew her whose kindness he and his had often felt—the truth rushed upon his

soul—the guilt which had brought him thither was developed, and all his delusion banished. He staggered to the hall—his bloody pike dropped at his side, and his straining blood-shot eyes all dry and tearless, remained, fixed upon his former benefactress. She pointed to his pike with low hysteric sob, and then to the kindred stains upon her white dress, “Redmond O’Riley ‘tis my husband’s blood!” she spoke no malediction, but not less withering was the anguish of his awakened spirit, with frenzied cry he rushed from the place, and sped back with the speed of insanity upon the course which he had come, as if he could cast his guilt or his misery behind him. His brain swam as in delirium, and the ground seemed to open in yawning chasm before his dizzy rolling eye; but he staid not till he had reached the lone burial ground; flinging himself over the broken wall, he rushed to a spot where only a green hillock indicated that, what once had life slept insensate below, and threw himself prone upon it.

There was a considerable interval when the stillness of the cemetery was again disturbed by the faint echo of stealthy footsteps; and the form of Pierce Fagan might be seen gliding cautiously among the ruins and across the graves.

He passed on noiselessly till he stood by the side of O’Riley, over whom he raised his pike with measuring arm, but perceiving no token of consciousness, he stirred him with his foot.

“Redmond, Redmond O’Riley, I’ve more promises nor one to quit to-night respectin’ ye; up man till I make all even atune us.”

There was still no stir.

“Hould a bit, there’s no use in killin’ a dead man,” muttered Fagan, bending yet lower over his rival, to whom deadly passion gave sudden impetus, and he sprung with fierce grapple at the throat of Fagan, who rolled over

him in the unlooked-for struggle; they rolled over and over straining against each other with the dark energy of mortal hate. At length Fagan found the strained muscles of his gripping arms relaxing, and Redmond was the uppermost. Just then Pierce stretched forth his arm to the pike that he had dropped at the onset, and dragging it secretly to him, drove it with upward thrust into the breast of his rival. The wound was fatal, passing through the region of the lungs, the pike head forced a passage through the spine: but in vain did he seek to loose the stifling gripe which Redmond fixed upon his throat; he had clenched his hand there and the pangs of dissolution only rendered that grasp more fearfully firm. Pierce was unwounded but he felt himself choking in the pressure of that sinewy hand; his visage grew black and swollen, his eyes started forth, as if pushed from their sockets, and as his mouth opened wide in panting respiration, the warm heart’s blood from the gaping wound above him gushed in a gurgling suffocating tide. He struggled wildly to free himself and heave his foeman off, but the last strength of expiring nature was exerted against him, and he struggled in vain. They died amid their contending efforts; their grim visages distorted by hate, writhing in mortal agony, laid close by each other, and the last sighs of the rivals commingled ere they parted from the quivering lip of death.

The moon-beam had given place to the mists of morn, when they were discovered lying by the grave where the grass was saturated with gore. The visage of Pierce Fagan was all swollen and discoloured, and the cold stiff hand of his antagonist was yet clenched upon his throat.

The countenance of Redmond was livid and expressionless—suffering, and remorse, and passion, lost in the cold inanity of death, left there no token to tell of the spirit’s weal or woe.

TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.*

Of all the impudent productions that have ever been intruded on the patience of the public, we believe that none has ever yet appeared, which if it approximated, has exceeded "*the travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*," from the pen of Mr. Thomas Moore.

When that gentleman confined his lucubrations to the Philosophy of Greece—the Paganism of Persia, or the Profligacy of all the ancient and modern world—nay, when he extended the range of his imagination beyond the circumference of this little globe, to speed the flights of his follies and his loves, even on the wings of angels—however we may have mourned over the wanderings of desecrated genius or perverted talents, still there were paths of literary delinquency into which his footsteps had not seemed to stray—but Moore, in this his last production, has filled up the measure of his iniquities as an author. He spent the talent of his youth in effusions calculated to debauch and to destroy the human soul; and now he has employed the labours of his declining years in attempting to pour the poison of infidelity and superstition, into the only fountain of mercy, that heaven has given to redeem and save it—for it shall clearly appear in the examination of his work, that whatever religion he may have gone in search of, it is not that which God has revealed to man in his Sacred Word, but that the whole intent and effect of his book is to press into his service all the powers of Infidelity and Superstition, to decry and to put down that Sacred Truth which is the object, alike, of abhorrence and terror to them both.

As to the former productions of Mr. Moore, (while we shall have occasion to advert to them in the course of our observations on the work before us, as

throwing not a little light on the genius of that superstition which he has so unintentionally but so effectively exhibited), we think it of high importance to consider them in a general point of view, in reference to the author himself as coming forward now, in the character of a theologian and a censor, to hold up before the nation the authoritative demands of his own religion on their obedience and subjection, and to consign most deliberately and systematically, to damnation, as he does all those who refuse to submit their understandings and consciences to his dictation.

When such startling demands and denunciations are announced, we naturally ask—"who is this author?—what is his religion?—on what authority does he come forward?—what are his claims on our attention?—what propagator of a new religion, or what vindicator of an old one is this, who rises *ex cathedra* before the public, and demands a nation's ears, if not with the inspiration, at least with the assumed authority of an Apostle? When such questions as these are asked, in reference to Mr. Moore, it would be considered, perhaps, invidious to propose them either to a stern moralist, to a severe divine, or even to a political opponent of that gentleman—but surely he will have no reason to be displeased with us, if we derive our answer from an authority, not remarkable either for the severity of his morals, or the rigidity of his theology, and so far from a political opponent, a fellow-labourer with our author, in the most fertile fields of agitation and sedition, and, moreover, a most devoted admirer and panegyrist of his talents, as a patriot and a poet. From this partial judge of our author, we extract the following quotations, as furnishing a fair reply to our questions :

He op'd his mouth and honied sweets flew forth,
Gums of Arabia trickled from his tongue,
And on his lips Eolian accents hung. OLD PLAY.

* Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, with Notes. By the Editor of "Captain Rock's Memoirs." 2 Vols, small 8vo. London: 1833.

"All hail, thou veriest disciple in the namby pamby temple of the Muses! Thou worshipper at the tessellated shrine of happy conceits and sugar plums. Thou explorer of the empyreum of unholy bliss—thou high priest in the sensual temple of the Cyprian Queen—thou wholesale manufacturer of luxurious couplets—thou inexhaustible fund of kisses, glances, squeezings, cupids and darts—thou commentator on the vocabulary of love—thou 'wizard of the Teian lyre'—thou organizer of systematic match-making—thou master of the lights and shadows of love—thou prism of poetry, taking thy colours from all the rich and beautiful things in nature—thou spiteful unveiler of fashionable follies—thou prince of the boudoir—thou elegant sympathizer with maidens in their teens—thou monarch of all that is lovely, adorable, luxurious and delightful—Hail!"

This devoted admirer of Mr. Moore, proceeds to give us a sketch of his productions, and we should wrong his friendship and admiration, were we not to give it in his own language.

"Our subject commenced authorship as perpetrator of certain delectable trifles, under the name of Thomas Little, an assumption, we believe, arising out of a pun passed upon him by some of his college associates.—At the same time that we fault these poems in a moral view, it is impossible to deny that they contain many strokes of happy gallantry, and many indications of the author's peculiar powers. *Virtue, modesty, and morality, uplift their voices against these luxurious effusions*; yet so charmingly are they written, that the offended Muses, while they vindicate their chastity from the insult thus offered to it, cannot refuse a portion of Apollo's bays, and ultimately a cheering smile dissipates the angry frown, as they bid their favourite 'go and sin no more.'"

He then gives the following account of the celebrated translation of Anacreon.

"He has struck upon a mine which tests admirably with his own vein of inspiration; and he secretly chuckles at providing further food for the vitiated imaginations of those remnants of immorality whose enervated passi-

ons glow supinely at his eloquent and furtive reminiscences. How far virtue and morality are injured by such publications it is not necessary to enquire, but with the following proposition I believe the majority of well organized minds will agree.—*Vice open and exposed displaying its most hideous contortions, carries on its front the talisman of salvation, we are disgusted with its horrors, and by them we are warned from its effects; but how sadly different is it with that elegant libertinism of which Mr. Moore was the eloquent and redoubtable champion—it is the serpent under the flower—it comes around us in seductive shapes of beauty—its intoxicating charms seize upon our feelings—the magic of its luxuriance makes slaves of our sympathies, and ere we are aware that the painted chalice which it commends to our lips contains the worst of poisons, we are led captive by its pleasing allurements and prostrated to its profligate influence. As an illustration of the foregoing, I may en passant quote the following from his Anacreon: 'The picture here has all the delicate character of the *semireducta Venus*; and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing, but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment.' This is the very essence of that refined delicacy and voluptuous sentiment in which the French Romanciers excel, mingling the indelicacy of Voiture with the elegance of St. Evremond."*

There are occasions on which the sentiments of moral truth and justice come home with a force and power to the heart greater than ever the authority of an apostle could confer, and that is when they are extorted from the very lips of vice—the application of this principle could not be more signally illustrated, than by the fact, that these reflections upon Moore are taken from the *Editor of the Comet*, in the Number of Feb. 24th, 1833—perhaps at that very moment, Moore had just returned from his "Travels," and I believe it will be granted on this evidence of his admirer and his friend, that no little gentleman ever set out on an expedition in quest of a religion, who appeared more deplorably in want of that commodity.

The latter effusions of this writer

may not seem to have violated so grossly the rules of morality, but no man will pretend to say that they have indicated any progress in the acquisition of religion, and in our judgment, the latest and most popular of his productions in prose, before he favoured the world with this edition of his "*Travels*" is scarcely less objectionable, in a religious and moral point of view, than the earliest exhibitions of his licentiousness in poetry—we allude to his *Life of Lord Byron*.

Feeling in common with the public of the United Kingdom, an interest in the remains of an author of the splendid genius of Lord Byron, we can make every allowance for the curiosity that would enquire into the most minute details of his private feelings and domestic life—but we can make little for the book-making cupidity which would convince them, at the expense of betraying all the unsuspecting confidence of a departed and unfortunate friend.

A warm admiration of his poetical, musical, and convivial talents, had given to Moore the unreserved and thoughtless friendship of Lord Byron, and in the fullness of his heart, he flung his thoughts, his feelings, and his adventures, just as they occurred to him, into the letters transmitted to his friend. Little did he dream, that instead of being committed to the flames, they were to be treasured up with all the treachery of an avaricious authorship, to rise in judgment against his memory—little did he imagine that ere his ashes were cold in the grave, the follies and the profligacies of the husband and the father, were to inflict, from the pen of his friend, innumerable pangs upon the bosom of the wife, the mother, and the daughter, while the pressure on his memory and on their hearts was to be counterpoised by the price of two ponderous quartos, paid into the pocket of his friend and biographer! True friendship would have wept—religion would have drawn a veil over countless pages of their contents—but the tears of Popish friendship are easily exhaled in the purlieus of Paternoster-row and Ave Maria-lane, and as to religion, Tommy, perhaps, had only then set out upon his travels in quest of it.

The letters which he has published, as addressed by Lord Byron to himself, furnish no very difficult clue to

the tenor of his own correspondence in reply, and both afford a useful, but melancholy comment on the practical effects of Infidelity and Superstition in these two poets. In his early productions, Moore afforded a painful specimen of the one, in the theoretical profligacy of his own mind, and in this publication he has given a lamentable exhibition of the other, in the reduction of his theory to practice by his friend.

These are the characteristic pretensions of an author, who now presents himself to the public as the grave, the learned, the inflexible vindicator of a religion; and it must, no doubt, afford considerable weight to the denunciations which he heaps, without regard to creeds, principles, or morals, on all who do not submit to the religion which he recommends; that it is the very same which has produced such a precious specimen of its instruction as the author, being that in which he has been most strictly educated himself, and which he now professes to have brought home from his travels, laden with all the spoils of antiquity to enlighten and regenerate the world.

The plan of his book is simply as follows:

He sets out with representing himself as having been most anxious to become a Protestant, from a motive to which he attempts to give an interest, by concealing it until the commencement of his second volume. This motive turns out to be that an elderly maiden-lady, who had a presentation to a rich living in her power, fell in love with the little gentleman, and contrived to cultivate his affection, under the pretext of endeavouring to convert him; this furnishes him with a happy opportunity of turning into ridicule the efforts of ladies to convey scriptural instruction, which he accomplishes through the medium of two very witty alliterations, namely, "*Scene in a Shrubbery*," and "*Cupid and Calvin*," together with as blasphemous a string of quotations from the Scriptures, as any champion of Popery and profligacy could desire; the ambition of possessing the old lady and the fat living induces him to set out, as he calls it, on his "travels in search of the Protestant religion," that he might, if possible, reconcile it to his conscience to embrace

both it and its appendages. Accordingly he sets out to travel through the Fathers of the first four centuries to search for this desirable object; but in searching for Protestantism, the disconsolate traveller finds nothing but Popery—genuine Popery—pure as it is to be found in the attic story of Braganza House, where the apostolic J. K. L. nightly retires to repeat his offices, so that as the author himself so happily expresses it, “if St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and a few more such flow-ers of the churches had been able to borrow the magic nightcaps of their contemporaries the seven sleepers, and were now, after a nap of about fifteen centuries, just opening their eyes in the town of Carlow, they would find in the person of Dr. Doyle, the learned bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, not only an Irishman whose acquaintance even *they* might be proud to make, but a fellow-Catholic, every iota of whose creed would be found to correspond exactly with their own.”—Vol. 1, p. 71.

This is excellent; we suppose it was St. Basil who praised the poor man for putting the Bible into the fire with a pair of tongs, lest they might be polluted with the touch, and St. Ambrose who circulated a paper among them, sent from the apostolic successor, in the chair of the St. Peter of his day, in which he informed them that the Bible was “*the Gospel of the Devil!*”—(See letters of J. K. L., and the Pope’s Encyclical letter of 1825.)

Having searched in vain for Protestantism among the Fathers, our traveller comes to the prudent resolution of making an excursion in quest of his qualification for the lady and the living in another direction; accordingly he sets out into the land of heresy, and traversing its population throughout all its length and breadth, from Simon Magus to Sherlock, from the inhabitants of Capernaum, (who, he informs us, were the first to question the doctrine of transubstantiation) to us poor devils by anticipation, and the Protestants of Anno Domini 1833, as he had satisfactorily ascertained that nothing but Popery was to be found among the Fathers, so he has brought home from his travels the equally satisfactory intelligence that nothing but pure Protestantism was to be discovered among the heretics, who were

the only knaves among the ancients at all addicted to the pernicious custom of reading the Bible, and maintaining that abominable principle, that man is to dare to apply his understanding to that Pantheon Phusitecnicon of evils, *the word of his Creator!*—Accordingly, Tommy, having introduced St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and a few more saints to that sweet-souled kindred spirit, Dr. Doyle, seizes upon Simon Magus, the Doceta, the Ebionites, the Marcionites, and countless other multitudes of heretics whom he brings home in triumph as prisoners of war, and having tied these fellows neck and heels, along with those Bible-disseminating, church-subverting, heretic-making traitors, Lords Roden, Lorton, and Farnham, together with all the Bishops, Rectors, Curates, and their congregations of the Established Church, he consigns them all as coolly to perdition as Nebuchadnezzar ordered his mightiest soldiers to cast the three children bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Tommy not only discovers, but absolutely extinguishes the heretics—he only calls himself a traveller, because modesty forbids that he should designate himself a hero; but having completed alike his travels and his conquests, the reader, no doubt, will anticipate the catastrophe, viz. that Tommy could not reconcile it to his conscience to turn Protestant, but piously preferring penance and purgatory to the lady and the living, he ascends into the true church, which he donominates the ark, and sails away triumphantly to Heaven, and runs down bibles, ladies, livings, churches, kings, bishops, Lords, Commons, and all sorts, sizes, ranks, ages, sexes, and denominations of heretics, from the aforesaid Simon Magus, to the aforesaid Lord Farnham, with as little ceremony as a first-rate man-of-war runs over a dead frog, and while he and the ark ride on through heretics, holy-water, and purgatory, foes, billows, and flames, to eternal glory, he leaves us all to sink as we deserve into the bottomless abyss of everlasting ruin. Even at the close of Vol. 1, he cries, “enough has been said to show what fantastic gambols the various and ever-teeming stream of heresy have, at all times, played around the venerable ark of the church, in her majestic navigation through the great

deep of ages. While in vain attempting to sully or perplex her path, "shoal after shoal, of these monsters, have descended into darkness, leaving the one bright buoyant refuge of the faithful to pursue unharmed, to the end of time, her saving way."—Vol. 1, p. 299. If the reader can conceive the author coming to this conclusion, through a tedious, partial, and as we hope at another time to prove, absurd, inapplicable tissue of quotations from the Fathers—a disgusting and often blasphemous detail of stupid, most absurd, and unnatural heresies, with a continued effort to identify the former with Popery, and the latter with Protestantism, without proof of either; if he can conceive a series of perversions of one passage of Scripture, which he attempts to quote in his own favour, and impious abuses of many, when he ridicules it as quoted against him—if he can conceive all the actual faults and sins of the reformers, (and as poor frail sinners, of course, they had many) exaggerated and distorted with the most sedulous malignity, while all the lies that ever were told of them are selected and retailed; if he can conceive the violent superstitions of Popery, palliated and softened, or totally denied, or impudently vindicated, and this got up with no small care and diligence from every commonplace book of popery, and every little pamphlet and review, that the activity of a mind busied in mischief could get at, and all this for one sole purpose, to put down and trample on the Gospel of Christ, and by all the sophistries of Popery, the perversions of heresy, and the sneers of infidelity, to bring contempt on the authenticity of the bible, the reading of the bible, and the doctrines of the bible; if the reader can conceive all this, malignantly worked up into that stupid attempt of a story, of which we have just given a sketch, then he may imagine the value of "*The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion, with Notes, by the editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs.*"—With all this we pronounce this work of Thomas Moore, (and we trust to prove it a most valuable acquisition to the theology of the

day)—a valuable acquisition to the Roman Catholics, and a no less valuable acquisition to the Protestants of Ireland. The more that Popery steps forth into the light of day—the more conspicuously she exhibits herself to the public gaze, the more shall we detect the abominations of that accursed superstition, and prove her to be the enemy of the human race in time and in eternity.

We rejoice that Moore has undertaken to defend her; we have caught a hold of Tommy, and we shall not let him go till we make him tell out the iniquities of his mother, the church; he has proved himself a most admirable witness; we give him all imaginable credit for the dutiful anxiety with which he has concocted his *direct evidence*—but since we have him on the table, we shall take the liberty of making him submit to a *cross-examination*.

And first, we would call the public attention to the felicitous character under which he has commenced his dedication:—"The Editor of the *Memoirs of Captain Rock.*" This is that well known title, under which the vast mass of nocturnal crimes, that have disgraced and ruined this unfortunate country, have been perpetrated—the rights of property, even to the possession of the poorest cabin, ferociously invaded—individuals treated with savage barbarity—numbers put to the most cruel deaths—houses burned, and their inmates, men, women, and children, consumed; in short, crimes in every shape, at which humanity shudders, perpetrated without measure, mercy, or remorse. Moore sits down to write the memoirs of Captain Rock, in which he vindicates and excuses this fictitious personage, and attributes all these crimes to the just vengeance of Popery, for the existence of the Protestant religion in Ireland. One single sentiment, taken from this volume—a sentiment not the less sincere because expressed in poetry, and so congenial to Popery, that it was quoted by a Popish member of the House of Commons, since the church bill was brought in, will give within its short compass an epitome of the volume—

"So long as Popish spade and scythe,
Shall dig and cut the Sassenach's tythe,

And Popish purses pay the tolls,
On Heaven's road for Sassenach's souls,
So long the merry reign shall be,
Of Captain Rock and his family."

In plain honest prose, while the established religion continues to exist in Ireland, Popish treachery and Popish crime shall never cease. Moore knows them best if they be libelled, Tommy is the delinquent. But how grateful this vindication of Captain Rock's exploits must be to their feelings, may be well known by the fact, that from all his various productions, Moore selects the authorship of this as the most pleasing and appropriate title under which he can now address them, when he steps forward to vindicate and defend their religion.

Paddy loves his national music, and Moore might have called himself the poet and the harmonizer of these beautiful strains. Paddy delights in sedition under the government of Protestant England, and Moore might have recommended himself as the biographer and panegyrist of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but no—sweeter than any music to the ear of Popery—dearer

than even the sound of sedition itself, (so long as it cannot hope to prosper) is the regular systematic midnight march of crime, of depredation, and of murder; deeds of darkness, treachery, and blood—these are the congenial elements of popery, and never was there a more appropriate and grateful title bestowed on the defender and vindicator of their religion than Moore has selected, in subscribing himself as the apologist of their atrocities and crimes.

And O! what a picture does it present—what a just and appropriate association of the crimes which have rent and ruined this miserable country, with the superstition which has degraded and debased it—crimes, from the bare recital of which humanity recoils—superstition from which Christianity revolts—when this is prefixed as an acceptable dedication to Roman Catholics.

To the people of Ireland,
This defence
of their
Ancient national Faith
is inscribed,
By their devoted servant,
The Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs.

And whether we consider Moore himself as the author of Little's poems, the betrayer of his unfortunate friend Lord Byron's confidential correspondence—the Biographer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—the Vindicator of Captain Rock, or now the grave, elaborate, inveterate, but stupid Defender of the superstitious of the Church of Rome. Let it stand as a useful and most important lesson to the Protestants of the United Empire—to the Statesman—the Moralist—the Philosopher, and the Christian. Let it come forth and appeal as a startling fact to all sober-minded Roman Catholics who are open to conviction of the plainest truth.

That the most revolting specimens

of profligacy and impiety that can corrupt the human mind—the most traitorous appeals to the seditious feelings and passions of a nation—the most abominable vindications of midnight crimes, of plunder and assassination, can all co-exist in the same mind and come forth from the same pen with a grave elaborate defence of the Religion of the Church of Rome. There are the morals, let even the *Comet* pronounce on them; there are the politics, let Captain Rock or the whitefeet prove them; here is the religion, let us seek it in the *Travels of this celebrated Irish Gentleman*.

There is another point in this Dedication worthy of notice—

"To the People of Ireland,
This defence
Of their ancient national Faith!"

Here we have O'Connell out-O'Connellled. He allows that there are a few poor Protestants out of the millions. But Moore does not allow that there is such a thing worth even mentioning. Who are the people of Ireland? "The Catholics—professors of the ancient national faith," saith Tommy. Are there no Protestants? O, none worth speaking of; the Catholics alone are the people of Ireland." We just point this out as a specimen of the impudence and falsehood that characterises this work throughout.

We shall use these inestimable volumes for the especial purpose of holding up Popery to public view. The points of superstition which they attempt to defend we shall notice in a future number if we are spared to do so. But there is one other subject developed in them connected with their author, with which we shall conclude at present, and which we are unable to look at without the deepest abhorrence and disgust, and that is the melancholy exhibition which they give of the unchanged character of Popish bigotry and intolerance, joined with the most insidious and revolting display of Jesuitical treachery and deceit.

To enter into this subject we must advert to former times, when it was the interest of Popery to persuade the Protestants of the Empire, that their religion had become so mild and so tolerant that it was cruel to exclude them from a share in the administration of the laws. This was the universal cry of the advocates of Popish emancipation. It was argued that it was unjust in the extreme to impute to men principles that they disowned—that it was hard to hold the present generation accountable for the sentiments of their ancestors—to suppose them governed by motives which influenced men in the 13th century—it was worse than the intolerance which you imputed to them—it was the worst species of per-

secution to charge them and visit them with the consequences of an intolerance which they abjured—that the doctrine that all men were to be damned who would not submit to the authority of the Church of Rome, was totally unknown among Roman Catholics of this day, and that, in fact, all educated Roman Catholics laughed at these antiquated superstitions. Hence arose all the bitter invectives against the bigoted opponents of emancipation; hence the well-known charge of their reading *history like an old almanack*, and hence, in short, the ground which Popery so gained in public opinion as finally to carry the question of emancipation.

Now, during the long struggle for this concession the whole aim of Roman Catholics was to prove by every indirect and plausible argument, and where it could be safely done by every direct assurance, declaration, and oath, that their opinions and sentiments as to intolerance, were totally changed—hence Dr. Doyle's letters to Lord Liverpool—hence that Jesuit's protestations as to his oaths—hence his suggestions on oath as to how tithes might be more easily collected—hence his oath as to Church property, that he would never attempt to disturb it, on which his subsequent conduct has been an admirable comment.—It is enough.

"Crimine ab uno

Disce omnes."

Now of all the Roman Catholics who laboured to produce this impression on the public mind, the first and foremost was Thomas Moore.

Was Popery and all its superstitions to be ridiculed? Tommy Moore mounted on his Pegasus, and rode roughshod over them. Take this specimen—not intended for the Boudoir, but written, published, and sung, if we mistake not, by the little heretical Anacreon himself, at the Kilkenny theatricals:—

Poh, Dermot, go long with your goster,
You might as well pray at a jig, honey,
Teach an old cow pater noster,
Or whistle Mol Roe to a pig, honey, &c.

Anything else I can do for you,
Kead mille falthagh and welcome;
Put up an ave or two for you,
Fear'd that you'd ever to hell come.

*If you confess you're a rogue,
I'll just turn a deaf ear and not care for't,
Did you put peas in your brogue,
But just tip you a hint to go barefoot.*

*If you've the whiskey in play,
To oblige you I'll come take a smack of it,
Stay wid you all night and day,
Aye, and twenty-four hours to the back of it.
Och, whiskey's a Papist, God save it,
The beads are upon it completely,
But I think, before ever we'd leave it
We'd make it a heretic neatly.*

Poh, Dermot, &c.

Now if this had been written by a Protestant even at that day, it would have been quoted, and justly, as a specimen of indecent ribaldry and profane scoffing at a religion, which, however false, ought not to be ridiculed anywhere, much less on the stage. But here we have a Papist himself turning confession—prayers to the Virgin—penance—beads and purgatory, all into the grossest ridicule, and that in the most indecent manner, in the character of a drunken Priest, upon the public stage.

There was something more behind the scenes in this farce—some other besides stage effect to be produced. It was important to show on good authority that the superstitions of Popery had lost their influence upon the human mind in Ireland. What could possibly be more effective than this?

We shall now shift the scene. It changes to a drawing-room, and Tommy is discovered with the dress and paunch of the drunken Friar laid

aside, in that attitude in which certainly he is seductive, accomplished, and delightful—in which had his strains been as refined in principle as in poetry, and had he never strayed from his sphere into that of the profligate libertine—the seditious politician—or the superstitious polemic, he had been an ornament to the annals of genius and music, we mean sitting at his piano forte, and singing some of his own poetry to the beautiful melodies of his country. But even in these we trace sometimes the bacchinal, sometimes the profligate, sometimes the fiery demagogue, and now, we lament to add, sometimes the arch hypocrite and traitor, pretending a liberality which it now too plainly appears was put on, only to deceive. Are the superstitions of Popery, her doctrines of exclusive salvation to be scouted from the festal halls of liberal Ireland—let Tommy now begin his song, and who can banish them like he?

Come send round the wine and leave points of belief,
To simpletons, sages, and reasoning fools,
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be withered and stained with the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the laws and the slaves who would try
Truth, valour, and love, by a standard like this.

Shall he repress the union of sympathies and feelings between Protestants and Roman Catholics as the one most ardent wish of his patriotic soul

for his country? Shall he breathe charity and liberality in the most bewitching strains and sweetest melody?

Then let him begin that sweetest of all Irish melodies, "Aileen Aroon," with his own words—

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes, &c.

Second verse.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease ;
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
Till like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace.

Let any human being even read these lines, much less hear the sweet and gentle strain in which they are breathed as the author sings them, and who would dare to say, if Moore was to be taken as the standard of Popish charity and Popish feeling, that we might not as well assert of Popery as of science, that it had not partaken of the march of intellect, and that it remained stationary since the 13th century.

Let us now shift the scene again. Shut up the piano forte—leave the drawing-room, and behold Tommy Moore seated in his study, writhing under his wrongs, and writing as the honest and indignant advocate of liberty.

Let us imagine him now having just composed his poems and their notes of "corruption" and "intolerance," filled with denunciations against Mr. Percival, Dr. Duigenan, and Lord Castlereagh, and with protestations of the cruel injustice done to Roman Catholics, which gave a seeming sanction not only of truth but of dignity to the complaints which he uttered. See first the beautiful picture of toleration, of charity, and of religion, which the poet draws, abjuring the exploded doctrine of damning all heretics, and confining salvation to Rome.—See the creed of Popery :—

" His creed is writ on mercy's page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning love ;
He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
And he, while round him *sects and nations raise*,
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er that tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony."

Moore's Poem on Intolerance.

What wonder that on such liberal poetry, breathing such refined *regenerated Christian Popery*, we should find the following note. Speaking of Roman Catholics renouncing their Councils and old principles of intolerance—

" When the Catholics made these declarations (and they are almost weary with making them)—when they show, too, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere, and that *their faith and morals are no more regulated by the absurd decrees of old councils and Popes than their science is influenced by the Papal anathema* against that Irishman who first found the antipodes, is it not strange

" that so many wilfully distrust what every good man is so interested in believing?—That so many *should prefer the dark lantern of the 13th century, to the sunshine of intellect which has since spread over the world*, and that every dabbler in theology from Mr. Le Mesurier down to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare to oppose the rubric of Constance and Latern to the bright triumphant progress of justice, generosity, and truth."—Notes on Intolerance.

Here is Popery expanding her charitable arms to embrace all sects and nations who worship the true God, and

" Blessing each voice whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony."

Here are the decrees of her old Popes and councils rejected as "*absurd*;" here are Constance and Lateran trodden under foot; here is an appeal—of candour—of sensibility—of injured honour, and truth, and charity, to the confidence, to the principle, to the feeling of every Protestant; and if ever there was a man, in whose breast science, and literature, and a cordial, and generous reception from Protestants could have extinguished the fires of Popish superstition, that man was Thomas Moore;—the cultivated—the classical—the literary—the convivial—the refined—the witty companion—the constant associate of the nobles—of the literati of the day—the universal appendage at the table, the drawing-room, and the boudoir—telling his stories—singing his songs—the very beau ideal of literature—of anecdote—of poetry—of music. Surely, if Popery and its superstitions, retain their influence over the mind of such a man as this,—if not only so, but they can make him such a Jesuit as to renounce them all to gain an end, and then to re-assert and vindicate them, when he has attained it: if they can make him so to play his part into ridicule, so to disclaim them that he would have been selected from all the nations as the purest specimen of the improvement and amelioration of his religion, and that after all he can turn about and exhibit himself as the asserted vindicator and defender of all Popish superstitions, not only back to the 13th century, but through every century back to Ananias and Sapphira. If he and *Dr. Doyle*, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland were such sycophants, and turn out such traitors,—then Popery shall be exhibited in its influence, and its effects, its falsehood, its treachery, its servility, and its superstition, as the very vilest effusion of Satan, that ever issued from the talents of that demon. Now, what does Moore's present publication exhibit? That every word he ever wrote and professed at that time upon the subject, was the acting, the fawning, and the treachery of a Jesuit; and that if he had written, and spoken, and sung

as he felt, instead of such specimens of his liberality as we have quoted, his voice had only been tuned to bear a part among the chorus of the holy Fathers, who concluded the Council of Trent. The Cardinal who filled the chair gave out the strain, and all the Fathers re-echoed it thus—
Cardinal—"Damnation to all heretics."
Fathers respond—"Damnation—damnation"

These were the last worthy words of a worthy council. Now, what says Moore—the liberal Tommy Moore? He quotes Hilary against the Arians, and by a juggle worthy of a Jesuit, adopts this writer's denunciations against those infidel heretics, and founds on it the following assumption for the Church of Rome against us poor Protestants:

"Having from the earliest times of the faith such examples to warn them, and adhering firmly to the principle of *oneness* enjoined by Christ himself, the heads of the church continued to act invariably upon the system, of requiring all within the fold to follow the one shepherd, and if any resisted or dissented, cast them forth from the flock. To this exclusion *no less awful a penalty was attached than the forfeiture of eternal salvation. How ever stern and tremendous such a decree must appear, they who had been taught that there was but 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' and who held therefore that he who was not in the ark must perish by the deluge, could not with any sincerity pronounce a more lenient sentence.*"—Vol. I. pp. 194, 195.

And in the same page, in a note, he quotes, with a similar juggling application in favour of Popery and against Protestants the synodal epistle of the council of Zerta, drawn up by St. Augustin against the Donatists:—

"Whoever is separated from this Catholic Church, however innocently he may think he lives, for this crime alone, that he is separated from the unity of Christ, will not have life, but the anger of God remains upon him."

Here is the sweet festive Anacreon, that sits down at the convivial board and sings—

"Come send round the wine and leave points of belief,"

here is the gentle Orpheusculus of the ladies, who sits down so softly to his

piano, and sings so sentimentally of religious harmony—

"Till like the rainbow's light
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace."

Here is the witty little Comus of the stage, who personifies the drunken friar to laugh at the superstitions of Popery, when it is the interest of Popery to play the sycophant and the liberal.

Here is the enlightened patriot—the pink of the march of intellect of the 19th century, who scoffs at "the absurd decrees of old councils and popes," and sends Constance and Lateran to the tomb of all the Capulets, when their dogmas and infernal decrees might impede Popish emancipation. But then, when Popery has gained her object—then, when it is her time no longer to fawn and to impose—when she has grasped her power, and thinks it is the juncture to use it—when she imagines she can arise and assert her intolerant authority, and trample on the Bible, her eternal foe, and on the intellect, the reason, the conscience, the Christianity of the land, then this little Jesuit stands forward and flings off the mask—the convivial lyre of Anacreon—the soothing lute of Orpheus—the paunch of the friar—the liberality of the patriot are all forgotten, and in the plenitude of Popish anathematization he pronounces the doom of perdition on us all; he tells us, "*however stern and tremendous the decree*," no Catholic "*could write with any sincerity and pronounce a more lenient sentence*,"—(a sen-

tence then not less severe against his own former sincerity than against our souls.) No matter what may be the purity of our principles—no matter what "*the innocence of our lives, for this crime alone that we are separated from the dominion of the Church*," eternal damnation is our only portion. We are "*the spawn of Henry, in vain attempting to sully and perplex the path of the church, shoal after shoal of us monsters*" have descended into the abyss of perdition, while the church, the ark, "*the one bright buoyant refuge of the faithful, pursues unharmed to the end of time her saving way*."

He may say, indeed, of his own works, like a brother lyrist of old—

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*,"

and while his works remain he shall stand upon the pedestal which he has himself erected—a melancholy monument of the blindness of the devotee, the bigotry of the monk, the treachery of the Jesuit, and the malignity of the Inquisitor.

Again we say, while we lament the individual, we rejoice over the production. It is a finished specimen of the most finished and most abominable superstition on this earth—

POPERY!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE,

DUBLIN.

COLLEGE COURSE FOR 1834.

ENTRANCE.—*Greek.* First 8 Books of Homer's Iliad.—Walker's Lucian.—Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles.—First 3 Books of Xenophon's Cyropaedia.

Latin.—Sallust.—Horace.—First 6 Books of the Æneid, and 1, 4, 9, Eclogues of Virgil.—The Andrian and Heautontimoroumenos of Terence. 3, 10, 13, 14, Satires of Juvenal, and First 3 Books of Livy.

TERM EXAMINATIONS OF THE YEAR 1834.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.—1st. Exam. Elrington's Euclid, 1st and 2d Books.—Homer's Iliad, Books 9, 10, 11. *Additional for Honors, Books 12, 13, 14.*—Virgil's Æneid, Books 7, 8, 9. *(Additional for Honors, Books 10, 11, 12.)*

2d Exam.—Elrington's Euclid, 3d Book, definitions of the 5th Book and the 6th Book, omitting Propositions 27, 28, 29.—Homer's Iliad, Books, 18, 23, 24. *(For Honors, the last 7 Books.)*—Virgil's Georgics, Books 1 and 4. *(For Honors, the 4 Books.)*

3d Exam.—Compendium of Algebra and Simpson's Trigonometry, to the end of the solution of Plane Triangles. *(Additional for Prizemen, First 31 Sections of Analytic Geometry, and Spherical Trigonometry, to the end of Neper's Rules.)*—Odyssey, Books 8th, 9th, 10th. *(Additional for Prize-men, Books 1st 11th, 12th.)*—Ovid's Fasti, First 3 Books. *(The 6 Books for Prizemen.)*

SENIOR FRESHMEN.—1st. Exam.—Elrington's Euclid, definitions of the 5th Book, and the 6th Book, omitting Propositions 27, 28, 29. Euripides Hecuba. *(Additional for Honors, the Medea.)*—Ovid's Fasti, First 3 Books. *(For Honors, the 6 Books.)*

2d Exam.—Locke, from the 21st Chapter of 2d Book to the end of 4th Book, omitting Chapters 30th and 32d of 2d Book, and 6th Chapter of 3d Book.—Sophocles Œdipus Tyrannus. *(Additional for Honors, Œdipus Coloneus.)*—Virgil's Georgics, Books 1st and 4th. *(For Honors, the 4 Books.)*

3d Exam. Compendium of Algebra

and Simpson's Trigonometry, to the end of the Solution of Plane Triangles. *(Additional for Prize-men, First 31 Sections of Analytic Geometry, and Spherical Trigonometry, to the end of Neper's Rules.)*—Euripides Orestes. *(Additional for Prizemen, Sophocles Trachiniae.)* Juvenal, Satires 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 13, 14. *(Additional for Prizemen, Persius, omitting 4th Satire.)*

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.—1st Exam.—Brinkley's Astronomy, First 8 Chapters, and 14th, 16th, 18th, Chapters. *(The whole including the Appendix, for Honors)*—Æschines against Ctesiphon.—Horace Satires and Epistles. *(Additional for Honors, Art of Poetry.)*

2d Exam. Wood's Mechanics, omitting Sections 6th and 9th.—Demosthenes de Coronâ.—Virgil's Georgics, Books 1 and 4. *(For Honors, the 4 Books.)*

3d Exam. Selections from Helsam's Lectures, from page 67 to end, with Stack's Optics, omitting Sections 8th and 9th. *(Additional for Prizemen, Vince's Hydrostatics and the Selections from Lloyd's Optics, as stated at the end of the Table of Contents, with Lloyd's Mechanics, Statics Section 1, without the Note. Sect. 2. Sect 6. first 4 Articles, and from Articles 13, 14, to end. Sect. 7. Sect. 12. first 4 Articles. Dynamics, Sect. 1. Sect. 2, first 5 Articles. Sect. 5, Articles 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23, with the Notes.)*—Sophocles Œdipus Tyrannus. *(Additional for Prizemen, Œdipus Coloneus.)* Ovid's Fasti, first 3 Books. *(The 6 Books for Prize-men.)*

SENIOR SOPHISTERS.—1st. Exam. Burlamaqui's Natural Law, omitting first 4 Chapters of Book 1, and 8, 9, 10, 11, of Book 2. *(Additional for Honors, Paley's Moral Philosophy, First 2 Books, with Gisborne's Principles of Moral Philosophy, Chapter 2.)* Plato's Phædo. *(Additional for Honors, Apologia Socratis.)* Livy, Books 21, 22. *(Additional for Honors, Books 23, 24, 25.)*

2d. Exam.—Butler's Analogy, Part 1, Chapters, 4, 5, 7, and the Conclusion. Part 2, omitting Chapter 7. *(For Honors, the whole with 1st Book of Cicero's Tusc. Questions.)*—Herodotus, 1st

Book. *Additional for Honors, 2d and 3d Books.*—Livy, Books 26, 27. *Additional for Honors, Books 28, 29, 30.*

3d Exam.—Paley's *Evidences of Revealed Religion*—Thucydides, 1st Book—Tacitus, *Annals*, Books 1st and 2d.

Nota Bené.—*Several Temporary changes having been made in the New Course to meet the cases of Students now in progress, it is to be distinctly understood that this Table will not serve as a guide after the year 1834.*

FOR MODERATORSHIPS AT THE DEGREE EXAMINATION IN OCTOBER.

Mathematics and Physics.—All the advanced Science of the 1st and 3d years, with Luby's *Trigonometry*—*Analytic Geometry*—Lardner's *Algebraic Geometry*.—Sections 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21.—La Croix's differential and integral Calculus to end of Section 497.—Lloyd's *Mechanics*, omitting 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, Sections of Statics.—Poisson *Mecanique*, 3d chapter of Vol. 2.—Harte's *La Place*, Chap 1, Book 2d.—Newton's *Principia*, Book 1, Sections 2, 3, 7, and first 7 propositions of Section 11th, with Luby's *Introduction to Physical Astronomy*.

Logics and Ethics.—All the advanced Science of 2d and 4th years, with Brown's *Philosophy of the Mind*, Vol. 1st and 2d. Bacon de Aug. *Scientiarum*, Book 5th, with the prefacs to his *Nov. Org.*—Butler, Preface to his *Sermons*, and Sermon's on *Hum. Nat. and Affections*, with his *Dissertation on Virtue*—Cicero de *Nat. Deor.* Book 1.—Smith's *View of Ancient Moral Systems*.

Classics.—Aristotle's *Rhetoric* and *Poetic*. Longinus *Æschylus*, the *Agamemnon*. Aristophanes, the *Clouds*. Thucydides, Books 1st and 2d. Pindar's *Olymp. Odes*. Cicero de *Oratore*. Lucretius, 5th and 6th Books. Tacitus *Annals*, with de moribus Germanorum and *Agricola*.

Fellow-Commoners may answer for their Degree at the Second Examination of the Senior Sophister year.

Scholarship Course.—The Scholarship Course, consist of every Greek and Latin Book read for Entrance; and in the extended Course for Undergraduates, to the end of the Second Examination of the Junior Sophister year: or should the Candidate be of higher standing than that of Junior Sophister, reckoned from the time of his entrance, to the end of the last examination, which he might have answered, had he proceeded regularly with his Class. Sizars who, in the first year, descend to the next Class, to be regarded as having entered with that Class.

VOL. II.

At the next examination for Scholarships, the Candidates to be accountable for the Old Course to the end of the Senior Freshman year; the remainder to be in the New Course.

THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS RESPECTING THE PERFORMANCES OF UNDERGRADUATES, AND THE MODE OF CONDUCTING THEIR EXAMINATIONS.

The following resolutions were passed by the Board on the 6th, the 8th, and the 11th of June, 1833.

1. That after the Examinations of next October, the Science taught in the first year of the course shall be Mathematics; in the second, Logics; in the third, Astronomy and Physics; in the fourth, Ethics.

At examinations, Senior and Junior Freshmen to be accountable for the science taught in all the preceding Terms from the beginning of the Course; Senior and Junior Sophisters for the Science taught from the beginning of the third, or Junior Sophister year. But, except for Honor at the Degree Examination, the Science of the Freshmen Classes not to be carried beyond the second year.

2. That to keep his class, a Pensioner must have credit for two out of the three Examinations of that Class; one of which must be the third, or October Examination, if he be either a Senior Freshman, or a Senior Sophister.

A Senior Sophister who may not have secured credit for his October Examination, may qualify himself for his degree, by answering in the same business, at any subsequent examination of Senior Sophisters; and a Senior Freshman may repair the like omission in the same way, at the first Examination of the Junior Sophister year. But such supplementary Examination is not to be counted among those by which he is to save his class as Junior Sophister. Fellow Commoners and Sizars subject to the same rule, with the following exceptions:

3. That Sizars may save their first year by the October Examination of that year; but shall forfeit that privilege, if they degrade into the Junior Freshman Class of the next year.

4. That Fellow Commoners of the Senior Sophister Class shall be entitled to their degree, by having credit for the second or Spring Examination of that class; in lieu of which, they may answer in the same business as supplementalists at any succeeding examination of Senior Sophisters.

5. That to each division of a Class, on

the two first days of its examination, there shall be assigned one Examiner in Science and two in Classics, viz. one for Latin, and one for Greek. The Examinations in Science and in Classics not to be held on the same days for the same class. Each Examiner, whilst engaged in the oral examination of one part, to keep the remainder of the division employed in furnishing written answers to written or printed questions, or compositions written in the Hall, and under his own observation.

HONORS AND PRIZES.

6. The Examiners of the first two days are to select from their divisions such as they deem qualified to become candidates for honors or prizes, whether in Science or in Classics, and are to furnish the Senior Lecturer with lists of the same. All the candidates in the same department, from the several divisions of the class, to be examined together by a Court of Examiners, appointed for that purpose. In order that the same person may seek for honors or prizes in both departments, the examinations in the two departments must not be held on the same days, for the same class; but different classes may be examined on the same days.

7. At the October Examination in each of the first three years prizes of £4. and of £2. to be awarded by the Court of Examiners to the best answerers among the candidates.

The limit of the number of first prizes to be the 1-40th of the entire class, or the next integer above the quotient, should the number in the class not be divisible by 40.

The limit to the number of second prizes to be double of the former.

The successful candidates may be designated Senior and Junior Prizemen.

At the first and second examinations of each of the four years, honors without prizes are to be awarded, in like manner, by the Court of Examiners; of which honors there shall be two ranks, the limit to the number of each rank to be determined as before.

8. At the October Examination of the fourth year, the Examiners of the first two days to recommend to the Senior Lecturer, from among the candidates for degrees, such as they shall deem qualified to become candidates for honors in any of the three following departments, viz.: 1. Physics and Mathematics; 2. Ethics and Logics; 3. Classics. Those belonging to the same department to be examined together by a Court of

Examiners during two days, which are not to be the same for the candidates in different departments.

Of the successful candidates in each department, there shall be two grades, to be called Senior and Junior Moderators. The limit to the number of Moderators of each grade to be determined as in the case of honors and prizes at the previous Examinations.

9. Distinctions of the first order, whether by prizes, honors, or Moderatorships, to be confined to those candidates who shall be prepared in the extended courses, as set out in the card.

10. Fellow Commoners who do not avail themselves of their privilege of taking their degrees at the July Commencements of the Senior Sophister year, may become candidates for Moderatorships at October; in which case, they shall be examined in the same course with the Pensioners.

11. At the conclusion of each Examination, lists of the successful candidates for prizes, honors, or moderatorships, are to be made out by the Senior Lecturer, who is to insert the same in his book, and also have them put up on the College gates, published in the newspapers; and, at the next opportunity, in the University Calendar, and other periodicals; in which lists, the successful candidates of each rank are to be arranged according to the order of their standing on the College Books; excepting only those who shall attain the rank of Senior Moderators at the Degree Examination, who shall be placed according to the order of merit.

The qualifications of Students to rise to the higher classes after the Examination of next October, to be determined according to the old regulations. But should any Student become a Senior Freshman or Senior Sophister, by having credit for only one examination of the present year, he must answer all the examinations of his next year.

Respecting Students in Divinity, it was resolved—That, to become entitled to a Divinity Testimonium, the Students must, in future, attend a course of two years; in which, added to the lectures of the assistants, they must attend Archbishop King's Lecturer in the first, and the Professor in the second year.

Their attendance may begin with their Senior Sophister year.

Junior Bachelors of 1834 may attend both courses in the one year; and Fellow Commoners who shall have credit

for the Easter and Trinity Terms on the old plan, shall be at liberty to complete their attendance next year on that plan.

On Trinity Monday last the following students were elected scholars of the house.—Stack, M'Carthy, M'Donnell, Owgan, Ball, Fitzgerald, Wallis, Fleming, Carson, Adams, Gibbings, Turner, Ribton, Flavel, Reeves, Chichester, Hawthornthwaite.

The following gentlemen were the successful candidates for sizarships:—O'Donoghue, Ringwood, Ryan, Callaghan, Murphy, Eccleston.

We alluded in one of our preceding Numbers to a new edition then in progress, of Cicero's Orations, with English notes, critical, historical, and explanatory, by the Rev. Maurice M'Kay, A.M.—We are now enabled to state that this most important and useful book is on the eve of publication. A very desirable object for the classes, of whose examinations at the ensuing October, the contents of the forthcoming volume form a considerable portion. We have been favoured with a hasty glance at the proof sheets, and are

happy to find our most sanguine expectations realised in the great ability and valuable research which Mr. M'Kay has brought to bear upon his praiseworthy, and, we sincerely trust, eminently successful task.

We have been favored by the perusal of a MS. which is intended for immediate publication, by a Clergyman resident in our University. It is designed to be a Manual for the use of students in Divinity, containing some most valuable preliminary advices upon the nature and duties of the clerical profession; three hundred ordination questions, by which the candidate for orders may be enabled to judge of his proficiencies in the appointed course of study; and the admirable address of Archbishop Secker to those who have already subscribed the articles. A brief and comprehensive work of this nature is much wanted, and from what we have seen of the above excellent and useful treatise, we unhesitatingly recommend it to general notice, upon its publication, which will be very shortly.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, APRIL 27.

The Chancellor of the University has nominated the Rev. Renn Dickson Hampden, M.A., late Fellow of the Oriel Coll., Bampton Lecturer in 1832, and at present one of the Public Examiners in the University, to be Principal of St. Mary Hall, in the Room of the late Rev. Dr. Dean. This appointment reflects great honour on the Chancellor of the University, as Mr. Hampden has distinguished himself by his literary talents. At the examinations in Michaelmas Term, in 1813, he was placed in the First Class in *Literis Humanioribus*, and also in the First Class in *Disciplinis Math. et Phys.* In 1814, he gained the Latin Prize Essay, *De Ephorum apud Lacedæmonios Magistratu.*

On Wednesday last the following Degrees were conferred:

MASTER OF ARTS—James Garnett Headlam, Brasennoose; Thomas Pearson, Michael Scholer of Queen's; Rev. Henry Stevens, Oriel.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—James Harris, Magdalen Hall.

MAY 4.

In a full Convocation holden on Tuesday, last, petitions to both Houses of Parliament against "A Bill to alter and amend the laws relating to the Temporalities of the Church in Ireland," were unanimously agreed to.

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

BACHELOR IN DIVINITY—Rev. Arthur Bennet Mesham, Fellow of Corpus Christi.

BACHELOR IN MEDICINE WITH LICENCE TO PRACTICE—Robert Bently Tood, Pembroke.

MASTER OF ARTS—Rev. Charles Vink, Magdalen Hall; William Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen; Rev. James Stevens, St. John's.

MAY 11.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE—On Thursday last, Mr. H. Shephard, of Merton, was

elected Scholar of Worcester, on the Foundation of Dr. G. Clarke.

On Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS—Henry James Hookins, University; Digby, Latimer, Lincoln; Rev. John Rudman Drake, Ch. Ch.; Rev. William Hutton, Queen's; William Nash Skillicorn, Worcester.

On Monday last, certain alterations in the statutes, by which the Latin Sermon usually preached by all Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor in Divinity, will, for the future, be dispensed with, were unanimously agreed to.

On Monday last, the following gentlemen were elected Students of Christ's Church from Westminster:—Mr. William Charles Fynes Webber, Mr. Robert Hickson, and Mr. W. Goodenough Penny.

On Thursday last, Mr. Erroll Hill, Scholar of New College, was admitted an Actual Fellow of that Society.

On Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS—W. Cayley, Ch. Ch., (grand comp.); H. H. Evans, Magdalen Hall; R. J. Gould, Wadham; Rev. E. Rolfe, Pembroke.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 26.

Lord Fitzalan, eldest son of the Earl of Surrey, and Lords Charles and Alfred Hervey, are admitted of Trinity College.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

BACHELOR IN DIVINITY—W. Hutchinson, Emmanuel College.

MASTER OF ARTS—Rev. A. Fitch, Christ's; Rev. C. Chapman, Corpus Christi; C. T. Whitley, Fellow of St. John's, C. Hensley, Catherine Hall.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday Evening, the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, the President, being in the chair. Among the presents announced to the Society, were various objects of Natural History from China, given by Mr. Vachell. A communication from Professor Miller was read, containing an account of some experiments made by him in conjunction with Professor Daniell, of King's College, London. Sir David Brewster announced, at the last meeting of the British Association, the discovery of a series of fixed lines in the spectrum formed by light that had been transmitted through nitrous acid gas. Professors Miller and Daniell obtained a

similar result when the light of a gas-lamp was passed through a jar filled with vapours of Bromine, Iodine, and Eucalyptine. The vapours of Chlorine and Indigo were not found to produce such lines. After the meeting, Mr. Whewell explained some of the difficulties which had attended his researches concerning optical lines.

MAY 3.

On Thursday, James Dalziel Simpson, Esq., B.A. of Sidney Sussex College, was elected Mathematical Lecturer of that Society.

S. G. Fawcett, Esq., B.A. of Magdalen College, has been elected Fellow of that Society.

THE PITT PASSES.—This elegant building having been completed, Tuesday last was appointed for the Vice-Chancellor to receive the key from the Marquess Camden and other members of the Pitt Committee. The deputation was composed of the following noblemen and gentlemen:—The Most Noble John Jeffreys, Marquess of Camden, K.G., (Chairman); Rt. Hon. John Charles, Earl of Clarendon; Rt. Hon. Dudley, Earl of Harrowby; Rt. Hon. Charles, Lord Farnborough, G.C.B.; Rt. Hon. Sir G. H. Rose, G.C.H.; Henry Bankes, Esq.; Samuel Thorton, Esq.

A congregation was held in the Senate-house at eleven o'clock, when the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTORS IN CIVIL LAW—Earl of Clarendon; Earl of Harrowby; Lord Farnborough; Sir George Rose.

HONORARY MASTER OF ARTS—Lord Aldford, Magdalen College.

A procession was then formed, which was very extensive, consisting of nearly all the members at present resident in the university.

Having arrived at the building, the Marquess Camden and the other noblemen proceeded into the grand entrance hall; and having invited the Vice-Chancellor to the door, his Lordship, after an appropriate address, presented him with the key of the building; upon receiving which the reverend gentleman made a suitable reply.

At the conclusion of the Vice-Chancellor's speech, the deputation, and a considerable number of the members of the university, passed through the entrance hall to the ante-room at the foot of the principal staircase, where a handsome printing-press had been fixed for the occasion, in order to give the noble Marquis an opportunity of printing off a copy of the following inscription, (inserted on

the foundation stone, which was laid in Nov. 1831,) upon vellum, for his own preservation :—

In honorem
GVLIKLM I PITT
hujus academie olim alumn
viri illustrioris quam ut ullo indigeat preconio
aequales ejus et amici asperetites
evratores pecuniarum tum ab ipsis tum ab aliis
fama ejus vendas
ergo collatarum
hoc edificium extrui voluerunt
lapidem aspicalem solennibus caeremoniis
statuit vir Nobilissimus
IOANNES JEFFREYS, MARCHIO CAMDEN,
Assistentibus ei Honoratissimis Comitibus
Clarendon et Harrowby
Honorabili Admodum Barone Farnborough
Henrico Bankes Armigero
tota inspectante et plaudente academia
decimo quinto cal. Novemb. anno M.DCCC.XXXI.
GEORGIO THACKERAY, S.T.P. COLL. REGAL
PRES.
iterum procancellario.

This Copy of the Inscription for the Pitt Press was struck off by the most noble JOHN JEFFREYS, MARQUESS CAMDEN, on the 30th day of April, 1833, when his Lordship, as Chairman of the Pitt Committee, delivered up the key of this splendid building to the REV. WILLIAM WEBB, D.D., Vice-Chancellor of this University.

Each of the other noblemen and gentlemen of the committee struck off a copy for themselves, their own name being substituted; instead also of reading "when his Lordship," the words were altered to "when the Marquis Camden, as chairman," &c.

Their Lordships, the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, and other gentlemen then passed up into the very elegant Syndic-room, where they partook of a handsome cold collation, given by the Press Syndicate; and afterwards returned to the Senate-house.

In the evening the noble Lords, and a party of nearly forty gentlemen, were sumptuously entertained by the Vice-Chancellor, in the hall of Clare Hall.

On Wednesday the same noble Lords dined in the hall of Trinity College, with a very large party. In the course of the evening, we understand, many eloquent and appropriate speeches were delivered, and received with every mark of approbation.

Throughout the whole proceedings on this interesting occasion, it has been very gratifying to remark, that persons of all political feelings have appeared most anxious to testify their sense of the character of the great statesman with whose name they are associated.

MAY 10.

The Chancellor's Medal for the best English poem, was on Wednesday last adjudged to Clement B. Hue, of Trinity College. Subject, *Delphi*.

The admirable portrait of the late Pro-

fessor Porson, by *Hoppner*, has been presented to the University Library, by Mrs. Esther Raine, of Richmond, Yorkshire. It is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the painter, and an excellent likeness.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred :—

DOCTOR IN PHYSIC.—C. M. Lemann, Trinity.

MASTER OF ARTS.—C. Merivale, St. John's; C. Clarke, St. John's; T. J. Roe, Sidney; Rev. R. Hornby, Downing (compounder).

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, the Rev. George Peacock, one of the Vice-presidents, being in the chair. Several new members were elected, and presents of books, &c. announced. A notice was read, containing an account of the conformation and anatomy of a hybrid animal (a lion-tiger) which died in this town, by Mr. Melson, of Trin. Coll. Also a memoir by the Marchese Spineto, on a certain insect which occurs in the hieroglyphics of Egypt; and a memoir by Professor Airy, on Diffraction. In this memoir was noticed an experiment recorded in Newton's "Opticks," where it is stated that a beam of light, passing through a slit, formed by two knife edges very near each other, separates into two, so as to leave a black line in the middle of the shadow. By the undulatory theory, the central line ought to be light, not dark. Professor Airy stated, that in repeated trials he had found no dark central line, and that the same observation had already been made by M. Biot.

The Rev. Thomas Fleming, B.A. of Pembroke College, was yesterday elected a Fellow of that society, on Archbishop Grindal's foundation.

A special general meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Wednesday; the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, the President, being in the chair. At this meeting a Seal, executed for that purpose, by Mr. Wyon, of the Mint, was declared to be the Seal of the Society agreeably to the charter. The seal represents a figure of Newton, after the statute in Trinity College chapel, with the motto—*Societas Philosophica Cantab. Incorp. MDCCCXXXII.*

MAY 24.

Charles James Johnstone, and Richard Norris Russell, Bachelor of Arts, of Gonville and Caius College, were on Friday last elected Fellows of that Society on the foundation of Mr. Wortley.

On Tuesday last, James Cartmell,

B.A., of Emmanuel College, was elected a Foundation Fellow of Christ's College.

Yesterday William Wigan Harvey, B.A., of King's College, was elected a Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar of the first class; and William Alfred Dawson, B.A. of Christ's College, a Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar of the second class.

At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

HONORARY MASTER OF ARTS.—Sir Richard Hughes, Trinity.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. L. Brown, Clare Hall; Rev. J. Hooper, Corpus Christi; Rev. F. Johnson, Catharine Hall; Rev. J. Penfold, Christ's.

At the same congregation the following grace passed the Senate:—To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Chafy, Dr. French, Mr. Satham, Professor Musgrave, Mr. Archdall of Emmanuel, and Mr. Hodgson of St. Peter's, a Syndicate, to consult respecting the old Printing House, and the adjoining premises belonging to the University, and to report before the end of this term.

There will be a congregation this morning, at eleven o'clock, to consider of petitions to the two Houses of Parliament, against a bill, entitled "A Bill for the relief of his Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion."

At a meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on Monday last, the 20th inst., (Dr. Haviland, Vice-President, in the chair,) seven new Fellows were elected, and the following communications were read:—On the attraction of spheroids, by G. Green, Esq. In this paper the author presents certain analytical formulæ, in reference to triple integrals of a more general form than those offered in the attractions of spheroids of arbitrary form and destiny, and applies them to the problem of the attractions of ellipsoids, so as to comprise the actions on points, internal and external in a common process, by the addition of a positive quantity under the radical sign in the expression for the reciprocal distance be-

tween the point acted on and any point of the ellipsoid, which quantity is afterwards made to vanish. A paper was also read by W. Hopkins, Esq., of St. Peter's College, on the determination of the vibratory motion of elastic fluids in tubes of definite length. The author described a series of experiments made by him with a view of subjecting to an experimental test the different solutions which have been given of this problem. The intensity of the vibrations in any part of the tube are indicated to the eye, by the motion which those vibrations excite in a delicate membrane, sprinkled with light sand, and suspended in the tube. The positions of the nodal points, thus determined with great accuracy, are not such as accord with any solution of the problem hitherto given; but it was shewn how all the observed phenomena are accounted for by the assumption of certain physical conditions more general than those assumed by previous writers. An experiment was also exhibited by Mr. Hopkins, shewing the effect of the interference of two aerial undulations proceeding in the same direction. The ends of two equal tubes, branching off from one common tube, are placed close to two ventral segments of a vibrating plate, by which the vibrations are excited in the branch tubes, and interfere in the one with which they communicate. If the vibrations proceeding from the two ventral segments be in the same phase, the resulting vibration is one of great intensity, but if they are in opposite phases no sensible vibration results from them. The intensity of the vibration is indicated, as above-mentioned, by a membrane which may be stretched over the mouth of the tube.

DURHAM.

The Rev. George Newby has presented a valuable copy of Zylander's *Plutarch*, formerly in the possession of Charles James Fox, to the University Library.

SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

GLASGOW.

Sir Archibald Campbell, of Succoth, has been elected Dean of Faculties for the ensuing year.

ABERDEEN, MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

His Majesty has been pleased to institute and endow a professorship of Church History; and to appoint the Rev. Dr. Dewar to the chair.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Irish Flora; comprising the Phanogamous Plants and Ferns, &c. Dublin, 1833.

"It is refreshing," as old Rodney says, "to see the *viridity* of intellect," which is growing up among our young ladies, and in no pursuit is this more conspicuous than in the elegant one of Botany. The Botanic Garden of the Dublin Society, at Glasnevin, is, perhaps, in its extent and arrangements, the first in Europe. It is the demesne of a poet, converted into the resort of science, and all the varied beauties of the vegetable world are collected to adorn this elegant retreat. The walks hallowed by the names and pressed by the steps of Tickel and Addison, are now crowded with Botanical students, particularly ladies, and the interest excited by the charms of art and nature, is still further increased by the living picture of youth and beauty in search of knowledge.—The attractions to this place are heightened by the urbanity and information of the excellent Professor, Dr. Litton, whose aim seems to be to increase the zeal for his favourite study, by clothing it with everything that can render it interesting, and gratuitously inviting every one to benefit by his lectures.—His course, therefore, is not merely confined to the useful and scientific part of it, but embraces all that is curious in the economy of vegetation; he every day presents some new and surprising fact in the sympathies and sensibilities of plants, their habits, propensities, and vital endowments; as if the partition that divided the regions of nature was at length removed, what were called the animal and vegetable kingdoms identified, and the demesne of motionless trees and shrubs, filled with all the active principles of a Zoological Garden. We do not wonder, therefore, at the numerous auditory drawn together to this attractive place, but we regret to say, that the Lecture-room is altogether insufficient to accommodate them. Numbers are excluded who vainly try to enter a crowded apartment, and are compelled to return to Dublin without listening to what they went so far to hear. We would, therefore, respectfully submit to the Dublin Society, the necessity of enlarging their Lecture-room, at Glasnevin, and not suffer any to be disappointed

in obtaining that information which they so liberally provide, and so kindly invite the public to attend. Already have they given up to the general accommodation the seats exclusively reserved for the members; we trust they will add others, if these be found insufficient.

There was, however, one other thing needful to promote effectually the study of Botany in Ireland. The plants often exhibited are Exotics, and the productions of a foreign soil, as affording grander specimens of the most beautiful part of the flower, and more striking examples of animal qualities; while the plants of native growth are comparatively uninteresting, except when they are noticed for some useful or agricultural object. Even then they are only recognized for the moment, and though copious specimens are provided and distributed to all who choose to preserve them, still the students had little motive because they had no means of searching for, and finding them themselves in the situations where nature has placed them in their own country. Several persons had explored Ireland and published accounts of its plants, but it was before the subject was understood or any scientific arrangement made. Threlkeld, gave to the public, in 1727, a "Synopsis" of Irish plants, forming a catalogue of 553; and Dr. Keough, after him in 1235, printed a "*Botanologia Universalis Hiberniæ*," in which he increased the number to 600. He was followed by Dr. Rutty, who described 377 as found in the county of Dublin, alone. Still these works were utterly useless to the student at the present day; they were rarely to be met with, and then the descriptions were so vague, that they were of little value. The first thing approaching to a useful book on the subject, was a "Catalogus" or Flora of the county of Dublin, arranged on the Linnæan system, edited by Dr. Wade, the first professor of the Dublin Society, and almost the founder of their Botanic Garden, and so the father of modern Botany in Ireland. This was followed by other works of industrious explorers of indigenous plants, but they were generally of a partial and desultory character, and so little was the Irish Botanist assisted by any native work, that the only one used here, was

Smith's "*Flora Britannica*" an Enchiridion of English Botany, which was almost exclusively adapted to the sister country, and with few exceptions, no notice was taken or habitat marked of an Irish plant. Yet, as the only thing approximating to a useful book, it had an extensive sale here, and was in the hands of most Irish students. Besides the objection mentioned, it had another altogether insurmountable: it was written in Latin, and so was utterly useless to a female, and generally so to all of either sex, who did not study the subject professionally. Such, then, was the state of Botany in Ireland; exciting a high degree of interest, and pursued with avidity, yet without a single local work of general utility, to direct the student in searching for the plants of his own country.

The deficiency, however, is now supplied. A young lady, who, to her other varied and literary acquirements, has added that of Botany, and who was one of the numerous class of the fair sex who attended the Professor's lectures, has applied her knowledge to its great end and object, that of being useful. With an industry and perseverance equal to her information, she explored many parts of Ireland, ascertained the habitats of plants from her own observation, or supplied them from the best sources, gave them their scientific and common names, described them in English with singular conciseness, added the time of their flowering, the length of their duration, the colour, size, and other unessential, though descriptive circumstances of the plant, and finally arranged them on the Linnæan system; adding, at the same time, the natural as well as artificial order to each Genus. In this way, 382 Genera, and nearly 1100 species of Irish plants are described, in which there are 24 species of *Salix*, and 38 of *Carex*, and others in the same large proportion. The work is very neatly printed, in Dublin, and of such a convenient size as to be easily carried in the pocket, and so be the constant and intelligent companion of every Botanist who walks the fields, to point out to him the name of an unknown plant, or where to find one he is in search of.

The first person in England who wrote a popular work on Botany, adapted for all classes, was a Miss Wakefield—the first who has done the same in Ireland, is also a lady, whose name she modestly

withholds. She might escape *scot free* for a season, but as we think it could not be long, we venture to pronounce it at once—Miss Baily. We assure our fair countrywomen there is nothing *blue* in the reputation of such a work as this, which announces "that if it could clear away a single difficulty from a student's path, the author would feel every wish fulfilled."—We heartily tender our recommendation of the book, though we are sure it needs no other than its own merits to ensure its complete success.

A systematic arrangement of British plants, by W. Withering, M. D., corrected and condensed; prefaced by an introduction to Botany, with figures, by W. Magillivray, A.M. Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Member of the Wernerian Society, &c. 2d edition—12mo. London, 1853.

This is a cheap, well got-up little volume, written in plain intelligible language. It has this advantage over other compendiums of British plants, that besides the factitious or short generic characters, it gives also a pretty full natural character of each genus which consists of more or less full descriptions of all the organs of fructification.

The specific characters are plain and brief, and consist of the circumstances by which one species of plant is distinguished from every other of the same genus,—with occasional remarks on the uses of some of the more important species. It contains all the Phenogamous, or flowering plants described by Sir J. E. Smith and Doctor Hooker, in their excellent English Floras and all the British ferns, which include three species now known to Botanists to grow wild in Ireland, besides several Phenogamons found by Mr. Mackay, Mr. Murphy and others, since the publication of Mr. Mackay's catalogue of Irish plants, in 1825, which do not appear in a recent compilation.

Mr. Macgillivray has omitted the insertion of the rare *Arenaria Ciliata* which was discovered by Mr. Mackay, on Ben Bulbin, county of Sligo, in 1807, and *Erica Mediterranea*, which was also discovered by him on a mountain in Connemara, in the Autumn of 1829, and has been lately figured in the supplement to English Botany.

When some of the hitherto unexplored parts of Ireland shall have been examined, a Flora may soon be expected which will do honour to the country.

DUBLIN

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Our contributors are requested to observe, that all articles designed for publication in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, must be forwarded on or before the 8th of the month preceding that in which they are intended to appear.

The letter signed E. K. Naamyth, C——, did not reach us in time to be noticed in the required form last month. An answer was left at our Publisher's. We should be happy to hear further on the subject.

We regret that we did not receive the communication from our valued correspondent, Advena, in time for publication in this month's Number. We shall gladly avail ourselves of it for the next.

We shall continue to select the most meritorious from the poetical contributions with which we have been favoured.

An answer to the note accompanying the paper upon Homer lies at our Publisher's.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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CRISIS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.*

THE public have reason to be obliged to Major Gawler for his publication of "The Crisis of Waterloo." The Ajincourt of modern times would otherwise have wanted its completest illustration.

The events of a great battle are frequently variously represented. Where all is energy and expectation, and where many great affairs are being simultaneously transacted—where so much depends upon an accurate description of the particular position occupied by the several troops at each point of time during the conflict, and where the slightest deviation from strict correctness may lead to errors of so much moment, it is not surprising that very considerable diversity should prevail in the statements of even those remarkable occurrences which would seem altogether removed from the possibility of misrepresentation.

The particular part of the action referred to in the pages of the Crisis, is that where Sir Hussey Vivian made the gallant charge which completed the rout of the enemy. Bonaparte had collected and concentrated his masses of reserve—the flower of the French army,

for a final, and, as he intended, decisive effort, when, lo! they met the British squadrons, and were scattered like dust before the wind. The whole world has ever since been loud in its praises of this gallant movement; and there is no country in Europe, or, we might almost add, the world, in which Sir Hussey's name is not coupled with recollections of the high and the heroic daring which could alone have enabled him to accomplish so distinguished a service. But, it seems, without any reason at all,—as Major Gawler, eighteen years after the battle, undertakes to demonstrate that the charge in question was not made by the *cavalry*, but by the *infantry*; and that the credit of it is not due to Sir Hussey Vivian, but to the gallant fellows then composing, and the gallant officer then commanding the 52nd regiment. The Major's statement goes to show that this regiment, to which he belongs, completely repelled the advance of the French, who were, in point of fact, defeated when Sir Hussey charged them and put them to the rout.

"Pope came off clean with Homer; but, they say,
Broom went before, and kindly swept the way."

It was not to be expected that Sir Hussey Vivian would tamely surrender the laurels which he has worn for so

many years; and, accordingly, he has put in a counter-statement to that of Major Gawler. As it is our intention

* "Crisis of the Battle of Waterloo, by an Eye Witness." Milliken, Dublin.
Reply to "The Crisis of Waterloo," by Sir Hussey Vivian. United Service Journal, July 1833.
Vol. II.

to act the part of unbiassed arbitrators, we will content ourselves with suffering each of the gallant officers to speak for himself, and merely offer such occasional observations as may enable the reader to decide between them.

The portion of the allied position which was the scene of the final struggle may be described as nearly the left half of the chord which subtends the angle of the two great roads, the one leading to Genappe, the other to Neville.

"It was occupied," says Major Gawler, "beginning from the left, first, by a brigade of Brunswickers; next by Sir Colin Halkett's brigade of the 30th, 33rd, 69th, and 73rd regiments; then Major General Maitland's brigade of the 1st Guards, and lastly, projecting beyond it to the right, but engaged in the decisive contest, stood Major General Adams' brigade of the 2nd and 3rd, 95th, the 52d and 71st regiments. Of these, Maitland's and Halkett's brigades, having occupied nearly the same ground from the commencement of the action, and having been hotly engaged on the 16th at Quatre Bras, were now very much reduced and exhausted; and the battalions of the 95th, not complete at first, by covering a part of the front, and by losses previously sustained in opposing the skirmishers of La Haye Sainte, had become very small as compact bodies. From the want of sufficient cover from the enemies artillery, in the regular course of the line, the two centre brigades were posted considerably to the rear of those on the flanks; the connexion between the right of the Guards and the left of the 52d being kept up by the reserves of the 95th. The Duke had perceived the concentration of heavy columns to the right of La Belle Alliance, and to oppose a more solid resistance to their evidently approaching attack, had ordered all the infantry corps between the two great roads, to be formed from two deep into four deep lines. *Fivian's, Grant's, and the remains of the household, Ponsonby's and Dornberg's brigades of cavalry were at the same time brought together to the right centre, and posted in the hollows to the rear of the infantry.*"

Upon the latter part of this statement, Sir Hussey thus observes:—

"This is inaccurate. Grant's and Dornberg's brigades were, I believe, on the right, where they had been very much exposed, and had met with very

heavy losses; as a proof of it, Grant himself had three horses killed under him; Lord Edward Somerset had collected the remains of his (the household) brigade, and Sir William Ponsonby's (who had fallen) behind the position. The number so collected scarcely formed two squadrons. When moving from the left of the line to the right centre, on passing this body I spoke to Lord Edward, who informed me that these were the whole of the men left of those two brigades, so severely had they been engaged during the day. Lord Uxbridge had himself led my brigade from the left, (where it had suffered but little, having been exposed only to a cannonade and a distant fire of musketry,) and posted it immediately on the crest of the position, to the right of the road to Genappe, where the 10th and 18th hussars formed into line, and the first German hussars in reserve; the left of the 18th touching nearly to the high road. This will give an accurate notion of the ground we occupied, and which, on the plan attached to your statement, I should consider as being on a line with and immediately behind that you have assigned to the Brunswickers, and extending to the right towards Hougomont."

This brings matters to the precise moment of Napoleon's last advance, and the entire question at issue will depend upon the relative correctness of these two statements. We must observe, that Sir Hussey confines his observations to what passed under his own eye. He claims authority for nothing more than what was transacted within his own sight, or by his immediate orders; and to that he is amply entitled; the more especially when he informs us that he has always "kept journals" of the occurrences in those campaigns which he has served; and that not only did he enter, in his general journal, the events of the day of Waterloo, but, in a separate memorandum, he recorded the proceedings of the brigade under his orders. He also, on the morning of the 19th passed over the ground where the final conflict took place, for the purpose of ascertaining, with all possible precision, the line of advance of his own brigade, and the extent of the victory. Sir Hussey, it will, therefore, be allowed on all hands, is a competent witness. We believe Major Gawler is one of the last men who could inai-

nuate that he is capable of bearing testimony that is not true.

The following incident is both illustrative and interesting. We extract it as affording confirmation to Sir Hussey's statement relative to the position occupied by his brigade, and also as exhibiting, in a striking point of view, the cool and steady valour of one commander, and the high and chivalrous daring of another.

"After having seen my brigade occupy the position he had assigned to it, Lord Uxbridge left me to proceed to Vandeleur's brigade, which had followed mine from the left of the line, and which his Lordship posted on the right and rear of mine, to act as a reserve to it. Lord Uxbridge shortly returned to me, and finding the fire still heavy, and the enemy evidently in great force *immediately in our front*, he asked me "whether we had not better advance and charge?" The smoke at this moment was so dense on the side of the hill that it was scarcely possible to see ten yards before us; and, consequently, no enemy being visible, I observed, 'that as my brigade was in perfect order, I thought it would be advisable not to hazard an attack whereby we might be thrown into confusion which it would be difficult to repair; that if the enemy appeared on the crest of the hill through the smoke, by a sudden and unexpected charge on them we could, no doubt, drive them back.' His Lordship then dismounted from his horse, and advanced himself, on foot and unattended, down the hill, in hope to be able to see under the smoke, and make his own observations. I rode down to him and begged him not to expose himself so; on which he returned, saying he agreed with me in thinking that I had better remain steady, ready to attack if the enemy appeared." "I mention this anecdote not only as descriptive of my position, but in justice to Lord Uxbridge. It will prove to those who imagine that in the management of the cavalry on that day he was at all incautious, (and such I know there are,) how little they understand his real character. As a proof of his intrepidity, and the readiness with which he exposed himself, it is not necessary; to these qualities every one does justice."

We will now return to Major Gawler's statement.

"A heavy cannonade from both positions announced that the columns of attack were in movement. A brigade of guns, thirty paces in advance of the right of the 52d, (perhaps the only remaining efficient ordnance on this portion of the front,) disregarding the enemy's artillery, played incessantly, with unerring aim, on the close, deep, approaching masses of infantry, changing, as the distance diminished, from round shot to canister, and finally to double charges. The columns, as they neared the summit, became impatient under this destructive cannonade, and a furious fire of musketry opened in return from their front and left flanks, while swarms of skirmishers, rushing out from the hollows of La Haye Sainte, prolonged the attack towards the front of the Brunswickers. The artillerymen, under these close and flanking fires, could not long stand to their guns, but either lay beneath them, or retired behind the abrupt dip of the hill;—two or three brave fellows now and then springing up to hastily load, fire, and drop again behind the cover. In a few seconds the headmost companies of the imperial guard, with rattling drums and deafening shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur,' crowned the very summit of the position: their dead bodies, the next day, bore unanswerable evidence to the fact. The fire of the brigade of British guards then opened upon them, but they still pressed forward, and at the next moment, contiguous columns from the hollows of La Haye Sainte following up their skirmishers, closed on the front of the Brunswickers, and beat them back in confusion. Some artillery of Chasse's Dutch brigade, posted near to the Genappe road, then came into play. The Brunswickers were rallied, and fronted by the Duke in person; but men who have once been turned form but a doubtful barrier against a still advancing enemy. *The fate of the crisis quivered on the beam.* The two very weakened and exhausted centre brigades, good as they were in composition, could scarcely be expected to stand before the overwhelming and principally fresh force which was desperately closing on their front and left flanks, and in their rear was no infantry that could be depended upon. *Mean-*

while the 52d had remained entirely concealed by the abrupt reverse of the dip of the hill; although so much more in advance than the guards that the head of the imperial column had nearly reached the prolongation of its left flank, at a distance from it of not more than one hundred yards. Until then not a bayonet appeared; the head of the commanding officer only, watching and calculating his opportunity, was visible above the summit. At this critical juncture it received the order to advance; and in a few paces, clearing the ascent, was under a furious fire from the long flank of the columns, and its left companies so closely engaged, that they had enough to do to hold their ground, until the regiment, coming rapidly 'right shoulders forward' in line, to an angle of about 70° with the original position, its whole fire was brought to bear, full and close, upon the heavy masses before it. The 71st soon after supported the movement, and advancing obliquely to its left, protected the exposed right flank of the 52d, and opened a partial fire on the enemy. The headmost grenadiers gradually gave ground to their right and rear, still facing their assailants, and firing as the left of the 52d closed up to the spot, many of the latter falling among the killed and wounded of the imperial guard. A thick white smoke enveloped the contending parties. The 52d answered with a loud cheer the continuing shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur,' and pressed forward to charge,—still louder shouts, and a more rapid roll of musketry marked the highest effort of the energy of the imperial guard, and then, at once, it broke, and rushed in mingled confusion, *not directly* to its rear, but, impelled by the flank charge, *obliquely*, towards the Holland road, in the front of La Haye Sainte, carrying with it, in similar disorder, all the troops on its right."

The Major then describes an incident, which, the reader will find by and by, serves to illustrate the relative position of Sir Hussey Vivian's and Adams's brigades. A retreating party of the 23d light dragoons and 1st light dragoons of the German Legion were fired upon by the 52d, who mistook them for French. The mistake was not rectified until some of the foremost men fell almost upon the bayonets.

"The front of the 52d," proceeds the Major, "was scarcely cleared of the cavalry, when three field pieces, which probably had been attached to the rear of the columns of the imperial guard, opened a fire of grape, at a distance of not more than four hundred yards in the prolongation of its right flank. The right section wheeled up and drove them off, the rest of the regiment continuing unchecked its close pursuit of the broken masses of the guards, until it had swept from right to left the whole front of attack, and its left flank was on the hollow in the chaussee to Genappe, in advance of the garden of La Haye Sainte, 800 yards from the ground at which the charge commenced."

It was now about eight o'clock, and, if the above statement be true, the battle might be considered as decided; any subsequent movements of the allies only serving to complete the victory. If the above statement be true, Sir Hussey Vivian and his gallant squadron could have had very little to do;—they were only now, according to Major Gawler, appearing upon the summit of the position, while the enemy's horse, foot, and artillery were retreating before the victorious 52d.

"The squares of the old guard made no attempt to deploy; but after opening a heavy fire from their front and flanks, as soon as the opposing line drew too near, with great steadiness ceased firing, faced to the rear, and commenced their retreat by word of command, the two right squares directly to the rear on right side of the chaussee, pursued by the 71st and skirmishers of the 95th. The left square, accompanied at first by the curassiers, passing obliquely to the left, crossed the chaussee, (which was crowded with fugitives,) below La Belle Alliance, and then hastened towards Rosomme, along the left side of the road, followed closely by the 52d, the two British regiments still in line four deep."

We have suffered Major Gawler to tell his own story, as we are sincerely desirous to do that gallant officer every justice. He describes himself as an eye-witness of the transaction which he narrates; but it will occur to the attentive reader to suspect that he could not be an *eye* witness of what took place *out of sight*. How could he be an *eye* witness of the movements which were made while the 52d were

concealed, according to his own account, by the dip of the hill, above which nothing appeared but the head of the commanding officer, watching the favourable moment for onset? Major Gawler was then, probably, a lieutenant, and his attention was, no doubt, very much engaged by his own men; so that, how keenly soever he may have been cognizant of what occurred immediately about himself, he could not have taken that bird's eye view of the engagement which alone could stamp the authority of actual personal knowledge upon his statement.

But, we have said that the public have reason to be obliged to the Major for his publication; and our readers will, we think, be of our opinion when they become acquainted with the beautiful as well as triumphant reply to which it has given rise. Sir Hussey's letter is a document which will be prized by the future historian; and Major Gawler's name will go down to posterity as having given occasion to one of the clearest, the most authentic and interesting accounts of the most eventful moments of the battle of Waterloo.

We believe, Major Gawler, we are sure, no one else will require any better evidence than Sir Hussey's own word for the precise position which his brigade occupied during this period of the engagement. *He* is, indeed, an *eye witness*, when he speaks to a fact like that. Taking, therefore, Major Gawler's statement for the position of the 52d, and Sir Hussey's for that of the 18th and 10th Hussars, *they must have been nearly in line*; a fact which is strikingly corroborated by the little incident alluded to above, of the 52d mistaking some of the German Legion for the enemy. The men who thus unhappily found that "no enemy could match a friend," *passed across Sir Hussey's front just before the fatal accident*. This could not be if his brigade were not at that moment upon the very summit of the position at that time occupied by the front rank of the allied army.

The rout of the enemy is described as complete, when Vivian's brigade was

descried as "*just appearing* on the summit." Upon this Sir Hussey remarks: "I have already observed that the smoke was so dense that from the summit of the position,—at least where I stood,—nothing was to be seen below it; therefore as to my brigade *just appearing* on the summit, had the fact been such, it could not have been seen from the position of the 52d as you have described it: but the truth is, I had, from the first, been formed on the *crest of the position*;"* and therefore, even if this were the moment of my advance, the "*just appearing*" would not be applicable. The circumstance, however, before noticed, with respect to the body of the 23d light dragoons and Germans that crossed my advance, fully proved the relative position, at the time, of the two bodies, the 52d regiment of foot, and the 6th brigade of cavalry. These dragoons had unquestionably passed from the front of the 52d, having, probably, been carried away from their brigade in pursuit of some French cavalry, (but as to this, or what brought them there, I cannot speak.) At the moment they passed me, the regiments of my brigade were forming lines,—the 10th and 18th in first line, and the 1st German Hussars in reserve; and *from this time my movements were constantly in advance*. Supposing the 52d, then, to have been, at the period mentioned, in a line parallel to that on which I was forming, it is very clear that, unless the movements of my cavalry were all at a walk, (which they were not,) I must, unless I had halted, have first reached the position on which the enemy's squares were formed to cover the retreat, and long before the 52d could have done so."

So far Sir Hussey as a critic,—in which capacity, we have little doubt, Major Gawler has discovered him to be as formidable as he was felt on the day of Waterloo by the enemy. But we must now view him as an historian. And *he* ought to be as much obliged to the gallant Major as *we* are, for affording him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by his pen, almost as much as he has distinguished himself by his

* "A stronger proof of this cannot be adduced than the circumstance of many officers and men of the 10th Hussars having been killed and wounded whilst in line before the advance."

sword. The few observations which preface his statement are truly characteristic of the man.

"It has often been observed, by those who were acquainted with our movement, that as much credit had not been given to it as it was entitled to; but having always borne in mind that, whatever might have been done at the last, it was, in truth, the gallant fellows who, during the long and trying day, had defended the position, that really gained the victory, I have ever been unwilling, notwithstanding the repeated requests made to me to do so, to say one word upon the subject; and the statements in which my name is mentioned, and the movements of the brigade, so repeatedly noticed by you, alone occasion my now breaking silence, which I feel myself bound to do in justice to my brave compatriots."

Then follows the statement of Sir Hussey, in which the reader will not fail to recognize the contrast between the modesty with which *he* describes what passed under his own eye, and the caution with which he abstains from any confident assertions respecting what took place beyond his range of vision, with Major Gawler's very positive asseverations respecting what he could at best have learned from others.

"On the advance being ordered, Lord Greenock, the Quarter-Master-General of the cavalry, came to me with directions to move to the front on the right of the infantry. I wheeled half squadrons to the right, and moving a short distance parallel to the position, again wheeled the leading half squadrons to the left, and moved perpendicularly to the front. Sir Ormsby Vandeleur's brigade, which had, as I have already stated, been posted on my right and rear in support, cheered as we passed on. At this time *I heard* infantry advancing and drums beating on my left, but the smoke was still so thick that I could see but little. When I had fully quitted the position, and was probably about midway to that of the enemy, it became clear, and several French columns of infantry were visible immediately in our front, with cavalry and guns formed on the flanks and between them. At this moment Sir Colin Campbell came to me from the Duke of Wellington, who was, I understood, somewhere on the left, by his Gracc's order, *he having observed that*

we were in advance of the infantry, and to desire me "not to attack before the infantry arrived, unless I thought I could break the enemy's squares." About the same moment, a severe fire of grape, by which several men in the leading squadron of the 10th were killed and wounded, was directed at us. I observed to Sir Colin Campbell, "that as our infantry, in their anxiety to get on, were probably not in compact order, it might be dangerous should the French cavalry attack them; and that I thought it were better at once to drive off the latter, leaving the squares to be attacked by our infantry." He agreed with me, and returned to the Duke; and I continued my advance immediately afterwards, ordering the 10th and 18th into one line, and the 1st hussars into the second. It was whilst we were forming that the small body of the 23d and Germans passed along our front at full speed, at about thirty yards from us; and I well recollect seeing one of the French hussars (several of whom were hovering in our front) in a most inhuman manner ride up, and with his pistol deliberately blow out the brains of one of those men whose horse had fallen, whilst he was struggling to disengage himself; and some of the soldiers felt so indignant at the time, that there was a groan of execration, and an exclamation of "no quarter to them!" Before the formation was quite completed, the right squadron of the 10th was attacked by the French cuirassiers, and lost many men. The brigade was at this time so much in advance of all the other troops of the British army, that whilst the French were firing grape at us, *shot and spherical case were falling amongst us from our own guns.*" (Probably from the very guns which were *in advance* of the 52d, and which Major Gawler describes as changing, as the distance between them and the enemy diminished, from round shot to canister, and finally, to double charges.) "The 10th, as soon as they were in line, by my order advanced, and charged and defeated the whole of the cavalry immediately in their front."

This is true; but it is not the whole truth. Sir Hussey addressed some words of exhortation to this gallant regiment, which were well calculated to stimulate them to the onset. The Prince Regent was the Colonel of the

10th. "Tenth," says Sir Hussey, "the eyes of England and of your Colonel are upon you. You see the enemy. You know what you have to do. Charge!" So encouraged and so commanded, it would be strange indeed if the British squadrons did not do their duty. The narrative proceeds.

"After ordering the halt, I returned as quickly as possible to the 18th hussars, which regiment I found formed, and very near two of the enemy's squares, on the right of which were some guns and cavalry. The regiment was in the most perfect order, and steady as if exercising on Hounslow Heath. On reaching its front I said, "18th, you will follow me."

Pardon us, Sir Hussey. That does not precisely describe what occurred. You said, "18th, *I know you*. I know that *you* will follow *me*." It was then that troop sergeant Jeffs made the exclamation, "By —, general, any where : to h—l, if you will lead us."

This is the only phrase which we could wish obliterated from Sir Hussey's classical narrative. It savours of vulgar and brutal blasphemy, and is less characteristic of a highly excited British soldier, than of a drunken Irishman at Donnybrook fair. But, had the reader seen the old man, as we have heard him described by an eye witness,—had he seen old Jeffs, who was an admirable horseman and a beautiful swordsman, erect in his stirrups, with every muscle set, and his eye kindling with martial ardour; had he seen him, in the furious onset, in his eagerness to be forward in the melee, keeping as far in advance of his own troop as he could with any degree of propriety, his air and gesture seeming to challenge the whole hostility of the chosen legions of France, and saying, almost audibly, "stain all your swords on me," he would feel, as we have felt, a glow of national pride at the thought that, at that eventful moment, we had many such brave defenders.

"I then," says Sir Hussey, "gave the order to charge; and in an instant, with indescribable impetuosity, an attack was made on the cavalry and guns. Immediately before this, the last cannon shot I heard from the French during the day had been fired at us; from these guns many of the artillery men and drivers were cut down; and the pursuit of the cavalry

of the 18th was continued for a very considerable distance on the road to Genappe."

The reader may form some idea of the tremendous fire to which this gallant regiment was exposed, when we inform him that Lieutenant-Colonel Harris, who was then Sir Hussey's brigade major, received three musket balls through his body, at the same time that four passed through the body of his horse. Could such a discharge have proceeded from an already routed enemy?

We have now seen an accurate description of two of the charges which were so completely successful. A third remains to be described, and the very imperfect account of it which has been given by Major Gawler to be corrected. In "The Crisis," it is stated that—

"On the other side of the road events were more varied and extensive. Vivian's brigade of hussars came up rapidly in echelon of regiments to the assistance of the 71st. The cuirassiers, worn out as they were, and discouraged as they had reason to be, with much devotedness, fronted in the line of La Belle Alliance, to protect the squares of the old guard,—but a squadron of the 10th dashing at them, followed immediately by one of the 18th, they were dispersed in hopeless confusion. The compact battalions of the old guard were not so soon routed : a part of the 10th having rallied, after the charge on the cuirassiers, found itself under the fire of one of the squares. The men fell very fast, and there was no alternative but instantly to retreat or to charge. The near approach of the 71st to another face of the same square, determined Sir Hussey Vivian to order the latter. The charge was very gallantly attempted. Major Howard, who conducted it, fell upon the bayonets; some of the grenadiers were cut down by the 10th; but even under such circumstances, charged home by the cavalry on two faces, (for the 18th immediately followed to the assistance of their comrades,) and under a heavy fire of infantry, the veterans knew too well their strength, and in what their superiority consisted, to shrink from the contest; they closed well together, beat off the cavalry with a very destructive fire, and in spite of the approaching infantry, made good their retreat."

Such is Major Gawler's statement. Now for Sir Hussey's.

"I know nothing," he observes, "of what occurred to the 52d on the other side of the high road leading to Genappe; not a man of my brigade crossed it, excepting, perhaps, a few of the 18th hussars in pursuit; nor do I pretend at all to interfere with (excepting to correct what appears to me to be an error in distance,) your statement as regards the attack of the 52d, immediately in advance of La Haye Sainte, and up to that point when you describe the success of the allies to have been established beyond a doubt. Others who think they have any right to put in a claim to having taken a part in the transactions described in these pages will probably do so. All that I have to do with is that part which relates to the proceedings of my own brigade,—and here, I repeat, you are in error. The charge of the 10th on the right I have already described, and also that of the 18th on the left. On returning from the latter, which had been completely successful in defeating the French cavalry and driving the artillery from their guns, I ordered the regiment to form, and went myself for the purpose of bringing on the 1st German hussars, which corps I had left in reserve. I had with me only an orderly dragoon, and two other men of the 18th. My brigade major had been severely wounded in the last attack, and my aides-de-camp had been despatched with orders. I found Major Howard, with a small body of the 10th which he had collected, formed within a short distance of a French square, from the fire of which he was losing men fast; almost at the moment of my arrival, a very fine and gallant young soldier, Lieutenant Gunning, was killed. I observed to Major Howard, that we had one of two things to do, either to retire a little out of fire, or to attack; and at that moment, seeing a regiment in red advancing on my left, and calculating on its immediately charging the face and angle of the square next to it, I ordered the 10th to advance and charge on the angle and face to which we were opposed. This was instantly executed with the greatest determination. The men of the 10th charged home to the bayonets of the enemy, and a fierce conflict ensued, which continued for some minutes. The regiment of infantry, instead, however, of

charging as I had expected, halted, and as you have stated, opened a heavy fire, which occasioned some loss to the 10th, and to stop which I sent an officer to them, who returned informing me it was a regiment of the Hanoverian legion.—You make it out to have been the 71st regiment. I cannot speak positively on this point; but certain it is, the fire of this corps, although it might have injured our enemies, *was not harmless* as regarded us, and in some degree, perhaps, contributed to prevent the complete success of the attack. I cannot say the square was broken, but many men were cut down in the ranks; and on going over the ground the next morning, I saw several of the 10th and men of the French Guard, of which the square was composed, dead and wounded on the spot. The troops composing the square retired by descending into the hollow road, in front of which it was formed, and then proceeding up until it reached the high road beyond La Belle Alliance. In this attack Major Howard fell at the head of his men, on the bayonets of the enemy; and a French General Officer, who I was afterwards told was Count Lobau, was made prisoner by a man of the 10th. With respect to the guns I have mentioned, as having been attacked by a part of the 18th in the charge of that regiment, I must here notice a circumstance, which I have little doubt Lieutenant-General Sir F. Adam will recollect, and perhaps the Serjeant, to whom it occurred, may be alive, and can corroborate what I state. On returning over the ground, on the morning of the 19th, at three o'clock, "I saw a Serjeant of the 52nd marking many guns with chalk, with the number of that regiment, and, amongst others, the guns through which the 18th hussars had charged. I asked him by whose orders he was doing that? and he replied, "By General Adam's, as they had been taken by the regiment to which he belonged, and which formed part of the General's brigade." I pointed out to the Serjeant two or three men of the 18th hussars, dead and dying by these guns, and also some French drivers dead and severely wounded *by the sabre*, as proof positive of what troops had taken them. I subsequently called to see my friend Sir Frederick Adam, who was wounded and lying in a house in La Belle Alli-

ance; and in the course of conversation mentioned the circumstance to him, at the same time observing, that as the battle had been fought by the whole army, so, I conceived, the guns were captured by the whole army; and that, though, in the case in question, some of the troops under my orders had certainly been the first to pass through these particular guns, I, for one, should not think of claiming them as the capture of my brigade; and in the sentiments then expressed, he fully, as far as I can recollect, coincided; and, I think, said, he was not aware of any such order having been given.

"I have now only to conclude this too long account of the three attacks made by my brigade, by solemnly asserting, *that from the time Sir Colin Campbell left me until the period when the regiment in red was seen advancing, and the square was attacked by the 10th, with the exception of the small body of cavalry which passed my front on the plain, I did not perceive a single soldier of the allied army.*"

Thus, with respect to the last charge, so far from being assisted, the cavalry were rather obstructed by the fire of the regiment of foot; who, had they advanced to the charge in support of the 10th, would, in all probability, have rendered that bold movement completely successful.

Sir Hussey Vivian vouches for nothing that did not pass under his own eye; and from his statement, coupled with that of Major Gawler, who is also entitled to credit for what he attests as *an eye witness*, the following inferences may be fairly drawn.

1st. That the sixth brigade of cavalry was nearer the principal point of attack than Adam's brigade, when the great and final effort was made by the French army.

2nd. That two charges were made by the cavalry, the one by the 10th, the other by the 18th, *unsustained by any infantry*, and that these charges were completely successful.

3rd. That a third charge was made by the 10th, (whose numbers were now considerably reduced,) upon a solid square of French infantry, upon which they advanced in the confident expectation of being supported by an infantry regiment which had just come into position within sight of the enemy,

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and that this charge very nearly succeeded, several of the French soldiers having been cut down in the ranks, and the square being compelled to retreat, while the British force never yielded an inch of ground from the first moment of the onset. We will not here prejudge the question how much more successful the charge might have been, had the mode of attack adopted by our infantry been different; but merely observe, that it was not considered, by competent judges, the most favourable that could have been adopted in aid of the movement of the cavalry.

4th. That the principal attack of the French having been thus repelled, they must be considered as defeated, and in the act of dispersion, when the lateral movement of the 52nd, which Major Gawler describes, took place, *the effects of which may now be accounted for without the supposition of a miracle.* For nothing less could explain the decided repulse of sixteen battalions of the French imperial guards by a single British regiment of infantry, under the circumstances mentioned; while, if we suppose Sir Hussey's statement to be correct, nothing is more conceivable, than that they should be able to advance, and to do very valuable service amongst disheartened and retreating enemies. The 10th and the 18th were as the *mowers*, the 52nd as the *gleaners* on that memorable field; and while the one prostrated the pride of France, and made its chivalry bite the dust, the other very materially contributed to increase the advantages of the victory.

But, possibly, Major Gawler may be laughing in his sleeve at us, for the serious notice we have bestowed upon his pages; possibly he may have intended them merely as a means of drawing from Sir Hussey a correct and authentic statement of what really took place. If this be so, we wish him joy of his stratagem; it has been completely successful.

While, supposing it to be seriously made, we must disallow the claim put in on behalf of the 52nd on this occasion, we cannot conclude without observing, that it is a regiment, which, without a metaphor, has covered itself with glory. Let El Bodon speak for that. If, therefore, the Major has not

succeeded in taking from the brows of our gallant cavalry the wreath which they so well deserve to wear, let him console himself by reflecting that he belongs to a corps which has scarcely room for another leaf of laurel in addition to that by which they are already adorned—a corps which distinguished itself, from its very entrance upon, to its exit from the theatre of war, by a series of brilliant services, any one of which would have conferred imperishable renown; and which, as long as valour and conduct are held in any estimation, will be referred to, on several trying occasions, as a model by the British soldier.

SUMMER RECOLLECTIONS.

'Tis sweet—'tis sweet—the summer dream
That haunts us in our winter hours;
The murmur'd music of a stream,
The voice of birds—the breath of flowers,
And the warm breeze that lightly heaves
The waters, and the whispering leaves.

There is a dream, more sadly sweet,
When summer years of youth return;
And hearts, that we no more may meet,
As fondly beat, as truly burn,
And eyes weep back to us awhile,
The sadness of their parting smile.

It comes, like music heard at night,
Like dew upon the drooping flowers,
Like morn's first dawning to *their* sight
Who darkly dwell in icy bowers,
To him, who long hath felt depart
The light of hope, and bloom of heart.

Not yet—not yet, the summer bloom
Of my young heart hath died away,
There is a twilight in my gloom,
A ling'ring smile—a farewell ray
Of hope and rapture, kindling yet,
A halo from the sun that's set!

M. S.

SONG.

THE POETS OF SCOTLAND.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF ORIGINAL SONGS.

Come a' ye Bards that climb the steep,
 Whaur high the Nine their vigils keep,
 In chorus wild, or cadence deep,
 O! whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Come ilka Bard o' mirth an' glee,
 That sings our native minstrelsie—
 Auld Scotland yet boasts twa or three,
 That whistle o'er the lave o't.

Come Wilson, foremost o' the choir,
 With hand of might and soul of fire,
 Arouse your spirit-stirring lyre,
 An' whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Blithe Shepherd by St. Mary's Lake,
 Your mountain harp ance mair awake,
 An' sing a sang "for Scotland's sake,"
 An' whistle o'er the lave o't.

Come, honest Allan Cunninghame,
 Ye needna hide your face for shame,
 We're proud e'en o' your very name,
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Come, Malcolm, wi' your plaintive strain,
 We like to hear your harp again—
 Your Soger-wark ayont the main—
 Gae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Come Tennant, ye hae jokes enow—
 And Motherwell, to Nature true—
 And Campbell, what's become o' you?
 O! whistle o'er the lave o't.
 There's Kennedy, that's pleased us lang—
 Gray, Pringle, Moir, and Vedder strang,
 An' Riddell, for a Southland sang,
 O! whistle o'er the lave o't.

Ye've lang had cause to glunch an' gloom,
 Your quaich's been gyzened sair, an' toom,
 But tak my word—for there's my thoom,
 Ye'se whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Sae clear your brow, and dight your e'en,
 Braw days for Bards will yet be seen,
 An' Millar wi' his "Fairy Queen,"
 Shall whistle o'er the lave o't.

Sing Scotia's bonny heights and howes,
 Her heathery braes, and broomy knowes,
 Whaur birkens wave, or burnie rows,
 O! whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Our by-gane days we canna hit,
 We've tint half o' our nither wit,
 But Scotland yet, is Scotland yet!
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

" THE LAWYER'S LAST BRIEF."

" For the honoured hands of ANTHONY POPLAR, Esq., these."

*Knockcarrig Park, the thirteenth day of July, in the year of Grace,
One thousand eight hundred and thirty-three.*

MY DEAR ANTHONY,

Your esteemed favour of the first arrived in due time, for the contents of which I return you my grateful acknowledgments. The last Number of the Magazine is very much to my taste, as also is the packet of doctor's stuff ; I have just finished both, and find my digestion and sleep considerably improved by them. The politics are of the right sort, and afford me great consolation in these modern times of distrust and tergiversation, as do also your *sober, sensible* stories a most agreeable relish to my wine and afternoon nap. In the other matters, especially verse-making, I have never myself had any practice, so I do not pretend to understand much about them ; but my sister Bridget, who sends you herewith her best regards, assures me they are very tender and affectionate—or affecting, I am not quite sure of the phrase. I regret to inform you that I am, at this present time of writing, under the discipline and castigation of mine ancient enemy the gout, who justifies his intrusion on the score of a cold caught while angling in the stream before the door, in opposition, I must confess, to the kind and very urgent remonstrances of my sister. Accordingly, I am restricted, during the day, to the occupation of *my easy* chair, as it is called ; I know not wherefore, save that it is not, like its master, afflicted with gout ; chairs and tables being, in good sooth, the only quadrupeds or bipeds, either, which are to my knowledge exempt from the many grievous maladies to which the legs are incident. By the way, my dear friend, I know of no greater mistake in the economy of animal nature than is displayed in the inflection, or gift if you will, of those ungainly appendages. In

the name of heaven to what purpose are unhappy insects, for instance, furnished with some half-score and odd legs, unless it be to gratify the malicious pleasure of the bloody-minded urchin, who plucks them from their bodies. Marry, my dear Anthony, your serpent is, in my poor judgment, the most enviable beast under God's blessed Sun. Would you kick him on the shins ?—he fears you not. Would you tread upon his corns ?—he defies you ; and albeit he goeth on his belly all the days of his life, yet what of that ? Does he not upholster and stuff that goodly member to protect it from any ill effects of attrition ; and so, having introduced, peradventure, a buffalo, or some such considerable wadding, he glides along with the gentlest and most pleasing deportment. But to the subject of mine epistle. Our new clergyman, who, though he takes his wine but poorly, and is wretchedly ignorant of field sports and politics, is, nevertheless, a most exemplary and pious young man, and moreover, as my sister informs me, hath a very pretty taste for making poetry, took occasion a few nights since to lecture my nephew, Frank, on the waywardness and eccentricities of genius. The lad is, as you well know, somewhat cankered and wildish, and having taken the maggot into his head, was proceeding with great heat and obstinacy to maintain how it was more convenient and natural to set up his top with the right hand, and lash it with the left, keeping his right leg a little in the advance, as he invariably does, than to operate in the ordinary method pursued by other boys. His aunt immediately began to defend the boy, on the score of his being a genius, so our worthy friend found it impossible to convince him of

his error ; but detecting the seeds from which so strange a perversion had sprung, and knowing that if they were not checked in time they would shoot up and expand into all the oddities of a confirmed humourist, he began to admonish him on the government and directions of our inclinations and disposition. "There is nothing," said he, addressing himself in continuation to us, "there is nothing that more imperatively claims the faithful and unwearied vigilance of friends, or which puts their wisdom and discrimination more severely to the test than watching the earlier years of what is generally termed a genius. To discover, while in their germs, the characteristics of a mind which, while the body is yet in its infancy, begins to reflect ere we suspect it of doing so, and to beat out for itself some untrodden, and perhaps, erring path of thought through the unmeasurable fields of human speculation—to develop and bring forward all that is good, without enfeebling it by a forced growth—to deflect and strain to rectitude what is by nature perverse and crooked, without crushing the shoot or checking its vigour ; and, above all, to cut off what is incurably evil, without injuring the health of the whole plant, is, indeed, the office as well as the peculiar privilege of the experienced and watchful. It is from some early adopted perversion of thought—some unlopped excrescence of a too healthy and vigorous mind, which the unthinking unfortunately honour and encourage as the eccentricity of genius, that the saddest failures which we see in the world, arise. It is from some scarce-definable, yet long-sapping infirmity that the goodliest spirits have made shipwreck in their palmiest hour, as the vessel that leaves port, to all appearance, seaworthy, goes down far—far away from land, when the waters are all tranquil around her. "Is there," continued he, drawing near the tea-table where my sister sat—"is there, my dear madam, a more dejecting sight in nature than a deserted garden—its fences broken—all its fair proportions destroyed—its precious flowers, either choked with the noxious but still natural weeds of the soil, or else straggling wild beyond their proper limits, entangled with and crushing each other. Such a scene is to my fancy more dreary and afflicting

than the wilds of Africa : the one is, but as God left it from the beginning, desolate and untenanted ; but the other tells of the destruction of all that was once beautiful and beneficial—of wilful ruin or as culpable neglect. But the grand defect and cause of failure, observable in genius, and which is, in a great degree, attributable to itself, arises from the difficulty and disinclination which the mind feels to ascertain the peculiar bent and sphere of its own powers—to define with precision the dimensions, as well as the quality of the task which its strength can accomplish, and when that is discovered, from the want of concentrating the full force of its talents, to accomplish the object of pursuit. Thus we see men of indisputably excellent abilities adopt, without sufficient prudence or reflection, a course of study exceeding their strength, or unsuitable to their tastes, and so fail in a greater or less degree, or else applying themselves to the investigation of too many branches of knowledge, at the same time, weakened by dividing the efficacy of their intellectual powers, and thus the flood of genius, like the hundred thousand streams of Basra, that the poet tells of, when diffused and scattered through innumerable channels, runs sparkling and sportive, it is true, along each, but without depth—without vigour, without benefit to itself or others.—What I would convey to you, Sir, Milesius," said he, taking down a volume from the book shelf, when he perceived that I was confused and entangled in his illustrations, "I will take leave to explain, in the words of one of our most illustrious examples of early applied genius and untiring industry, and, though the language of Lord Bacon was directed generally to every person proposing to himself the steady pursuit of some desirable object, yet I think it peculiarly applicable to the subject on which I have been speaking. "We must" says that great minister and interpreter of nature, "choose betimes such virtuous objects as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must *determine* and *fix* our minds in such a manner upon them, that the pursuit of them may become the *business*, and the attainment of them the *end* of our

whole lives. Thus we shall imitate the great operations of nature, and not the feeble, slow, and imperfect operations of art. We must not proceed in forming the moral character as a statuarius proceeds, in forming a statue, who works, sometimes on the face, sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another; but we must proceed—and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does, in forming a flower, or any other of her productions, rudimenta partium omnium simul parit et producit, she throws out altogether, and at once, the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts.” “I never contemplate,” said the curate, “the first unaided essays of the youthful mind without the most lively and almost painful interest, and I cannot on such occasions, for the life of me, refrain from interposing my own little stock of experience and counsel, to strengthen its pinion, or direct its flight. I had once a very dear young friend, on whose heart and head nature seemed to have originally conferred many of those qualifications, which, in time, might have rendered him an honoured and a noble being, but his youth was unblest with the most precious of heaven’s gifts, the unwearying and faithful vigilance of parental love—his passions were unrestrained—his sensibilities were unchastened—his tastes and genius were undirected, and suffered to run wild, wasting themselves on desultory and promiscuous studies, useless often—sometimes even pernicious. I am now, Miss Bridget, not an old man, yet I saw that dear friend set out on the voyage of life, bearing the prayers and affections of many hearts that loved him, and though a thousand fears rose in our anxious breasts, still did we hope his course would be bright and prosperous. I lost sight of him for a time, but I found him again struggling and chafing with every puny impediment that obstructed his path, and at last, after casting himself amid greater dangers, and almost courting with mad and reckless perverseness the lashing of surge and storm, I beheld him founder and sink with the awful conviction that he was shattered rather by the impetuosity of his own headlong speed than by the violence of fortune.” My sister, who had all along listened with surprising attention, was mightily concerned at these words of the curate, and trembled

so exceedingly that she dropped her fan, and as he stooped forward into the light to take it off the ground, I could see a tear glistening in his eye. Perceiving my sister’s emotion, as he presented to her the fan, he continued, “I have thrown together a few notes of some of the occurrences of my friend’s life, while many of our conversations were still fresh in my recollection; and, as you seem kind enough to take an interest in his fate, I will step across to my study for them.” This offer was, I need scarcely tell you, greedily accepted, by Bridget, whose kindness of heart hath given her a wonderful hunger for all tales of tenderness and misfortune; and while our friend was away for his papers, I threw myself back in my afore-mentioned easy chair, and fixing my eyes on the armour of my great grandfather, old Sir Osmond—you remember mine ancient habitude, Anthony—I fell into one of mine accustomed fits of musing. I was aroused from my reverie, or, as Bridget, in her pettishness at my want of attention, will have it—sleep, by a violent scream and a kick from my sister’s high-heeled shoe, which, in the extacy of hysterical emotion, she administered to my miserable foot, and thereby awoke a legion of those tingling devils that had whilom wearied themselves by their gambols into slumber. When I recovered composure to look about me, I found Bridget quite in a taking, and the young clergyman slowly closing down the cover of a thin manuscript. I began immediately to have an inkling of the whole affair; nothing, however, remained for me but to offer an humble apology for my abstraction, and, in order to appease my sister who was beginning to look upon me as a most *unfeeling* man—God knows how unjustly, I begged permission to retain the book for my own perusal. As I think it contains something of interest, I now forward it to you, together with this very long letter, for the accuracy whereof I am mainly indebted to the tenacious memory of Bridget. Pray do not omit to send me a fresh supply of colchicum by the earliest opportunity, as also the lobster-sauce. Zounds! there goes another twich of that infernal disorder!—I can write no more than to assure thee I am thine,

Dear Anthony,

In the plenitude of earthly affliction,

MILESIVS O'REGAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Often does the memory of former times
Come like the evening sun on my soul."

OSSIAN.

I had just returned from performing the last sad offices of friendship—at least the last which, in all probability, he shall ever claim from any one at this side of the western waters—for my old friend and school-fellow Ned L——. Throwing myself upon a chair before the fire in my solitary apartment, I gave myself up to the train of gloomy thoughts, that the sad scene, in which I had so recently participated, naturally suggested, and the exhaustion of spirits, occasioned by a long walk from the sea-coast tended to increase; while my *skip* was busily employed in furnishing forth the usual luxuries of blue eggs, blue milk, and blue ware that have been immemorially deemed necessary to the composition of a college-breakfast. My reflections were, indeed, bitter, while I called to mind the days of our earlier friendship, of our brighter hopes, and contrasted them with years of clouded prospects, unrewarded toil, and unlooked-for embarrassments, which pursued him with unchanging severity, until they had at last that morning driven him from the shores of his native land, crushed in spirit, broken in heart, and enfeebled in the energies of mind and body, to roam across half the world in search of a precarious shelter in an Australian colony. "Gracious Disposer of all events!" said I, fixing my eyes upon the fire that puffed as my servant slammed the door after him, "are the labours of years—the prospects of life, to be countervailed and destroyed by the untoward junction of half a dozen contingencies? Are the aspirations of hope, as they rise warm from the heart, permitted to float, like the vapour from the hearth, without efficacy or direction, that they may be chilled or dissipated by the first cold current of the atmosphere?" As I mused aloud, my eyes involuntarily followed the wreath of smoke which my fancy had adopted as the fleeting type of human hopes,

and rested on a small profile hung over the mantel-piece. It was a likeness of my poor friend, done in unostentatious black, in the costume of a lawyer—the ample gown and formally curled wig defined, and thrown out from the sable face by an outline and lights of gold. I remember well, he had given it to me in the pride of his heart, when yet unbankrupt in hope and unbroken in spirit, he first took his place upon the barrister's bench. "Yes," said I, "I feel thy silent pleadings for the tribute of friends far-severed, but thou art not, dear Ned, all forgotten amid the scenes of thy youth; and when other lips shall have ceased to recall even thy name, thy memory shall be green in *my* heart. I know not, therefore, how I can better employ, at least for a few days to come, the hour of rest that succeeds my lonely morning meal, than in consecrating it to the records of early friendship. Edward L—— and myself were, as I have already said, school-fellows, nearly of the same age, and notwithstanding the disparity of our dispositions, early and attached friends. Poor Ned! he was indeed a singular creature, and but little adapted for elbowing his way through the world—at least in its present state of artifice and refinement. One would think from his whole appearance and manner, that he had been altogether misplaced in his generation and postponed centuries beyond his natural time of appearance. It seemed, in truth, as if his family had, by some unaccountable blunder, waited till the 19th century to usher him into this miserable world. At school, he was what boys call a genius, and his character, like most singular ones, was premature in its developement, and hurried rapidly forward to its formation. Thus, while his elders were often undetermined in principle, and swayed by the general opinion of our little community, or the precepts of our masters, Ned would

sturdily adhere to any dogma which he had once adopted, and in true Shandean spirit, ride his hobby through fair and foul, through good report and evil. There were in our times, numberless jokes and good stories current against Ned, which caused abundance of mirth at his expense, and I doubt not that many of them are still extant, though the object of them is unknown or forgotten. Above all,

he was the most notorious "fautor veterum" in the school; and I shall never forget with what cordial satisfaction he joined in the commendation which Horace bestows on those hospitable epicures of old, who preferred to keep their brawn until it was tainted, for their friends, rather than eat it while sweet by themselves, as he exclaimed again and again

"Hos utinam inter
Heros natum tellus me prima tulisset."

These singular predilections were evinced by his adopting, to a considerable extent, the phraseology of the Greek and Roman writers, and those of our own country whom he admitted to a place in his estimation, with the worthies of olden time. But I am wandering, or rather I linger

with a delusive fondness over those bright spots, as if the heart could cheat itself into the belief that no darker ones were reserved for the landscape, though I can offer no better excuse for delaying my task than Ferdinand in "the Tempest," does for neglecting his——

"I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours."

My mind does, indeed, dwell with pleasure on those scenes that are past away for ever, and they yet revive within me a portion of that gaiety of heart which they originally inspired, though many a scene of sorrow has since been connected with them to check and modify the feeling. But the favourite study of Edward was ethics, and, like most other pursuits, when acting on a warm temperament, they exercised over his mind an absorbing and exclusive sway, and seldom left him an hour for cool deliberation to measure and estimate the force of the ideal machinery he put together, by its probable effects when set to work in the world. Hence it often happened, that while deeply plunged in the contemplation or arrangement of some beautiful, but inoperative theory, he was, in great measure, if not totally unconscious of the progress of events around him, and unbenefitted by the lights of moral knowledge, which mankind, in their daily collision, were constantly eliciting from each other. I well remember with what pertinacity of opinion and fervour of zeal he would enter upon a discussion with his head heated and confused by the study of laws and governments, and the rapidity with which he would cite the maxims of Lycurgus, and Solon, and Cicero,

in support of some beloved theory, whose practical defects the worldly experience of those, who possessed not half his talents, enabled them readily to detect. When these talents, however, were taken into consideration and combined with his many eccentricities of character, they only procured for him the reputation of a genius, while the goodness of heart and quaint drollery of disposition which characterized all he said and did, ensured him a degree of esteem and friendship that seldom falls to the share of talent alone. He possessed, in short, a playfulness of spirit, keenness of wit, and rich flow of humour, which formed a strong and agreeable contrast to that half-natural, half-affected simplicity and quaintness of manner I have already noticed, and promised, with expanding talents and increasing years, to give an inexpressible mellowness to his character;—alas! I did but say *promised*; before that promise could be fulfilled, grief, and disappointment, and loss, forbade it. The keen edge of his wit, though not broken, was turned aside; the gay good humour that could laugh at imaginary ill declined into ceaseless railing against fortune and the sarcastic bitterness of a harrowed spirit gave a less agreeable, but far more affecting finish to the

picture. It was no longer the mellowness of the apple ripening in the sun, but the sourness of the same kindly fruit blighted by the untimely blast.

I need scarcely say, that Edward's tastes and pursuits gave him an early predilection for the study of law; at least he fancied so before he became acquainted with the dry and oftentimes almost disgusting details with which books of practical jurisprudence abound, those rugged bastions and frowning fortifications, which the policy of practised engineers wisely throws around the beautiful fabric of ethical architects, as the helplessness of the weak, the artifices of the wicked, or finally, the general infirmity of human nature, may render those bulwarks necessary. With these last, however, he had no acquaintance. Hugo de Grootz and Puffendorf, Burlamaqui and our own Hobbes were the counsellors of his closet, and the conjurors of every vision of greatness that hovered round the head of the enthusiast. Orphaned in tender years, and almost immediately after that loss placed at a public school in a secluded country, by his maternal uncle, a wealthy merchant, all his knowledge was in books, and, like the dove, he knew no more of the world than as a resting place for his foot in the very rare visits which he paid to that relative. With his full approval he had decided on the profession of the law, and for the first time in our lives we parted with a feeling of sorrow, when, in pursuance of this design, he proceeded to the metropolis to place his name on the books of the King's Inns. With moistened eyes I beheld the coach roll away from the inn door at B——, bearing with it into life a being unschooled in its ways, ardent, romantic, and generous, with that strong bias of self-formed principle which—

"Hived in his bosom like the bag o' the bee,"

continued throughout his life to blend its influence with the moral food which his mind drew from all the sources around him, and to tincture with its own peculiar hue and flavour, the stores which he laid up for future usefulness. From that period I saw nothing of Edward L—— for nearly three years, and heard not very frequently from him; though rare his communications, I could not help suspecting from them that he

found not as many kindly hearts in the world as he had left behind at B——. There was less of careless good humour in his general observations, and a tone of increasing asperity in his strictures on the opinions of others, which induced me to believe that his own were canvassed with little delicacy, or, at least, entertained with less respect than he thought they merited.

When next I stood on the steps before the inn door at B——, the emotions of our hearts on that day of parting, passed in review before my mind—the prospects of life that were then opening upon our view, and the changes that two short years might have worked on either. His heart, I well knew, had suffered no estrangement, however his strong peculiarities might have been softened, and his prejudices worn away by the touch of society. Mine was less ardent, and therefore less likely to change—slower in receiving an impression, yet sure to hold it enduringly. Of his prospects I had learned nothing recently, and so was warranted in concluding them unchanged, though a strain of despondency and irritation that pervaded his last communications filled me with undefinable alarm. Mine were, indeed, darkened and contracted; the prop which supported my hopes was drawn from me, and I was left to my own unessayed strength to support me on my way. That strength I was now, for the first time, about to put forth; my only friend, a dignitary of some influence in the church had long since promised my mother to provide for the youngest of her family, and I had steadily looked forward to a curacy, on the conditions of my industry and good conduct, the only restrictions by which the promise was limited; it pleased heaven, however, to show me that the staff on which I leaned was but a reed; my worthy patron was suddenly removed from his earthly charge, and I was left without hope, save in my own resources. I determined still to pursue the course which was originally marked out for me, and I accordingly now set forward with an anxious, yet unfailing heart, and the cheering confidence that heaven designs not man to sink, when he throws out his own arms to sustain himself.

CHAPTER II.

" Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who doat on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breasts—but place to die;
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

BYRON.

It was in the decline of spring, between three and four months after I had taken possession of my chambers in the University, that my evening studies were interrupted by the knuckles of an applicant knocking against my outer door, and great was the joy of my heart when, reconnoitering through the letter-slit, I beheld the face of my old friend on the landing. The next moment we were inside in the room wringing each others' hands, and asking questions simultaneously without waiting for replies. " Dear Ned, is it you? where have you been lately? when did you return? how goes on the law?" " Jack, my worthy old soul! are you the same sober-going old boy as ever? eh! How smokes on Jupiter Tonans and all the Dii Majores of B——, and how are the true hearts we left there?" " They are all in statu quo," said I, taking advantage of the first failure of breath to hitch in an answer. " And your friend the Dean, Jack, have you made him a Bishop yet?" " He is gone," I replied, " where there is no preferment." At length after the excitation of our spirits had in some degree subsided we sat down more calmly " to compare notes," and talk over all that had happened since we were last together. Amongst other things I learned from him that he had been in London since the commencement of the year, keeping two of his terms, and had spent the last few days with some friends in the country. Of his uncle he spoke but little and without much warmth, but from that little I could collect that he was a man wholly immersed in mercantile avocations, one who estimated worth by riches, and

considered success in life as the only criterion of desert or talent. From this time we met frequently, and as Ned often dropped in to take share of my College breakfast, I had full opportunity of perceiving the change which his character and feelings had undergone. Many of his eccentricities of thought and action were, it is true, rubbed considerably down, but the surface beneath was not polished, but rather rendered rugged and torn, shewing too plainly that no gentle force had been applied in the operation. He was more jealous of opposition, and bore with less temper any refutation of his principles than formerly, while occasionally a peevish despondency or an air of sad abstraction would obscure for a moment the kinder feelings of his heart. On those occasions I would generally banter him on his want of spirit, and contrast his present disposition with the reckless gaiety of his younger days. One morning when we were about to commence our operations at the breakfast table, poor Ned, after his usual fashion began to recount some recent annoyance—and they seemed indeed to be rife enough of late—and concluded his complaints by " railing on lady Fortune in good terms." " Come, Ned," said I, " you ought to know too much of the world by this time to allow every petty annoyance to ruffle you. Have you not judgment enough to float quietly down the stream when you cannot make way against it?" " I have been floating and floundering on the stream of life with a vengeance," he replied, " and never yet wanted some one to jostle me aside or make me feel when I

was erring. And in faith I have so often struck my frail pitcher against sounder clay and weightier ware, that I have suffered severely from the collision, and am, I fear after all, but a cracked vessel, to say the best of me." "Nay, in truth," said I, "these little rubs have done you no harm; at most, they have but smoothed your sides and rung the true tone of your metal, and so you are come home again never the worse of the encounter." "Aye," he retorted, "to have my head broken by a syllogism at the long-run. Look," proceeded he, as he held between his forefinger and thumb his spoon by the handle, and waved it up and down over his egg at the greatest possible mechanical advantage, "how many casualties this egg has escaped; the dame's fingers filched it from her good man's jaws that she might buy a bonnet at Easter; it survived the jostles and buffets of its techy neighbours in the carrier's crete to town; it has passed through many a hand and many a hazard since, through fire and flood, and is at last settled down comfortably here, just to be knocked on the head thus." "It is a melancholy picture," said I, laughing at the ludicrously solemn manner in which he suited the action to the con-

cluding word and shews that life but little resembles an *ovation*. "Spirit of Homer," said he, lifting up his hands and eyes, "what a sorrowful pun." "Well then, you had better turn your thoughts to astronomy, and investigate the *milky way*," "Egad I believe so," said he, "and I have good hopes of finding it in this *azure vault*." "It is but a *blue* look-out," said I, "so let us say no more about it." These sallies of College wit succeeded in restoring his good humour, and our meal passed without any further interruption to its harmony. At length Ned, in his excursions through my chamber, poked out a volume of Euripides, which was lying on my book-shelf. It was the tragedy of Orestes, and he opened it at that scene where the poet represents the noble-minded princess, with the unwearied solicitude of a sister—the wondrous and enduring affection of which the soul of woman is so eminently susceptible, watching over the couch of the miserable Orestes, now vainly endeavouring to soothe his distracted mind; now struggling to restrain him in the horrible workings of phrenzy, as she exclaims in words of the liveliest anguish—

"Οὐκ ἐν μίῳ· χερσὶ δ' ἐμωλύξας ἱμῶν
Σχῆμα εἰ πῶδ' αἰ δούσσυχ' ἐπιδήματα."

"I will not free thee; but with this frail hand
Cling to thee still, and check each desperate bound."

His eye rested for a moment on the page, then he closed the book and sighed heavily. "It is a sad story enough," said he, "and yet with all his misfortunes Orestes was in one respect a happy dog. He was never without the consolations of female sympathy; he never sighed in vain for those tender attentions which only woman's heart can suggest and woman's hand minister in the hour of trouble. I wish to God, Jack, I had such a—a sister." "I wish with all my heart you had, Ned, you would then, no doubt, bestow the hand of Electra on me, your unworthy Pylades; I know you respect the ancient precedent." "Aye, precedent, precedent," interrupted he, with an impatience and acrimony that surprised me, "I never knew one wanting to support either side of the question. What if I should slay her? I think I

could find a precedent for so laudable an action." "Well, well," said I, willing to soothe his evident irritation, "if you are the first to question the honour of an ancient hero, I shall hold you discharged from the rule of conduct." He seemed sensible of my intention, and after a moment's pause resumed. "No more and you love me, Hal; I am ill to bear a banter at present, and you know I was always techy about my old world notions." He was silent for a short time, as if debating something in his mind, then taking my hand affectionately he continued, "Jack, my best friend, I will not trust you by halves; you remember M—— whom you have seen in my company." I did indeed remember that shortly after our first meeting in town he introduced me to a Mr. M—— as a friend with whom he had been passing a few days in the

country, and I could not readily dismiss from my mind the unfavourable opinion with which that person had impressed me. There was something of calculating coldness in his keen grey eye—of cautious and studied reserve about him that ill contrasted with the frank and open bearing of my friend, and a compression and working of the muscles around the mouth, that spoke of dark and evil passions, the more dangerous to others from the wariness of habitual controul : I contented myself, however, with answering merely in the affirmative. “ And I think you are already aware that our intimacy commenced when we were fellow-students at the Temple.” I nodded assent. “ Some slight accommodation it was in my power to afford him there, and since my first return from London I have occasionally visited him and his sister, Miss M—— in the country ——.” “ What !” said I, “ is there a woman then at the bottom of it all ?”

‘ *Hei vereor ne quid Andria oportet mali* ’

My mind misgives me or she will lead us into some trouble.” “ Well, well, you are right for once ; but my dear Jack, if you had seen Lucy M——, you would not wonder”—— “ Oh, certainly not.” “ You are a cold-blooded infidel, Jack ; however I will ere long convince you of your error. M—— and she come to town shortly, and you shall then judge for yourself.” “ Meantime,” continued he, seating himself opposite to me, with the most pensive air imaginable, “ since I am at the confessional, you had better permit me to proceed. I first became acquainted with Lucy a few years after the death of her father, who left little else behind him than a broken-hearted widow and two children. They were then living in the same cottage of which M—— is now about to dispose, as his profession will oblige him to live in town. Mrs. M—— was slowly but perceptibly dying, and I had frequent opportunities of observing the untiring strength of filial love with which a fond daughter ministered to the wants of a languishing mother. As our intimacy increased, a thousand occasions presented themselves of assisting her in the performance of her arduous duty, of witnessing the patient and devoted spirit of self-denial with which she hung over the chair of the invalid, and

still as the big tears stood in her blue eye, struggled to hide her own sorrows from one on whom the knowledge would have inflicted the bitterest pang. Was it to be wondered, my friend, that a young and amiable girl, in such a situation, could be other than an object of admiration, of respect, of love ; or was I wrong in concluding that she who had proved herself an attached and duteous daughter to the last hour of her mother's existence, could not fail to make an affectionate and devoted wife.” “ The precise meaning of all which in plain humble prose, is this ;—you were thrown by chance into the society of an amiable, and I am of course bound to suppose, a pretty girl, placed under circumstances which were naturally enough calculated to invest her every word and action with a strong colouring of interest and romance,—especially in the eyes of such an ill-starred genius as you are,—and accordingly you make it your business to fall in love with her forthwith.” “ Pretty girl,—interesting circumstances,” said he, starting up in evident irritation, though almost laughing at the picture I had drawn,—“ Sdeath, you demure, sneaking, icy-hearted reptile, you understand nothing at all of such matters. However, translate it as you will, the upshot of the affair was this,—I totally, irrevocably surrendered my heart to Lucy, and the moment that disclosed to her my passion was that in which I received the assurance that it was as fully returned.” “ Oh, then it is all arranged, I see, and I have nothing to do except to wish you joy.” “ For heaven's sake, do reserve your flippancy for some more suitable occasion,” said Ned, in a supplicating and offended tone : “ listen to me, and try if you can afford me any assistance.” I complied readily, feeling some remorse at having bantered him too severely. “ Her brother,” continued he, “ is not adverse to my suit ; I have had his sanction to addressing Lucy, though I confess I could not in justice censure his rejecting so fortuneless a suitor.” “ He may nevertheless feel sensible,” said I, “ that the nephew and reputed heir to the partner in one of the richest firms in town would be in all probability an eligible protector for an orphan sister.” L—— looked at me with an expression of the most innocent surprise, that showed the

truth had never till that moment flashed upon him. "Jack, you always saw farther into such matters than I did. It may be as you say; but that on which I would now consult you is of more moment. I have not yet informed my uncle of my engagement." "Then do so by all means." "You do not know my uncle, Jack. He would never consent to my union with a woman who is guilty of so unpardonable a crime as poverty, and should I take such a step without consulting him, I lose his favour." To advise, much less direct under such circumstances was difficult. I had therefore recourse to all the common-place prudential arguments which are so readily available to those that are fortunately not involved in the predicament. I recommended that he should if possible relinquish Lucy altogether, but on this point he was obstinate, and I could effect nothing. "He was pledged," he said, "pledged in word and in honour; he had sought her affection, and how could he, now that he had gained it, desert her." I pressed upon him the impropriety of a clandestine marriage, and the almost impossibility of supporting a wife on his own paternal pittance. "So what are you to do, Ned, if your uncle refuse to assist you?" During my sermonizing, as he was wont to call it, my poor friend continued rapidly striding, or rather shambling back and forwards along the room, with a half-dogged, half-abstracted air, as if he heard little and heeded less what I was saying. My last query, however, brought him to his senses and to a dead stand; then turning suddenly round upon me, and thrusting his fingers through a mass of tangled black hair, which he was incessantly fretting and cocking in every possible direction during moments of agitation, he glared fiercely into my face. "Do—why what the d—l would you have me do but starve?" "That is too terrible an alternative," said I, "so in heaven's name make the attempt to gain your uncle's consent." I was at length so far successful as to extort a reluctant promise from him that he would do so; and ere we parted he had begun to form a thousand plans in the event of overcoming his scruples. From what I had already learned of the character of my friend's uncle, I had no great difficulty in anticipating the issue of

the conference. He was a man of a frigid, unexcitable turn of mind, who had, even in his younger days, looked upon matrimony as he would upon a mercantile speculation,—subservient to the great business of life, the acquirement of riches—as chiefly valuable for the connexions it procured him, or the wealth that it added to his store: and now that he had arrived at the age when

"The hey day of the blood is tame
And waits upon the Judgment,"

and that "good old gentlemanly vice" of amassing money increases as the ability of enjoying it is diminished, he was not likely to entertain more liberal sentiments upon the subject. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that when Edward disclosed to him his situation and feelings, the old man heard him with astonishment. Coldly and calmly—for he never suffered himself to be hurried away even to an expression of anger—coldly and calmly, he pronounced it to be an act of the most unpardonable folly; and when the other in exculpation, passionately appealed to the feelings of his uncle's heart and pleaded his own affections—his engagement—his happiness at stake—the madness was too manifest; the phrensy was of too hopeless a description to be mastered by the language of good sense or common prudence—so at least thought his uncle, he offered not another word in opposition, but in a tone of the deepest contempt, concluded by allowing, that Edward was certainly his own master; but he assured him such a connexion would never have his approval. It is, unfortunately, in love as in most other passions, as the emotions of the heart are in strong action, so the operations of reason are proportionably clogged and weakened, we are too much under the influence of hope or fear, to estimate truly the disadvantages or difficulties that obstruct us in the pursuit of the objects of our desires, we feel too deeply to philosophise in word or action. It was thus, that Edward L., possessing strong passions and accustomed to express them strongly, knew not with what stern fidelity his uncle would persist in adhering to a determination which he had resolved on so calmly; and in addition, his sanguine temper induced him to hope, that however sincere at

present might be that relative's intention of abiding by his words, he would finally relent, when opposition would cease to be availing. Under such circumstances, my friend still persevered in his former line of conduct; and, accordingly, a few evenings after, we were bending our steps towards the lodgings of M—. Despite of the elasticity of spirit which enables the young heart to rebound under the pressure of affliction's touch, I observed that Edward's health and spirits were considerably affected by the violence of the struggle to which he was subjected. He listened with a gloomy and abstracted air of despondency to the few encouraging suggestions which I could venture to make under the circumstances. I ceased at length to urge a conversation which he seemed alike unable and unwilling to sustain; and when we entered M's. dwelling, I had insensibly fallen into a train of sad contemplation on the probable results of so inauspicious a connection, and was half inclined to coincide with his uncle in considering it the act of inexcusable folly. My reverie was interrupted by Ned's putting his arm within mine as he led me up the room,

to where a lovely and interesting looking girl reclined upon a sofa. She rose at our approach. As my friend presented me to her with a smile,—“Lucy, this is Mr. W—, of whom you have so often heard me speak,” I shall never forget the sweet confusion, the unaffected maidenly modesty of feature and deportment, with which she acknowledged the meaning his words implied, that I was in possession of their secret. The languid smile that, as she rose to receive us, at first lit up her blue eye and played across her pale features, quickly gave place to the mantling blush that flushed to her brows, and this last, after struggling awhile for mastery, at length faded away before the returning influence of delicate health. I confess, my philosophy and composure were sadly put to the proof, and I discovered in the gentle being before me, a stronger argument in exculpation of poor Ned's folly than I had an hour previously imagined could be adduced. As I gazed on her varying face, I could only compare it to some of those beautiful creations of the soul, which the Poet calls up to illumine the hours of his lone and enraptured study;

Rideva insieme ed insieme, ella arrossia—
Ed era nel rossor piu bello il riso
E nel riso il rossor che le copria
In sino alimento il delicato viso.

At once she smiled, she blush'd love's richest hue—
Still as she blush'd, her smile more lovely grew;
Itself in turn enhanced the rosy grace,
Whose deep suffusion dyed her angel face.

All this while, I must, of course, have cut a strange figure, and I know not how long I should have continued to do so, had she not relieved my embarrassment, and I believe her own too, by directing my thoughts to a different channel. “I have been endeavouring,” she said, “to persuade Edward to try the country air for a few days; I fancy he is thinking more of his studies and less of his health than is prudent.” Her observation brought me quickly to my senses and recalled to my mind the object of it, of whose existence I had that moment, I fear, lost all recollection. There he stood, however, demurely looking at me, his eye kindling with the light of that

sly humour which had so long slumbered, while, to use the expression of his happier days, “his internal spirit cut a caper,” as it enjoyed the triumph of my involuntary homage. I did at last contrive to reply—something I said about his being shortly to be called to the bar, and added that I was sure he would, after that event, be at liberty to comply with her wishes.—He sighed heavily and the conversation dropped for the moment. I was but poorly read in love-lore at the time I speak of, and as to any knowledge which I may have since acquired on that head, the less that is said about it the better. Nevertheless, the interest which I felt in all that concerned

my friend, induced me to apply my whole stock of skill to discover if the strong attachment which promised to influence so materially his fate and fortune in life, was reciprocated as warmly by the object of his passion. During the evening I had abundant opportunity of being convinced that it was so ; and as I observed the silent happiness, "the calm kind of gentle feminine delight" with which she unconsciously acknowledged the influence of his presence, I knew not how to doubt for a moment that it was a genuine manifestation

*Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne—
A sincere woman's breast."*

I perceived that she possessed a gentle and affectionate heart, and a confiding spirit which sought not to support itself, but implicitly reposed on

the love she cherished ; timid by nature, she was still more so from the remains of the lingering delicacy of a constitution which long attendance on her mother and the recent shock of her death, had severely injured. At length I took my leave and hurried away to the University. As I traversed hastily the voiceless gloom of her solitary courts, where the far-distant and clouded ray of the antiquated oil-lamp scarcely revealed the spectral pillars of the larger buildings, as they stood out into the dusk and echoed to the footfall, I heard the last toll of the Porter's bell, while from the steps of the dining-hall he proclaimed "the Dean is in the hall," I answered with an 'Adsum' the call of my name from the roll and retired to my lonely chamber to meditate on the events of the evening.

DON GOMEZ AND THE CID.

The Don Diego Laynez in lonely musing mood
Bends o'er his board, but not to taste the long-unheeded food :
His throat is all too choking-full of his indignant heart,
Too firmly yet his teeth are set in sorrow's grinding smart,
His hand is still too busy with the hilt of fancied sword,
For him to eat or touch the meat that smokes upon the board.

Thus, day by day, he wastes away his age in abject woe,
Because he may not cleanse the blot of an unworthy blow :
Don Gomez, Lord of Gormaz, has put him thus to shame ;
And, for the blot, he knoweth not how to avoid the same ;
For he is old and feeble now, and all the hope he has
Is in the coming manhood of his son, the young Diaz.

" Rodrigo Diaz, of Bivar, thou art my only hope ;
But ah, the day is distant far, e'er thou with man may cope :
I hear fleet Baveca's hoofs upon the marble court,
Ah, would to God thou rodest forth upon a man's resort !
Would Knightly spur were on the heel I hear upon the stair—
How now, how now ! whence comest thou to trouble my despair ?"

" I come from Gormaz Castle-moat, where, since the break of day,
I have been cutting of an herb will ease thy pains straightway :
Will give thy meat a savour sweet, a relish to thy wine—
Up, up and eat—'tis at thy feet—God send thee well to dine !"
The old man cried a cry of pride—his pale cheek turned to red ;
For, as he spoke, from 'neath his cloak, the Cid drew Gomez' head.

TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.*

(Concluded from the last Number.)

Mr. Moore is evidently too sound a votary of the Vatican, not to profess to long for a laboured and grave reply to his production; we think he deserves one, and we can anticipate and venture to promise, that in that which is announced from the pen of Mr. O'Sullivan he will not be disappointed; but our object is not to follow the "*Traveller*" through the devious windings of his journey, but simply to present to our readers such remarks on the principles which he exhibits, as to prove to them the weakness, the folly, and the wickedness of that wretched superstition which he has undertaken to defend.

The logical shape ("if shape it can be called, that shape has none,) in which he attempts to clothe his arguments is that of Induction, in which, by pretending to collect the opinions of the Fathers of the first four centuries, he endeavours to borrow the sanction of their authorities and range them on the side of Popery. This is the universal plan of all the defenders of this system; and while we shall prove that even on this, their favourite and only position, the superstitions of Rome are utterly indefensible, we protest loudly against the whole principle the argument as being radically false and Anti-Christian, and containing within itself the essence of Popish apostacy from the foundation of the Scripture. We must consider this question even at the risque of being counted tedious by our readers. It will be conceded, we believe, that "*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.*" 2 Tim. iii. 16. It is unnecessary to add, that this principle applies to the apostolical epistles, and that those epistles were written to the various churches planted by the Apostles, as well as to individual officers of those churches, not only to instruct and build them up in the principles of the Christian faith, but to correct numerous

errors into which they fell, either through the remains of Jewish or Gentile superstitions as in the Church of Rome (see Rom. 14,) or through the indulgence of their criminal propensities, as we see in the first epistle to the Corinthians, or through their legal and Judaizing teachers, corrupting the simplicity of the Gospel, as we perceive in the epistle to the Galatians. Now, the question arises, were these epistles adequate to the purposes for which they were inspired?—were they capable of conveying sound principles of doctrine and precept to the members of these churches, to whom they were explicitly and indiscriminately addressed?—and were they calculated to correct the errors into which they had fallen? We do not claim too much for inspiration when we demand, that what would be conceded to the common letters of a sensible and rational instructor may be granted to the Spirit of eternal wisdom and truth.

Now, to form a correct judgment of this great question we must transport ourselves back to the apostolic times, and imagine ourselves to be members of an apostolic church. Now, let us suppose that some elder, ordained by one of the Apostles themselves—say a bishop of the Church at Ephesus goes away from the church for a time, and in his absence writes to us an epistle; if his doctrine coincides with that of Paul, it is well; but if his epistle is in our clear judgment inconsistent with that which we have received from the Apostle Paul—(let us suppose Paul beheaded, Peter crucified and John dead)—how now are we to decide?—whom to follow?—Paul or this bishop? It is said, "*The bishop must have been a superior person in the Apostle's estimation, or that he would not have set him over the church, and that if there is a seeming difference we ought to defer to the judgment of the bishop who must have held frequent conferences with Paul on this and all subjects of divine truth.*" Let us grant that he

* Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, with Notes. By the Editor of "Captain Rock's Memoirs." 2 Vols. small 8vo. London: 1833.

did, but still, we clearly see, a difference between Paul and him in the letters which they have addressed to us, and still the question recurs whom are we to follow? If it is said "*Refer to the elders of the church, and if they agree with the bishop then you must certainly yield to them.*" In reply to this we must observe, that Paul himself warned us as to these very elders at Miletus when he sent for them that "*after his departure many grievous wolves should enter in among them not sparing the flock; that also of their own selves should men arise speaking perverse things, seeking to draw away disciples after them.*" Acts xx. 29, 30. Now, suppose the whole body of the elders divided, and that some decide with this absent bishop and some with Paul, which party of the elders are we to follow?—those who agree with Paul, or those who agree with the bishop? If those who agree with the bishop, then inspired authority is to be rejected in favour of that which is not inspired; if those who agree with Paul then it is clear that we must admit that the standard of inspiration is that to which we must refer the question.

Now, let us suppose the whole church in the state described in the apostolical history, when the epistle in the Apocalypse was addressed to this church at Ephesus, when they had "*left their first love,*" when they were commanded to "*remember from whence they were fallen, and to repent, and do the first works, or that the Lord would remove their candlestick out of its place;*" by what standard let us ask, should we determine the extent of our delinquency and the nature of repentance? Is it by the writings or instructions of those who were all as fallen as ourselves, or by that inspired testimony which had been given both to them and us, as a lantern to our feet and a light to our path? We believe common sense as well as true religion must determine the answer in a moment; from whence we draw this irresistible conclusion, that as the same reasoning applies to every apostolical church, and to none more than the Church at Rome, it follows that if even the member of an apostolical church was in doubt whether an elder, or a bishop, ordained by an Apostle, himself wrote or preached any thing contrary to the doctrine which the

Apostles wrote or preached, the only refuge he had from his difficulty was to compare the uninspired word with the word of inspiration, and to adopt the latter as divine authority, in proportion as the authority of God is above the authority of man. If this be so, we assert *a fortiori*, that if you remove the church a step, or any number of steps farther from the Apostles, whether the uninspired writer be one of the apostolic, or of a subsequent age, the church must bring the uninspired to the test of the inspired word, or the truth of the living God must be abandoned for the vagaries of human folly, and the fantasies of human imagination; whence we maintain, that all the writings of the fathers when adduced to maintain the principles of any church, are as worthless as those of any writer of the present day, or either any given point in them is *contaneous with the apostolic writings, or opposed to the apostolic writings, or the matter is indifferent, not mentioned or not decided in the apostolic writings.* If it is accordant with the apostolic writings, then we embrace it, not because the fathers wrote it or corroborate it, but because it is written in the eternal word of God; if contrary to the apostolic writings, then if the fathers and all the world asserted it, we deny it, for we say, "*Let God be true but every man a liar.*" If the matter be indifferent, neither directly or inferentially enjoined or forbidden in the word of God, then we say let the conscience of every man decide on it for himself; to us it is a matter of no importance, if God has left it at large, we shall not contend for it. Let the Popish principle of appealing to the Fathers be brought to the test, and we will venture to say, it shall appear as false as all the other superstitions of the Church of Rome, when placed in the light of truth; when therefore Popery declines an appeal to the sacred standard of truth, and flies to the writings of the fathers for the confirmation of her doctrines, it is a tacit confession of her apostacy and of her incompetency to bear the light, and we therefore protest against the principle of Moore's production, as bearing the stamp of Antichrist impressed upon the "very head and front of its offending."

But the style of this Traveller's stories, or for the sake of compliment-

ing his intention we will call it the principle of this Traveller's reasoning is equally untenable in logic as in theology.

An argument from induction is overthrown by the production of contrary examples and the facts exhibited in the result of some recent controversies in this country have set this mode of reasoning at rest for ever, as utterly inconclusive and absurd in the estimation of every man who seeks for truth; we allude to the controversies between Mr. Pope and Mr. Maguire, and that between six Protestant clergymen and six priests at Derry. We confess, we considered at the time the mode of conducting these controversies as deeply to be deprecated, believing, that the Protestant controversialists had permitted

themselves to be drawn down from the lofty and impregnable fortress of God's word into the perplexed and inextricable labyrinth of human opinions and authorities, but we now see cause to rejoice in the error, as it has been providentially permitted to illustrate practically the total hopelessness of ever arriving at truth by such means, and has exhibited so clearly the conflicting testimonies of the fathers as to neutralize their evidence for ever. We present our readers with a brief analysis of these controversies as given in a speech* at the opening of the Session of the Theological Society, Nov. 1832, exhibiting the number of references to fathers, councils, and other ecclesiastical authorities adduced by the controversialists on both sides :—

	Fathers.	Councils.	Various Ecc. Auth.	Total.
DERRY DISCUSSION.				
Protestants, . . .	158	81	264	503
Roman Catholics, .	159	66	230	455
—				
POPE'S DISCUSSION.				
Pope,	147	63	233	443
Maguire,	163	47	171	381
—				
TOTAL OF EACH.				
Protestants, . . .	305	144	497	946
Priests,	322	113	401	836
Total of both,	:	:	:	1782

We have here six hundred and twenty-seven references to the authority of fathers—two hundred and fifty-seven references to that of councils, and eight hundred and ninety-eight references to various ecclesiastical writers, ancient and modern; this, while it furnishes an abundant refutation of the impudent assertion which Moore makes in his book throughout, as to the absence of support which Protestants could derive from the fathers, and on

which the whole force of his argument rests, exhibits the logical inconclusiveness of his induction, as well as the quicksand foundation of his theology, and satisfactorily demonstrates that the only end of such a mode of controversy is to favour a superstition, whose only aim it is to confound and baffle all investigation of the truth, and to promote and perpetuate the cause and interests of falsehood. We dwell upon this subject, because however contemp-

* Speech delivered at the opening of the Session of the Theological Society. Nov. 1832; by Rev. R. J. M'Ghee. Published by Times.

tible this work of Moore's may be, we think it affords an important opportunity of pressing the necessity for maintaining the Popish controversy on its own legitimate ground, and establishing what that legitimate ground alone can be. We also wish to show why we refuse to trace this traveller through the beaten track he has pursued. We shall content ourselves with taking our station on that lofty rock, from which we can command, in a bird's-eye view,

the whole deflections of his path, and we shall stoop on him and seize him, as those birds of old were wont to seize the pigmy Thracian warriors, and just lift him up at those points, in his route, where by raising him up to view, we can exhibit him in the most picturesque and effective positions in the panorama of Popish superstition, and then let him drop again till it is time to make another pounce upon him in his journey:—

“*Mox impar hosti raptusque per aera curvis,
Unguibus a sæva fertur grue.*”

The first place we shall seize on him is at the outset of his journey. He tells us in Vol. I. p. 10, that he was induced to set out in quest of religion among the Fathers by this sentiment, expressed in a sermon which he had heard from a Fellow of the University. “In like manner, (said the preacher,) as streams are always clearest near their source, so the first ages of Christianity will be found to have been the purest.” In accordance with this principle he tells us (p. 11, 12,) that “of the Scriptures his knowledge had hitherto been scanty; but the plan he now adopted was to make his study of the sacred volume concurrent with this inquiry into the writings of its first expounders, so that the text and comment might by such juxta-position shed light on each other.”

We pass over the Popish principle implied in this, namely, that the apostolic writings are defective,—that the word of divine truth is unintelligible without the light of human exposition, and that the persons who either themselves conversed with the Apostles, or with those who had conversed with them on the doctrines of the Gospel, were thereby enabled to supply this defect by their writings,—so that we could thus learn from them with some degree of precision what the Apostles had been either unable or unwilling to explain themselves. We omit this, as it is the common trick of Popery, by which she attempts to decry the Scriptures and extol the Fathers. But what should we expect from this resolution of Mr. Moore? Should we not expect to see some proof of his having adopted the plan which he proposed—some exhibition that the study of the sacred volume was “concurrent with

this enquiry into the writings of” those whom he calls “its first expounders,”—some proofs deduced from the Scriptures and these expounders, which would prop up the superstitions of our Church of Rome? But what is the disappointment when, with one solitary exception from beginning to end of his two volumes, not one single argument, deduced from the Scriptures, either by himself or the Fathers, is brought forward in defence of Popery. We sometimes meet a solitary text quoted or perverted,—several passages blasphemously ridiculed, or adduced with an indecent mockery which none but a slave of Popery or a votary of infidelity could dare to exercise,—but nothing that even affects the semblance of an argument, save one on the Eucharist, deduced from the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel, which we shall examine in its place, and which he reiterates with a pertinacity of self-sufficient triumph that only proves how untenable must be the wretched superstition which he endeavours to defend,—what indeed does the very *prima facie* evidence of the case exhibit? Here is a thing called a system of Christianity. Here is a man who sits down to write a defence of all its doctrines. He professes to take the whole of the Bible, and all those who expounded it for four centuries, to aid him in his vindication of it,—and what does he produce from the sacred volume? One solitary chapter is the sum total on which he even dares to hazard an argument or to challenge an investigation! What must any man conclude? Either that the system is utterly irreconcilable with Christianity, or that this writer is the most contemptible controversialist that ever

attempted to write a line in its defence. Both indeed are true. There is no work on the Popish controversy extant in which there is not a more reputable effort to give a gloss of Scriptural authority to the superstitions of Rome. Moore acknowledges the necessity of this in the principle with which he sets out; but his total apostacy from his principle, evinces not only the untenable nature of his superstition on that ground, but that he is unable to make even an effort to defend it; and when he informs us that he sets out upon his travels with the Bible for his guide, and we find, when he has got to the end of his journey, not only that he has not taken a single step by its direction, but left it entirely behind him, he is like a mariner who professed to have made a careful provision of every necessary for his voyage, and was discovered ready to founder in the high seas, without sun or stars in the heavens, or chart or compass in the ship.

But it were well if Moore had exhibited only that sort of ignorance and incapacity to use the Bible, which is the necessary concomitant of Popery; but he has gone much further,—he has manifested the united hostility of Popery and infidelity against the sacred volume; he attempts, as an infidel, to throw discredit on its authenticity, while as a slave of the Church of Rome he rejects both its use and its authority. On this we shall probably enlarge further at a future season, meantime we may challenge the annals of modern impudence and modern falsehood to produce a parallel for the following passage:—

“The strange and startling discovery upon which criticism, in its prying course, has lately lighted, that the three first Gospels are but transcriptions from some older documents, and not the works of the writers whose names they bear, however calculated it may be to strike consternation into Protestants, who find their sole rule of faith thus unsettled, leaves the Church which Christ founded and instructed still secure on her old apostolical grounds. The lamp of tradition delivered down by the Apostles, at which the light of the Scriptures themselves was kindled, still burns with saving lustre in her hands; and were it possible that every vestige of the written word

“could be swept away at this moment from the earth, the Catholic Church would but find herself as she was, before a syllable of the New Testament was written; and remembering the promise of Christ to be ‘with her always,’ would still hold on her course unfaltering and unchanged—the sole source of truth and dwelling-place of faith to the last.”—Vol. II. pp. 337, 338.

Now before we remark on this unparalleled specimen of Popish assurance and infidel falsehood, we shall just request our readers to observe the logical nature of Mr. Moore’s production, and how admirably adapted his arguments are to the sophistical and delusive superstition he defends.

Being Academicians, and our good friend Murray not having been consigned to the shelf in our day, we naturally recollect what we fear some future jibs and sophisters, since he is removed from our course, will not be so accurately acquainted with, that the principle proposed for proof at the commencement of an argument is called the question or *res probanda*, and when the argument is completed it becomes the conclusion or *res probata*. So that a work on such a subject, to be truly and logically conducted, ought to commence by the author’s laying down the principles which he intended to prove; and having completed the course of his reasoning, he ought to be able to recapitulate these same principles, and to assert before all his opponents that he had finished his work and that they had been proved. It must be a poor and inconclusive production if he is unable to place honest old Q. E. D. at the end of it.

Now what is the real question, the *res probanda* of Mr. Moore’s work?—that is, of the Popish controversy? Clearly this. It is admitted on both sides that God has given to us a Divine Revelation of a religion which we call Christianity. Now the question is, are the principles of the Church of Rome conformable to that Divine Revelation—that religion which we call Christianity, or not?

As to the true mode of ascertaining this—whether the Scriptures alone are sufficient to determine it—or whether we require the aid of traditions and writings of Fathers to throw light on

these Scriptures, or even whether traditions themselves be a part of Divine Revelation? These are all distinct questions; for even if tradition were to be held as a part of Divine Revelation, Popery admits that if a tradition contradicted the written Word it could not be a Divine Tradition. Therefore we repeat the pure abstract question is—*“are the principles of the Church of Rome conformable to that word which she herself admits to be divinely inspired or not?”*

This, as we have shown, is, the principle Moore sets out with, and to determine this principle—to find a religion pure as the fountain, he resolves to study the sacred volume, with the aids of the writings of its first expounders, as he calls them, so that text and comment might, by such juxtaposition, throw light on each other.

Now to reason with any common propriety on any subject, much less on one so solemn and important as this, Mr. Moore should have conducted his readers to this conclusion, that having studied the Scriptures, and compared the principles of the Popish Church with them in such and such series of particulars, which series ought to have constituted the body of his work, he had come to this conclusion, that the principles of the Popish Church were conformable to the Scriptures and consequently pure and genuine Christianity, and therefore, being in search of a Religion he should adopt this one as the true Religion of Christ.

But what is Mr. Moore's conclusion? Let any human being capable of appreciating an argument, compare the principle with which he sets out in the 12th page of his first volume with the conclusion at which he arrives in the close of his second.

He sets out to ascertain the truth of his religion by comparing it with the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers, and the conclusion to which he comes is—that three of the Gospels are spurious, nay, that none of the books of the New Testament are inspired (for this is his statement, compare p. 337 with note p. 191, vol. 2.) and that if every letter of it were in the bottom of the sea the principles and authority of his Church would be totally unaffected by its destruction!!!

Now what, on his own principles, can be more unutterably absurd? If, in-

deed, Popery can stand independent of the Scriptures, why assume *“the study of the Sacred Volume”* as necessary to determine the truth of Popery? and if that volume is necessary to determine the truth of Popery, how can he possibly arrive at the conclusion that Popery would be unaffected by its total destruction?

This is merely considering the question in a logical point of view; but when we examine the nature of his principles, it is impossible to decide whether we feel more disgust at their wickedness or their folly.

He first lays it down as a fact—that criticism has made *“the strange and startling discovery”* *“that the three first Gospels are but transcriptions from some older documents, and not the works of the writers whose names they bear,”* and asserts that this is *calculated to strike consternation into Protestants who find their sole rule of faith thus unsettled.”*

When we who are a little more sceptical of this criticism however formidable, then, of these same three Gospels which it has so conclusively subverted, begin to enquire where are we to find it? who are these redoubtable critics who have so upset the foundations of our faith? as Mr. Moore gives us no reference to them here, we find our question solved in this second volume of our author's travels, p.p. 190–191, and we take this opportunity of introducing to our readers another feature of his production.

For the purpose of proving that the right of appealing to the Word of God in defiance of the tyranny of the Church of Rome, which he nicknames *rationalism*, necessarily leads to neology or infidelity, Mr. Moore professes to have gone in his travels to Germany, and to have attended lectures in the University of Gottingen under the pretence of prosecuting his search after a religion. He is here introduced to a certain professor of theology or rather of neology, whom he names Scratchenbach, in plain English *Scratching back*, a very appropriate appellation, implying the agreement of mutual and responsive assistance between Popery and infidelity, whose co-operation in attacking the bible is well illustrated by the vulgar adage—*“scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.”* Mr. Moore lays such stress on the aid of this Professor that he employs no less than

seven chapters, amounting to 105 pages, in a lecture which he supposes to have been delivered by his learned friend, and we will venture to assert, that a more stupid drawing tirade of malevolent infidelity was never yet composed—if Satan were listening to it in a human form, we think it difficult to decide whether the stupidity would outdo the venom so as to put him to sleep, or the venom the stupidity so as to keep him awake. It closes, most appositely, with the subject as announced in the “Contents” of his chapters:—

“*Inspiration of the Scriptures rejected—authenticity of the books of the Old and New Testament questioned.*” And it is under this head in this imaginary lecture of Mr. Professor Scratchenbach that we find this criticism, to which Mr. Moore afterwards refers, and it is as follows:—

“They (the German Divines) have shewn that in most of the Epistles gross errors and interpolations abound, the latter traceable chiefly to about the beginning of the second century, while not only the Epistles, but the Gospel attributed to St. John, have been proved by Bretschneider to have been the production of some gnostic of the same period. Nor is this all, for even the trustworthiness of the remaining three Gospels have been seriously called into question by a most important discovery, which we owe in the first instance to the sagacity of our learned Michaelis, but which others since his time have brought still further into light. The fact proved as it appears from clear internal evidence, by these critics, is, that the three first Gospels are not in reality the works of the writers whose name they bear, but merely transcriptions or translations of some anterior documents,” on which he writes the following note:

“By Berthold, one of those critics who assert the existence of a common document, it is maintained that the original of the three first Gospels was written in Aramaic. The Epistles of St. Paul, too, as well as indeed all the other Epistles he asserts in like manner to be merely translations from the Aramaic, so that as an able writer in the British Critic has remarked on the subject, instead of the good old fashioned notion, that the New Tes-

tament is a collection of works composed by the persons whose names they bear and who wrote under the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost, we must now believe that the original narrator of the Gospel history was an unknown person, and that the Gospels and Epistles which we read in Greek are merely translations made by some persons whose names are lost, and who betray themselves by several blunders in the work which they undertook.” July 1828, p.p. 190-191, Vol. II.

Now we call all men who bear the name of Christian, to the consideration of the principles which are here laid down. The Epistles and Gospel of John are “proved to have been the productions of some gnostic of the second century.

It is a fact proved by clear internal evidence, that the three first gospels are not in reality the works of the writers, whose names they bear, but merely transcriptions or translations of some anterior documents.”

And not only the Gospels but the Epistles of Paul, and all the epistles (Peter himself the rock of the popery not excepted) are all mere translations from the Aramaic.

So that the whole New Testament, instead of being a work of inspiration of the Holy Ghost, is the production of some unknown person, and all its parts are mere translations, made by persons, whose names are lost, and who are betrayed by several blunders in the work they have undertaken.”

Here is the genuine impression of the word of the living God, which this Popish infidel endeavours to make upon the minds of those who are so weak or so ignorant as to be guided by his falsehood and his sophistry.

“O but,” says Moore, “these are not my sentiments; I have introduced these as coming from a professor of neology in Germany, and have introduced them not as the opinions of the church of Rome, or as the results of her doctrines, but rather as the opinion of Protestants who profess to make a rational enquiry into the Scriptures, which is thus practically proved to lead to infidelity.”

We grant that this is the gloss he tries to put upon the case, but we will not permit this unprincipled traveller to shelter his abominable principles

beneath such a flimsy sophistical disguise. We might ask even without going beyond this passage itself, how are these sentiments expressed? Are they put forth with any restriction or limitation? Is there any expression to qualify them to suggest a doubt of their veracity?—to supply an antidote to the poison they instil into the mind?—not a single one. Not a single tinge of the light of truth to relieve the dark and dismal gloom of scepticism and infidelity, which they are calculated to spread over the mind that comes within their dreary and malignant influence; they are evidently written with a spirit of demoniacal triumphant satisfaction, that thrusts out its poisoned sting, and feels a pleasure at leaving it in the wound. We defy any honest man on earth to read that passage, and say that he can feel a doubt that the writer wished to leave on the reader's mind the impression that the Scriptures were neither authenticated or inspired. We should rejoice in the possibility that we were mistaken; but Moore has not left us the consolation even of a hesitation on the subject, for these infidel speculations, which he so insidiously introduces as from a neological professor, so as to leave himself a loop-hole to escape in page 191, he adopts as his own, and thus snares himself in his own noose, in page 337. The lying and contemptible criticisms which he had first exhibited as the neological statements of the infidel divine, he here puts forth as facts in his own opinion—he sets it forth as a “*strange and startling discovery*,” that the gospels are not the works of the writers whose name they bear;—a discovery so true as to “strike consternation into Protestants,” and unsettle all our rule of faith; in plain words, upset both the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible.

How shall we measure the language of indignation and reproof towards a man, who can stand up with such unparalleled audacity before a nation calling itself Christian, and pretend to write in the defence of any religion, even of popery itself, and plead under such a guise the cause of infidelity; he may calculate, and too justly, indeed, that we are fallen very low in the scale of religion; but it is rather too much to suppose that we are all destitute of common understanding.

However, as far as we Protestants are concerned, we freely forgive him for the exhibition he has made of Popery. In our former review we proved that profligacy and sedition, and treachery, in the profession both of private friendship and of public principle, were all consistent with a blind and zealous devotion to the superstitions of the church of Rome. In this we made it too palpably appear that a man may be a bigotted votary of Popery, and an infidel even as to the very principles and evidences of the Christian faith; he may evince that one portentous truth, which Moore has no less confidently asserted than practically demonstrated, that the superstitions which he holds as a member of that anti-Christian apostacy, would remain untouched in their integrity and their perfection, if all the sacred records were blotted from the face of the earth; we are indebted to the folly of his reasoning for the admission of the truth, and the avowed infidelity of his principles has furnished us with the melancholy and unanswerable illustration.

We presume that the simple transcription of our traveller's sentiments is sufficient satisfactorily to establish their wickedness; we are not sure whether to the cursory reader their gross absurdity may be so self-evident; we, therefore, just briefly point it out.

This same criticism which so strikes Protestants with consternation, and unsettles our rule of faith, “*leaves*,” saith Mr. Moore, “*the church which Christ founded and instructed, still secure on her old apostolical grounds*.” Now let us observe how this security is established. “*The lamp of tradition, delivered down by the Apostles, at which the light of the Scriptures themselves was kindled, still burns, with saving lustre in her hands*.” Pray, gentle reader, even though you have never read a word of controversy or theology before, as being peculiarly destitute of all entertainment—if folly and inconsistency, and self-contradiction can amuse, you look here.

He first informs us that criticism has totally extinguished both the authenticity and inspiration of the New Testament, and left us poor Protestants shivering in darkness and consternation; then suddenly he good-naturedly relieves us, by affording us “*the light of the Scriptures*,” again; only taking

care to inform us that he has kindled it for us, and that we are solely indebted for its lustre to "*the lamp of tradition*!" Now, let us humbly enquire what is this same "*lamp of tradition*," and who lighted it? Moore does not tell us, as he supposes we cannot be so ignorant as not to know; however, Dr. Hornihold informs us, in his "*Real Principles of Catholics*," p. 336, Coyne, 1821.

Q. "What is tradition?"

A. "All such points of faith or church discipline, which are not clearly or not at all expressed in the Scripture, but were taught or established by the apostles, and have been carefully preserved in the church ever since."

Now, though no Popish writer before Moore ever had the folly or impudence to say that "*the light of the Scriptures was kindled at the lamp of tradition*," yet let us grant him his assertion, and what has he proved.

The Scriptures, or the written word of these Apostles, derive their light from tradition, or the unwritten word of these Apostles. Now, this tradition (as we will call it for argument's sake) has handed down, most certainly, that these Scriptures are canonical, and the genuine productions of the author's, whose names they bear. Dr. Hornihold says, in the same book, p. 331, "All these books are undoubtedly canonical, as being received and declared as such by the Catholic church, and, consequently, all and every part thereof are infallibly true, for, otherwise, as St. Augustine says, 'if any part were false or doubtful, all would be uncertain.'"

Therefore, what does Moore do; he falsifies, as an infidel, the whole canon of the New Testament, by denying its authenticity and inspiration, and as a Papist, in the very same sentence, he ascribes its authority solely to tradition; but since tradition has delivered it as inspired—when he denies its in-

spiration he falsifies his own witness, and proves that tradition is a liar, having handed down as inspired what he and his critics prove to have been not inspired; so that the sword of his infidel criticism is two-edged; with the one edge it hews down the inspiration of the Scriptures, and with the other cuts to pieces the authority of tradition; nay, it does not leave a single vestige of tradition remaining—for tradition is the unwritten word of the Apostles; but this criticism has proved that no such writers ever have existed, that "*the gospels and epistles which we read in Greek are merely translations made by some persons whose names are lost, and who betray themselves by several blunders in the work which they undertook*," so that every tradition, and the very name of a tradition, must necessarily be a lie which professes to come from persons who are proved never to have been in existence; therefore, the wickedness of all Moore's arguments, as an infidel, serves only to illustrate his folly and absurdity as a Papist. If his arguments be true, his church is at best one lying superstition built upon another. Nature made him a finished profligate poet, but never intended him to figure as a theologian. He has aimed a blow at the religion of Christ, but his weapon has fallen only on the superstitions of the church of Rome.

Justice to the cause of truth—a sense of duty to the public, demands a faithful exposition of his work, but we desire to express unfeigned compassion for the author. In our last we exhibited him as a treacherous Jesuit—now he appears in the character of an infidel, and affords a melancholy example, that a man may cherish all the abominations of infidelity in his heart, consistently with the most wretched superstitions of Popery in his profession.

IRREGULAR ODE TO MUSIC.

Come, heavenly Music, come
 O'er my enraptured soul,
 Shedding thy sweetest influence around,
 Clad in the witcheries of softest sound,
 I bend to thy controul:
 Suppliantly
 I bow to thee,
 And yield my senses up in willing slavery.

Goddess! with thy magic touch
 Wake not within me the deep chords
 Of passions that lie darkly slumb'ring there,
 Anger, and grief, and fell despair,
 That, at thy mystic words,
 With sudden gleam
 Wake from their dream,
 And kindle up the soul in one wild flame.

Come not on the battle blast
 From the gory field of death,
 Nor on the voice of the wild-echoing horn
 Along the plain, blood-reeking borne,
 Where, as it floats, the warrior's last breath
 Expires upon the sound,
 While all around
 The peals of war's fierce minstrelsy resound.

Come not from the courtly hall
 Where dissipation rears his shrine,
 Where the gay notes invite the sprightly dance,
 That please the ear, yet not the soul entrance;
 Nor come, thou pow'r divine,
 With the light strain
 That cheers the swain,
 While rude mirth revels in the train.

From thine own shrine descend
 Amid the winged cherubim of God,
 Such as of old—when, to the utmost bounds
 Of boundless space, were heard the joyous sounds
 From out the dread abode,
 Where sat on high
 The Ruler of the sky,
 And marked each swinging world heave wildly by.

When from the depths unsearchable
 Omnipotence stretched forth his awful arm,
 Curbing each mass, that wandered thro' the main
 In reckless fury, by it's orbit's chain;
 Then crashing world's alarms
 Sunk suddenly
 To deep tranquillity,
 And every sphere combined in heavenly harmony.

Such as the hymns of praise
 Of the Archangels as they bore along
 From light unquenchable that first bright glance
 That woke the sleeping world from its dark trance,
 When heaven's angelic host caught up the song
 With words of fire
 Thou didst inspire
 Till trembling systems echoed to the choir.

If strains like these, divine,
 Are poured to Deity alone—
 If 'tis not granted unto mortal ear
 Thy voice in all its heavenly tones to hear—
 In unveiled splendour if thou art not shewn
 To mortals' eyes
 Who vainly tries
 To live and view thee in thy heavenly guise.

Come then, sweet Maid,
 Soft as by Hermes found
 (When happy Greece he gaily wandered o'er,)
 Within the tortoise shell upon the shore,
 Where thy young soul lay bound;
 Then eagerly
 He set thee free,
 And soon the God grew eloquent from thee.

Or, in the calm, clear night,
 When nought is waking save the zephyr's sigh,
 Come, borne upon Eolian strings along,
 Breathing thy softest, sweetest, saddest song,
 Scarce blent with aught of earthly minstrelsy,
 Each wondrous tone
 A spell might own
 To draw down list'ning spirits from their starry throne.

Oh! at thy melting voice
 The soul springs wildly from her seat away—
 Old Time stands lost—forgets the circling hours,
 While each dark thought from memory's bosom pours,
 The shadowy tribute of some long past day—
 Earth's clogging chain
 Would bind in vain
 The swelling heart that feels thy magic strain.

IOTA.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM LONDON.—No. III.

DOWN THE THAMES AND UP THE THAMES—GREENWICH AND RICHMOND—
WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

MY DEAR LUCY,

Were it not that I am a very serious personage, and your cousin, I should scarcely venture to tell you how very much I was delighted with your charming letter; it must have been my good angel that made you think of writing it. I cannot describe to you, and you can scarcely imagine, how the heart is touched when in the midst of this busy crowd of selfish artificial people, a letter is received, in which nature and affection speak; how the springs of all the kind and fond emotions, which among heartless strangers are as a shut-up fountain, gush forth and refresh the soul, and the lonely man confesses to himself, with fervent

thankfulness, that there is still something left to live for, and to love. I thought I looked upon you, my dear Lucy, as I read your letter, and saw your glad blue eyes, and marked that smiling air, which has all a child's simplicity, and all a woman's gracefulness. I thought I heard your clear and gentle voice, and felt once more your hand's light pressure on the shoulder of "sober cousin Harry." I thought—but a truce with this vein, which is not for me. What hath such a fellow as I to do with these tendernesses? You must rather bear with me as one who, whenever he can, philosophises, rather than feels—one of whom you may consider that—

—————" In his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms."

In very truth, though let me tell you, that the excellent good sense of your letter—the kind expressions—the simple and beautiful thoughts, and the graceful and correct language in which you embodied them, not only gratified me, but made me very proud of you, my lovely cousin, and sometime pupil; and I would gladly, if I could, repay the pleasure you have afforded me, by sending you, in return, a letter that would have some little claim to interest you.

London is still prodigiously full, and has been prodigiously hot, so that al-

most every one that can, has snatched a few whole, or half days, from morning concerts, and evening parties, to go up the river, or down the river, or by some means to get among grass and trees, and escape the glare of the London pavement, and the hot walls. "Going on the water" that is to say, on the Thames, is a great delight in the neighbourhood of London; and hundreds of light boats, that look more like toys than things in which men and women would trust themselves in deep water, are every day—

"Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,"

and convey their gay companies up to Richmond and Twickenham, or down to Woolwich and Greenwich. The vast breadth of the Thames—the slowness with which it flows, so that the current up or down depends almost solely upon the tide; and the variety of interesting or beautiful objects, which may be viewed from the river, make it

the pleasantest possible lounge in the warm weather. In going down from Westminster-bridge, you look up to the vast city with its huge masses of buildings, stretching away on both sides, with a whole forest of steeples, and domes, and towers. There are no quays, warehouses, and wharfs, coming down to the brink of the water, except

in some places where a public building, as at Somerset House, or open pleasure ground, as at the Temple Gardens, break the line ; but the gradual rise of the ground, from the river's edge, enables the eye to wander over, at least, the upper outline of the huge congregation of streets and houses, and as the little boat steals quietly along, we can scarcely help contrasting the insignificance of the little vessel, to which the life of one's body is intrusted, with the enormous city round about, which the mind is capable of conceiving and holding, as it were, within the grasp of its observation.

After passing four noble bridges, we come to the Custom-house, a massive business-looking pile, and then the old Tower of London, with its thousand historical recollections. From the time the last bridge is passed, the crowd of vessels, of all descriptions, and of every kindred tongue and nation that possesses sea, or river ports, is immense. This part of the river is called "the pool," and extends a good way down, but I cannot tell how far. Greenwich, I should think, is about five miles down, and looking at it from the river, it is, I suppose, one of the grandest piles of building in the world—the Custom-house and the Bank in Dublin not being excepted. The foreigner is amazed when he learns, as he sails up to London, that the superb palace which he looks upon, is the place where England lodges and provides for her old sailors, who have been wounded or worn out in the glorious service of the British navy. I like this exceedingly—it is not mere vanity—it is a noble ostentation—a fitting compliment to the force which makes Britain what she is, or rather what she has been, for times have changed. The national spirit has miserably fallen away into a petty, hateful, cosmopolite pseudo-philosophy, and Englishmen, instead of feeling the glory of Greenwich, grumble at the expense. There are men, aye, and popular men, too, who, if they had their will, would sell

that magnificent building to the highest bidder, and lodge the old sailors at the lowest rate for which they could make a "contract." This mean spirit of thrift would never have made the character of a great nation, and will not maintain it now that it is made.

Everything about Greenwich corresponds with the impressions which its magnificent aspect excites. There is a beautiful chapel, and a noble hall adorned with fine paintings ; but best of all, the old men-of-war's men seem comfortable, and well taken care of. The serving up of their dinner is a busy affair, and one of the sights of the place. The ceremony observed is somewhat similar to what you may have seen in the fine old hall of the Kilmainham hospital, but there are ten times the number to be supplied, and they eat their mess at the tables where they receive it. In Kilmainham, I observed, they all carried it off to their own rooms. It is pleasant to see these old Greenwich fellows wandering in groups about the fine park in the sunny days. The park is of considerable extent, and ascends from the buildings, which are close upon the river, back to Blackheath, an open common, through which runs the great Chatham and Dover road, and which commands, at some points, the most magnificent views of the broad river, with its forests of shipping in the distance, and yet further on, the dusky mass of mighty London. I do not know that Blackheath can boast either heath or fern, or even thistles, though there are plenty of donkeys, with little chains fastened on their backs for children to sit in, and be carried about ; and saddle ponies, and pony chaises, for the accommodation of ailing adults, who desire a quiet jaunt. These are by the road-side, but out upon the heath, or "downs" more properly, the air blows fresh and free, and in the sunny morning I have found all lonely and still, save the clear song of the lark, skyward ascending—

" Here he might lie on fern, or withered heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen,
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influence trembled o'er his frame—
And he with many feelings—many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found

Religious meanings in the forms of nature ;
 And so, his senses gradually wrapt
 In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds—
 And dreaming, hears thee still, oh, singing lark,
 That singeth like an angel in the clouds."

This melodious and fervent description is, I believe, from Coleridge ; I have quoted it somewhat out of place, for assuredly Blackheath hath not many associations in common with a heathy mountain's side, but as it had enough to put me in mind of these lines at the spot, I have set them down. If they are not good as an illustration, still they are abundantly worthy of admiration for their own sake. I never read anything which more earnestly and happily expresses the quiet intensity of dreamy joy which meditation and sympathy with nature may impart in the deepest solitude, or with no company but the singing lark, that singeth like an angel in the clouds !

Now, you must jump back with me at a bound to Westminster-bridge, or have your carriage ready, if you like it better, and get rolled in through the dust in forty-five minutes. But whatever way you come you are welcome ; and now let us get a nice green boat, that cuts the water like a fish, and two good smart rowers, for I hate the trouble of it myself—besides the danger of "catching a crab," and tumbling heels over head into the water—and now pull away my boys for Richmond. The tide is running up and away we go, shooting past Cotton Garden and the end of the House of Commons ; the debate is going on, but no matter, it is a dry discussion, and we are on the water, so we have no earthly business with it—pull away my lads, and let us get past ugly St. John's Church, and far uglier the Millbank Penitentiary, with its sunken walls of brick, its low roofs, and horrid grated windows. But look to the other side ; there is Lambeth Terrace and its shady walk, and the fine old Archbishop's Palace, like a baronial castle, and farther on is the dark shade of Vauxhall Gardens, which will be bright enough with artificial light at midnight ;—Vauxhall-bridge passed, and we dart along towards Chelsea, which soon appears in view, with its stately and sober edifices of dusky red brick ; then comes the road by the river's side, with its row of shady elms, almost over-hanging the

river, and partly obscuring from the view the fine old mansions of brick in the Dutch style at the other side. Now, we pass the old church and church-yard where Sir Thomas More was buried—alas, Sir Thomas ! one of the wisest, justest, and best humoured men that ever lived, and yet his head was cut off by a fierce sensual tyrant ; More was good humoured, and facetious *upon principle*. The following appears somewhere in his writings, which you may transcribe and send to your uncle Sourkrout, who seems to think, that by his sombre severity, he exhibits himself to his family and friends as a wise man. "For when I come home," says More, "I must converse with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants, all the which things I reckon and account among business, for as much as they must of necessity be done ; and done they must needs be, unless a man will be a stranger in his own house ; and in any wise a man must so fashion and order his conditions, and so appoint, and dispose himself, that he may be merry, jocund, and pleasant, among them, which either nature hath provided, or chance hath made, or he himself hath chosen to be the companions of his life ; so that, with too much gentle behaviour and familiarity, he doth not mar them, and by too much sufferance of his servants, make them his masters."

So, my lads, you have rested long enough on your oars, while I chattered about Sir Thomas More. Now, pull away—there—we have passed the red house where pigeons are shot continually, and men sometimes—this is "Chelsea Reach," and our boat rocks a little, but now we have shot under Battersea Bridge, and there is the village on the left hand with its church, and mill too, but it is a paper mill, and that long huge wooden case is one of its appendages, and is *not*, as the wags of watermen assure the cockneys when they come up the river, a case to put over Battersea steeple when it rains. The banks now become more country-fied, and villas are seen both near at

hand, and in the distance, kept with that exquisite neatness which distinguishes English dwellings; and soon we reach another bridge which, like the last two, is of wood, supported on piles driven into the bed of the river. This bridge has the honour of possessing a suburban town of great credit and renown; at either end of it, the names which it alternately bears in the vocabulary of travellers. On the Middlesex side of the river is Fulham, a place of ecclesiastical note, as being the frequent residence of the bishops of London; there is a palace here belonging to the see, and a very old church, in which the bishop sometimes officiates. On the other side, in Surry, the once village, but now town of Putney, comes up to the foot of the bridge, and vies in grandeur with the more orthodox Fulham, from which it is separated by the river, and to which it is joined again by the wooden walls aforesaid. Here we find on the Middlesex side, a number of gardens coming down to the edge of the water, and some elegant cottages with lawns all shaven and shorn, as soft and smooth-looking as velvet, and adorned with flowers and flowering shrubs. Near the water the weeping willows incline their gracefully drooping branches to the stream; the cottages ornées belong to people who have fine houses and carriages in town, and come out here when it would be too early, and out of the fashion, to "go into the country." One of the little gardens is Theodore Hook's, the famous humourist, and the most really fashionable author about town. You must remember, my dear Lucy, that a fashionable author and a writer of what are called "fashionable novels," are very different things. The fashionable novel writers are persons whose minds are steeped in the meanest of all vulgarity, and who, from foolish tattling trades' people and upper servants, cull the circumstantial matters, which they expand into three volumes of impertinent nonsense, and call it a novel of fashionable life. The vulgarity of the people who write these books, is only to be exceeded in amount by the silliness and bad taste of those who so eagerly read them. So far as it has fallen in my way to observe the mode of life of what are called the upper classes, these trashy books of the circulating libraries do not, by any means, convey

a just idea of it—and at all events it is very unworthy of people of sense to trouble themselves with the intrigues and insipidities of luxurious shallow men and women, who seldom have an elevated thought, or are ever affected by deep feeling. It is worthy of note, too, that most of these who write novels to expose, as they say, the follies of fashionable life, are precisely the persons who, in their own lives, seem to hold these follies in most deference, and who regard, with all the petty scorn of which their souls are capable, every one who is not "somebody" in the world of metropolitan dissipation, while they themselves endeavour, to the utmost of their means, to ape the very habits which they write books to "show up."

Theodore Hook is even more entertaining in his conversation than in his books, and consequently his companionship is, I believe, more sought after for dinner parties, which are desired to be very agreeable, than that of any man in town; and now that he is no longer a very young man, he must find this, however fond he may be of pleasant society, and well conducted dinners, a very considerable annoyance. I cannot conceive any thing much more irksome to a man who reflects, as well as observes, than a continual round of company, in which one must, of necessity, meet five stupid, or common-place people, for one of sense and spirit. I am told, that when Mr. Hook lived in town, he had a garret-room well stored with reading and writing materials, which, in his facetious way, he called his "country house." To this he retired when he had any thing to write, which would admit of no longer delay, and when people called or sent cards, the answer was, that "Mr. Hook was gone to the country;" hence the curious designation which he adopted for his literary garret. But this *ruse* was, I suppose, found out, for he has now emigrated, as I told you before I entered upon this long digression, to the banks of the Thames, and he takes his ease in his unpretending suburban dwelling, often—very often, doubtless, appearing to those whom he admits, a wiser and a sadder man, than he ever does to those who only knew him as the most humorous caricaturist of manners in existence.

Now for our oars again. We have bade adieu to wooden bridges, and soon

the iron suspension bridge of Hammersmith, like the Menai bridge in miniature, appears before us. It is, however, by no means a trifling work, and it is rather in the difference of height, than of length and breadth that it appears so small a thing compared with the lofty and awful-looking Menai bridge. But now it is passed, and the comfortable-looking villages of Mortlake and Barnes are seen on the left, approaching to the water's edge; these two are soon left behind, and we pull for the centre arch of Kew bridge, which is neither of wood nor iron, but stout granite. Now we are in a royal neighbourhood, and what concerns us more at present, a beautiful neighbourhood. The bridge is passed, and on the left are the royal grounds. The Duke of Cumberland's lodge, a plain respectable-looking building of grey stone, appears through the trees, and the thick foliage of Kew gardens stretches onward on our left, which is the Surrey side. Here there are green islands in the middle of the river, with beautiful drooping willows that festoon the banks, and shut out from view the ugly town of Bruntford, which lies opposite on the Middlesex side. From this point, nothing can be more rich and luxuriant than the view, at this period of the year. Meadows and parks, and trees loaded with blossoms, and sumptuous houses with all their ornaments of lawn and pleasure ground; the broad majestic river too, with flocks of swans disporting on its bosom, and lifting up their huge snowy wings like sails to receive the fresh breeze that sweeps along, waving the grass and leaves and blossoms, and giving life to the rich tranquillity of the scene. On the left, after the gardens are passed, the park of Kew commences, and

reaches almost all the way to Richmond; on the opposite side are the rich grounds of Sion park, and full in view Sion house, the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Northumberland. At this place there is one of the finest conservatories in the world, with plants and trees from all parts of the earth, flourishing in the artificial climate which their nature demands. Even from the river we may see rising amid the trees the tops of the lofty houses of glass, which contain these luxuriant exotics. Sion park bounds the river to Isleworth, another comfortable village on the bank, with its respectable-looking church in full view; and then we proceed between beautiful villas and their pleasure grounds, through crowds of boats, and past another cluster of river islands, to the handsome bridge of Richmond—far-famed Richmond. Here let us disembark, and walk up Richmond hill, the exertion of which will make more pleasant a seat on the famous terrace on the brow of the hill when we arrive there.

We have arrived, and are seated, and dull indeed of soul and sense would he be that could look unmoved upon a scene so splendid. The noble Thames is now far beneath us, and is seen rolling away in quiet grandeur, till the river is lost in meadows and trees and distance. All is calm, and magnificent, and cultivated: perfectly English, in every feature. It is of this view, as you will perhaps remember, that Thomson sings with such enthusiasm in his "Summer;" he calls it the hill of "Shene," which is the ancient name of Richmond, as we are told by the commentators, and signifieth, in the Saxon, that which is rich and shining in its aspect.

" Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape; now the raptured eye
Exulting swift to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows;
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray
Luxurious; there, rove through the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat."

And so he goes on talking of the beauties of the place, and all the worthy people of note, (including Alexander Pope) who were sick, or sorry, or stu-

dious in that neighbourhood, at the time he wrote, and concludes with this fine burst—

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, ‘till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

So you see, Lucy, the whole matter ends in “smoke” after all, like most other fine things in this world; and thus come we back to plain prosaic truth, which, concerning Richmond hill, is this:—After the first gaze, when suddenly coming upon so fine an open, you cry “how beautiful,” you begin to think that after all you see nothing but a good looking river from an elevated point of view, and an enormous mass of fine trees, which, as far as the eye can reach, seem to fill up the prospect; but then if you be of the temper to bear the impertinence of a guide, the time for his assistance is come, and he will tell you all you ought to see; whereupon, if you be long-sighted, or still better, if, like Hamlet, you can see, “in your mind’s eye, Horatio,” you may satisfy yourself that two or three of the things enumerated in Thomson’s description are actually visible; and near at hand (for in all things, whether in landscape, or in political or domestic life, we always look too far at first) you will by and by discover some exquisite villas and cottages about the lower world, that is to say, the banks of the Thames, very worthy your attention and regard.

It is now high time to “recruit exhausted nature,” as the fine writers say, and you must hie to the “Star and Garter,” or some more quiet and less ostentatious place, if you can find one, to take a sandwich, some strawberries and sugar, and a glass of sherry. Thus fortified, you get down by some “precipitous route,” (I again quote from the fine writers) or another, to the bank of the river, and get ferried across to the Twickenham meadows. The view from this place at a proper time and in proper weather, is absolutely delightful—the place itself is delightful, and whoever is incapable of feeling it to be so, should go home and die, for he, she, or it, is unfit to live. Now the proper time is about the end of May, or, in backward seasons, the first or second week of June. The horse chesnuts,

which abound in this neighbourhood, should be in blossom, and eke the hawthorn both pink and white. Then the weather should be rather warm but not very sunny; there should be some clouds to deepen the shade, and a breeze, with that clearness of the atmosphere which denotes that it holds a little water in solution, as learned chemists tell. Such a day you may hit upon perhaps five times in the twelve months; but note well, that such a day but too, too often rains in the afternoon, so you must provide accordingly.

I cannot tell you how fine the view is, looking from Twickenham meadows, about quarter of a mile above Richmond bridge. At the other side of the river delicious places, with lawns so smooth, and “alleys green,” come near the edge of the river. All that the most fastidious care can do, to improve every natural advantage, is done. The prettiest of these is the villa of the Duke of Buccleugh. Above these, you see houses “bosomed high in tufted trees,” and the heights of Richmond close the view. As you proceed, the Twickenham side is scarcely less attractive: there are beautiful cottages, where roses, and creeping plants invade upon the windows of plate glass—fine looking mansions, surrounded by stately trees—green lattices peeping through clustering foliage, the flowery branches of the light laburnum, and the big chesnut trees, waving in the air, which is perfumed with the odour of the lilac flowers and the hawthorn. But when the hot summer comes in its strength, it burns up all this deliciousness.

If it be the season that I have been describing, you should proceed through Twickenham and its church-yard, rich in recollections of Pope, and then by a pleasant drive of some two miles, arrive at the grand avenue through Bushy Park to Hampton Court Palace. This avenue, including the circular part at the Hampton Court end, which surrounds a spacious pond, is about a mile

long, and by far the finest thing of the kind I ever beheld. The road has a broad belt of herbage on each side, and this is bounded by a line of magnificent trees, which stand five feet deep, the front rank being all horse chestnuts. When these are completely covered, as they were very lately, with pink and white blossoms, which are thrown into full relief by the dark mass of foliage behind them, you may figure to yourself what a beautiful thing this noble avenue must be, as the eye takes in the full line of view from one end to the other. And when the eye asks relief from this magnificent display, one may seek a seat under these trees, and look up beneath their long pendant branches covered with leaves and flowers, at the light struggling through, but unsuccessfully, for all below is dark green shade. Or if we look into the mass of trees on the opposite side, we see the deer stealing through, picking away the leaves that come within their reach, and bounding up to bite those which are too high for them as they stand, but if the least alarm is made, away they scud in groups to the open ground, or "wilderness beyond."

I think you had better chose another day for Hampton Court Palace and grounds, though you are now so near it, for one gets fatigued and bewildered

by looking at too much in one day; but if you feel equal to it, we may now proceed to that fine old Palace, and see the "maze" and the wonderful vine that occupies a whole house to its own share, and the old orange trees, and above all the gallery of paintings, containing the fine cartoons of Raphael. But I say again all these things would be as well, and better, on another day; and my judicious companions agree with me, so we return to Richmond to dinner, and with the returning tide, row back again to Westminster, re-examining all the beautiful things of the morning, under the influence of the mellow light of evening.

And now that I have you at Westminster bridge again, I must for a little time detain you there, partly for the sake of the place itself, but yet more that I may guard you against some abominable heresy touching the genius of our great poet Wordsworth, which your friend Mr. Poplar has permitted to slip into his Magazine for the last month. Mr. Wordsworth, among the unaccountable eccentricities which frequently attend upon poets, has a habit of getting up very early, and one fine summer's morning, nearly thirty years ago, ere any body, but himself and the watchmen, were awake, he produced the following sonnet,

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

"Earth has not anything to shew more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I—never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

Now Mr. Poplar has allowed to be printed in a note at the foot of page 701, in the June Number of his Magazine, that the man who wrote the above, "despite his being a good man, is no poet." He might with just as much reason have said that Shakespeare, despite his having a vigorous imagination, was no dramatist. The

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latter assertion would not be a whit more extravagant than the former. And what does the critic allege in support of his opinion? Why, truly, that 'it is not *he* that says it, but the *world*.' Mr. Wordsworth's works 'do not sell.' Now, this statement is a mistake—Mr. Wordsworth's works do sell, although they are not of a popular cast, being

by no means addressed to the passions, but to the faculties of reflection, and deep tranquil feeling. Three or four years ago Mr. Wordsworth's poems being out of print, a new edition, containing his collected works, was published, but at much too expensive a rate to command a great sale in these times. I believe the four or five small volumes of his collected poetry, were published at two guineas, but about two years ago, a selection was published by Moxon, in one volume, at five shillings, the sale of which has been very great, and still continues. But after all, and without affecting to hold lightly the judgment of the world in matters with which the mass of people who have guineas to spare, may be supposed to be conversant, I think I may be permitted to hold that the sale of a poet's works is rather an un-literary criterion of their value. Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for seven pounds, and there is no reason to believe that the bookseller made anything by the bargain. In our own day Mr. Cooper's and Mr. Bulwer's novels, when republished in monthly volumes, at five shillings each, have had a large sale, while Fielding's, Smollett's, and Sterne's, published on the same plan, were not sold to the amount of three hundred copies.

In poetry, and particularly in such severely simple, and nobly pure poetry as Mr. Wordsworth's, it is the judicious few, and not the common multitude, eager for excitement, whose esti-

mation is really to be prized, and with these Wordsworth is a poet, and a poet of the highest order, too. If, of the dead, Byron spoke with hasty spleen of Wordsworth's writing, let it be remembered that even Byron's superior in genius, Walter Scott, was Wordsworth's admirer and friend. Of living critics, Jeffrey, whose better judgment was always made subservient to the bitterness of party spirit, has endeavoured to cast ridicule upon Wordsworth; but Southey, John Wilson, and Lockhart, who, now that Jeffrey has sunk into a twenty-fifth rate ministerial hack, in the House of Commons, stand indisputably at the head of the critics craft in Great Britain, are all very ardent admirers of Wordsworth's genius.

I dwell the more earnestly upon this defence of Wordsworth, which, unworthy as I am, I have undertaken, because I think the purity and elevation of his poetry—the ardent and yet delicate love of nature which inspires his muse, and the perfect virtuousness of all that he inculcates, ought to cause his works to be the frequent study of all who love nature and reflection, but especially of women, and if you do not already possess the book, I counsel you, my dear Lucy, to get the “*Selections from Wordsworth*” immediately from your bookseller, and I shall be disappointed if, very soon, you have not much of the book by heart. For myself I assure you that when—to use his own beautiful words—

“ ————— When the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.”

there is, certainly, no modern writer to whose pages I have turned with such assurance of “*meditative joy*” as to Wordsworth.

A single nick-name in a popular work will often stick, so far as the vul-

gar crowd is concerned, and reason, and a good reputation, for a length of time, contend against it in vain. Byron, half in fun, and half in spleen, mocked at Wordsworth in his *Don Juan*—

“ A clumsy, frousy poem, called the *Excursion*,
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,”

is ready on the tongue of thousands who never read the “*Excursion*,” but who think it a fine thing to repeat a sneer. I never heard any man of learning, and gravity, and good taste, speak of the “*Excursion*” without

praise, though even I myself will admit that, to me, the subject matter occasionally seems too homely for the grand Miltonic cast of thought, and versification, in which Wordsworth tells the story; but in this very “*Ex-*

cursion" are some of the noblest developments of "the vision and the faculty divine," that the world has had since the days of Milton. Take the following, chosen without search—

"Such was the boy—but for the growing youth,
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass before him lay,
In gladness and deep joy."

Byron did not always continue in his error about Wordsworth; in his intercourse with Shelley, he was taught to appreciate the sublime musings of the poet he had ridiculed, and throughout the third canto of *Childe Harold*, there are evident traces of his study of Wordsworth. In some places he copies even his language—for instance, in the magnificent description of the storm in the Alps, the bounding roar of the thunder is described:—

"————— Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder—not from one lone cloud,
But ev'ry mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Juno answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, which call to her aloud."

In a poem published by Wordsworth, many years before, the following lines occur:—

"————— Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of silver—how sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice; old Skiddaw blew
His speaking trumpet; back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara, southward came the voice,
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head."

It may be said that Byron improved upon the original, by putting thunder in place of a lady's laughter, for the wild sport of the mountain-echoes, but the original evidently is in Wordsworth. his poetry is not for the multitude who are so spoiled by the world, and continual artificial excitement, that they cannot relish simplicity. In his introduction to "*Michael, a Pastoral*," he says—

Our poet seems to be aware, that

"————— Although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same,
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And yet with fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self, when I am gone."

Many, very many passages there are, which I would have great delight in quoting for you in justification of my admiration for Wordsworth, but I shall restrict myself to two; the first is from that inimitable production, the "*Ode to Duty*"—

" Stern daughter of the voice of God,
 O duty! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Then who art victory and law,
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost let free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !"

* * * *

Serene will be our days, and bright,
 And happy will our nature be ;
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security."

I shall conclude with a sonnet, the patiate upon, for you will instantly feel
 beauty of which I need not ex- it—

" Not love, nor war, nor the tumultuous swell,
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
 Nor duty struggling with afflictions strange,
 Not to these alone inspire the tuneful shell ;
 But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
 There also is the muse not loth to range,
 Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange
 Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.

Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
 And sage content, and placid melancholy ;
 She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,
 Diaphonous because it travels slowly ;
 Soft is the music that would charm for ever,
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."

So much for Wordsworth. I look upon you already as one of his champions, and as a first proof of your zeal in his cause, I call upon you to make the nearest approach to scolding, of which your gentle nature is capable, for Mr. Poplar's benefit when you next see him. I daresay if you command him on pain of your displeasure, never again to let a "note" into his Magazine about Mr. Wordsworth, except it be a note of praise, it will be quite sufficient.

I am singularly obliged to your lively friend Caroline, for being so condescending as to remember my existence, and for wishing to be informed whether I go to many "parties." You may tell her, that since I had the age of twenty years to answer for, I never much affected the assemblies so called, and I have utterly forgotten the nature of the pleasure, which for a few years, between boy and man, I felt in being one of these crowds. It is strange, how many young people seem to exist upon the excitement of going out to encounter what now seems to me so *excessively* inconvenient and unamusing,

" mais cha'q'un ou cha'q'une à son goût ;" and as Miss Caroline wants to know something about these goings on in London, so far as I know about the matter, I shall tell you, and you may translate the same for her, according to what flourish her nature will.

In a certain rank, the manners of the English and the Irish are the same. In Grosvenor-square or Merrion-square, you would find little, if any difference. At an evening party in either you have the satisfaction of hearing your name shouted forth as lustily as if you were the Khan of Tartary, or Princess of Rusti Fusti, first by the hall porter to the man at the foot of the stairs, who taking up the cry, transmits it to the man on the first landing-place, who in his turn shouts to the groom of the chambers at the drawing-room door, who last but not least, calls aloud to the mass of people within that you, the said gentleman or lady, whoever you be, are about to make your appearance. If you are modest, you are ashamed to have your name bandied about among the echoes, and

people will stare at you; but & thyself; they will do no such and equal to them would be the acement that you had broken eck in going down stairs, as that eck was about to progress into ompany by coming up stairs. I ur neck, for unless you go very hat is all that for the first ten s you must reckon upon getting e room, and by thrusting that d in a crane-like fashion, you re a crush of coats and balloon —a waving of feathers and , and artificial flowers, and you a sort of steam impregnated he odours of hot-house plants, ux de Cologne, and de Lavande, e Mousline, and Jasmine, and I ot what, all in a "concatenation ingly." And you hear in the : distance, the sound of harp and and you judge, by a peculiar mo- heads, gliding along in certain ly irregular lines, which you er the shoulders of the inter- multitude, that they are danc- adrilles in those foreign parts. you talk to three or four people nothing at all, and unless you me particular individual appoint- you go away in half an hour to ther place to go through similar ities, or go home and go to bed, case may be.

ng the middle classes there is, er, as it seems to my ignorance, deal of difference in the modes ducting these momentous affairs ondon and Dublin. In Dublin give parties several times in a here among among those of mo- means, it is too troublesome and ive an affair to happen more than or at most twice, and then they the bad habits of those in the above them, by making the as- a complete crush, in which there room to dance, and scarcely to eat, with comfort. The ex- ade, is, that a party is so expen- thing, that they cannot give and must ask *all* their friends, lf of all, that is twice as much house will conveniently hold, ly come, and they make one r uncomfortable, and say "what htful party," and the folly con- from house to house, from the ing of March to the end of June. great difference is, that whereas

in Dublin almost all the people at an evening assembly know something of one another, and they have something cheerful to talk of to one another—that is, they can ridicule one another's mutual friends, which I take to be one of the most amusing descriptions of conversation on such occasions; in London, out of a hundred people at any house, no ten will be at all intimately acquainted with any other ten, or even with their affairs. When two people *do* meet who know one another you shall probably hear one of them say, "Ah, how d'ye do? I don't think I have seen you since I met you here last year." "No indeed," the other replies, "I believe not; why do you never call?" "Call," rejoins the first, "why so I would, only that I haven't been in your part of the town, nor within three miles of it, for the last three years." Again, the people in England are in general not lively; there is even among intimates less conversation and less laughter, and there is an evenness of manners—a uniformity of easy and self-possessed politeness, which in the same class of society would perhaps not be found in the Irish metropolis. I believe few things strike a young Irishman more, when he first goes into society in England, than the easy self-possession of the young ladies; there is neither timidity nor boldness—neither blushing and confusion, nor romping forwardness, but an unembarrassed manner, as if they felt quite assured of what was right to say and do.

I don't know that I have anything more to say upon this highly important and interesting subject, except I were to describe to you why parties are more expensive here than in Dublin, which would involve me in details more fit for a housekeeper's journal than a letter to you. I think upon the whole matter you may tell Miss Caroline, that though she would find the people uncommonly well dressed at parties here, she would set them down as rather dull, and that is the sum and substance of my information, or the "*summum bonum*" of it, as a very learned servant I had in Ireland used to say, when he meant to indicate a summary.

Farewell, dear Lucy; may you ever be as happy as you are kind, and gentle, and affectionate. So prays

Your loving cousin,

To Miss Lucy O'Brien.

HARRY R.

THE CAROUSE.

[The following lines are intended as a sort of shifting panorama, representing the mind of a conscience-stricken reveller, through the various scenes of a convivial meeting. I wish I could say that it was not experience that supplied the colouring. It is not, however, a recurring experience, and I now put forward the picture merely *in terrorem* to others.]

Hurrah! fill—fill the mystic bowl;
Crown—crown the revel, heart and soul;
Entwine all temples with the rose,
And drain the lethe of our woes.
But hark! an echo—strange! it saith
“Pale death—pale death!”

Hurrah! the double-pointed jest
Speed, speed—and give our wine a zest.
The ill-timed moralist provoke
With railery's most pungent stroke;
There—there again it whispereth
“Pale death—pale death!”

Hurrah! of harmony we've store;
On, on—we'll swell the choral roar.
By heav'n! 'tis glorious thus to sing,
Till these old halls are forced to ring:
Stop! still above our wildest breath
“Pale death—pale death!”

Hurrah! do'st think vain sounds can scare?
Wine—wine! we dread not empty air;
But then that voice—'tis foolish fear:
But—there again—more loud and near;
Oh, God! approaching from beneath—
“Pale death—pale death!”

Gloom, gloom—the lights are dim—are gone;
Forth friends have glided one by one.
Alone—alone—have mercy, hell!
One moment stay that withering spell.
Pale death, avaut! it echoeth
“Pale death—pale death!”

ADVENA.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—GEOLOGY—No. I.

The history of philosophy is one of the most interesting studies of the man of letters. The view of the progress of knowledge, from its earliest recorded development, to its present extended diffusion, offers to the reflecting mind a field of contemplation worthy of traversing. If we compare the feeble efforts of the most ancient philosophers to penetrate the veil of ignorance, which then surrounded mankind, with the mighty power of the promoters of knowledge of the present day, we must be struck with the extraordinary progress of the human mind, through the different stages of barbarism, semi-civilization, and recent advancement. In the very remote periods of human society men were chiefly occupied with warfare, either among themselves or against the beasts of the field. The knowledge actually required by them was trifling. Adroitness in managing weapons was, perhaps, the most esteemed qualification which a man could possess; and when once the object of contention was attained, the gratification of animal, and not of intellectual pleasure, was sought after and indulged in. For this gratification little was necessary, and when once obtained, unless a new excitement was found to influence the barbarian, he sank into an indolence approaching almost to torpidity. The commencement of what is called knowledge would, perhaps, never have been made, had it not been that there is a difference in the character of individuals, even amongst barbarous tribes; a dissimilarity in their dispositions—in their modes of acting, and in their passions. Some will pursue the chase with more ardour than others—some will be more esteemed for their skill in war, while a few will be found less prone to action than their fellows, and whose intellectual powers, being less dormant from their inferior bodily activity, become sharpened by being more exercised. From their enduring less fatigue than their more active brethren, they are less liable to fall

into the same indolence, and from their not overstraining their corporeal powers, their mental ones are exercised and improved. Such men will imperceptibly reflect on what they see about them, and will thus lay the foundation of knowledge. Their field of ideas being more extended than that of their less inquisitive fellows, they would naturally acquire a mental superiority. They would, consequently, be enabled to take advantage of superstitious fears, so prevalent among barbarians, and acquire thus an influence, sometimes unbounded. Still it is such men that we are to regard as the first discoverers, and as the earliest repositories of knowledge. The pagan priesthood discovered, even in the earliest ages, some important truths, which they diligently stored up along with much concomitant falsehood and imagination. As ages rolled on, and as the arts of life were improved, this knowledge increased, and became more valuable. In those nations where civilization was of an earlier date, the priests may be considered as learned men, from their possessing the results of the experience of a long period of time, and they were frequently visited by the inquisitive of nations of more recent refinement. We thus find the Greek philosophers travelling to Egypt and India, to study the science possessed by the priests of those countries, and on their return teaching this to their pupils. Let us, therefore, consider the kind of knowledge acquired by these philosophers on their travels.

Thales, of Miletus, visited Egypt, where he studied geometry, astronomy, and cosmogony. He was the founder of the Ionian sect of philosophers, upon his return to his native place. He appears to have taught the cause of the inequality of days and nights, and the theory of eclipses. He maintained that water is the principle of which all the bodies in the universe are composed—that the world was the work of God, and that God sees the most

secret thoughts in the heart of man. It is related that he measured the height of the pyramids of Memphis by the extent of their shadows; and he is considered the first who employed the circumference of a circle in the measurement of angles.

Pythagoras studied geometry among the Egyptians. This science he improved by his subsequent discovery of several important propositions. He is the earliest recorded teacher of the true system of astronomy, and he made many important discoveries in the other physical sciences. He observed many curious phenomena on the surface of the earth, which must have led him to reason on the changes which this surface must have undergone in the lapse of ages. In the 15th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a number of these observations are mentioned, which are extremely curious, and testify, in a very remarkable manner, the superior mind of the philosopher.

Plato also travelled into the east, where he became versed in the learning of the Persians and the Egyptians. He wrote several works, which treated chiefly of metaphysical subjects. He mingled together his doctrines of Theogony and Cosmogony, so that it is a difficult matter to separate his peculiar notions of the latter. The passage in his writings most interesting to the modern geologist is that which treats of the Atlantic, recorded by Plato as a large continent beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and which had sunk under water, thereby giving place to the present Atlantic Ocean. He made many improvements in geometry; to him is ascribed the discovery of the mathematical bodies, called the regular solids. He conceived the world to be a figure shaped like one of these solids, called the Dodecahedron.

Of the opinions of Aristotle respecting the formation of the world, we have not any very clear account. He wrote upon a variety of subjects, among which natural history occupied a prominent place. "He regarded the matter of the heavens as ingenerate and eternal—that mankind, and all species of animals have subsisted from everlasting by a perpetual course of generation, without any original beginning or production; and that the earth has for ever been adorned with trees, plants, flowers, minerals, and other produc-

tions, as we now see it to be." (*Univ. Hist.* 78–11.) It is possible that he may have taken the idea of the eternity of the world from Ocellus Lucanus, a disciple of Pythagoras, who is the most ancient assertor of this idea, so different from the opinion of his master.

We thus find that the most eminent ancient philosophers indulged more or less in reveries respecting cosmogony. In studying other branches of learning they must have been frequently led into considerations of the probable origin of the world which they inhabited, and they endeavoured to frame hypothesis, some of which were very ingenious, but more generally, extremely absurd. Occasionally a master-mind, like that of Pythagoras made an approximation to the truth, which has astonished the learned of later times. Sometimes facts were related in corroboration of these hypotheses—sometimes they were distorted to explain the dreams of philosophic fancy. But among the ancients the observation of natural facts was not made in a way to benefit science. We find many of the arts and sciences brought by the ancients to a considerable degree of perfection. In architecture, poetry, eloquence, and perhaps in some other branches they equalled the moderns. The progress made by them in geometry was admirable indeed, and they based that science upon a foundation fitted to bear the splendid superstructure raised by modern ingenuity. But in those branches that required a combination of the perceptive and reasoning powers, their progress was very limited. Chemistry and experimental philosophy are of modern origin; at least what was effected in them by the ancients, or rather what is recorded as having been effected, is very trifling. In botany, zoology and mineralogy a number of detached observations have been recorded in the writings of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Pliny, but no classification was ever attempted, nor any extended train of reasoning from these facts adopted by the ancient philosophers.

If we turn our attention to the state of knowledge among the Arabians we shall find that the mathematical sciences were for the most part cultivated by them. They devoted, it is true, some attention to astronomy and to Alchemy, but the former being studied for the

purpose of contributing to their desire to penetrate the mysteries of fate was merely a compound of truth and falsehood, that has been denominated astrology, and the latter, ministering to the passions of most men for acquiring wealth, offering a strong temptation to its votaries, but was of no service in furthering the march of mind, although it discovered facts that were afterwards of service to the modern chemist. We may regard the Arabians more as the preservers of ancient science. Many of the inventions ascribed to them have been traced to the Indians, and were received either directly from that nation, or through the medium of the Greek philosophers, whose works were translated into the Arabic language.

The conclusion to which we may arrive from a contemplation of the state of learning in the early and middle ages is, that geometry was the only science successfully cultivated, and handed down free of any error or absurdity; all the other branches of learning were more or less imbued with mistaken views, arising generally from imperfect data. There seemed to be little respect paid to knowledge acquired from the observations of facts of daily occurrence. Abstruse studies were most esteemed. Mathematics requiring a train of deep thought, and at the same time of correct reasoning, without needing the aid of experiment requisite in physical science, enabled the cultivators to improve without any danger of perversion.

In the study of natural philosophy a knowledge of mathematics is a "*sine qua non*" on the part of the student, if he venture beyond the vestibule. The votary of pure mathematics will be insensibly led to the application of his favourite science for the explanation of some of the phenomena in nature, and if he be successful in solving any of their mysteries, he will be encouraged to pursue still further the research after physical truth. The ancients were thus led to apply their mathematical knowledge. The name of Archimedes is handed down as one of the brightest in ancient times. His discoveries form an important era in the history of science; and they arose from his extensive application of geometry to physics. Before his time there were no correct notions of the theory of mathematics, and he is the first who pointed

out the specific gravity of bodies. He is the only one of the ancients that can bear comparison with the moderns as a natural philosopher.

When learning began, after the dark ages, to revive in Europe, the mathematical lore of the ancients was sought after with great avidity. What had been effected by them in the physical sciences received also its due appreciation. Both the truth and the absurdity of their astronomy, mechanics, and other branches were swallowed without at first being questioned. But as the attention of the early moderns became more directed to scientific investigation, many of the errors of the ancients became manifest. Some of these were speedily corrected, while others, admitting of more discussion, remained for a longer period under the judgment of the new cultivators of knowledge. Every successive age, however, dispelled more or less of these errors. The study of the pure mathematics advanced with rapid strides. Their field was augmented with numberless new discoveries. Their application to physics became every day more general; and the impulse which science had now received carried forward its votaries with a velocity never before known in its progress.

Natural philosophy had now become a science of great importance from the additions made by its early modern cultivators to what was received by them from the ancients. Among the ancients Archimedes was the first who applied geometry to physics, and thus gave it a double power. Among the first revivers of learning in Europe was Des Cartes, who applied algebra to geometry, and thus put an engine of incalculable power into the hands of the cultivator of natural philosophy. The attention of the learned was now directed to experiment, a method if investigated, but little appreciated or understood by the ancients. Galileo by his invention of the telescope opened as it were, the gates of the heavens, into which rushed a host of ardent enquirers after truth. A number of other illustrious men, at the same time, directed their attention to experiment in the other branches of physical science. The discovery of printing some time before enabled the new acquisitions to knowledge to be widely diffused, and enabled one nation to communicate its

learning to another with a rapidity never before conceived. The discovery of America not only was a successful experiment on a large scale, but it added another proof to the true system of the world, and directed in a further degree the attention of men to the examination of natural phenomena. The Reformation promoted the freedom of discussion, and enabled the laity to take part in studies, almost previously attended to by the clergy alone. But what contributed in the greatest degree to the improvement of physical science was the new path pointed out to its votaries by the illustrious Lord Bacon. His master-mind discovered the causes of error in the philosophy of the ancients, and demonstrated that as long as their mode of reasoning was pursued, it was impossible for the moderns to frame a true system of science. He asked—(Playfair's *Diss. Eng. Brit.*) "Wherein can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world."

The opinions of Bacon became gradually appreciated. The calm observation of facts became in every succeeding age more attended to, and natural philosophy based upon actual experiment, and not upon the wild conceptions of the imagination.

The science of chemistry may be said to be one of the offspring of the Baconian philosophy. It is a branch of physics—the first principles of which depend wholly upon experiment. Its

progress testifies, in a remarkable degree, the importance of the inductive method of reasoning. It required a calm and patient examination of the changes produced on bodies by experiment, in order that a sufficient mass of facts might be accumulated to raise it to the rank of a science. It required its cultivators to divest themselves of all prejudices—to view things as they really are, and not to set out with a previous leaning to a particular set of opinions, and to torture the results of their experiment to prop these opinions up. It is impossible it could have become a regular science under the influence of the Aristotelian philosophy. The more men reasoned from facts, the more did Chemistry advance—and it now affords one of the most brilliant examples of the happy mode pointed out by Bacon, for the improvement of knowledge.

If we sum up the results of our observations, on the progress of knowledge, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the observation of facts was the very last object attended to in its march through successive ages, at least the calm and unprejudiced examination of facts. The learned of antiquity seemed more inclined to abstruse studies—to studies which required a precision of reasoning, which often testified their extreme ingenuity. If their first principles were correct, so were their conclusions. But that their first principles were, for the most part, erroneous, we have abundant proof, in many instances. In geometry, their first data were correct, being self-evident truths, and their conclusions were therefore just. For a succession of ages knowledge, derived from observation of the common objects in nature, was looked down upon as unworthy the regard of the philosopher. There was a consequent bar to the progress of physical knowledge.

After the revival of learning in Europe, it was not to be expected that the eyes of men could be all at once opened to the errors of the ancients. Both the truth and falsehood of the ancient philosophy were studied. The human mind was still imbued with prejudice. This, however, gradually wore away—mathematics became more extended—natural philosophy was extended and improved—chemistry was invented. We may trace the gradual

progress of real knowledge from the first axioms of geometry, through the more advanced stages of mathematics—through the successive developments of natural philosophy, to a science resting solely upon a careful examination of facts, the science of chemistry.

Natural philosophy opened to man the field of space—it taught him to regard the motion of objects upon a grand scale—it enabled him to assign dimensions to this space, and to measure the relations of motion. Chemistry taught him to view the changes produced on bodies, by motions of their minute component particles, the measurement of which motions eludes our most subtle investigations. Natural philosophy instructed him in the external relations of the bodies in nature—chemistry in the internal. It led him, as it were, into the mind of inanimate matter.

During the last hundred years the attention paid to an unprejudiced examination of facts has been continually on the increase. Philosophers have entered upon their investigations without bias to any particular opinions. Instead of commencing their researches by laying down a favorite hypothesis, and then distorting facts to accord with it, they commenced with an impartial examination of the facts themselves, and following the suggestions of Bacon, they framed their theory by the inductive method of reasoning. By not attending to the advice of Bacon, men were inclined to imagine circumstances which have no existence in reality. They beheld nature through a medium that rarely presented her in her true form. So long as the field of physical science was limited, the liability to view nature in this manner continued; but as discovery followed discovery, the disposition to prejudice became more and more removed. For a long period men adhered to certain dogmas that had been handed down through a succession of ages, and finding it difficult to reconcile many facts in nature with these dogmas, they had recourse to hypothesis, the frequent absurdity of which paved the way to the exploding of erroneous principles, and dispelled the illusion, although supported by the authority of antiquity. Knowledge derived from poets, spreading far and wide, carried with it the examples of its own importance. The arts of life

received incalculable improvements; they, in return, aided science. They formed the passage from one branch to another—they were the illustrators of theory, by shewing its practical application. The ancient philosopher would have disdained to lend his aid to the agriculturist, the mechanist, or the navigator. The modern man of science regards, as his proudest boast, the improvements given by him to the arts, thereby rendering man little inferior in power to the deities of the ancients.

It seems, indeed, strange that the impartial examination of facts is the result of a highly improved state of scientific knowledge. But so it is. It is only within a comparatively recent period that the point has been reached by the human mind. It has been often remarked, that the farther we advance in knowledge the more deeply are we impressed with a sense of our own ignorance. Although this may not be exactly true, still we may acknowledge that we are less confident in broaching any new theory, in proportion to the advance of the march of intellect. When our opinions can be submitted to the test of an appeal to facts, we are more cautious in stating these opinions. It is our province to study the facts attentively, so that we may not be found in the wrong.

Geometry teaches us the relations of dimension as conceived in the human mind, but which, in the abstract, has no real existence. Natural philosophy treats of the relations of existing bodies, viewed in a state of motion. Chemistry informs us of the changes produced in the bodies themselves. Mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, frequently view conditions which have no existence in nature. Let us now direct our attention to a branch of knowledge which treats of the objects in nature as they really appear, which treats of facts and nothing but facts, which requires an impartial and an unbiassed examination of these facts. I refer to natural history.

Natural history it is difficult to define, from the extensive field which it presents. It may be considered as the knowledge of the bodies in nature in a state of rest, although this definition does not include all of which it treats. It is necessary, however, that in most cases, the body to be examined should

be in a state of quiescence, so far as regards the observer, in order that an accurate knowledge of it may be obtained.

The field of natural history is wide indeed ; it includes all nature. But as we cannot penetrate beyond the confines of the earth which we inhabit, we must be content to become acquainted with what it contains on its surface, or in its bosom.

Having traced the progress of the human mind through the different stages of its disposition to look upon the objects in the external world, I need scarcely add that the different branches of natural history were but little attended to till of late years. It is true that among the ancients there were some philosophers who paid considerable attention to the examination of natural objects. The works of Aristotle and Pliny testify the diligence of their authors. But they viewed nature with a prejudiced eye. They imagined they discovered in objects relations which have manifestly no existence, if these objects be examined by an unbiassed observer. Among the Arabians were some learned men who might lay claim to the title of naturalists. Among the moderns the study of this department of knowledge was attended to by many of the early cultivators of learning, and many important observations have been recorded in their writings. But still prejudice was joined to their constructions of natural appearances, and it is frequently a highly amusing task to peruse their observations. Prejudice, however, became every day lessened, when once knowledge burst the fetters she had worn through so many ages—the increase of knowledge urged men forward to know more—a greater number of explorers now entered the field of nature—the errors of one were corrected by another—the appeal to facts was now made in a way so as to benefit philosophy—it was made without prejudice, and may be said to form the highest refinement of the inductive method of reasoning.

We have said that, as we have no means of penetrating into space beyond the confines of the globe which we inhabit, what it contains on its surface or its interior, will furnish to us the most interesting subjects for investigation. We find its superficies divided

into land and water—we find the land presenting a variety of appearances—sometimes raised up into lofty mountains—sometimes extending into vast plains ; in some places presenting a succession of rocky pinnacles—in others, exhibiting beautiful verdure, flowers, and trees. We also see the land peopled with living inhabitants ; we observe that the water, on the surface of the globe, teems also both with animal and vegetable productions. If we penetrate through the superficial covering of the earth, masses of mineral riches are exposed to our view. We find the surrounding atmosphere to offer its peculiar objects of interest, and all nature to be fitted in the relation of its several parts to each other.

The study of the productions of our globe is that point, in the scale of knowledge, to which we have now arrived. The explorers of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom are now abroad, and will return laden with riches. Enterprises, formerly regarded as extremely difficult, if not impracticable, have been undertaken by the students of natural history. The improvements in the arts have smoothed the paths of the cultivators of natural science, and have enabled them to penetrate the trackless ocean—to stem the rapid river, and to thread the mazes of the entangled forest with comparative facility.

An advanced state of science and art is, therefore, necessary for the perfect examination of the productions of nature. An extensive acquaintance with the other branches of knowledge is also required on the part of the observers. This connexion of the sciences is proved at every examination of nature which we make. If we explore the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom—if we mount into the atmosphere, or descend into the mine, we are impressed with the imperative necessity of our acquaintance with the different branches of physics. This demonstrates the mutual dependence of one branch of knowledge on another, and in the consideration of this dependence a field of interesting and delightful occupation is opened to us. Let us enter this field ourselves, and let us view these mutual relations.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose if we view the relations of natural history with the other branches

of knowledge. The relations of these other branches among each other can be deduced from after consideration. It will also simplify our subject if we select some individual part of natural science, and then shew its dependence upon other kinds of knowledge. The consideration of any one point will lead to that of others, and these to more, so that we have merely to choose the particular place from which we are to start; we shall have no difficulty in our way of gathering materials for comparisons.

The part of natural history which we have selected for our purpose is geology. There is, perhaps, no portion of physical science so well suited for exemplifying the relations of its different branches with each other. It treats of the "(Lyell) successive changes that have taken place in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature; it enquires into the causes of these changes, and the influence which they have exerted in modifying the surface and external structure of our planet." It is the science of the earth which we inhabit—it is a science that may, at all times, be studied. If we explore the mountain or the valley, the quarry or the mine, we may every where find matter for reflection; we read the book of creation, written in characters not to be misunderstood. The language admits of no misinterpretation—it is the language of facts.

A late writer on this science remarks (Lyell):—"By these researches into the state of the earth and its inhabitants, at former periods, we acquire a more perfect knowledge of its *present* conditions, and more comprehensive views concerning the laws *now* governing its animate and inanimate productions. When we study history, we obtain a more profound insight into human nature, by instituting a comparison between the present and former states of society. We trace the long series of events which have gradually led to the actual posture of affairs, and by connecting effects with their causes, we are enabled to classify and retain in the memory a multitude of complicated relations—the various peculiarities of national character—the different degrees of moral and intellectual refinement, and numerous other circumstances, which, without historical asso-

ciations, would be uninteresting, or imperfectly understood. As the present condition of nations is the result of many antecedent changes, some extremely remote, and others recent—some gradual, others sudden and violent, so the state of the natural world is the result of a long series of events, and if we would enlarge our experience of the present economy of nature, we must investigate the effects of her operations in former epochs."

As geology professes to treat of the changes that have taken place in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature, the student of this branch of knowledge must have a previous acquaintance, in a greater or less degree, with natural productions. The farther we proceed in the study, the more are we convinced of the necessity of our cultivating the other divisions of natural science; but what adds to the pleasure of the pursuit is the circumstance of our being able to attend to all, nearly at the same time. The study of one branch enables us to profit more in our cultivation of another.

The division of natural history that presses closest upon the attention of the geologist is mineralogy. The mineral masses of the globe are what at first arrest his attention. If he walk through a cultivated country he does not find geological phenomena of mineral substances so interesting as in districts more in a state of wild and uncultivated nature. Still there is much to claim his attention. The soil in the fields will differ in many places, and will furnish an index of the substratum. Thus he will distinguish the ferruginous clayey soil that indicates the underlying of basaltic rocks—the calcareous clayey soil resting upon mountain limestone—the chalky soil—the granitic soil, and various others. If he examine the low grounds, he will find the finer particles of clay accumulated in the lowest situations; along the slopes of the hills he will observe coarser parts of mineral substances, increasing in size as he approaches the rocky summits. If he enter into a mountain district he will discover large masses of rocks in various states of disintegration, their harder parts withstanding the assaults of ages, their softer parts separated by various causes from the harder, and carried from these elevated regions

to the lower parts of the country by the agency of rivers and torrents.* In examining these mineral substances he will find his knowledge of mineralogy brought into requisition. If his knowledge of it be extensive he may be enabled to discover something that may not have been known before. If his knowledge of it be slight he will find this examination of nature an excellent exercise and means of improvement.

An acquaintance with chemistry is also requisite in the study of every department of natural history. In zoology and in botany we find it constantly referred to for the explanation of the vital functions and the composition of animal and vegetable substances. In mineralogy its importance is still greater, from the circumstance that the elementary bodies found in plants and animals are very few in comparison with those composing minerals. In the view of the changes that have taken place in the globe, we are struck with the important part played by chemical agency. We can conceive no alteration produced either on the surface or in the interior of the globe in which this agency was not, in a greater or less degree exerted. If we regard the action of existing causes, still going on, in altering the surface of the earth, we shall find at every step appeal made to chemical knowledge.

A knowledge of mechanical philosophy is also required by the student of geology. The laws of attraction and of motion are always in action, and no change can take place in the globe at variance with these laws. The consideration of the subject of attraction is of great importance to the geologist; it leads him into the examination of the density of mineral masses, and of the globe itself. It will solve many phenomena which at first sight may seem anomalous. The application of the laws of motion will be also a powerful auxiliary, whether we view the movement of great mineral masses, or of their fragments; or that of currents in the atmosphere, or the ocean.

The connection of hydrostatics with geology is of the greatest importance. The vast ocean which covers so much of the earth's surface is subject to hydrostatical laws; so are the lakes and rivers. Many phenomena of the torrents that rush from the mountains upon the plains and which are so important agents in modifying this surface, will be understood by applying the laws of hydraulics. Many geologists have conceived the globe itself to have been at one time in a state of fluidity. How are we to criticise the opinions of these philosophers, but by assigning the truth of their conclusions to the standard of hydrostatics.

The atmosphere surrounding the globe may be said to fall within the province of the geologist. In any system of cosmogony that has been, or ever can be invented, the atmosphere will play a prominent part, as its original formation must be accounted for. It is the grand cause of most of the alterations that take place on the surface of the earth. It is the cause of the rain that fertilizes one portion of this surface, while it gradually wears down another, and of the snow that caps the lofty mountains, which is the magazine for supplying rivers and lakes. It is the supporter of plants that cover the earth, and that modify its superficies in an infinite variety of ways; in fact to dilate upon this subject would require a separate memoir. One question need only be asked—what would this superficies be without the atmosphere? Merely a mass of ruin produced by causes residing in the interior of the globe. Since then the importance of a knowledge of the aerial ocean is so great to the geologist, the science of pneumatics is drawn upon for information regarding atmospheric laws.

The geologist must also take into consideration electrical phenomena. By some cosmogonists electricity is made to play a very prominent part in the formation of the earth; we must therefore be acquainted with it in order to combat them with, their own

* The disintegration of rocks brings to light many rare and beautiful minerals that have been imbedded in them; these minerals often presenting beautiful colors, and curious crystalline forms. In the beds of torrents are found rolled stones, brought from a distance, and often highly prized as gems, to be fashioned by the lapidary.

weapons. The knowledge of the different electric states of bodies is also of the first importance in the explanation of many of the natural phenomena. At times of volcanic eruptions, or of earthquakes, these phenomena become most interesting, and will, if viewed by a well-informed observer, be turned to good account in elucidating the history of our planet. The discoveries made by some philosophers in galvanism have been applied to expound geology; several have conceived they had obtained a key for the solution of all difficulties in the action of oxygen upon the bases of the alkalies and earths brought to light by galvanism. The science of magnetism is still in its cradle, but its connection with geology is most intimate. It is a science peculiarly terrestrial, and consequently will familiarise its cultivator with terrestrial appearances. The circumstance that the poles of the globe do not coincide with what are denominated the magnetic poles is a phenomenon very remarkable, and may be found to originate from the disposition of the mineral masses in the interior of the globe. Rocks containing iron are found to attract the magnet in proportion to their quantity of that metal—in fact the amount of iron can be ascertained by a magnetic apparatus contrived for the purpose. Many mineral bodies are found to exhibit many remarkable magnetic phenomena, and to indicate the existence of separate poles in each mass. The science of magnetism is now under the fostering care of some of the most eminent philosophers, and will, I am sure, long throw much light upon geology.

With the science of astronomy geology is linked in the closest degree. In the early ages of knowledge the attention of men was turned to the contemplation of the heavens, and many years of observation taught them to recognise the celestial bodies. Their imaginations invented many fables with regard to the stars and planets. This play of fancy descended to the earth, and from astronomy the mind of the ancient philosopher was led to consider the subject of cosmogony. In the ancient systems of astronomy the earth is regarded as a vast plain, and the ancient notions of its formation and alterations, especially by deluges, are all grounded upon the supposition of

its being a plane superficies, with the exception of the doctrine of the Pythagoreans. That the earth is of a plane figure would strike the mind more forcibly than its possessing a spherical shape. This latter opinion is the result of deep and laborious reflection. The causes of error among the early cosmogonists are in this case extremely manifest. An advanced state of the science of astronomy was requisite to prove to the satisfaction of all that the form of the earth is globular.

It has been supposed by some philosophers of the last century, that there has been a change of climate in the different regions of the earth's surface, as the remains of organic beings are found in situations where, had they lived, it would have been impossible for them to have existed under the circumstances of the present temperature of those places. They have conceived a solution of this difficulty will be that the poles of the globe have changed their positions, and still continue to do so—that at one time their points were in the present equator, and that the frigid regions were where the torrid now are. This supposition can only be refuted by a very refined train of astronomical investigation, and it was left to the immortal Laplace to demonstrate its incorrectness, and that although there is a trifling shifting of the extremities of the terrestrial axis, these irregularities are confined within certain limits, and are the consequence of the extreme perfection of the system of the world. In many other particulars the connection of geology and astronomy might be shewn, but the investigation would lead us into a field that would require a separate paper to describe.

Although the connection of optics with geology may not at first strike us as being very manifest, its indirect relations are very important. Of late years very singular discoveries have been made in optics, particularly by Dr. Brewster. These discoveries refer to the action on the sight of bodies having a crystalline form; a very remarkable connection has been observed between their chemical composition, crystalline structure, and optical phenomena. These discoveries will evidently improve the science of mineralogy, and the more it is improved, the better will geology be elucidated. From the intimate connection of astronomy and geology, and of

astronomy with optics, especially with regard to the instruments for observing the celestial bodies, the improvements in these instruments, by adding to our knowledge of the heavens, will enable us to extend our acquaintance with the earth. The invention of the microscope has unfolded the secret of organization, and as geology treats of the organic, as well as the inorganic changes of the kingdoms of nature, the minuteness of which eludes the observation of the naked eye, it will be appreciated in the highest degree.

In the study of natural philosophy we cannot proceed far without the aid of mathematics. In geology itself there are many points that require immediately the mathematical skill of the observer; so that viewed both directly and indirectly, mathematics must be understood by the geologist. I have shewn that the philosophers of antiquity who proposed systems of cosmogony were all geometers, and among the moderns, many illustrious names, I need only quote that of Playfair for example, have been distinguished alike for mathematical and geological knowledge. An acquaintance with civil history is likewise required. As history teaches us the progress of human society, and informs us of the changes that have taken place in human institutions, so geology instructs us in the mutations of organic and inorganic nature. Where there are records of natural changes preserved in the pages of history, its connection with geology becomes more intimate, and is often of the greatest value.

As knowledge becomes more cultivated by different nations, the languages spoken by those nations should be attended to by the student. Many of the natural appearances of a country cannot be described in a manner to bring them before the eye of the reader so well as in the language of that country. Foreign literature is now so much extended, that it would be both impossible and unprofitable to translate all the eminent publications that are almost daily issuing from the continental press. Periodical literature is an invention of modern times. Periodical publications must be read in the language in which they are originally written, in order that their full force and importance may be felt. It is also proper that the opinions of the

ancients should be studied in their respective tongues. The difficulty of acquiring languages has been much decreased of late years, by the improvements in the mode of learning them, and the knowledge of one or two will open to the student the gates of as many more as he may desire to study.

With intellectual philosophy the connection of geology is very interesting. A true system of geology can be the result only of a highly refined train of reasoning. I have shewn the imperfection of the ancient mode of reasoning, and its consequent influence on physical science. Bacon pointed out to men the true mode of observing the system of nature. In studying geology we should be aware of the proper mode of conducting our reasonings from facts, and be alive to our liability to commit errors. The science of logic here lends its aid, and matter is aided by the powers of the mind.

We will readily arrive at the conclusion that, if an improvement take place in any one department of knowledge, it cannot fail to be of use to all the others. The connexion which I have endeavoured to shew between geology and the other branches of philosophy, will furnish us constantly with illustrations. In fact, we cannot study any one circumstance in science in an isolated manner. We must view its relation to others in order to understand it. Bacon aptly remarks, "(Herschel, *Jut. disc.*) that no natural phenomenon can be adequately studied in itself alone, but, to be understood, must be considered as it stands connected with all nature."

Referring again to the definition of geology, that it treats both of the organic and inorganic changes of nature, we may recal an important observation which we made a little way before, that it requires a knowledge of the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. If the attention of the geologist be confined to the consideration merely of the mineral masses of our globe, his exertions will be placed within narrow limits—his science will be incomplete—he must regard attentively the remains of organised beings enshrined in many of these mineral masses—he must compare them with existing species—he will discover many exuviae of beings very different from the races that now in-

habit the earth—he will observe the bones of gigantic mammalia and reptiles, the types of which are not now to be found—of fishes, birds, and insects—an immense variety of fossil shells, scarcely any of which agree with existing species—he will discover the remains of plants, many of which he will in vain endeavour to reconcile with those that now clothe the surface of the earth. But the knowledge of these fossil remains is still in its infancy—the geologist must, therefore, do his utmost to improve this knowledge—he must be previously acquainted with those natural productions, both animal and vegetable, that are now found on the earth—he must study zoology, in order to know the external forms of animals, their habits, and instincts, and anatomy, that he may be able to recognise the species of fossil bones. To understand the connexion of the external forms of animals with their internal structure, he must be acquainted with physiology. The connexion of conchology with geology is of the closest description. When an ignorant person observes another gathering shells upon the beach, he is inclined to despise him, considering the occupation as one belonging to children. When he sees him searching for shells, imbedded in rocks, he thinks the sanity of the collector to be dubious. He little suspects that these imbedded shells are part of the language in which the history of the globe is recorded. They have been called the medals that illustrate its annals. The science of botany enables the geologist to investigate the remains of plants found in strata. To compare

them with existing species is a most interesting task. The wonders of the antediluvian world are developed by this application of zoology and botany. This illustrates how intimately the different branches of natural history are linked with each other. The additions made to them within a very recent period are so great as to astonish when enumerated. At the present moment the utmost zeal is manifested to acquire a knowledge of natural productions, both recent and fossil. The geologists of the present day vie with each other in their investigation of organic remains. The illustrious Cuvier applied his profound knowledge of anatomy to the examination of bones found in strata; his steps have been followed by a number of other ardent enquirers. The vast variety of shells, corallines, and other remains of the lower animals, discovered in rocks, are undergoing a strict scrutiny by naturalists well versed in the knowledge of recent productions. Very lately the examination of fossil plants has excited the ardors of several of the students of natural science, and their labors are likely to be rewarded ere long with an abundant harvest of facts. Geology is thus becoming based upon a sure foundation—it is shewing itself worthy of the attention of the philosopher. The more of facts that may be discovered, the surer will be the foundation upon which it will rest. The improvements in the other departments of physical and intellectual knowledge will contribute to cement the superstructure, while the study of the science itself will form one of the greatest means of human happiness.

THE CONTRAST.

Lines written by the REV. CHARLES WOLFE, while standing under Windsor Terrace.

I saw him once on the terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness ;
Bright was the Sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the belles were merrily ringing.

I stood at the grave beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.
The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision enthroned as a solemn mark,
Of the frailty of human greatness.
A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
And a son's sole child have perished,
And it saddened each heart, save his alone,
By whom they were fondest cherished.

We have fought the fight from his lofty throne,
The foe to our land we humbled,
And it gladdened each heart, save his alone,
For whom that foe was tumbled.
His silver beard o'er a bosom spread,
Unvaried by life's emotion,
Like a yearly lengthning snowdrift shed,
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's water lay,
Tho' the tide of life kept flowing,
When they spoke of the King, 'twas but to say,
" The old man's strength was going."
At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust,
Death's hand his slumber breaking
For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just,
Is a sure and blissful waking.
His people's heart is his funeral urn,
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found when, in turn,
We lay our heads beside him.

THE FLIBUSTIER,

A TALE OF THE END OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

From the German, by HERR ZANDER.

The sun sank into the immeasurable ocean, and his last burning kiss gleamed in gold and purple sparks upon the foamy summits of the green waves and the dark cedar-garland of Hispaniola, when young Montbars from the small island of Bayaha in deep thought gazed after the boat that had borne him thither and was now returning. When in the glowing sea it disappeared from his dazzled eye, he shuddered for an instant, then manned himself and calmly took his indicated road. After having walked for about an hour, he perceived at the foot of a rock an old huntsman, of strangely uncouth appearance, stretched on the mossy turf; a broad-leaved round hat surmounted his gray hair, which in wild disorder was floating around a dark and deeply furrowed countenance; his linen shirt and the rest of his dress, brown-red, and stiff with the gore of slaughtered game, and his mocassins of undressed board-skin, did not embellish his aspect. From his leather girdle there hung some knives and a short sword; beside him a long and heavy rifle was lying, and around him a number of fierce bull-dogs had stretched themselves. On the approach of the stranger they sprang up with fearful growl, and ran open-mouthed upon him. "Call off your dogs, or I kill them!" cried he, drawing his sword. The old hunter whistled, and the Molossians bounded back to him wagging their tails. "Inform me, friend, where I may find the Bucanier Montauban?" "That name lies at the bottom of the sea," grumbled the old man—"the certificate of my baptism I used as wadding for my first shot at the bull; now I am called Taureau." "How?—yourself?" cried Montbars, with a surprise by no means agreeable. "Provided you have no objection, young man," sneered the

veteran, examining him from head to foot. "Then God save you, uncle," said the youth, "I am the son of your sister, Montbars."

"Are you, indeed?" answered the oldman, hiding a sudden emotion, and like a solitary sun-beam through a dark thunder-cloud, a joyful smile played across his gloomy features. "Well, you are welcome, my boy; sit down here beside me," said he good humouredly, "you don't displease me; the vigour of your father and the grace of your mother seem united in your form as in a focus; but do head and heart correspond? A handsome good-for-nothing is a zebra, where a panther-skin does but hide an ass."

"I didn't think, I have disgraced you yet," cried the youth, jumping up and reddening.

"Just like his father," said Taureau; "I'm glad on't, I only wanted to try you; come, sit down again and keep yourself cool; from an old uncle thy honour may well bear a rash word. Now, let us have some friendly chat: what do you want here in the Antilles, Frank?"

"To tread in the footsteps of my father, and revenge his death," cried Montbars in wild enthusiasm; "with Spanish blood to wash off the tear that my heart-broken mother's death wrung from my eye—to revenge the millions of unhappy Indians whom the thirst for gold and blood, and hellish fanaticism have slaughtered, horribly to revenge them on their proud executioners!"

"The old song! I have often heard it sung already," said Taureau quietly, "but the longer I hear it, the more dismal does the wild air sound to me. Your father, too, sang it with so strong a voice, that in the royal palace of Madrid the windows rattled, but it was a deso-

lating wizard tune that drew the peace out of his soul. What drives you to the Antilles, urged him also hither. To be an angel of vengeance against the Spaniards, he believed to be his calling—and truly he became it well; his name is celebrated in these seas, and Spain calls him the Destroyer. But he was never cheerful—ill dreams came flitting between him and his sleep. The man who, like the plague or the earthquake, desires to become the scourge of God, must himself share the ruin soon or late; and if his heart be so tempered and hardened with hellish fire, that he can remain calm amidst his doings, he belongs already to the pit. Ah! so then, you really mean to become a Flibustier, Frank?"

"For that I left my native country," said Montbars firmly, "and it is not from you, that I should have expected this sermonizing. You, Bucaniers, are ye not likewise the enemies of the Spaniards—the close allies of the Coast-brothers?" "Aye, we are so," replied the veteran, but we have kept our hands clean. However, enough of that; the sun is already below the sea, let us find our way home." He rose, and in silence led his nephew into the thicket of the forest.

After a long walk they came to an open space, over which the full moon seemed suspended.* With short glad barks a pack of bull-dogs sprang to meet them, and Montbars' eye that everywhere sought a dwelling, found nothing but some sheds which, covered only from above against the rain, and open to the wind on all sides, promised an inhospitable, if not stormy couch. "Bring us our supper," called Taureau to some men, who were busied in stretching bull-hides and salting meat. Then the smoked quarter of a wild bull was placed upon the stump of a felled cedar, whose stem lying near it, served as a bench. Montbars took his seat, received a knife for carving from the girdle of his uncle and looked inquiringly round, as if he still wanted something. "Do you wish for any thing, Frank?" asked Taureau, smiling. I guess my supper does not seem too good. Ah! my friend, no crème and confectionaries—no Burgundy and Champagne have we to offer you; in-

deed, any wine is a rarity on these coasts."

"I have learnt to want such things, uncle, and water will quench the thirst," rejoined Montbars touched, "but a piece of bread I should like to my meat."

"I am heartily sorry for it, even that I cannot supply you with at present," said the uncle, laughing; "bread, too, is amongst the unnecessary articles which have been struck off our list. Have patience till to-morrow. On Tortuga you may get every thing your heart desires. Now, go to rest, that you may be fit for the hunt to-morrow." He led him into one of the sheds, where a couch, prepared of the hides of wild boars, received the guests. Shaking his head, Montbars threw himself upon it, and amidst the snoring of the pack stretched around them, and the distant cries of the owls, and their nightly companion, the Diablotin, he soon fell asleep.

The morning dawned, but night was still lingering in the Bucan, round which gigantic cedars were towering. Nathless all were already stirring, the menials were preparing for the hunt, the dogs rose slowly, stretched their powerful limbs, and shook themselves,—and the uncle stepped to Montbars' couch to waken him. Refreshed by the short slumber, the youth sprang up, and seized the musketoon which a servant handed him, together with powder and ball. The bugles rang—the halloo resounded—the pack howled a wild chorus, and the hunt started. Long they marched through the night of the forest, in a silence which was only broken at times, by the sawing of the elephant-cockchafer and the hammering of the blacksmith in the wood. Then morning crimsoned the small light clouds, that fluttered about the tops of the immense cedars, with a lovely roseate fringe; the chattering of the macaw awoke in the distance, and with varied melody resembling a human voice, the notes of the mountain whistler,* reached the pedestrians. Now Taureau bade his companions to halt, distributed the shooters and the dogs, keeping his nephew with him, and the sports began. Soon was heard a cracking in the lower branches of the cedars, and a hollow bellowing then became

* A Bird.

audible; and started by the scenting bounds a wild bullock rushed with terrible force through the thicket, and pawing with his legs, and with his horns rooting up the ground, he approached old Taureau, who coolly raised his musketoon and sent an ounce-ball to his heart. The wild rejoicing shouts of the attendants accompanied the fall of the powerful brute, and eagerly they fell on the carcase to dismember it.

"So we have already earned our breakfast," said the uncle, and beckoned to the men, who soon brought the marrow-bones of the bullock to their master. "Will you be my guest?" asked he, smiling at his nephew, whilst he crudely sucked the warm marrow from the bloody bone. The latter had just declined with a motion of his hand, when wild cries resounded through the forest, and bleeding from late wounds three bucaniers rushed in. "The bull-hunting is over for to-day," cried the first, enraged; "I call you to hunt men-beasts. The Spaniards have taken five of our party, and are dragging them towards the shore. Your Matelot is amongst them, Taureau!"

"My Henry!" cried the veteran, who at once showed the bucanier, his eyes sparkling with rage, whilst he charged his rifle. At his bidding the bulldogs were coupled, and the bucaniers led the pack to the sea-side where a Spanish boat lay at anchor. Unperceived by its crew the small band distributed themselves behind the rocks and waited till a strong picket of armed Spaniards issued from the forest, the bucaniers bound in the centre and a young nobly formed Don with waving plume at their head. The Spaniards were about five times superior in number, but Taureau quickly gave the signal to fire. Every shot told; and now the dogs were loosed upon the surprised enemies, whilst the bucaniers with naked blades rushed in. The murderous fight was of short duration; then the prisoners were freed, and of the Spaniards, part covered the shore as corpses, while part escaped to the boat which with all haste endeavoured to gain the high sea. Their leader only, too proud to take to flight, with his back to a cocoa-tree, courageously defended himself against the foaming bucaniers, while his long rapier hissed in quick fiery circles around him. At length one of his antagonists losing

patience, fell back, charged his rifle afresh and levelled it at the Spaniard. Montbars perceived in time the danger of the brave enemy; his old chivalrous spirit awoke, he sprang before the youth, and pointing his blood-covered blade at the bucanier, he thundered "halt!" But the man unheeding bent aside to send his ball through the hated foe. "I cut you down, if you fire!" cried Montbars, running in upon him. Then Taureau, rushing from the embraces of his liberated Henry, stopped his blood-thirsty comrade, and bade the Spaniard surrender his sword. "Never!" cried he with his last strength, and sank exhausted from loss of blood at the foot of the tree. Montbars knelt down and endeavoured to bandage the deep wound in his arm. With satisfaction Taureau stood looking on, till the Spaniard raised his dark eyes, and their first glance fell gratefully on his preserver.

"Whoever you may be, bring me to Hispaniola," he said with a low voice, "on my knightly word I will pay you there a princely ransom."

"We have not been fighting for gold, but for the freedom of our brothers," answered Taureau sharply.

"I will carry him on my shoulders into our bucan," cried Montbars with youthful joy.

"No, my dear boy," said Taureau with gravity, "there his death would be certain. Two bucaniers sleep here the sleep of death: you do not know the laws of our blood-revenge. In Hispaniola alone his hardly-spared life will be safe."

At this moment the waves were rolling a canoe with its innocent fishermen to the shore. Taureau called to them. Obeying the commands of one of the terrible masters of the island, they were willing to carry the Spaniard across. Montbars bore the wounded man into the canoe, and to escape his thanks, quickly leaped ashore. Off started the boat and rowed towards Hispaniola. Cordially shook the uncle his nephew's hand, and said kindly, "you may safely join the Flibustiers, Frank, for I am certain, that even amongst them you will remain a man."

Wild and unbridled rejoicings were heard upon the isle of Tortuga, when Taureau's boat, freighted with Montbars and a cargo of bull-hides, came

ashore. The famous pirate, Van Horn, had just brought in a Spanish silver galleon, and his mad Flibustiers did their best to rid themselves of the piastres and gold bars as fast as they had taken their booty. Montbars was disagreeably surprised when, stepping ashore, he looked on the revellings of the wild pirate crews. Here a number were stretched around a large wine-cask, of which the bung was pulled out and flung away; incessantly the golden fountain streamed into the goblets, which were emptied as fast as filled, and he who had no vessel, held his mouth under the wine-stream, till he had enough, and now rid of his senses, bedded himself in the sands of the shore;—there the dice rattled to immense wagers, which in a moment changed the raw-born Croesus into an Iru;—here the Coast-brothers were wheeling round good-natured wenches of all colours in a wild dance; in another place two heated with rage and intoxication, began the lawful duel for life and death, under the inspection of a commander, while a band with bare heads and feet marched in procession singing penitentiary psalms, towards the town to offer a precious monstranza, a booty of the taken galleon, in the name of the fleet, upon the chapel-altar.—Speechless stared Montbars upon the motley group of horrors, whilst Taurcau left him to find a purchaser for his hides. Suddenly, borne on the wings of mortal fear, a black girl rushed forth, and knelt down on one of the steep cliffs that hung over the sea.

"Holy Virgin, restore this part," cried she, wringing her hands, "that I go to the Father before he calls me, that without confession—without being reconciled by the sacred anointment, I precipitate myself with my sins into the waves, to escape from earthly pollution!"

And determined, the girl rose for the deadly leap, but Montbars reached her at the critical moment, and powerfully clasped his arms round her. "Unhappy girl, what would you do?" asked he with a gentle reproach, and her black glowing eyes raised themselves to him with confidence.

"Yes, that is a human voice and a human face!" cried the beautiful creature. "Thou hast not saved me from suicide, in order to sacrifice me to the savage passions of thy brothers."

"By my honor, no!" said Montbars,

and boldly looked round for the adversaries whom he might have to contend with.

"Woe to me, there they come already," cried the girl. "Now keep your word, noble Sennor, or thrust me yourself into the sea, that you may spare me that sin, and that I may die by honest hands."

The youth tore out his rapier, and hot with wine three Flibustiers ran forward. "There is the black Donna," shouted one. "Down from the cold cliff to my warm bosom," bellowed another; whilst the third cried to Montbars, "that wench belongs to us three; don't put yourself to any inconvenience about her, young gentleman."

"The girl has placed herself under my protection," answered he coolly, "and who wants her, may win her with his blade."

"Well, you can be accommodated," roared the rover, and three sabres flashed against Montbars, who defended himself like an enraged tiger. Already was he bleeding from a wound on his forehead, when suddenly a voice behind them called "stand back," and with naked sword a man of majestic appearance stood between the combatants. White ostrich-feathers rising from a diamond egret waved over his velvet hat, on his jacket of gold embroidery a string of large oriental pearls was hanging, and his fingers sparkled with rubies and emeralds of invaluable price.

"The admiral," muttered the confounded Flibustiers, giving way, and lowered their arms. "Three against one!" cried Van Horn angrily, "and ye dare to call yourselves Flibustiers."

"On our side is heaven-crying justice," said one of the rovers, who first regained his courage. "We had seized that lass on the conquered galleon, *heads or tails* was to decide whom she should belong to first. We were tossing up the piastre, but in the mean time she made her escape, and this milk-beard, who is not even a coast-brother, must dispute her with us; if we strike hard, there is a strong reason for it."

"The girl was going to throw herself into the sea, to escape from the clutches of these monsters," said Montbars with a noble passion. "I have prevented her; my life answers for her honour:

therefore be a mild judge, admiral : from a man who knows so well the duty of a warrior, I expect protection for a helpless woman!"

With pleasure, Van Horn surveyed the speaker. "Too forward perhaps," said he, smiling, "but better too much than too little. Who are you, young man?" The youth told his name. "How! the son of the Destroyer?" asked Van Horn rejoiced.

"That he is, admiral, and my nephew into the bargain," answered Taureau for him, as with drawn sword he just then arrived in haste to Montbars' assistance.

"Well, you do honour to your father and to your uncle," continued Van Horn, frankly reaching him his hand; then turned with terrible earnestness to the robber-trio: "By our articles the prisoners belong to the general prize, and the admiral has the choice of three. I claim this lass and give her to the young man; you have usurped what was not yours, and against my orders, like cowardly banditti, with superior force attacked a single man. Therefore give up your swords and go as prisoners to your ships." There sullen fire flashed from the eyes of the marauders; they looked at one another like tigers that prepare jointly to spring upon their prey; their clenched hands convulsively clasped the swords more firmly, and they stood as if rooted to the earth.

"Do you mutiny?" asked Van Horn, and with majesty stepped towards them. Then two grew pale and went, but the third, overwhelmed by rage and intoxication, treacherously fired his pistol at the girl, who lay fainting in Montbars' arms.

The ball whistled over her head, and with a single blow of his fist Van Horn sent the fellow to the ground. "Now you do not go to your ships," called he to the two others, with a voice of thunder. "Thou draggest this scoundrel to yonder grove, and answerest with thy head for him; and thou summonest thither the judge of the fleet and the jurors to hold their trial. Then ye all come to stand before them."

Struck dumb, and recognising their superior's authority, the freebooters, whose intoxication had evaporated, obeyed, and Montbars gratefully embraced the admiral.

"All right, my young friend," said

the latter, laughing, "but you do me too much honour, if you place entirely to your account what the maintenance of order requires. The crew have grown very wild, because it is long since I had one of them shot. This affair was a lucky hit, for it affords me an opportunity to enforce the old sanguinary law. If they cease to fear, they require a devil for a captain, a man cannot master them. Give you joy, however, of your share of the business," added he with a laughing look at the black girl. "In an hour come to the trial; there I shall procure satisfaction both to you and the law." He went away.

"What now, with the poor creature?" asked Montbars, gravely of his uncle.

"Why did you meddle with such troublesome ware," grumbled the latter; "he has hardly put foot ashore, and has already encumbered himself with a wench. For a bucanier you are spoiled."

"Scold me, uncle, but help me," urged the youth.

"Well, then, come along, and take her with you to yonder tent," rejoined Taureau. "There my old friend, Captain Brodely, is staying; formerly he was a bold bull-hunter, and for seven years my matelot; then Satan enticed him to go amongst the Flibustiers, and at last he turned fool, and married. Just now he introduced his wife to me, who, considering she is a woman, seems sensible enough. To her we shall entrust that lass."

"Are you satisfied?" asked Montbars, of the maiden.

"What choice has the protected when her preserver commands?" said she, with a glow of gratitude on her dark countenance, and pressed the hand of the youth to her warm lips and heaving bosom. With a curious mixture of sensation and sentiment, he freed his hand from her grasp, and led the strange girl to Brodely's tent.

Hollow rattled the drum that called to the trial of the coast-brothers; the crew of all Van Horn's vessels assembled in the grove, where the three robbers, with foreboding looks were awaiting their fate. The judge of the fleet, an old gray-bearded pirate mounted a sort of chair; around him the jurors took their places, except four who had

lost their lives in the last sea-fight. The crew filled up the vacancies by four fresh jurors, elected from amongst themselves, and to the astonishment of Montbars, who, with Van Horn, stood amidst the gaping crowd, the new candidates were sworn-in by the pirate-judge with great seriousness and religious solemnity. Upon the Bible the Protestants—upon the Crucifix the Catholics laid their blood-reeking hands. Then a short prayer was pronounced by the judge with dignity and propriety, to open the trial, and with heads uncovered the wild multitude murmured their "Amen." There were numerous small and great offences to be tried; drunkenness and insubordination, carding and dicing, fights on board, bad state of arms and accoutrements, every thing received its due punishment, until at last the unfortunate three were called to the bar. The hearing of their case was terribly concise; the point on which the whole turned, was decided against them. The negro-girl, as part of the general prize, was awarded to the choosing admiral, and it appeared to the judge unquestionable, that all of them were to be punished for stealing common property, but he who had fired the shot, as a mutineer, who had resisted the admiral in the service with armed hand. The jurors whispered to each other, and then in a terrible chorus their unanimous "guilty" was pronounced, and the criminals with pale countenances and ashy lips knelt down.

"Have mercy, Van Horn!" conjured the compassionate Montbars the admiral who unconcernedly stepped into the ring.

"Child, you don't understand this work," said the latter, keeping him back, and beckoned to three ship's officers. These respectfully approached, received secret orders, and each of them took one of the culprits. The two less guilty were provided with a musket, a cask of water, powder and ball, and were led to the shore, where a boat immediately rowed off with them. But the third, accompanied by a band, armed with muskets, and edified by the exhortation of a fellow-pirate, who with a crucifix walked beside him, tottered into the deeper gloom of the forest.

"For God's sake, admiral!" cried Montbars, "what will be done to those unhappy men?"

"The first two are to be *marooned*," replied Van Horn, coldly.

"That means?" asked the youth with anxious attention.

"That means, they are provided with gunpowder, lead and water, set on an uninhabited island, and left there to their fate."

"And if they die with hunger?" cried Montbars, horrified.

"That's their business, my young friend, and not ours."

"But the third?" continued Montbars, and the word died on his lips, when in the depth of the forest several shots were discharged simultaneously.

"Has just been shot," said Van Horn, with unshaken indifference, and commanded the crew to pray for his poor soul. Silently the pirates obeyed.

"The trial is ended!" said the admiral, to them. "Go and enjoy yourselves, but beware of excess, that your mad rejoicings may not lead you into the cold arms of death; but this moment you have heard the brazen balance of justice sounding!"

The crowd dispersed quietly and somewhat downcast, and the admiral friendly invited the youth to dine with him on board his ship. With a secret horror at the judge, if not the man, the latter assented, and hurried now, spurred by curiosity and desire, perhaps, also, by a better impulse, to exchange the first cordial words tête-à-tête with his black booty.

At the entrance of the tent he was received by Brodely's wife, a majestic woman, whose striking features reflected an eventful past. "You wish to see one whom you have saved, Mr. Montbars?" asked she with a friendly earnestness. "She has most pressing entreated me to be left alone; you, however, appear so free of any cause for fear, that I have no hesitation in introducing you. So much, from my short observation, I may confidentially tell you, that this maiden betrays an education of no common kind. Heaven knows how these regular features have got that ugly negro-colour."

In the mean time the lady had conducted him as far as the tent partition, that separated him from the girl.

"Hush! she is praying," whispered Montbars, and pierced with his dagger a hole in the curtain, in order to observe her unseen.

The negro was prostrate on her knees before an image of Christ,

pressing the rosary to her breast, and precious diamonds dropping from her dark brilliant eyes, glittered over the ugly black of her countenance, in which Montbars, despite the strictest examination, could find no mark of the race. Under the nobly formed forehead a gently arched nose was enthroned over the small mouth, whose fine and rosy lips had nothing in common with the usual blood-lumps of negro-women. No curly wool, but beautifully twining raven tresses were floating downward from her head; tall and majestic was her form, and only its luxuriant fulness, and her small white pearls of teeth be-seemed a daughter of the African sun. Long stood Montbars regarding the praying beauty; his pulse began to beat more quickly, and more and more eagerly his looks dwelt on the lovely creature. At last he could master himself no longer, and hurriedly entered the apartment.

"My preserver!" cried the grateful girl with joy, as she rushed to his feet, and would have knelt there, had he not caught her to his heaving breast. One look told him that the feeling of gratitude was already lost in another warmer one, and that it only depended on him, to crush that lovely flower himself, which, but a few moments ago, he had protected from the rough hail-shower. But the confidence with which the girl, all love and attachment, clung to his embrace, disarmed his lower passions. He held her gently from him, and said with a tone that only by degrees gained firmness:—"You are saved Donna, and for the present out of danger; but as I once have gained you by fair fighting, I must also protect you for the future. Command me, and dispose of yourself; on your wishes it will depend to whom I am to deliver you."

"Oh, that it but depended on my own free will!" cried the girl, with love-sparkling eyes, "my choice would be decided for my whole futurity!—But filial duty—the honour of a noble race command, and I must renounce the happiness of my life in order to deserve it. I am not what I appear. The colour that I bear is a disguise prompted by my anguish, when Van Horn's privateers were pursuing us. I pray you to conduct me to San Domingo, where the governor will prodi-

gally thank you for what I would gladly repay you myself."

"Who asks the Spaniard for his blood-stained gold?" cried, with sudden eruption of innate hatred, the son of the Destroyer. "For thy sake I have saved thee, lovely creature," added he, softening; "you must thank me—you alone—with a kiss, pressed kindly and freely on my lips. If then fate divide us, my heart will at least have a remembrance which it may banquet on till it stands still for ever."

The girl flew to his neck, and her warm kiss dwelt on his thirsty lips; then she tore herself away, and covering her face, beckoned him to leave her.

"God protect thee, sweet girl!" stammered the youth, ere he went; I keep my word, but that I may be able to do so, we see each other no more!"

As soon as Montbars found himself again in the wine tent, where Taureau and Brodely were cordially enjoying themselves over a glass, he resolved immediately to fulfil his word to the maiden. He asked old Brodely for a manned boat to carry the negro to San Domingo. The woman-hater, Taureau, thought this a very sensible request, and Brodely gladly granted it to the nephew of his old friend. Montbars saw the boat preparing for the voyage, earnestly recommended the girl to the mate, and when the latter went to wards Brodely's tent to fetch his fair freight, the youth sighing walked towards the harbour of the island in which Van Horn's privateer-fleet was lying at anchor. There all was joy and mirth. The vessels had their colours flying—the crew on the decks, dressed out in their state jackets, quaffed their goblets to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, and at intervals salvos of artillery announced the toasts given on the admiral's vessel.

"What's the matter here?" asked Montbars, of a Flibustier, who stood sentry on the shore, over the booty of the galleon.

"And you don't know that?" replied the pirate. "The great Morgan has arrived, and is on a visit aboard the admiral."

"Who is the great Morgan?" asked Montbars further, little satisfied by the answer.

"Good heavens, what idiot questions

you ask!" cried the sentry; "don't you know the great Morgan, that never conquered British hero—who may be justly called the pirate-king, whom Puerto-el-Principe, Portobello, Maracaibo and Gibraltar have immortalized?"

"I am glad to salute him," said Montbars, interrupting the commencing paean, then jumped into a boat that was rocking ashore, and rowed himself over to the admiral's ship. In the cabin he found Van Horn in deep earnest discourse, with a tall well-made man, whose aspect equally attracted and repelled him. Majesty and icy coldness dwelt on his forehead—courage and cunning flashed from his great sparkling eyes; around the finely formed mouth played a friendly smile, which, however, at a closer observation had something malicious. Van Horn perceived the youth, who with folded arms immoveably was gazing at the stranger, and introduced him to the great Morgan as the brave son of the Destroyer. With a penetrating eye the Grand-Pirate measured him from head to foot, and then said with a friendly dignity that had something almost princely:—"I am glad that the grace of my king has enabled me, publicly to acknowledge the merits of a heroic father which I expect to find revived in his son. I appoint you a captain in my fleet, and, I think, you will be pleased, if I place you in the squadron of the white flag which our friend Van Horn is to command. My secretary will forward you your commission." Montbars, who could not exactly reconcile this official language with Morgan's trade, stood astonished without returning his thanks. Van Horn perceiving his doubts, helped him out of them, and said:—"You probably don't know yet, that this hero, by his Britannic Majesty, has been appointed High-Admiral to a great privateer-fleet against Spain, with full power to choose all his officers himself."—Then first Montbars conceived that a legal robbery was intended here, and found words duly to acknowledge the kindness of the High-Admiral. Briskly sounded the glasses to the success of the new captain, and the expedition against Panama, whilst the thoughts of the youth on love's dove-wings fluttered over the sea towards Hispaniola.—

The morning dawned. Morgan had already during the night set sail for Jamaica, where the privateer-fleet of the English Flibustiers was expecting him. Van Horn presented the new captain to his crew who greeted the son of the celebrated Montbars with loud cheers.

"Your ship is small," said the admiral, pointing to a large open smack which had but little claim to the name of a ship. "It is your business to take a Spaniard as soon as possible, to settle yourself comfortably." He went, and Montbars hastened to bid his old uncle farewell at Brodely's tent which they were just about to strike. He found there a strong band of Bucaniers who, all uniformly dressed in the colour of their profession, rifle in hand, had been drawn up in two lines for inspection. Taureau standing in front of them, joyfully cried to him, "You come, Captain, to take leave; there is no occasion for it, for I shall march with you to Panama."—Montbars stared at the veteran, and the latter continued: "that does not seem altogether intelligible to you; but to me it is quite plain. I protest to heaven, that I intended to sit quietly in my Bayaha till my death, but the Spaniards won't have it so. As they cannot overcome us, they destroy the poor bullocks which we live on. These honest people you see here come nearly all from Hispaniola, where since the last great *battue* hardly a single wild bull is lowing. They had no choice, but to starve or retreat. And as Spain will not tolerate them on earth, so they mean to try the good sea-land, and have elected me for their captain. We shall, therefore, fight in company, my dear boy, which I am very glad of." They cordially shook hands. At the first signal-gun from the admiral's vessel, Montbars hurried to the shore, where Brodely's mate had just landed, on his return from Hispaniola. He handed to the youth an open paper, and the latter with gazing eyes read:

"Don Alonzo Joseph Jago Benal-kazar, his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, our Lord's Governor of Hispaniola and the adjacent isles, Grandee of Spain, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, to the pirate Montbars. The Spaniard's innate greatness of mind honours magnanimity wherever he finds it, were he even to meet it in the prince of the apostate angels. You have, on

Bayaha and Tortuga saved my children from death and disgrace, and refused every reward. It does not, however, become a Spanish nobleman to remain indebted to one of your degree; therefore I send you in this writing my knightly word for the fulfilment of two free requests, so far as they do not offend against God and the King our Lord. I pray to San Jago, that, in recompense for what you have done for my house, he may grant you the happiness by an early bloody death to shorten your crimes and to atone for them, in order that after severe purification you may yet perhaps enter into the kingdom of light. Amen."

Montbars was still doubtful whether he should be angry or pleased with this odd letter of thanks, when his glance fell upon the margin of the leaf, where hardly visible, written by a neat female hand, were the following words—

"Here and there prays for you the grateful Maria."

Impetuously he pressed the paper to his lips, and now the second signal was fired that called him to his ship. The fleet of Van Horn set sail, and pregnant with the destruction of thousands, bore swiftly along through the foaming waves. Off Jamaica the French and English privateers joined. This greatest armada that ever a Flibustier had commanded, counted thirty-seven ships mounted with guns, and was manned with two thousand armed men, besides the sailors. On board the High-Admiral, from which the colours of Britain were flying, a great council of war was held and the ships' articles signed. With an anxious and beating heart Montbars amongst the rest swore faithfulness to the British King and obedience to the haughty Morgan. Four others of the Coast-brothers obtained from Morgan's lavish liberality the commodore's rank; amongst them was Brodely under whom Taureau intended to fight. Montbars' vessel likewise was appointed to this squadron, and thus he had the pleasure of commencing his first campaign under the eyes of his brave uncle. Brodely received orders to lay in stores for the whole fleet; he hoisted his sails and steered towards the Terra firma, to try a landing where La Hacha streams into the sea. The last glow of the evening was just disappearing, when a white sail dived up on the horizon. The commodore's ship signalled Montbars'

boat alongside, and Brodely hailed him in his usual laconic way: "There goes a Spanish frigate; take her, captain, for in that trough of your's you cannot swim any longer with honour."

"Very well, commodore," cried Montbars gaily; ordered the crew to the bow and said, "If that Spaniard be manned in proportion to her size, she may carry two hundred men, and we are twenty-eight. But we want a ship; therefore swear to me to take her or to die!"

With wild cheering the pirates swore. The breeze was favourable, and when the full darkness of the night covered the sea, they came alongside the frigate. The rope ladders were hooked in, and now Montbars, faithful to their oath, had holes stove in his boat, so that every atom sank into the sea almost under the feet of the storming party, who armed merely with swords and pistols were climbing up. Ere the lazy Spanish sentry could rouse himself for a "who is there?" he was thrown into the waves, and then a terrible struggle commenced, in which contempt of death was soon victorious over numbers. The Spaniards who resisted, were cut down, and meanwhile Montbars entered the cabin of the captain, who was quietly playing at cards with his officers. "You have lost the game," said Montbars sharply, "you must pay, and as a pledge I trouble you for your sword."

"What does the madman want?" cried the captain, jumping up and with his officers drawing their swords.

"Your swords," called Montbars furiously, and rushed forward. But he slipped and fell on his back, and the nearest lieutenant jumped upon him, and raised his sword for the death-blow. But, though lying on the ground, Montbars grasped him powerfully, tore him down, and with lion's strength broke his arm with his fist above the elbow. Groaning with pain, the wounded officer retreated and cried, "That's a devil and not a man!"

"No, they aren't men," cried a Spanish corporal of marines, crossing himself, who with bleeding head stepped into the cabin. "Devils out of the air have dropped into our ship, for all round no vessel is to be seen in which they might have swam hither. Therefore, we have already surrendered, and advise you, Sennors, to do the same."

Struck by what they had seen and heard, the officers surrendered to the bold Montbars, who promised them good treatment during their confinement, and then asked the name of the vessel which his daring attempt had taken? "Maria, Sennor," answered the captain, presenting his sword. "Like this sword, she never was taken till now, and you may therefore congratulate yourself on having conquered a noble Spanish maiden."

"Maria!" sighed Montbars, and sweet reminiscences awoke in his bosom. "Maria! noble Spanish maiden! ah! that this conquest might be the symbol of a blissful futurity."—

By this stroke the mouth of the Hacha was free, and the pirates were able to land undisturbed. Whilst Taureau with his Bucaniers deprived the coast-forests of Santa Martha of their animals, the Flibustiers stormed the strong town La Rancheria. In spite of the brave resistance of the garrison, the banner of the Coast-brothers, planted by Montbars' hand, soon waved from the walls. But when the plundering of the city commenced—when every fury of war was let loose against the Spaniards, then the young hero felt the first scorpion-sting of repentance in his heart. Wherever his arm could reach, he threw himself between the executioners and the victims, and made at last use of the influence which by his bravery he had gained over the old iron Brodely, to avert the entire ruin which the fire-brands of the Flibustiers threatened to the ill-fated town. Those of the trembling citizens who still survived, had to ransom themselves and the plundered houses by an immense cargo of Turkish corn, and the cheers of the armada received Brodely's flotilla at Jamaica on her return from the successful expedition.

On the deck of the admiral's vessel, in view of the whole fleet, Morgan embraced Brodely, Montbars, and Taureau, to whom he consigned the whole of the blood-stained booty, dividing only the provisions in equal proportion amongst all. But Montbars sat sorrowfully at the helm, when the rich chests were brought on board the Maria. His soul saw the blood and the tears that were attached to them, and his dim eye sought on the immense watery plain the direction in which Hispani-

ola lay, and with a feeling of pain and sadness he exclaimed, "No; I do not deserve that angel!"—

The armada now weighed anchor. Her first destination was the island of Santa Catharina, the exile place of Spanish criminals, from whom Morgan intended to select his guides over the perilous isthmus. With a thousand armed men he landed, and despatched Brodely to desire the Spanish governor to surrender. He returned in the night accompanied by a person in disguise. It was the governor himself. The honest man, brought to extremity by the terror that preceded the Coast-brothers, and by Brodely's threat of a general massacre at the least delay of surrender, was willing to submit to all conditions. To save, however, the honour of the garrison, a sham-fight was agreed upon. From the forts and the privateers the artillery played incessantly, but without balls. The governor, according to agreement, was taken prisoner when going from the fort of St. Hieronymus to another castle. This produced an apparent confusion, and thus, under continued firing the farce was, with great calmness on both sides, continued until the ten castles of the island, one after another, had been taken by storm without a single man having been killed or even wounded.

The victory was gained; the trembling inhabitants were locked up in the fort of St. Theresa, and the fleet amply provided with stores and ammunition. From amongst the Spanish criminals three guides were selected, and Brodely now received the perilous order to proceed with his squadron to take Fort St. Lawrence on the Chagre. He obeyed. On a high hill on the mouth of the river rose the strong proud castle, almost everywhere inaccessible. But Brodely with his old undaunted courage landed his men. Under him Taureau commanded the Bucaniers, Montbars the Flibustiers, and the storming began. Awfully the cannon-balls and musketry and the poisoned arrows of the Indians, who formed part of the garrison, raged amongst the approaching pirates, who for the first time began to give way. A twelve-pounder carried away Brodely's legs, but lying on the ground in his blood he continued to command with unshaken bravery, and Taureau, enraged by the misfortune of his friend, ordered his Bucaniers to surround their

ramrods with cotton, and to fire them upon the buildings of the fort. The terrible consequences soon became visible. The houses, for the most part built with wood and covered with palm-leaves, took fire; a powder magazine exploded; night came on, the Spaniards were occupied in extinguishing the flames, and now Montbars led his troops to storm the place anew. The palisades were set on fire, the unsupported earth gave way and filled the ditch. The Spaniards defended themselves bravely, their commander at their head who fought with truly Roman gallantry. In vain Montbars offered quarter. He answered with fresh blows, until the sword of the youth stretched him on the ground. The small remainder of the garrison then laid down their arms, and the mutilated Brodely on the shoulders of his comrades, was triumphantly borne through the breach into the dearly-bought castle.

The new morning illuminated the privateer-armada running into the mouth of the Chagre. Delighted, that the victory here had been so quickly decided, Morgan hastened into the fort, and after stopping at Brodely's couch of pain to express due praise and sympathy, he beckoned Montbars into a solitary apartment, and began with engaging politeness. "You are very ambitious, young man, that, not contented with your father's glory, you desire to surpass it by your own deeds. It is the duty of the commanding chief gratefully to acknowledge what you have done and are still to do for the universal advantage. I appoint you Brodely's successor, and as the new commodore at present, when the land campaign commences, would have little to command, I have destined you for another great enterprise, which requires less the *courage* of a warrior than his calm and considerate action. At Panama they have already been informed of the great aim of our expedition, and the governor-general is collecting a strong force against us. It is therefore of the greatest importance to me, accurately to know the disposition of the inhabitants and the means of defence now in preparation; for this purpose I require a man prudent as well as true and brave, and you I have selected."

"Me," stammered Montbars, to whom the proposed office of a spy was, in his innermost heart repugnant. "You

forget, admiral, that for such a business, besides other qualities, experience is also required, of which I am certainly destitute, at least in this profession."

"You have what makes up for it with interest," interrupted Morgan. "You are, as far as I have observed, entirely inaccessible to self-interest, and my best men are, after all, but mercenary souls, to be bought by the highest bidder, and if once they become convinced, that they can make more by the Spaniards than by me, they would be capable of betraying me, together with the armada, into the hands of the enemy."

"If such are your circumstances, I heartily pity you," said Montbars, who now with horror began to see the kind of league he had joined in.

"The few, however," continued Morgan, with cool calculation, "whom I perhaps might answer for, carry on their foreheads the stamp of long practice in a trade which inspires no great confidence. Your countenance is still pure—at most it betrays a warlike desire which does no harm; but the fangs of other demons have not yet furrowed it; you alone, therefore, are fit for such a business."

"How?" broke out Montbars, forgetting himself; "by means of those features which God has printed on my face, and which my better angel has preserved even under you, I am to betray and ruin others? No, Morgan, that I will not, Spaniards though they be!"

"You surely will do it to oblige me, Commodore," said Morgan, with ironical courtesy, "I am accustomed to be obeyed, and in case of necessity I know how to enforce the obedience you have sworn to me."

"As an honest soldier, but not as a spy have I sworn," cried Montbars, with rising passion. "Once for all, I will not!"

Morgan's lips writhed into a bitter sardonic grin, and an eye of murder fell so piercingly upon Montbars, that the blood began to freeze in his veins.

"Speak low," whispered he grimly, "lest my Flibustiers outside should hear the heroic Don Quixote, and laugh. Have you forgotten the guild you belong to, and who Morgan is? Do you not know him? Would you wish to know him better? Indeed, child, I would not advise you to it.

We are alone, and have no need of punctilios in our conversation. That I cannot force you by the rules of the service to take your hide to the Panama-market, I know right well, but I can force you nevertheless. Either you say "yes," receive the necessary instructions and credentials, and start within the hour—or you say "no," and cause me to find amongst your and your uncle's luggage, treasures which you must have stolen from the booty of the fort. I bring you both to a court-martial, and that the old wild Taureau will then forget himself against me, the admiral, your ingenuity must easily discover. Him I then order to be shot, and you marooned, as thieves of the common property. Now choose!"

For a moment Montbars stood petrified at the perfect fiend; then in a sudden rage snatched the dagger from his hip, and made a furious stab at Morgan's breast. But the steel sprung into shivers, and with a smile Morgan said, "you were not, perhaps, *aware* that I have a coat of mail there. I pardon even this attempt, because I want you, but now obey, and forget not that your uncle's life answers for your fidelity!"

Struck with shame at his unsoldier-like conduct, and Morgan's seeming generosity—ruined in the depths of his heart, and at war with himself, Montbars passively received the papers from the hands of his commander, and hurried away.

The chief-governor and captain-general of the kingdom of Peru, Don Juan Perez Gusman, was sitting in his proud palace of Panama, at a sumptuous banquet, wrapped up in gloomy thoughts. All the delicacies that the new world, from Labrador to Cape Horn, had contributed, on silver dishes, tempted in vain his vanished appetite; in vain the noblest wines of both hemispheres were sparkling in the golden goblets. The governor, seized with feverish shiverings, was mentally watching the thunder-cloud, that lowering from the Antilles, threatened to burst upon him, and had no ears for the lively conversation that was humming around the table. Beside him, with a mind absent like his own, but engaged in far gentler dreams, sat

Donna Maria, his charming daughter-in-law, whose father-confessor, the Dominican Ignatius, was endeavouring to convince her, with at least a very powerful voice, that the Flibustiers, who then engrossed the conversation, were no real men, but the offspring of the amours of sea-devils and earthly women.

"It was my fortune to fall amongst them once," Maria cried at last, rather impatiently, "and I assure you, reverend father, they looked just the same as we Spaniards."

"That is a wicked unbelief of yours, my daughter," replied the friar, moodily, "about which we shall have more to say at your next confession. The all-merciful Creator has, indeed, permitted, that these monsters may deceive our bodily eyes with their human form; but such is the case, merely, in order to qualify them the better to serve the ends of his wisdom—to become to the wicked a scourge of his wrath, and to the pious a chastening and purifying furnace that saves them some decenniums of purgatory. In truth they areimps of Satan whose everlasting flames await the presumptuous reasoners who dare to doubt it."

Against this argument Maria knew not what to oppose, but her brother Don Diego was about to commence an earnest refutation, and Don Gusman, to avoid a dispute between him and the all-powerful friar, was already moving back his arm chair, when his black valet announced the hidalgo, Don Rodrigo Gormas, the bearer of important dispatches from Mexico. Glad at the arrival of the long expected messenger, the Governor-general desired that he should be introduced, and a tall young Creole in rich Spanish dress entered the apartment, and delivered several letters to him. Don Gusman opened and read, and at every line a fold of anxiety disappeared from his forehead, on which at last perfect serenity took her station. "I bid you a hearty welcome, Don," said he, kindly, beckoning him to his side. "With most important intelligence you bring me the assurance of armed supplies, of which I began to despair, and which are but too much needed."

With difficulty the stranger turned his looks from Donna Maria, whose beautiful eyes were fixed upon him with equal eagerness,—replied to the governor in a few civil words, and then

took his seat between him and Maria's brother, who also appeared to feel a great interest in him, and now pledged him significantly in a full goblet to the destruction of the pirates. A dark crimson flashed over the countenance of the stranger, but with a struggle he collected himself, poured down the goblet, and then respectfully asked the governor when he would be pleased to despatch him.

"Not before to-morrow at noon," answered Don Gusman; "your chief demands various information concerning our defensive measures which have not yet been completely taken. In the course of the day many things are still to be done. How much soever I spur, the Spaniard will not overhurry himself. Until the dispatches are ready, you are our valued guest. As the storm of war is still pretty distant from us, and you have announced the necessary aid at hand, I intend with my family to spend yet one other day on our island, and invite you to accompany us. We will there once more enjoy ourselves together, and then with cheerfulness and confidence fight together in the service of the King, our Lord; for you, Don Gormas, I hope will accompany the auxiliary army that Mexico sends me; will you not?"

"Certainly!" stammered the stranger, who rose and took his leave, to pay a visit, he said, to a Genoese friend in Panama.

"According to your pleasure, Don," said the friendly governor. "After the siesta we seek our gondolas, and row to the island; this for your notice!" Thereupon he betook himself to his closet; but the strange messenger, after a long look at Maria, found his way with some difficulty out of the apartment, and father Ignatius gazed after him, shaking his head. Maria and her brother simultaneously asked each other, the moment he disappeared: "did you know Don Gormas before?"—but surprised by the same mutual question, and seized by a presentiment that a correct answer might lead to danger in the distance, they both left the saloon. Father Ignatius' head-shaking became still more ominous, he put his fore-finger to his sharp-scenting nose—half-closed the cunning eyes, and after standing for a short

time in this attitude, exclaimed with a look in which a stake was flaming:—"all is not right here!" and with quick but stealth footsteps sought the cabinet of the governor.—

The siesta was over, the gondolas were waiting on the beach that bounded the castle-park which the stranger had just entered. With indignant surprise he observed that a proud Spaniard, of no prepossessing exterior, at parting, embraced the charming Maria with a cool familiarity that seemed to indicate a well-earned undisputed right.

"Myson, Don Antonio, Chief-Alcalde of Panama, said the Governor, presenting him to the stranger, who with difficulty forced himself to the most unavoidable civilities towards one who became still more odious by the haughty air with which he examined him. "He will regret not being able to cultivate your agreeable acquaintance," continued Don Gusman, "for he is just setting out for Hispaniola, with an important message in the service of the King, our Lord."

A malicious expression flashed over Gormas' countenance, and he was just about with a scornful bow to take his leave of the Alcalde; but a better feeling conquered, and he asked, with some interest, which road the traveller intended to take? "He is to go by Fort St. Lawrence and the Isle of St. Catherine, to deliver my orders to the commanding officers there," replied the governor.

"For God's sake, no!" exclaimed Gormas with emotion, and coolly added, "according to the informations I have received, he would not be safe there. I advise him to go by land to Carthage and thence to sail to Hispaniola."

"What could be the cause of such a strangely circuitous route?" asked Don Antonio disdainfully, "I would advise you, Don, not to mistrust the courage of a Spanish nobleman, though he be not in the *military* service."

"Even a hero must, in the end, sink under numbers," said the stranger repressing his anger, "I give you my knightly word, that in your situation I would use the same precaution which I advise you to."

"It becoms a youth like you," said the Alcalde, with offended haughtiness, "to keep to himself conclusions of his

own upon others and his good advice, at least until he is asked for them." Thus saying, he turned his back upon him, and went towards the palace.

Gormas' hand sought his sword, but once more he subdued his passion, followed Don Antonio, and said presingly, "suppose now, you were to find the fort and island already in the hands of the Coast-brothers, and to meet them already on their march to Panama, —would you then still despise my faithful warnings?"

"The world would be upside down," replied the Alcalde proudly, "if the judge were to be afraid of the thieves. I travel under a strong escort, and the robbers may thank their stars, if I do not find them." With these words he abruptly left him, without honouring his good genius with another glance.

Grieved to see the good work he had intended, fail, Gormas returned to the party. He had the honour of handing Maria to the gondola, and deeply affected she whispered to him on stepping in, "Whoever you may be, you are a noble-hearted man, and I cannot bring myself to fear you."—

The sun was beneath the ocean; in the clear deep blue azure of the southern sky the narrow silver sickle of the moon was hanging over the gulph of Panama, and illuminated with her magic light the lovely group of islands that, by nature and art, deserving the name of the gardens of Panama, like so many Edens were swimming on the deep. In the saloons of Don Gusman's villa a thousand tapers glimmered, and charming Donnas moved gracefully in the luxuriant fandango, eyed with admiration by the young Dons. Round the governor hummed Father Ignatius like a bee, not to seek for honey, but to drop into his ear the slow poison of suspicion. Strictly were both watched by Donna Maria, and when she observed a terrible look that after long explanations with Ignatius, her father-in-law cast upon Don Gormas, she suddenly seized the hand of the latter, hurried him out of the saloon, and through the Seville-orange-grove that perfumed the air around the villa, deep into the thicket to a grotto, round which a thousand fire-flies, like living lamps, were humming, and shining brightly enough to render the surprise on the youth's countenance perceptible to the piercing looks of Maria.

"You deceive me no longer!" cried the beautiful woman in wild emotion. This dress is not yours—this olive hue that lying calls you Creole, is your natural colour as little as the Negro-black was mine, when you saved me at Tortuga."

"God, my presentiment!" exclaimed the youth, rushing to her feet, "you are Maria!"

"And you are Montbars, the son of the Destroyer, and already a destroyer yourself," said Maria, with reproaching earnest, like an angry goddess looking down upon him, and then added in soft tones, "O Queen of Heaven! how is it possible that a rover can wear such features?"

Then wounded pride raised Montbars from the ground, and revolted he cried, "To-day I have lied for the first time, but I will not longer lie to preserve an existence that is nothing worth, since I see myself despised by you. Yes, I am Montbars, the Destroyer's son, and the Commodore of the Coast-brothers, who, under Morgan's command, threaten Panama. As a spy I came hither for Spain's certain destruction. Now, you know all, go and tell the governor. I shall not fly; I give you my rover's word, here to await your soldiers, and die with sword in hand, at least, an honourable death."

"Man, have you already become so wicked amongst your pirates, as to suspect treason from love?" asked Maria with grief. "Could I deliver him to the executioner's axe, who saved my honour and my life, who gave me my liberty again, and with a rare generosity cautioned the enemy whose existence alone stands between him and his happiness?"

"So he was thy husband, whom I wished to preserve?" cried Montbars, with mad grief. "Only thy favoured friend I fancied the haughty Spaniard; but I might have anticipated the truth, for love's tender longing does not so embrace; so kisses a husband the beauty whose charms are no longer new. Just heavens! what threw thee into the arms of this man?"

"The cruel will of my father," sighed Maria, "who even denied me the sacred asylum of a convent, for which I implored, that I might innocently adore a beloved image on the undesecrated altar of my heart. Oh, Montbars! I

am doubly unhappy, separated for ever from him I loved, and possessed by one whom, alas! I cannot love!"

"Thus thou couldst have loved even the pirate?—thou sinless soul!" cried Montbars, forgetting his dangerous situation and the indissoluble ties of marriage, and pressing Maria to his heart. His arms around her neck, their lips approached. Like a morning-mist, love veiled the eye of the beautiful woman; she sank upon the seat of turf; Montbars's heart beat fast, and his face grew pale with passion, when a happy accident,—as short-sighted men frequently call the finger of God,—perchance preserved the innocence of a noble couple, for at this moment Don Diego rushed, breathless, out of the Orange-grove.

"You are recognized," cried he to Montbars. "Father Ignatius has penetrated your disguise; the Governor rages. I know what the duty of a subject and a soldier commands—know what a dangerous enemy to my country I preserve in you;—but above all, I prize my knightly honour; it forbids me to cast that arm into fetters that protected me against the murderous sary of the Bucaniers, and carried me into the saving boat. I now go to collect my soldiers; my sister can, in the mean time, show you by the secret path to the shore. There you will find a gondola with two negroes whom you may trust. God protect your voyage, and grant, in his mercy, that when we meet again, the pressure of your pure hand may thank me;" and without awaiting an answer, the noble youth rushed away, and soon disappeared amongst the orange-trees. Trembling Maria sprang up, seized the cold hand of the petrified Montbars, who passively allowed himself to be dragged along by her to the shore, where the gondola was lying. Long stood the loving pair here, in silent embrace. Then the morning-purple began to dawn up from the sea, and the sparkling morning-star, the John of the earthly sun, flew fast along his beamy path, whilst other stars of weaker light silently faded away.

"The star of love lights my path!" cried Montbars. "Joyfully I accept the propitious omen! My heart tells me it will yet look upon our happiness."

Drums now rattled in the neighbourhood of the villa, and the grove became loud with arms.

"It is time," sobbed Maria, pressed one more kiss upon Montbars's lips, and fled. Too happy, the fugitive leapt into the gondola, that swiftly glided along on the mirror of the deep; and when Don Diego, with his Spaniards, reached the shore, it was only just perceptible as a point on the horizon.

It was on the morning of the 27th January, 1671, when Morgan's army, by many a combat,—by hunger's fearful necessity,—by unheard of fatigues on the march, reduced to 1,100 fighting men, from a hill which they had just ascended, saw the forces of the Spaniards bearing towards them. They were very considerable, for Don Gusman had assembled under his command four regiments of regular infantry, 2,500 irregulars, and 400 horse, without reckoning some hundreds of Indians and negroes, who were destined to drive 2,000 wild bullocks into the lines of the robbers, to bear them down. Now at length the courage of the Flibustiers began to sink,—but Morgan, quickly perceiving the one thing needful, ordered the army to form into a hollow square, and from their centre spoke thus: "There in the gold of the morning the towers of Panama prophetically glitter down upon us; it is the richest city of the Terra-firma, the magazine of the Mexican silver and the Peruvian gold. Wallowing in riches are her merchants; the ornaments of her churches and convents alone are treasures; nations have their store-houses there. In short, if there be a prize worthy the fight, it is Panama. That the Spaniards know full well, whose masses here press to meet us. Those cowards only fight where their mammon is at stake. Only through their unsoldierlike band is the way to wealth and ease. Now is the time to earn the reward for all we have suffered on the march. Flibustiers *can* lose no battle; therefore, on to victory!"

That was a language that must have found willing ears amongst these men. The speaker was answered by loud cheers, in which martial music joined; hats flew into the air, and hands were clenched faster upon rifles. Morgan looked on with the grin of a hyæna, and gave the word to march. Montbars, with Brodely's band in the van, the robber-corps moved down from the hill to attack the troops of the gover-

nor. The armies formed the most striking contrast. There the numerous élite of Spanish soldiers, well fed, even the privates dressed in coloured silk, the cavalry on splendid horses, which they wheeled round as if preparing to a bull-fight. Here a small band of barelegged robbers, whom hunger, filth, fatigue and misery of every kind had transformed into complete horrors,—whose clothes fell into rags, and with whom nothing was cared for save the brightly polished murderous weapons. Who would here have anticipated even the possibility, that the strong force of the law was to sink before seeming powerless crime? But the Nemesis of the Spaniards held her terrible balance in the pregnant clouds, and while numbers and the good cause of a moment, weighed down one side,—into the other the angry goddess threw the bloodshed, the sighs, and the tears of millions of Indians, whom pitiless Spain had tortured to their graves, and high up flew the scale of the right, and the murderous conflict began. Montbars, with the vanguard, opened it with a fearful fire of musketry which caused immense slaughter amongst the Spaniards. Then burning with rage, the governor ordered the cavalry to charge, and in knightly beauty, like an old Spanish Cavallero in the Moorish wars, Don Diego rode up with his squadrons to annihilate the assailants. But neither he nor the chief had calculated on the marshes that were in that country. Posted behind them, Montbars's riflemen kept up such an incessant and efficacious fire, that men and horse broke down in entire ranks. Already 350 horsemen had fallen, when at length fear of death overwhelmed the small remainder. They wheeled their horses round for a hasty retreat, in which also their heroic leader, in spite of his furious resistance, was swept along with the rest. Morgan then with greater vigour attacked Don Gusman's main-force, and here also the skill and the coolness of the sharpshooters, who never missed their aim, decided the battle. Bravely the Spaniards defended themselves, but in vain; and already the thinned columns began to waver. Then the Governor would try the last chance of war, and the 2,000 bulls were driven down upon the coast-brothers. It was a horrible sight to see these enraged beasts, their horned heads low-

ered, roaring, raging on in such immense masses. The Bucaniers alone were not frightened,—whose alliance with the Flibustiers, and whose skill, the unfortunate Spaniards had not taken into consideration. In old Taureau, who with his men had joined his nephew, the taste for his long-practised profession awoke.

"Till now I have obeyed you, Commodore," said he, with the fire of youth, to his nephew, "but now let me take the command, for the war with my beloved bulls I understand better than you;" and whilst Montbars, sadly surveying the bloody battle-field, silently assented, the veteran was running about like a youth, to distribute the band according to the practice of the Bucaniers, and the bull-hunt began on a grand scale. By waving of flags, and cries, the on-rushing bulls were frightened, their masses divided;—a part turning back, broke into the ranks of the Spaniards; the rest dispersed on all sides, and were stretched lifeless by the unerring balls of the riflemen, whilst Morgan attacked Don Gusman anew. This was decisive.

The cavalry long since had been annihilated; the remainder of the infantry threw away their muskets to flee the faster. Besides the prisoners and wounded, 600 Spanish corpses covered the battle-field. Quickly Morgan followed the flying enemy towards Panama. In vain from the walls of the city a hundred fire-craters were vomiting death upon the storming robbers. After three hours sanguinary work, the town was taken, and from the broad steps of the Governor's palace, Morgan, in high delight, cried to his much decreased troops, "Panama is yours! I only command you to deliver all plunder to the exchequer, and caution you not to let a drop of wine flow over your tongues, for I have information that the Spaniards have poisoned it all. For the rest, you may do as you please. To-morrow you shall hear further."

Then, like hungry wolves, the robbers rushed into the streets, and soon from the houses of the unhappy city, whose inhabitants had not saved themselves by flight, the agonizing cries of tortured men rose up to heaven; and Montbars, pierced by repentance and horror, cried to his uncle, "What a bond have we sworn to!"

Night came and passed. All the terrors that man's ingenious malice ever inflicted upon his brother-men, were repeated a thousand times upon the unhappy inhabitants of Panama, to satisfy the avarice of her executioners, or to gratify their brutal passions. The Coast-brothers began to grow wearied, if not satiated with crime. Then Montbars, with pale countenance, and eye dim with tears, passed through the well known park to the palace of the Governor, where Morgan had taken up his abode—in order to make, as his hateful duty required, his report to the commander-in-chief. Wild exultations met his ear, and terror-struck he perceived Diego wounded, tied to a tree, surrounded by a strong band of his own Flibustiers, who with fiend-like glee were preparing to extort a confession of hidden treasures from the half-fainting man. With a noble passion he rushed between them and their victim, and commanded them to untie the officer, and to bring him to his quarters. A scornful laugh was the answer, and forward stepped his own boatswain, and said with the air of a tutor, "Captain, you are still too young in the profession; you don't understand the business. This Spanish dog is our prisoner; what we extort from him, goes to the exchequer, and then nobody can say a word about it. The general expressly said, we could do what we liked. You command us in the service, but our private amusements you have nothing to do with."

"You yourself untie him, Misaine," said Montbars, with flashing eyes, and drew the pistol from his girdle.

"Oh! let that nonsense alone," grumbled the boatswain, with revolting composure; "we don't act a comedy here, and if it was in earnest, it would not avail you much; there are thirty of us, and you would have the worst of it in every case."

"Give me up, Montbars," said Diego faintly. "I thank you for your good will, but you see well, that I am not to be saved." But Montbars knit his brows as in the battle, put his pistol to the boatswain's breast, cocked it, and thundered, "Obey!" "Not I!" said he scornfully, and brandished his knife at the prisoner. But in the same moment Montbars pulled the trigger, and groaning, the boatswain rolled in his blood. Then the gang cried, "revenge!

and a ball from the most distant fellow pierced his hat. But high, like the fiery sword of the destroying angel, his good blade flamed over the rebels, who gave way, when he rushed in upon them. He flew to the shooter, who in the next moment, with his head split, lay on the ground, and then quickly turned towards the crowd, who had just levelled their muskets at him. Calmly he looked into the dark muzzles, and as if they were on drill, gave the word of command,—"*Recover arms!—uncock!—attention!*"

Mechanically the robbers obeyed. "Throw down your arms," commanded he further. The mutineers, murmuring, looked at each other, undecided what was to be done. But Montbars, without giving them time to consider, quickly counted off nine men, and cut down the tenth. Then he cried in the highest passion, "throw down your arms, or by heaven I *decimate* you as long as I can wield the sword and one of you remains alive!" "Hold! pardon!" now cried some: "you are the man for us," roared others; "no one ever made us that offer before,"—and the muskets rattled on the ground.

"I pardon your crime on account of your present obedience," said Montbars, as he sheathed his bloody sword, and then ordered two of the gang to untie Diego, to conduct him to his quarters, and to remain as safeguards with him. Silently they obeyed. Glad to have saved the brother of his beloved, Montbars long gazed after them, cast a melancholy glance at the fallen three, whose mutiny had forced him to the act, and then went into the palace, where at a long table he found Morgan occupied in examining great heaps of gold and jewels that were towering up before him. "Good, that you come," said he, "I have a brilliant commission for you. The governor has made his escape on a great galleon, which easily might weigh down Panama, as it stands there. All the treasures of the churches—much gold, silver, and trinkets—the property of the King and the wealthiest merchants—the richest women of the city, with their jewelry—all the nuns of Panama, and a number of children have taken refuge in her. The vessel has no other cargo; even the ballast consists of bars of precious metal. You have fought so bravely in our last battle that I pardon

your former folly. I will make your fortune, as you will, no doubt, find, your taste lies in the trade. Appetite frequently comes at dinner. Man with your crew the largest of the frigates in the harbour, and chase the galleon. The booty you deliver not to the common exchequer, but to me, and we honestly divide it. Hasten! no time is to be lost!"

And he beckoned to him to depart without allowing him to speak. Montbars hastened to his quarters, where he found Don Diego faithfully guarded by the mastiffs who before had wished to tear him. When the captain had sent his pirates down to the harbour to get ready for weighing anchor, he grasped the shoulder of the Spaniard—gazed steadfastly on him, and asked in a low voice, "where is Maria?"

"As I have good reason to believe," said Don Diego, "on board the galleon that has escaped the clutches of your murderous comrades."

"Then God have mercy on me!" groaned Montbars, "this galleon I am to chase, and if I overtake her she is lost."

"The vessel has too great a start," said Diego, soothingly; "do your duty, captain, you won't overtake her."

"My resolution is taken for all cases," muttered Montbars to himself. "But where do I leave you, Don, if I go to sea? Here your death is certain."

"Then let me die!" cried the Spaniard, with the despair of a conquered soldier. "I do not desire to outlive the fall of Panama, nor to receive my life as a present from robbers' hands!"

"Never!" said Montbars, not attending to the bitterness of his words, "you go with me in Flibustier's dress; perhaps I may succeed in setting you on some friendly shore."

"Have you forgotten what you risk thereby?" asked Diego with emotion.

"My life for Maria's brother to whom I owe mine!" said Montbars, firmly. "Woe to you, if you think my action a sacrifice!"

Then Diego, much affected, fell on the neck of the youth, and exclaimed, "Thou noble hero—thou bright beam that mildly has fallen on a night of crimes, that even *it* may not want some marks of divine grace—yes, to thee I trust myself joyfully; *thy* debtor I will

willingly be!—And soon the proud Don was metamorphosed into a rude Flibustier. A grayish beard and painted scars finished the disguise, and under the loud sound of drums, Montbars, with his band, marched to the harbour, where the frigate lay prepared. They weighed anchor, and the vessel rode the waves with a swiftness that began to strike both friends with horror.—"South-west by west—three leagues—a great Spanish galleon!" shouted, after six hours sail, the Flibustier from the mast-head. He was answered by the exultations of the crew, and the master cried to Montbars, "my head for it, Captain, we overtake her, our frigate is a witch!" The unhappy youth stood silent in a conflict between duty and love. Still swifter flew the ship along, and soon the galleon was seen from the fore-castle. Crowding all sail, she endeavoured to escape as fast as her size and clumsiness permitted. Meanwhile the Coast-brothers cheering, prepared for boarding, which was their great and terrible reliance.—Then on the far horizon, towards the north-east, a long red stripe glowed up, growing, at every moment, in size and brightness, and soon a sea of flames rolled its waves towards the sky that tinged itself with a reddish purple, like some strange horrible aurora. The calm sea reflected the fire-picture, and the pirates attracted by the bright glare, turned the greedy looks, with which they had pursued the galleon, towards the new phenomenon. "That is fire-light,—Panama is on fire!" cried several, and with a wild noise all rushed towards the stern, to contemplate the gigantic conflagration more at ease. Montbars stood lost in serious reflection, but suddenly he drew breath from his deepest breast, like one who just has been freed from a heavy burden, and then addressed the crew: "Panama is on fire; to believe that our men had caused it would be charging them with unpardonable folly, as an immense dearly-bought booty will be thereby torn from us. I can only suppose then that a Spanish army has attacked our brothers, and that this contest has flung the torch into those palaces. Therefore, it is our duty to return and help our brothers to achieve the victory."

"Not at all, captain!" cried the avaricious master, "we strictly keep to

Morgan's order. The galleon we are to take ; what happens behind in Panama does not concern us."

"Shame upon the Flibustier!" said Montbars, proudly, "who for all the gold of America forsakes his comrades in their need. Only a feeling of duty must guide us here, therefore I did not yet speak of our shares of the prize-money that is lost there, whilst we are pursuing here an uncertain hope."

"The captain is right!" cried some robbers, to whom this reason appeared the plainest. "No!" roared the others, "let us take the galleon first, then it will be time enough to return!"

"When the votes are equal, the captain decides," said Montbars, in a tone of command, and ordered the steersman to port the helm.

Then the master threw himself between them, and foaming with rage, cried, "as long as I am alive, captain, you shan't 'bout ship! Do you think I did not see, how you disliked the chase from the very beginning? I tell you straight into your face, you have the cannon-fever, or you brood treason against the chief-commander and the armada!"

Montbars tore his sword from its sheath—the master also drew, and the robbers taking part in the fray, according to their favourite officer, were about to fall upon each other, when forward sprang Diego, and cried, "thank me, comrades, that my death of sacrifice saves you this unnatural fight between brothers!" and with lion's strength embracing the master, he precipitated himself with him from the deck into the waves. Both went down and were seen no more. A general cry of astonishment followed the deed that seemed to all the greater, as it was entirely out of their line of acting. Montbars alone fully conceived the magnanimous act of the Spaniard, and his tears followed the glorious dead into the deep, as an offering to his manes. Peace was restored on board, and hardly a musket-shot from the galleon the vessel was put about, and sailed, pursued by the thanksgivings of the fugitives back, towards the burning Panama.

More and more beautiful—but more and more terrible grew the aspect of the flaming city the nearer the frigate approached. Like a fiery wall, from which a thick cloud-curtain was just rolling up, the conflagration stood be-

fore them. On its skirt glowed with deeper red the blazing walls and beams, and here and there the oil-stores began to flash upward a dazzling white light, like gigantic stars. Already the north-east threw a scorching heat upon the cheeks of the Coast-brothers, and whilst Montbars, with compassionate looks, surveyed the hapless city, he murmured with secret joy, "at a lesser price Maria was not to be saved!"—

At last the frigate was moored in the harbour of Panama; Montbars went ashore with his men, but to the astonishment of all, of a hostile attack no trace was to be found. "Who has kindled the fire?" asked he hastily of his uncle, who with his Bucaniers was tearing down a house to stop the progress of the raging flames.

"Don't ask me," cried he indignantly, "the Flibustiers and Spaniards pour the hell-broth down each other's throats, and in the end the devil or Morgan will have to swallow it." Horrified, Montbars started back. "If that appears inconceivable to you, you don't yet know our commander-in-chief. Whatever gold, silver, and treasures Panama was possessed of, has either been saved by the fugitives or already plundered. The remaining wealth of the town is useless to us; the advantages we, perhaps, might derive from it, uncertain; and the ruin of many thousand families is to a Morgan perfectly indifferent. So, I think, a fit of ill-humour may have tempted him to remind the Spaniards here for a few ages of his name."

Shuddering, Montbars left his uncle, and marched with his troops to their quarters, and as these too were on fire, to the palace of the governor, which with its nearest environs had been preserved. On the balcony, Morgan and his officers merrily emptied their goblets, and delighted by the guitar and the song of two Spanish ladies of noble birth, who preferred pollution to death, he comfortably gazed on the flames of the city as if on fire-works let off to do him honour. Montbars quartered his men in the adjoining buildings, and was just about to enter the palace, when a negro-slave mysteriously beckoned him aside, and handed him a note. He read with horror:—

"Delayed in my escape, I am since the conquest of Panama in Morgan's

hands, and the object of his passion. After offering, in vain, his blood-covered treasures, he has cast me into a dungeon. 30,000 piastres which Father Ignatius has brought from Taroga to ransom me, he has accepted, but nevertheless retains me prisoner. My dagger which I had reserved to liberate me in the last extremity, has been torn from me. If you cannot save me soon, I dash my head against the walls of my dungeon, and part from hence without confession and absolution. Then I may hope in another dreadful world to welcome the beloved robber.—Maria.”—

The youth stood, as if annihilated, for an awful moment; his mind wavered between several wild plans. Already he put his hand to the pistol in his girdle, and measured with murderous looks the balcony where Morgan was banquetting; but suddenly he changed his resolution, pressed back the pistol, and hurried to find his faithful uncle. After a long serious conversation both sought Van Horn, the chief of the French Flibustiers. Their dissatisfaction at Morgan's aimless cruelty and deceitful avarice, had assembled many officers of that tongue. Montbars spoke against the monster with inflammatory eloquence. The night passed under weighty deliberation, and determined to brave the worst, the malcontents separated at day-break.—

A fiery globe the morning sun beamed through the smoke that like black mountains was covering Panama's ashes. An immense booty had, even from amidst the burning houses, been collected to Morgan's quarters; and now drums and trumpets called the robber-bands to assemble on the great square in front of the palace. Morgan appeared with his suite. A great balance was fastened in the portico, and the precious metals were distributed according to weight. But when after an exact calculation it appeared, that each private Flibustier as reward for his manifold toils and dangers, for countless crimes and extortions, was to receive no more than 200 piastres, a dreadful murmuring arose amongst the troops; and Montbars convinced, that this was the moment to execute his plan, jumped upon a drum and demanded a hearing.

“Speak, captain!” cried Taureau,

with his Bucaniers, who loaded their muskets to give, if required, proper weight to their voices. “Speak!” cried Van Horn, with the majority of the French Flibustiers.

“Speak!” roared, at last, the whole army; and Morgan anticipating his intentions, and for the first time in his life growing pale, nodded, painfully smiling, his permission. And Montbars began with flaming countenance: “Very cheap, admiral, you have valued our blood, therefore we well may demand an account. Where are all the treasures that we honestly have delivered up to the common exchequer?—Have you settled with the bearers in the same manner you wanted to settle with me, respecting the galleon that by your fault alone made good her escape?—Where are the ransoms you have extorted from the prisoners?—Do not the 30,000 piastres that the Friar Ignatius has paid for the governor's daughter-in-law belong to the common booty, and why do you retain this lady at present?—Are the Coast-brothers, whom you have robbed in every way, to lose through you even the renown of strictly keeping faith, which hitherto they prided themselves upon?”—But he was not able to speak further; he was outcried by the anger of the robbers that fearfully arose against their faithless commander.

“Let the Donna free!”—“Give up the treasures!”—“Out with the 30,000 piastres!”—“Maroon the scoundrel!” resounded from all sides with horribly wild roaring, and already the crowd began to press forward towards Morgan. All hell was contending in his features, the pallid yellow of fear mingled with the dark crimson of rage, and his face resembled a chameleon, whose skin, excited by anger, varies through all the colours of the rainbow.

At last he manned himself, and assuming a majestic look and posture, he waved his hand to the mutineers to keep silence. The long exercised authority maintained its influence even at this moment; motionless the army listened to his speech, and calmly he now began to praise the noble boldness with which the young commodore had spoken for the rights of his comrades even against a powerful commander—praised his honesty proved by a hard trial—blamed his hastiness in not awaiting the division of the treasures,

and the rendering of the account fixed for to-morrow, and ordered then the Friar Ignatius to be brought forward, who pitifully, like evil conscience personified, stood before his judge. "What have you done with the 30,000 piastres," thundered he at the monk, "with which you were to ransom Donna Maria from me?"

"My Lord, I have ransomed the prior and guardian of our convent with them," said the friar with shivering teeth.

"For that, you and all monks that are still in our hands, remain here as hostages until that sum is paid over again," decided Morgan, "and the cruelly deceived Donna is to be liberated this instant."

"Then be so good as to hand her over to the Bucanier-Captain Taureau!" called Montbars quickly, "we will know her to be in honest hands—and, at all events, we must see, before we believe."

Morgan, conscious of his weakness, and afraid, by an eruption of anger to spoil his designs, bit his lips, and glad to purchase rest and a short delay at this price, he ordered his aide-de-camp to surrender, and Taureau to receive the lady. Montbars at their head, the Bucaniers marched into the palace—soon the bolts of the subterranean dungeon sounded. From her straw-couch, pale, but lovely, she raised herself, recognised in her preserver her beloved, and overpowered by the sudden change of deepest misery to highest joy, sunk swooning in his arms.

The ouragan raged on Hispaniola. With terrible violence the winds were blowing from all points at once, unrooted trees, tore down houses, sunk vessels that anxiously were seeking the harbour, lifted the floods out of the deep, so that like clouds they floated in the air, and flung them like a waterspout upon the land; and dust and water, branches of trees, and ruins of buildings, were wheeling in the swiftest whirlwind, as if nature would fain have returned to her ancient chaos.—In the fort of the harbour the governor, Don Alonzo Joseph Iago Benalkazar was enjoying a cordial goblet with his old friend and brother-in-arms, the fugitive Governor-General, Don Gusman. But the golden wine was not able to dispense the sorrow, with which the latter

was gazing on the conflict of the elements. Long he sat in gloomy silence, then he painfully broke out: "This hurricane, whose blind rage spares nothing, is the terrible image of my fate!"

"Is it really so, friend,—then its short duration may console you!" cried Don Benalkazar affectionately; "soon the serene sun will smile again, and give us a cloudless evening."

"To me a cloudless evening!" cried Gusman;—"man, you mock me; to me, the chief of the beaten army—the governor of the burned Panama—to the childless father, who has lost all, even his honour,—and now with anxious expectation looks forward to the just anger of his king!"

"That Don Gusman has not to fear," answered his friend kindly, "when the Duke of Medina Sidonia trembling announced the destruction of the invincible armada to King Philip, the monarch said: 'I sent it against men and not against the elements.' You had to fight against demons in human form and have been conquered only after a long and glorious resistance. And have you not, even then, done every thing in your power to lessen the immense loss?—Are not Panama's best treasures, is not the king's property in safety?—Upon my oath, the galleon which, with rare intrepidity, you preserved, must warrant you the pardon of our lord, if the honourable wounds you received in that murderous battle, would fail to do so.

"The preservation of the Galleon is, I suspect, my least merit," said Don Gusman sadly. "God struck the villains with blindness or madness, for the chasing privateer was hardly a musket-shot from us, when suddenly she tacked and let us escape."

"Who knows to whom you may be obliged for this fortunate accident?" asked the governor thoughtfully. "There are amongst that crew of thieves, men to whom I cannot refuse my esteem; and to one of them I am myself still deeply indebted for a rare generosity which some of my family experienced from him. How, if such a one intentionally allowed you to escape?"

Don Gusman was just about to prove with bitterness the improbability of this supposition, when an officer entered to report to the governor, that the hurricane had driven a dismayed

frigate into the harbour—that the crew had been recognised as Flibustiers and arrested, and that the captain, with a boy, who would not quit him, was just being brought thither.

"The halter for the whole gang, Governor, as well as for their captain!" cried with revengeful passion Don Gusman. "England has disowned them; we have our hands free; not a single one of them ought to live!"

"Calmly, friend!" said the governor seriously, "passion never ought to sit in judgment." He then beckoned to the officer, to bid the prisoners enter. Halberts sounded, chains rattled, and, accompanied by a strong guard, a young man entered the apartment, who even in fetters, preserved the air of a king. A slender boy held his arms clasped round him and hid his face on his bosom.

"You belong to Morgan's fleet?" asked the governor after a long silence.

"I did belong to it," replied the young man calmly. "Since Morgan cheated his soldiers out of the reward of their sanguinary work, and made his escape with the greater part of the booty, the armada has dispersed, and Spain has nothing more to fear from it."

"There you have his impudent confession!" raged Gusman, "What do you require more?—Pronounce his sentence, and let him reap what he has sowed!"

Once more the governor requested him to be calm, and then with an emotion of compassion asked the robber, for whom he felt an interest and whom he wished to save, "You have not, I hope, participated in all the horrors of Morgan, young man?"

"In his deeds of arms from the beginning," said he proudly. "I have helped to take St. Catherine, have stormed the Castle of St. Lawrence, fought the battle of the valley, and ascended the walls of Panama."

"Then, God help you, you are a dead man!" cried the governor, horror-struck, turned his face away, and beckoned to the guards to lead him out. Then with shrieks of wild lamentation the boy tore himself from the heart of the prisoner, and rushed to the feet of the governor.

"For God's sake, father," cried he with all his strength, "recall the deadly word or pass sentence upon your unhappy daughter too!"

"Maria!" cried at once the two veterans, astonished, and with the haste of agony the lovely woman continued: "to him you twice owe the preservation of my honour and my life,—to him you owe the preservation of my noble brother, and even the privateer, that allowed this vengeance-thirsting old man to make his escape with infinite treasures, *his* courage has turned back to Panama!"

Whilst Gusman, seized by conflicting feelings, remained silent, the governor now looked on the captain with scrutinizing eyes and asked abruptly—"Your name?"

"I am the Flibustier-commodore Montbars," answered he calmly.

"If you are that person," continued the governor, "you must be able to prove it by a paper in my handwriting?"

"Here it is!" cried Maria, and handed it exultingly to her father, whose features began to clear up. He showed Don Gusman the writing, and said—"I have pledged my word to Montbars for two free requests. You are an old Castilian, Gusman, you may decide, whether I must keep my pledge."

Gusman gloomily looked on the writing and muttered a hollow "yes!"

"Ask, then, Captain!" said the governor kindly to the young man.

"I ask pardon for my men," said he, "a short sentence and an honourable grave for myself."

"For God's sake, do not hear him!" cried Maria, "grief for me has deprived him of his senses."

With surprise the governor looked at the blooming despiser of death and said, moved, "the first request is granted; the second I cannot have heard aright; think of a better one!"

Then despairingly Montbars cried, "Do not waste your favours upon an ungrateful man! Since, after a cruel contest with myself, I determined to lead Maria back into the arms of her husband, life has lost its last charm for me, and welcome is the death that is to reconcile me with God!"

"Do I understand you rightly?" asked the governor with glad surprise. "It was your *intention* to bring Maria back to us?"

"Yes, as I hope for mercy, it was!" cried Maria. "The hurricane overtook us off Hispaniola, where we expected to find my husband. That I

still am worthy to appear before his eyes, you owe to the heroic courage and renouncing self-possession of this man!"

"Vain magnanimity!" sobbed Gusman, whose grief broke his heart of steel. "My son is dead, *here* you never see him again!"

"So he *has* taken the path of death against which I honestly cautioned him?" cried Montbars, catching the swooning Maria in his arms.

"You, *you* cautioned him?" said Gusman, stepping towards him, "Thus you are the Hidalgo who delivered to me the false dispatches. Yes, I now recognise your features again. You loved Maria, and, notwithstanding, would save her husband, who proud and scoffing rejected your faithful warnings. Surely, you deserve to be a Castilian. I feel I could forgive you all I have suffered by you;—I feel it, I have pardoned you—even if the preservation of the galleon was but a well-meant story, composed by Maria's distracted love."

At this moment Don Diego entered the apartment, and, shuddering with awe, Montbars said, "The dead rise from the depths of the ocean to testify the truth for me!"

"For once my swimming has saved my life," cried he, heartily embracing the young man. "The galleon took me up. There, however, I remained silent about *you* and your true motives for discontinuing the chase—at first, to prevent that my magnanimous preserver should be betrayed in case we should, notwithstanding, have happened to be taken; afterwards—to keep the disclosure of your latest actions for some decisive catastrophe. It has come now, I see, and I will speak. Yes, father, this hero, in order to save me from a death of torture, and to let the galleon escape, hastened, at the imminent hazard of his life, faced the mutiny of his own men. He has to the king of Spain preserved millions, to the holy church her consecrated daughters, to hundreds of noble Spaniards their wives and their children, and thereby deserved so well of our country, that he well may ask every reward that your hands are able to bestow."

Then the venerable governor beckoned to loose the fetters of the prisoner, drew with trembling hand the

golden-hilted sword, touched Montbars' head with it and said solemnly: "In the name of God, and the king, our lord, and by virtue of the power entrusted to me, I grant unto you, Montbars, and unto your men, full amnesty for the past." Then he sheathed his sword, drew with deep emotion the youth to his breast, and already seized Maria's hand to join it to his. But suddenly he drew back his hand and asked with seriousness, "But are you also in truth a good Nobleman and Catholic Christian?"

"Of the oldest most faithful nobility of France!" cried Maria, "for centuries the Montbars and Montaubans have been honoured there."

Then the veteran united the hands of the lovers, when an officer announced an old Bucanier of Montbars' crew, who insisted upon dying with his captain, if he were to be executed.

"That is my faithful old uncle," said Montbars exulting, and brought in the old Taureau, who on hearing the fortunate change of affairs, wept tears of joy—the first time for many long, long years, and patted with his hard brown hand the rosy velvet of Maria's cheeks. —When now Don Gusman too, offered his reconciling hand to the happy Montbars, *he*, ashamed, drew back his, and said with a gentle reproach to Diego, "That in this contest of generosity I must blush, is your fault, my brother. You ascribed the preservation of the galleon to my generosity and remained silent as to the only true impulse of my action—love for Maria whom I thought to save with the vessel."

"It was *love*, brother!" cried Diego, "and that is enough! Give to the heavenly flame what name you like—call it love of sex, humanity, generosity, compassion, gratitude:—wherever it burns, it inflames to noble deeds. It inspired *you*, forgetting party-rage and national hatred, to save us, where no hope for earthly reward could dazzle you. Glowing in *our* hearts it makes us exultingly recognise your rare worth, and through Maria's hand let it twine the sacred myrtle-wreath into your bloody laurel-crown."

"Amen!" cried Don Gusman; and blessing them, laid his hands upon the heads of the happy couple.

ON HEROIC ELEGIES.

I was wandering through the Pyrenees, holding a bible in my hand ; I had just read the sublime and pathetic elegies, dictated by the Spirit to the most ancient poets about the death of Saul and Jonathan, on that of Abner, the fall of Jerusalem, the exile of Israel's Sons, the fall of Tyrus, the inexpressible sufferings of our Lord, and the weakness of human kind. The impression brought on my mind by the reading of those melancholy lamentations, increased by the awful and deep silence of the solitude, soon incited me to look back for the nature and origin of ancient elegy ; which may be traced up as far as the birth of the world : when the first man and his consort having forfeited their innocence were obliged to leave the garden of Delices, and the blood of the first just man had been spilt, groans and lamentations succeeded songs of love, admiration and gratitude, which till then had been unceasingly sent up to the throne of our Creator : earth was no more happy because of her being guilty : then mercy descended from heaven to comfort her and she then first shed tears on the first tomb.

Poets, afterwards, having traced back the vestiges and gathered up the inspirations of that heavenly messenger, celebrated in their verses the remembrance of religious men, of benefactors to human kind, warriors killed for the defence of their country, or kings truly worthy to be the rulers of nations. At first closely shut up in the narrow circle of private affections and home sorrows, they soon raised their tone to sing the funerals of cities and empires. The Hebrews called these moanful tunes, "Kinot," that is, groans, wailings; but the Greeks and Latins called it "Elegeia."

Elegy among the Hebrews ever kept its own character; but in Greece and Italy it softened and gradually degenerated under the influence of a quite

sensual religion; at last almost forgetful of her primitive design, she boldly devoted to the describing of lovers' joys and sorrows, a voice which she had not been gifted with for such a use. Mimnermus is said to have first conveyed her from funerals and ruins to Cupid's bower.* My object here is not to follow her in her rambles in foreign lands; as well as herself restrained in the ancient bounds of her empire, I will describe her first such as she was among the Hebrews, when singing to her sad and majestic harp, through Job, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel and Jeremiah, the great and melancholy events that happened whilst they lived. Whilst under the delightful sky of Greece and Italy, she will draw on her my attentions only when she remembers that she was born amidst tears and groans, and that her cradle was shadowed by a cypress tree; I will follow her steps among modern nations, and will pay an homage to her songs, when she will have been faithfully consistent with her character: lastly I will bring her back to France, so worthy of awakening up her pathetic and comforting voice.

ART. I.—ELEGY AMONG THE HEBREWS.

We read in the Paralipomenes that the death of Josiah, Judah's king, was lamented by the whole people, and especially by Jeremiah, and that on this occasion he composed an elegy, which was ever since sung every year in the solemnity of a festival :

"Et universa Juda et Jerusalem luxerunt eum, Jeremias maxime Cujus omnes cantores atque cantatrices usque in presentem diem, lamentationes super Josiam replicant, et quasi lex obtinet in Israel."† That sad hymn, had it been spared by time, would most certainly be the most splendid specimen of heroic elegy.

Josiah was as great a king as Jere-

* Mém. de l'acad. des. belles lettres. T. VII. page 341.

† Paral. book II. c. xxxv.

miah was an able Panegyrist. God had made a choice of them before they were born: the former to crush idolatry and restore the true worship, and the latter to foretell and sing the fall, restoration and glory of states.* The Holy Spirit has himself dictated the eulogium of the former,† and the latter, according to the opinion of the last father and most eloquent preacher of the Gallican church, is the only one able to adequate the wailings to the calamities.‡ It must not be said that when the elegy, whose loss we must lament, was declared a national poem, the art was yet in its infancy; the Hebrews had long been possessed of the book of Job, of Moses', David's, Solomon's canticles as well as of the most part of the prophets, and other holy writers, whose names are met with in historical chronicles.

Besides, it is very worthy of remark, that poetry among God's people did not undergo that state of weakness—that march of slow or rapid improvements and decay which signalize the different periods of profane sciences and arts. The beginning as well as the midst and end of its career is remarkable for its master pieces. Noble offspring of heaven.—She rushed up in her first soaring to the summit of perfection; thus proving the divinity of her origin, and how important was her mission on earth. We are, therefore, induced to believe, that in this grand circumstance he, who made himself the channel through which public grief was expressed, reached the height of the subject, fulfilled the expectations of the nation, and showed himself worthy of his high character.

Let us fancy that grand scene of mourning. Josiah, whilst fighting against Nechao, the Egyptian King, had been deadly wounded in the Mageddo fields, he bid his attendants to carry him on the second cart that, according to the kings of the East's custom, fol-

lowed up close to his war cart. On hearing the afflicting news of a death far more glorious than a triumph, all Judah utters lamentable wailings “Heu! vœ! Inclyte!”

Meanwhile, he is carried into the gardens of Oza, his ancestors' ancient burial ground; having entered his *long home*,§ Josiah takes his place and commences beside them his death-sleep. The standers-by withdraw, walking backwards, and thrice tearing up the grass, which they throw behind them, they exclaim, “As the flower of the field so man flourisheth.”||

All of a sudden they call back to their memory the prophets' ancient and later predictions, and the awful reading of the book of the law by Josiah himself in the temple of Jerusalem; they feel that the king's piety is the only thing that kept back the arm of the Almighty, when at the very moment of falling heavily on Judah, and that his death is the infallible forerunner of the long, lasting, and dreadful evils announced in the Deuteronomy;¶ they lift up their head towards the mountain which so many miracles had consecrated, and rush all at once to the abode of their Lord. Jeremiah follows them thither; this prophet, visibly filled with the Holy Spirit ascends that iron balcony from whence Solomon prayed to the Almighty his very regal prayer on the day when the temple was dedicated.**

It is to be regretted, that the frequently renewed searches to discover Bossuet's manuscript on the prophets have proved fruitless.†† It is flattering to reflect, that he might have filled up the place, so as to atone for the loss of the lamentation on Josiah. No body was ever so well qualified to fulfil such a high commission, and to raise a monument to the memory of the best of kings, as that genius, apparently born to be death's orator—that genius who has so gloriously mixed his name with

* Reg. III. cap. xiii., and Jer. cap. 1. v. 5, 10. Eccl. c. xlix.

† Eccl. c. xlix.

‡ Bossuet. oraïa. fun. de Henriette d'Angl.

§ Eccl. xii. 5.

|| Isaiah xl. 6, and Ps. ii. 15.

¶ Deut. c. xxviii.

** 3 Kings, iii, viii.

†† Hist. de Bossuet par Mgneur. le Cardinal de Bossuet, v. 2.

the principal calamities of his age, and whose *Discours sur l'histoire Universelle*, when it lays before us the instability of worldly things, as directed by God's will, is the most eloquent funeral oration of nations, kings, and empires.

But on another hand, if we have lost the celebrated elegy which the Levites used to sing yearly in honour of the king, who, during, and after his life, had such a wonderful influence upon Judah's fate, time has, at least, spared and transmitted down to us the immortal lamentations which the same prophet was shortly after inspired with amidst Jerusalem's ruins; and that may still be heard in Christian worship-places on the day of their great mourning.

Those lamentations are five in number, in the first of them Jeremiah bewails the disaster of that city, which he poetically calls Zion's daughter.

ELEGIAC SONG,

On the Fall of Jerusalem.

Standing on a hill, and leaning against a lonely palm tree, the prophet casts a dejected look upon that city, formerly so flourishing, and now shrunk to a mere shadow from those times, when, under the reign of David's son and most illustrious successor, she filled the world with the splendid beauty of her fame, her wealth, her glory, and the gorgeous magnificence of her festivals.

Jerusalem, when obstinately persevering in idolatry, and foolishly lulling herself on the brink of the abyss, had roused the prophet's indignation; he would fly from her to seek a shelter in some untrodden desert, so as not to see nor hear her; but behold now, since she is unhappy she looks almost innocent to him; he forgets her crimes, to think but of her sufferings; and his reproachful and angry tone softens now into pity's milder strain; the beginning of this elegy expresses, at the same time, astonishment, grief, and terror.

"Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo? facta est quasi vidua domina gentium: princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo.

Plorans ploravit in nocte et lacry-

mas ejus in maxillis ejus; non est qui consoletur eam ex omnibus charis ejus: omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam et facti sunt ei inimici."

After this pathetic exposition, the poet describes Judah's children scattered about; the destitute wretchedness of Zion's daughter; her princes driven away, as flocks from their pasturage, by their ferocious conquerors; the plundering of the city, and the temple; the numberless outrages which she is subjected to, whilst she is unable to find a single friend that pities and comforts her. The prophet is not so hard-hearted as to make Jerusalem feel by words that such calamities have been brought on by her idolatrous conduct: he knoweth that Jerusalem inwardly reproaches herself with it, and involuntarily recalls to her mind and compares her past and present fate. "*Recordata est Jerusalem.*"

Now Jeremiah seems to rest awhile, and Zion's daughter takes advantage of this silence, to breathe out a prayer of repentance.—"*Vide, domine, afflictionem meam, quoniam erectus est inimicus.*"

This interruption that had not been announced nor foreseen, gives much life to the whole scene.

By-and-by the pollution of the temple, and the poverty of that powerful city now reduced to go a begging her bread, recur to the holy man's mind.

"*Vidit gentes ingressas sanctuarium suum, de quibus praeceperas ne intrarent in ecclesiam tuam. Omnis populus ejus gemens et querens panem: dederunt pretiosa quæque pro cibo ab refocillandam animam.*"

To form a true idea of the terror with which the Jews must have been struck, on seeing their temple profaned by the Chaldeans, one must bear in mind that, even at the period of their worshipping idols, they looked upon it as their safeguard, and that the high priest himself was allowed to go in and bring in the perfumes but once a year.

The person already introduced in the course of the poem, viz.:—Zion's daughter,—resumes again, now: she thinks herself the only one fit to describe her own sufferings.

"*Vide, domine, et considera quoniam facta sum vilis. O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.*"

She compares herself in turn to a vine destroyed by Divine wrath, to the grape trampled under foot in the wine press, to a slave forced down under the yoke which she will never be able to free herself from. God has sent down from heaven a fire that dreadfully runs in her veins, and scorches the flesh to the very bone : lastly, in order to drive away her princes from her, and knock down her bravest defenders, he has summoned up Time before his throne.

In the midst of these calamities Zion weeps ; her eyes have become two inexhaustible springs of tears, because of the Divine comforter having deserted her.

At this sight the prophet moved, interrupts Zion's daughter, whilst giving the dreadful account of her misfortunes, as if unable any more to bear the description of them : he represents her as extending her hands both towards heaven and earth.

"*Expandit Sion manus suas, non est qui consoletur eam,*" &c. &c. She has become a horrid and despicable object, on which no one dares to cast a glance.

We might think that the daughter of Zion, momentarily interrupted by the prophet, is going to give herself up to despair. Not so. With a sublime and commendable resignation, she silently bends to her fate, and praises God's bounty. She is conscious she must attribute so dreadful a chastising to her own obstinacy in abiding in crime, and this avowal is by no means painful to her. However, she asketh pardon for the youths that are captive and unfortunate, although innocent. Meanwhile her troubles increase again and again, rushing on like the waves of the swelling seas. What is to become of her ? She stands, threatened at once by the revengeful weapons of her enemies and an excruciating famine. Thrice she herself complained, or through her poet, for being deprived of consolation : she complains again, and ends that mournful song with an imprecation against her enemies, who, in their ferocious joy, triumph over her fall.

"*Fiant similes mei..... Ingrediatu omne malum eorum coram te et vindemia eos sicut vindemiasti me propter iniquitates meas : multi enim gemitus mei, et cor meum mærens.*"

It would undoubtedly be nobler and more generous to omit such an avowal,

or at least to soften the expression of it : but even the wisest pays unwillingly a tribute to human weakness. On the other hand, this breaking out of a revengeful feeling, that betrays the bitterness of irritated grief that wrings the daughter of Zion's heart, is, if properly understood, but an infallible prediction ; and this attenuates or atones for the violence of the curse.

Such is the plan of this elegy. What shall we say of the poetical fire that gives it life ; of the boldness, éclat, and energy of figures which enliven its style, and of the depth of its feelings.

Jerusalem is no more a city ; she is a mother, an afflicted widow, deserted by every one, even by her own children, who became her enemies. The haughty queen, lowered from the heights of Lebanon, from whence she extended her sway over all the nations, is now those very same nations' tributary ; and the slavery yoke, by its weight, has dashed to pieces the brilliant diadem which her forehead had been graced with by the hand of the Almighty himself. The poet, moved on, perceiving that all religious and national festivities have ceased in Jerusalem, not only bewails for the solitude of the paths that lead to the city : he moreover gives them life, embodies them, and supposes them to shed tears. "*Vide Sion lugent.*" The plundered temple is described under the image of Israel's glory and beauty being banished and annihilated. "*Egressus est a filiâ Sion omnis decor ejus.*" Were ever war ravages so vividly exhibited as by the fire flashed from above,—that fire, the messenger of heaven, the tool of divine wrath, that kindles in Jerusalem's veins, and cruelly knows her bones ? God, as if that powerful agent were not able to execute fully his commands, summons up to his throne Time, that never tired minister of eternity, and bids him go on earth and exterminate Jerusalem's princes, people, and soldiers : "*Vocavit adversum me tempus.*" Lastly Zion's daughter compared, as when she was innocent and at the height of her glory, to a blossoming vine that saw the proudest cedars grow low—low down under her feet, and the river's majestic waters flow under the shade of her protecting branches. That vine has been crushed by God's terrible wrath. "*Vindemiavit me Dominus in die furoris sui.*"

I would have said as much of the other elegies of Jeremiah as I did of the preceding one, should they not have exceeded the room they are to occupy according to the plan of this article. I will just say that the second one, equally consecrated, together with the fourth, to the bewailing for Jerusalem's ruin, appears to me to be superior to the first one. The figures in it are still more beautiful and vivid, the action more lively, the shape more dramatical. Whilst the elders and virgins hang down their heads, and gird themselves with sackcloths, their children approach Zion's daughter to ask her some bread, her enemies to mock her, Jeremiah to pity her.

St. Jerome charges Jeremiah's style with being incorrect and rough, and thinks it inferior to that of Isaiah, Osæa, and some other holy writers.* However, very learned Hebrew scholars are of an opposite opinion.†

That question does not lie in our line, and is irrelevant at present. The only opinion I shall give is, that in spite of all the respect due to St. Jerome, we are not obliged to receive as a very striking and convincing one the reason which he supposes the defects in Jeremiah's style to be derived from. What signifies to be born in a city or in a village? The village Jeremiah was born in, was but three miles distant from Jerusalem, and Jeremiah issued from a sacerdotal race, destined even before he was born, to fulfil the commission of a prophet, was undoubtedly brought up and instructed in the saintly and celebrated schools of that metropolis. Be it so as it may; but if some other writers outdo him by the purity of their style, he sometimes soars up to the same height as Isaiah himself, and nobody ever equalled him in the art of describing grief and exciting pity.‡ He is the Princeps of elegy on the holy Parnassus. His elegies could not be too often looked in and too much studied by those whom the turn of their mind and capacity reserve to bewail for great calamities. To cut short praising the beauties with which

this poet abounds, we shall remind the reader that he has supplied Racine with that beautiful scene where Joad describes, in Athalie, the disasters of the holy city—"Comment en un plomb vil," &c. &c., and which is full of brilliant and pathetic energy.

EZEKIEL.

Lamentation for the Fall of Tyrus.

The disaster of Judah's princes, the fall of Tyrus, the humbling of its king, the degradation of Pharaoh and Egypt, are the subject to four elegies by the prophet Ezekiel. The last one is perhaps the most extraordinary of all those in the holy Scriptures: but since it is more awful than lamentable, I think proper to give the preference to the funeral hymn on the destruction of Tyrus, which belongs more than any other to the elegiac department.§

Tyrus had mocked Jerusalem's misfortunes, whom she looked upon as her rival. "Jerusalem is deserted," said she: "all her subjects will creep low at my feet: she is no more. I shall get wealthy with her wealth; I alone shall be the queen of commerce in the world."

And God had answered, "Behold me: I will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causes its waves to come up. From that moment Tyrus's destruction is no longer uncertain."

Ezekiel takes up a lamentation for her.

"O Tyrus, thou hadst said, I am of perfect beauty, I am the queen of the seas."

Through the greatest part of this lamentation, Ezekiel exhibits all nature and all nations as pouring their tributes into the bosom of this metropolis of the world. For her, Lebanon and Basham willingly deprive themselves of their cedars and oaks; fine linen from Egypt, with brodered work, was what she spread forth to be her sails; the inhabitants of Sidon were her mariners; they of Persia and Lud were her men

* Præf. in Jerem.

† Lowth de sacra poesi hebræorum, Oxoniæ 1753. Prælectio vicessima prima, p. 208.

‡ Idem. Loco citato.

§ Ezek. xxvii.

of war : Sarmatia supplied her with steeds, Carthage traded in her fairs with silver, iron, tin, and lead. Judah and the land of Israel were her merchants, and traded in her markets wheat of Minnith and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm. For Tyrus the Damascus vine ripened ; from the same city Tyrus drew her beautiful white wool : Greece sent her vessels of brass, and supplied her with slaves. Arabia and all the princes of Kedar supplied her plenteously with ivory and ebony ; Sheba with perfumes ; Syria with emeralds, purple, brodered work, coral, and agate.

That eagerness of every nation to send forth as tributes to the queen of the sea all the products of nature and arts, gives much interest and rapidity to the description, and beautifies still the splendid picture of her glory. The poet has extolled her to the skies, but with the purpose of lowering her the better, and describing her rolling to and fro in the bottom of the ocean.

" Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters : the East wind has broken thee in the midst of the seas," v. 26. c. 27.

" Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin," v. 27.

The crash of this sudden and unforeseen fall roars like a thunderbolt on the vast ocean. The mariners and pilots of the seas, affrighted by the noise, come down from their ships, and stand upon the land where Tyrus stood : they cry bitterly, cast up dust upon their heads, and wallow themselves in the ashes ; make themselves bald for their city, and gird themselves with sackcloths. What a sad and moving sight it is to gaze on those numerous fleets, on which the lugubrious colours of death and mourning are hoisted, precipitately sailing from the extremity of the world to give their last farewell to their queen, and bewailing at her funerals : " What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the seas," v. 32.

After this bold prosopopœia, the poet resumes—

" O Tyrus, thou didst enrich the kings of the earth with the multitude of thy riches and thy merchandize : thou shalt be broken by the seas in the depths of the waters, thy merchandize and all thy people will fall. All the inhabitants of the isles shall be astonished at thee, and their kings shall be sore afraid : they shall be troubled in their countenance," v. 34, 35. " Thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt be any more," v. 36.

This last stroke is an irrevocable decree for Tyrus. We may be surprised at first sight, and regret perhaps that pity does not soften the last strain of this sublime elegiac poet, whose composition is most unexceptionably perfect and regular. But Ezekiel being a captive in Babylon, knew that as well as that magnificent city, Tyrus exulted at the fall of Jerusalem. He inveighs against the queen of the seas : his style must therefore be stamped with the flashing fire of a patriotic and holy wrath. God through Ezekiel wished to give the nations a memorable lesson. He wanted to teach kings and nations at large, that great calamities, and the extinction of a gigantic glory, instead of exciting mockery and outrageous insults, should fill us with a religious fear and respect, lest it might foretell us the same fate. However, it does not belong to us to anatomize those ancient and inspired works with the timid rules of our criticism, and to judge them according to the niceties of modern taste. Ezekiel's style bears a serious, energetic, and deep character. According to St. Jerome, it is graced with elegancy, but it is not kept up ; * but to the judgment of Grotius and Lowth it is energetic, sorrowful, and frightful, † and his elegies are by no means like those of Jeremiah, who is so particularly sentimental and lamentable, although he now and then soars to sublimity. It was said of Ezekiel that he is the Milton of the prophets ; we might add that he is their Alcæus when he breaks out in declamations against the crimes of kings and nations : then he deserves the golden bow with which the ancients had honoured the poet of Lesbos.*

* Præfat. in Ezek.

† Lowth, p. 209.

ISAIAH.

Isaiah treats but of the captivity of the Hebrews in Babylon, their return to Jerusalem, and the coming of the Messiah. He is as high among the prophets as St. John and St. Paul among the evangelists and apostles. Just as Bossuet, taught by those three great writers, has excelled in the department of funeral oration; so would the inspired Son of Amoz have reached the highest pitch of precedency in elegiac compositions, if he had devoted his voice to the lamenting of king's deaths, of cities' and empires' falls. We dare not ascribe the qualification of elegy to his prophecy against Babylon,† because it is rather a monument of alacrity, triumph and happiness for Israel's sons, and the poet mocks the overthrow of that haughty ruler of nations, without any pity atoning for his insulting exultation, or at least without bringing in any one to take up a lamentation, as Ezekiel did when he prophesied the destruction of Tyrus.‡

Isaiah stands unrivalled in the lofty and sublime style: and when he descends from heaven to comfort Zion, to thank the Almighty for his benefits, and become the interpreter of the grief and gratitude of a dying king, all at once miraculously recalled to life, the prophet's sublime flights drop and alter into the more regular and pathetic tones of lamentation, and then he almost defies Ezekiel. Would not any one that has read Ezekiah's§ hymn think he has recognised the latter's style,—an hymn exceedingly simple and pathetic, the immortality of which has been renewed by Rousseau's translation? Isaiah would thus have graced his funeral songs with the loftiness of thought, the deepness and vivacity of sentiments,—a two-fold character of ancient elegy, when applied to heroic subjects.

JOB'S ELEGIES.

The book of Job, the most ancient, the most regular of all inspired writings, and in which the author conveys us in turn from heaven down upon the earth, and from the earth up to heaven; that book wherein the most

magnificent and most faithful pictures of the Almighty's power, and his continued influence over the dark destinies of man are to be met with, contains also several elegies. What a pathetic picture it is to fancy Job suddenly hurried down from the summit of fortune and happiness into the most wretched state of poverty and humiliation; deprived of his children, who during their repast were buried alive under the rubbish of their tumbling house. Job kisses almost the hand that strikes him: his first words convey the import of the most submissive resignation.|| But when the hand of God, who wants to try him, falls heavier and heavier on him—when excruciating pain, with her iron teeth, unmercifully tears off his flesh, when his whole body is but one broad wound, and fire is kindled in his veins and gnaws his limbs to the very bones—when he beholds his friends standing for seven days beside him, speechless and erect with surprise, fear and horror, then Job, unable to master himself any longer, breaks out in imprecations and his grief, formerly so placid and resigned imitates now the roar of despair.¶

But after this first transport is over, Job becomes conscious of having erred and resumes his first character: his complaints are then true elegies, whether their subject be the disproportion of his sufferings with his faults, whether it be the treacherous conduct of his relations or the hard-heartedness of his friends—whether he laments for the shortness of this life, the wretchedness of human kind and consequently his own, as in the chapters vi. vii. xi. xiv. and xix. His brethren have passed away as the stream of brooks.** His friends instead of speaking to him words of peace and comfort, charge him, confederate to crush him, the poor orphan, deserted by every one; what signifies that? He finds a consolation in the thought that he silently shall obey the will of God. What a forgiveness—what a mildness is there not in the lessons he gives his strange comforters?

* To him that is afflicted pity should

* Quint. Inst. Orat. lib. x. cap. 1.

† Ezek. xxvii.

‡ Job 1.

† Ia. xiv.

§ Ia. xxxviii.

¶ Job iii, 15.

** Job vi, 15.

be showed from his friend, but he forsaeth the fear of the Almighty.*

The pangs of physical or moral pain that day and night excruciate, without relenting a moment, its victim, were never better expressed.

"When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day."†

Sometimes he wonders at the eagerness and perseverance with which God seems to persecute him: for his days are vanity.‡ What shall we do to soften down God's wrath? He frankly confesses his sins, although often he scarcely can recognise them, in the admirable confusion of his thoughts. If he has erred, it is unwillingly.

The poem is four thousand years old, and when we want to describe the shortness of this wretched life, we are obliged to borrow again ideas and images from the same author.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle and are spent without hope.§ And elsewhere: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not."||

The twenty-ninth and thirtieth chapters joined together form the sixth and undoubtedly the most beautiful of Job's elegies. This holy man, broken down by the most acute pains, deserted by every one, irritated by Eliphaz and Baldaad, navigates back in fancy up the banks of time: he finds in the treasure of his life, quite full of glory and virtuous deeds, comforting souvenirs which he opposes to his sufferings, his forlorn state, unjust suspicions, to the hardheartedness of his false friends; and the reader is moved in beholding one who has been so virtuous, exposed to so many hardships. No one ever experienced the like, never consequently did elegy breathe out so energetic complaints. Therefore all the mysteries of pain are revealed and deeply scrutinized, and Job's heart is unravelled in a state of nakedness, with

nothing but his innocence, his weakness, his sensibleness, his strength and inexhaustible patience.

Sometimes words of anger and indignation increase the bitterness of complaints extracted by pain, but a constant sadness forms ever the principal turn of those six compositions, and this is quite enough for them to be claimed by elegy as belonging to her department. Those hymns are sung in worship places on the day of affliction. It would appear then as if celestial phalanxes, called down by Job's strains, hurriedly range themselves around the dying man, to comfort and convey him from this place of banishment to his real abode.

Heder,¶ who judged by an able and most celebrated writer,** "has better expressed than any one else the genius of that people of Prophets, to whom inspiration was but an intimate relation with a Deity." Heder says that this book, written and not translated in Hebrew, cannot, as some critics did insinuate, belong to Moses, because the character of its poetical part affords a striking analogy with that of the poetry of the Arabians, and because the author describes patriarchal manners and habits, which it was impossible for the legislator of the Hebrews to have known in Egypt.

It is certainly a very difficult task, if not impossible, to prove that the book of Job is a work belonging to Moses, but the reason alleged by Herder is not decisive enough, because Moses, during his stay at Jethros', was liable to get an acquaintance of Arabian or at least Nomades manners.

However be the writer whom we are indebted to for this admirable epic poem who he may, we must in truth say, that he described himself, and most pathetically breathed out the expression of his grief in his hymns:

"My harp is tuned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."††

The editor of Heder's works says he delighted in reading them, and the

* Job vi. 14.

† Job vii. 4.

‡ Job vii. 16.

§ Job. vii. 6.

|| Job xiv. 1-2.

¶ Heder *Essai sur le génie de la poésie hébraïque*, Tome 1.

** *Del' allemagne*, par Mme. de Staël. Holstein, Tome 2.

†† Job xxx. 31.

pathetic picture of the evils and sufferings which Job was groaning under, drew his tears out.* "Where shall I seek thee?" exclaims that illustrious orientalist, in some stanzas full of sublimity and rapture; "Where shall I find thy tomb, O sublime poet; thou faithful trustee of the advices of God, the thoughts of men and the ministry of angels? Thy sight extends all over heaven and earth. Alternatively pathetic and sublime, thy genius sighs with the afflicted in the kingdom of tears. And swifter than light it soars high above the wonders of creation. Is thy tomb still shadowed by an ever-green cypress? or is it unknown as thy cradle? Thou hast at least left an immortal monument of thy transit on earth, and certainly thou art singing around the throne of the universe together with the morning stars."†

Heder is animated with the same enthusiasm when his mind wanders among the prophets: he does not speak, he sings. A vulgar language would be unfit for his thoughts; therefore he borrows the strains of those poets—of those preceptors and revealers of an-

cient times, and to use his own saying of those harps, the trustees and interpreters of the Deity. He sees with the eyes of fancy those singers living in palm trees, woods, and enjoying that unalterable peace which was not given them by Zion, Horeb, and Carmel. He perceives them mixed up, without confusion, with the Druids, with Pythagoras, Orpheus, Socrates, Plato, and all those who, incited by their example, were the legislators and fathers of nations, and after they had attentively listened to the voice of God, spread all over the world the wisdom God had poured into their soul. It is particularly, when one has read the several inspired passages that are to be met with in Heder's essay on the genius of Hebrew poetry, such as Job's stanzas, the odes of the prophets, and the elegy of Habakuk, that one feels as Madame de Staël,

"Que l'imagination de Heder était à l'étroit dans les contrees del' occident: qu'il se plaisait à respirer les parfums del' Asie, et transmettait dans ses ouvrages le pur encens que son ame y avait recueilli."‡

CANZONET.

'Tis sweet to see on yonder steep,
The Sun's last smile so rosy sleep,
Soft as an infant's dream;
While twilight breezes gently creep,
Where the low bending willows weep
Their leaves into the stream.
But sweeter far to be,
By the smiling moonlight sea,
Alone, my love, with thee,
My Geraldine!

How brightly yonder Moon-beams play,
And the dimpling wave how it whirls away,
And sports in yonder cave!
And sweetly on the laughing stream,
The star of eve with lonely beam,
Kisses the murmuring wave:
But sweeter far the light,
That bathes in deep delight,
That eye so darkly bright,
My Geraldine!

* Heder, Tome 1.

† Id. p. 144.

‡ Del' Allemagne par Mme. de Staël Holstein. Tome 2.

HORÆ ACADEMICÆ.—I.

THE PLAIN OF THE CAYSTER.

Xenophon, in the *Anabasis*, gives an account of Cyrus's journey through Asia Minor. He went, with some Greeks, from Sardis to Colossæ in four stages (*σταθμοί*), crossing the river Mæander on his route, and pretending to advance against the Pisidians. At Colossæ, he was joined by Meno the Thersalian, after which he proceeded to Celcæ, a large, populous and thriving city near the sources of the Mæander and Marsyas, which latter river flowed through the town. At this place both Cyrus and the King of Persia had palaces, and Cyrus remained there a month, probably waiting for the remainder of his Greek troops, who are said to have joined him here. Having reviewed the Greeks in his park, he went to Peltæ two stages, thence to the market-place of the Kerami (*Κεραμῶν ἀγοράς*) two stages, and thence three stages to the plain of Cayster (*εἰς Καύστρου πεδίον*) an inhabited town. Here he remained for five days, during which he was visited by the Queen of Cilicia, who appears to have brought him money, with which he paid his troops. He then advanced two stages to Thymbrium, thence two more to Tyriceum, where he reviewed his barbarian as well as his Greek forces. He then advanced to Icomum, the furthest town of Phrygia, and having passed through Lycaonia, which he gave up to plunder, came to Dana on the confines of Cilicia.

This progress of Cyrus is represented in the maps published by some editors of the work as a direct course, but which editors must have given the subject very little attention. D'Anville and other geographers have ascertained that Peltæ was situated north of Celcæ, with mountains intervening, and that the market-place of the Kerami, which Xenophon expressly says was in Mysia, was on the river Langarius or a branch of it, northwards of Peltæ. According to D'Anville, the plain of the Cayster was in north Phrygia, eastwards of the Kerami, whilst Thymbrium lay to the south of it; so that

Cyrus first marched considerably to the north from Celcæ and then turned southwards without any apparent cause when his avowed object was to attack the Pisidians and Lycaonians, who were to the south of Asia Minor, and his real one to get through the passes of Cilicia before his brother could stop him. The author of a map to illustrate Cyrus's march, in Thomson's Ancient Atlas, supposes the plain of Cayster nearly east of Celcæ, but this removes no difficulty, for why should Cyrus go north to the Kerami, where he appears to have had no business and certainly made no stay, to return at once to the line of march from which he had departed? Another difficulty is, that the plain of the Cayster would be naturally supposed to be near the river of that name which passed by Ephesus; and accordingly we find in Stephen of Byzantium *Καύστρου πεδίον εἰς Ἐφεσίους*, but Diodorus Siculus (xiv. 80.) places it near Sipylus in Ionia between Sardis and the sea, and Xenophon himself in the *Cyropædia* makes it the place for assembling the forces of the King of Phrygia Minor, when preparing to join the enemies of Cyaxares.

To remove the difficulty Palmerius suggested that plain of Castolus should be read instead of plain of Cayster, and Mannert conjectured *Κιόστρου πεδίον* near Sagalassus; but the plain of Castolus is generally considered to have been near Sardis, and Sagalassus is south of Celcæ. So that the difficulty would still remain, why should Cyrus march so far northwards to Kerami? Let us now attend to a circumstance which may throw some light on the subject. Xenophon mentions twice in the *Anabasis* that Cyrus had been made Satrap of Lydia, Phrygia, and Cappadocia, and also General of all the troops that assembled at the plain of Castolus. Hence it appears that it was a place of rendezvous for all the troops of the adjacent provinces; and if we suppose it to be situated in Galatia and the place here intended, then Cyrus had appointed his barbarian forces to assemble

there, and went to join them, having had only Greeks with him before, for though he had a review at Celcœne, there is no mention of the barbarians, whilst they are repeatedly mentioned after his being at the plain of the Cayster. Such a place where troops were annually assembled would of course have a town connected with it, which might bear its name, and also a residence for the Commander-in-Chief, as *δῖκος* seems more applicable to a house than to a mere tent, and Xenophon uses that word in speaking of Cyrus's residence there. A plain somewhere in Galatia, about the spot where D'Anville has placed the plain of Cayster, was then Cyrus's first object, after which he proceeded to the southward on his intended expedition. If *Castolus* be the proper reading, it would remove all difficulty, because this was the usual place of assembling, and as the Queen of Cilicia

would know that Cyrus was under the necessity of going there, it was naturally the place to which she would direct her course, though further from Cilicia than many other places he had to pass through. But even supposing Cayster the true reading, and that D'Anville is right in placing it in Galatia and the plain of Castolus in Lydia, Cyrus might have appointed a place of assembling different from the usual one. In either case, it accounts for his northern course, which otherwise seems unaccountable.

This perhaps is one of those trifling discussions, which Lucian would have called *μικρολογία*, yet in reading ancient writers most persons wish to remove such difficulties when they occur, and if such discussions do not occupy too much time, they may be useful in fitting us for the discussion of more important subjects.

H.

HORÆ ACADEMICÆ.—No. II.

VIRGIL ÆNEID x. 518—20.

“ ————— Sulmone creatos,
 “ Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens,
 “ Viventes rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris,
 “ Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammæ.”

To this passage Le Clerc (in his *Parrhasiana*) objects very strongly, on the ground that Virgil should not have represented the *pious* Æneas as guilty of such an act of cruel revenge. The commentators, in general, defend it as an imitation of Homer, who makes Achilles perform a similar human sacrifice at the tomb of Patroclus. Heyne, however, while he admits this excuse for his author, implies some censure on such imitation, as being carried too far. The character of Æneas is so unlike that of Homer's hero, that we cannot consider the objection of Le Clerc, or the censure of Heyne, as in any degree

weakened by the above attempt to soften the cruelty of the Trojan hero. But Le Clerc proceeds farther, and points out, as an additional fault in Virgil, that this cruel sacrifice was so inconsistent with the mild and forgiving temper of Augustus, and the polished manners of his court, with which the poet was so well acquainted, and of which he was himself such a distinguished ornament, that it was a great oversight in Virgil to attribute such cruelty to the founder of the Roman state, and the pious ancestor of the Julian race. That the poet was not guilty of an *oversight*, but of an artful

vindication of his patron Augustus, will appear extremely probable from a circumstance unnoticed by any of his commentators. After the surrender of Perugia, Octavianus treated the unhappy citizens with great cruelty; and Suetonius adds, "Scribunt quidam, trientos ex deditecs electos, utriusque ordinis, ad aram divo Julio exstructam idibus Martiis hostiarum more mac-tatos," c. 15). Here was a real human sacrifice, greatly exceeding in atrocity the fictitious one in the *Æneid*, offered up in the most polished period of the Roman history, and by no less a person than the mild and clement Augustus. It is true he was not Emperor at that time, and he may have repented of it in a later period of his life, but this very feeling might have rendered the fiction of the poet more pleasing, as it attributed a similar act to the *pious Æneas*. This human, or more properly, this inhuman sacrifice, does not rest solely on the authority of Suetonius. Dio Cassius mentions it (l. 48, c. 14, p. 536, edit. Reimari) That Dio did not receive his information from Suetonius only, is evident from his stating the number of victims to be 400 (not 300), and placing Cannutius Tiberius among them. However, as Suetonius lived so many years subsequent to the siege of Perugia, and Dio near 300 years after—and as both speak of this transaction as a *report* "scribunt quidam," and "λογος γὰρ ἔστι" suspicion might rest in some slight degree upon the truth of the narrative, if a passage did not remain on record in another author of the highest authority upon this point, where the fact is alluded to in a manner which establishes its *notoriety*. Seneca, who was born before the death of Augustus, and came to Rome in his youth, may have conversed with many who were present at the siege of Perugia; and we find him alluding to the human sacrifice at that place as a well-known fact, in his first book, "de Clementia," addressed to his pupil hero. In this book, his object is to panegyricize the happy commencement of Nero's reign, which he contrasts with the early part of

Augustus's political life. After pointing out the latter part of it as a model of clemency, he thus proceeds:—"Hæc Augustus *senex*, aut jam in senectutem annis vergentibus: in adolescentia caluit, arsit ira, multa fecit, ad quæ invitus oculos retorquebat, comparare nemo mansuetudini tuæ audebit divum Augustum, etiamsi in certamen juvenilium annorum deduxerit senectutem plus quam maturam, fuerit moderatus and clemens; nempe post mare Actiacum Romano cruore infectum, nempe post fractas in Sicilia classes, et suas et alienas, nempe post *Perusinas aras*, et proscriptiones." (De Clem. 1, c. 11.) This allusion I look on as conclusive for the reality and truth of the narrative in the Roman historian, and its *brevity* clearly marks that there was no doubt or question about the fact in the time of Seneca. The private character of this philosopher (for which see the candid statement of Tiraboschi) or his fulsome panegyric on Nero, do not affect his testimony in this case, for it is clear that he refers to the *aræ Perusinæ*, as a circumstance of acknowledged publicity. What are we to think of the candour and honesty of Mr. Gibbon, and other writers, "*ejusdem farinae*," who gravely laud the mild spirit of Polytheism, and boldly deny the reality of human sacrifices? (for other instances see Casaubon's learned note on Suet. Octav. c. 15). As to the *reality* of human sacrifices the question is decided by the well known practice of the Druids, and of the northern nations, before their conversion to Christianity, as well as by the history of Mexico, when discovered by the Spaniards. Pliny asserts the fact (Nat. Hist. l. 28, c. 2—l. 30, c. 1), and Livy informs us that a man and woman of Gaul, and two Greeks, were buried alive in the Forum Boarium, to avert the anger of the gods after the battle of Cannæ; and it was so late as the year 657 of Rome, that a decree of the senate was passed, to forbid human sacrifices. That this horrible superstition was practised among the Banaanites, Phœnicians, and their colony the Carthaginians, is unquestionable.

A. Z.

COLLEGE REFORM.

BY A TORY IN THE STATE AND A RADICAL IN THE UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,

In accordance with your request I take up my pen, to lay before you, and through you before the public, a few observations upon the recent changes in the discipline and regulations of the university. I feel really obliged and highly complimented by your kind permission to employ the awful editorial "we." But, upon consideration, I have thought it better that my poor opinions should come before the public without making any one answerable for them but myself. Probably you were not aware of the extent or particularity of my views when you volunteered the responsibility of my sentiments. And though, in their present shape my remarks may not possess that authority which would belong to them did they appear as an emanation from your editorial wisdom; your sanction will, at least, be sufficient to procure for them an attentive consideration, and this, perhaps, is all that in fairness I have a right to wish for or expect.

These, Sir, are the days of REFORM. The spirit of the age is one of enquiry and innovation. Old abuses are no longer respected because they are old; nay, frequently, institutions of acknowledged utility are marked out for destruction, simply because the crime of antiquity outweighs the merit of all the advantages that are derived from them. The origin of the epidemic mania for change is, perhaps, to be found in the conceit that has taken hold upon men's minds, that this generation is wiser than all that have preceded it. When men are constantly hearing and talking of this enlightened age, and that, too, in contrast with the darkness of the ignorance of our forefathers, it is but natural that they should cease to respect the contrivances of those whom they are taught to regard as less wise than themselves, and imagine that

upon the ruins of every thing that was established in ancient times, the progressing intellect of modern days, cannot fail to construct a fairer and a better edifice.

I do not mean to digress into a political discussion; but there is a show of reason about all this. We certainly have more experience than our fathers, and, therefore, ought to have more wisdom. And accordingly this very spirit of reform, while it has its evils, has also its advantages. When applied to government, which, until the state becomes a nation of philosophers, must rest its stability upon the prejudices of the governed, it is mischievous in the extreme. But in institutions, whose utility is one of mere mechanical consideration—when the question to be determined is simply which system is calculated to work best, and when there is no evil in innovation of itself, this spirit may produce much good. The constitution of a country should not lightly be tampered with, because much of its effect depends upon the habitual veneration of the people. But when this great term does not enter into the calculation, the problem becomes more easy, because change is safe, and even the most cautious and hesitating man, who would tremble at the slightest alteration of the social system, lest it might weaken any of those bonds, which unite the whole, proceeds boldly and fearlessly in the work of reform.

The reform which has been effected in college is decidedly an improvement. In academic matters I am an ultra-radical. I will not say that I am quite satisfied with what has been done, but this is only because it does not go far enough, and I hail with joy both the important changes that have been made, and the principles that are established, which I fondly hope contain the germ of alterations still more important. If I may borrow still further from political phra-

y, you will perceive that in advocating college reform I profess myself an agitator with ulterior views," your Toryism be not quite startled by the boldness of my speculations, with your kind permission, enter to unite with my review of the anticipations for the future.

I am aware that my observations perhaps, have the appearance of neglect, it may be well to repeat, while the subject of academic reform is far too vast to be treated in detail in the pages of a single issue of a Magazine, I have merely touched those points which will furnish the best opportunity for bringing those principles upon which, long reflection, and no inconsiderable experience, I am persuaded that a course of academic education should be constructed. The same apology, however, the necessity of condensation, also excuse the hurried manner in which I merely lay down as axioms, positions that may seem to require because where it is impossible to upon all the parts of a scheme, I preferred devoting my attention to demonstration of those principles which are of most general or most important application. And as to my desire to state as much as possible in this space, I have sacrificed the appearance of methodical argument; so to attain the same object I am even ready to incur the charge of dogmatism, satisfied if my views be discussed, and the efforts of others be directed to the points that have occupied my own. The most important of the new reforms is unquestionably the institution of the ethical and logical moderators. Hitherto our course has been too exclusively mathematical. It is not the names of Locke and Butler and Cicero and Leland, appear on our card. But to any one acquainted with the practice pursued in all, it is unnecessary to say that mathematical sciences were always the principal part of examinations, partly for honours, while the higher ethical honours, at graduation, to which the moderators are under the new system to correspond, were given as a reward of exclusive proficiency in those branches of knowledge. Throughout the course, ethics and logic, especially the latter, were deemed of

very little weight in the adjudication of honours against algebra or astronomy; but at the medal examination were examined in, more as a matter of form—as an unwilling tribute on the part of the examiner, to established usage—than as at all likely to influence the decision of the highest honour the university had it in her power to bestow.

A writer in a contemporary periodical has well laid down the objects of a university as two-fold. First, to furnish to the youth of the country, generally, a liberal education, and, secondly, to promote the interests and advance the progress of science and of literature.

If this division be correct, unquestionably the enlightened principle upon which a college system should be framed, would be to require from the students a moderate knowledge of all the subjects which may be thought proper to form a part of their course of education, but to give rewards for distinguished proficiency in any.

What has hitherto kept down the character of our university, for that it is below par even national vanity must confess; what has procured for her the insulting soubriquet of "silent sister;" is not the arduousness of the academic duties imposed upon her fellows—not the richness of her endowments—not the want of talent in her members, but simply the indifferent and faulty principle upon which her honours nominally, and her fellowships, virtually, are adjudged; the system which, by requiring the candidates professedly to know every thing, prevents them really from knowing any thing as they might, and as, therefore, they ought.

In ancient times there was no such thing as obtaining distinction in any one department of study. Premiums were adjudged for general proficiency, medals bestowed on the men whose judgments throughout the course had never fallen below a certain standard—fellowships filled up after an examination in a course, including, "*scibile quicquid erat*." There was but one solitary exception—one oasis in the desert. Scholarships were given to the man who knew his classics—a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, or more properly speaking an acquaintance with certain Greek and Latin authors, was rewarded with five pounds a-year, and a dinner a-day, to continue for five years.

I have not time to dwell upon the folly of a system, whose faultiness seems acknowledged by its explosion ; but it is curious to remark the gradual introduction of a more enlightened policy into the academic arrangements.

Its first dawning is to be found in the institution of classical premiums ; but as if the innovators, who thus recognized the great principle for which I am contending, were startled at their own boldness, they at first proceeded cautiously to work ; they confined the classical premiums to the Freshman years—for what reason I am sure it is difficult to divine. But the principle once established, silently worked its way, and its next development is to be found in the alteration of the system by which medals were bestowed. These were given after an examination which previous character only influenced, so far as the requiring the candidates to have obtained a premium, and one was bestowed upon classical, another upon scientific attainments. This was the second triumph of reason.

But our present Provost seems in earnest in the work of reform ; with a mind capable of forming plans of improvement, he unites activity and energy calculated to carry them into effect ; and accordingly in the three short years that have elapsed since his accession to office, this principle has achieved two great and important victories. Classical premiums have been continued through the course ; and by the recent regulations those honours at graduation, which had been hitherto monopolized by mathematical ability are shared with talent of a more useful, perhaps not inferior, order. In this last gigantic stride, some may imagine the principle to have reached the highest elevation to which it is entitled. I confess, to me it appears, as if we had yet made but little way in the progress of rational reform, and I would almost adopt as my motto in academic improvement, "*Nil actum reputans dum aliquid superesset agendum.*"

The system of electing to vacant fellowships must altogether be altered before the university will either afford proper encouragement to science or discharge aright her duties in the education of youth.

But before I state my views upon

this point, it may, perhaps, be more regular to discuss the several alterations that have been made in the undergraduate arrangements ; these are the substitution of three examinations for four, the separating the science of the Freshman and Sophister years, the alteration that has been made in the mode of distributing honorary distinctions, and the different changes that have been made in the course prescribed, both classical and scientific.

The separation of the science of the Freshman and Sophister years is unquestionably an advantage ; and had the principle laid down in the first of the published resolutions of the board been strictly adhered to, the system would be almost perfect ; but the institution of four separate courses of study, each of which is to form a subject matter of a year's instruction, is, in a great degree, neutralized by retaining mathematics in the second year, and physics in the fourth. The mathematical sciences will still retain their undue preponderance throughout the undergraduate course ; it is only at graduation that their unjust monopoly is disturbed ; and though this is an important improvement, it was at least impolitic to retain that monopoly at all, when, if I may use a metaphorical expression, the renewal of the charter offered a fair opportunity for its extinction. Nay, special pains appear to have been taken not to encroach upon it ; for though I do not mean to say that any such consideration influenced the assignment of the courses, the introduction of mathematics previous to logics, and physics previous to ethics, is admirably calculated to leave the evil just where it found it, and preserve to the mathematical sciences their vested rights. Reversing the order would have obviated the defect, but under the present arrangement mathematics have even been advanced to still further pre-eminence. Formerly Murray's Logic and Locke divided between them the honours of two examinations—the sovereignty of mathematics is now extended over all. But I may be told, that under any other arrangement the science learned in the first year would be forgotten in the second, and so on. There are many means of preventing this ; but even admitting it to be the case, the

mind having once gone through a course of mathematical discipline, the end to the generality of students is answered; and perhaps to the men to whom the study is a drudgery, the sooner they are expelled from the intellectual system the better; while those who had real taste for the study, would prosecute it for its own sake. Or if it was deemed expedient that still the recollection should be kept up in the minds of all, a moderate knowledge of them might be required at each examination, although they were not permitted to influence the decision of honours. The working of this would be very simple, as by the new arrangement the examination of the candidates for honours is separated from that of the great body of the class, and the mathematical examination could be confined to the first day; and as an encouragement to those who chose to dive deeper into the mysteries of the science, premiums might be offered, for which those who wished might become candidates; and these premiums might be made so valuable as not only to furnish a sufficient inducement to the student to devote a laborious attention to a science not the immediate business of his examination, but even afford a welcome supply to many a needy but gifted young man, who has to work his way by his own exertions to competence and fame.

I know not whether I will find many to agree with me, but I do not think the distribution of *pecuniary* rewards in our university is liberal enough. Honours and moderatorships, like civility, cost nothing. I would almost wish to see premiums under some regulations given on such a liberal scale that a meritorious young man could nearly, if not entirely support himself by his prizes.

The diminution of the number of examinations is an improvement; but as it bears no relation to those more important topics which it is my object to discuss, I shall pass it by in silence, and proceed to notice the alteration that has been in the mode of distributing honours.

The gross injustice of the former system is too well known to require comment. Men have borne away all the honours in a division of dunces, while in a division of ordinary talent

their superiors have passed through the course unnoticed and unknown. The confining the premiums to the October examinations is an advantage, since it admits their value and number to be increased without an increase of expense. The pecuniary amount laid out in premiums is annually the same. Formerly to each, forty in a class, 16 pounds was distributed, and the sum is still the same; as at the October examination one-fortieth of the class obtain premiums of four, and two-fortieths of two pounds each. The only difference is, that in the new system October premium—men are virtually destroyed, and I am sure there is no one to mourn over their extinction, particularly when the amount of these premiums is now virtually added to the January. There formerly were four grades of premium men: the first grade, under the name of Senior Prizemen, now receives the premiums formerly distributed among the last, and the second and third are classed very properly together as Junior.

In this arrangement too, there seems something like the application of a principle, which, if pushed further, would produce an immensity of good—that the bestowal of a few large premiums is better than the distribution of a great many small ones.

Permit me, Sir, to remark that my anticipations of future reform do not seem utterly unfounded. There is one at the head of the university, from whom I feel I may hope great things. He appears to have accepted of his high and responsible situation not to make it a lounge for his indolence, or even a resting-place from the toils of a useful and laborious literary life. He seems to regard his Provostship, not as a reward for his services—not as a crown for his ambition—not as a resting place in his passage to the episcopal bench—nor even as a final provision which precludes the need of further exertion. But considering it as a solemn trust confided to him for the good of the university and his country, he labours for the improvement of those committed to his care, and seems actuated by the spirit that is said to have been the *animus* of the consular government at Rome, determined that his administration shall be marked not merely by the appearance of his name

in the calendar of our college, but find a more solid, and more permanent memorial in the number and utility of his reforms.

And it is well for his own fame that his lot has fallen in an institution that gives ample scope for the exercise of a reforming spirit, and in times when the intellect of the age is ready for, nay, demanding these improvements, as it is well for the university, that at the present crisis it has found in its Provost a man capable of re-modelling its system, and suiting it to the advanced, and advancing intellect of modern times. The unwieldy structure of the middle ages can hardly have a mechanism capable of competing with the accelerated motions of mind in the nineteenth century. I only trust, that our Provost will go on as he has begun, unmoved by calumny, unawed by the puny and pointless virulence of ignorant and disappointed malice, and, further, uninfluenced by the narrowness of scholastic prejudice, and the reward is before him of being reckoned among the benefactors of his country.

With respect to the changes in the course, I must of necessity say but a few words, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge that some of the books introduced I have never read. To the *Fasti* of Ovid there must be annexed an *Index expurgatorius*.* The compositions of this writer are far more injurious than even the worst or most disgusting passages of Juvenal or Horace. The high priest of licentiousness arrays his idol in a gorgeous dress, whose drapery almost conceals her deformity. We may reverse the sentiment of Burke, and say that in his light and elegant poetry, vice acquires double evil and increased insidiousness because it is divested of almost all its grossness. But the book is one in general well deserving of attention. The *Calendar of the Romans* is judiciously placed at the commencement of the course, as an acquaintance with it will throw light upon many passages in the writers to whom the student will be subsequently introduced,—and I believe my fastidiousness as to its

moral tendency proceeds rather from my recollections of some of the other writings of Ovid, than any great number of objectionable passages in the book itself. But I cannot help charging on the author of the *Fasti* the sins of the writer of the "*Amores*," and the "*Ars Amatoria*." The introduction of the *Odyssey* is a decided improvement; but I almost regret the omission of any portion of the *Iliad*. Passionately attached to the poems of the Mæonian bard, I can hardly believe that our youth can study him too much. In his "*Rhapsodies*" they will unquestionably find the most sublime poetry as well as the purest Greek, and in their perusal their taste will be elevated at the same time that their classical knowledge is improved. The omission of the *Phœnissæ* I decidedly regret. If either should have been sacrificed, I would rather have given up the *Orestes*; but I cannot see why both might not have been retained. The introduction of *Thucydides* and *Herodotus* will do more to form a correct classical taste than any other improvement that has been made. Hitherto we have known the Greek language through its poets and its orators: we shall now be taught to study it in the sober beauty of historical composition. Of the new authors whose works have been introduced into the undergraduate course, I have only spoken where I had knowledge. Your more extended acquaintance with the ancient writers will enable you to form a judgment where I cannot; and your kindness may probably induce you to supply from the riches of your own store the omissions consequent on the poverty of my knowledge. But before I pass from this part of my subject, I may remark how judicious is the plan of appointing only a portion of the business for the great mass of the students. Obliging them to know a little well is certainly a more likely method of giving them a knowledge of the language than of appointing them a great quantity, which they never read, or at best slur over in a careless and hurried manner, trusting to the

* It may be advisable to acquaint our valued correspondent, and the public generally, that an edition of Ovid's *Fasti* has been lately published, for the use of the Westminster School, in which all the objectionable passages have been omitted. This will of course be the adopted text in our University.

leniency or the weakness of their examiners for escape. This salutary principle of appointing a more extended course for the candidates for honours was formerly brought into operation only at the medal examination; it is now defined and methodized throughout the entire course.

The science course is, as I have already said, divided into four branches,—mathematical, logical, physical, and ethical. Than the arrangement of the first of these courses, nothing can be more judicious—no parts of the study more beautiful than those to which the student is introduced. Mathematics, however useless and incomprehensible to the mass of students, are unquestionably a noble exercise of intellect. The simple yet beautiful demonstrations of ancient geometry, and the wonderful discoveries of modern analysis, may well be reckoned among the most glorious triumphs of the human mind: and while the young mathematician is trained in that almost perfect system which traces up from a few axiomatic principles truths the most apparently remote, he is introduced sufficiently to the higher departments of science to qualify him for cultivating them with success, against the period when the degree examination will offer a wider field for his mathematical ability.

The logical course has not been yet laid down; but it is to be hoped that it will be so arranged as not to permit our students to leave the University acquainted with the opinions of but one man, and ignorant of all the systems that have engaged the attention and supplied matter for the controversies of the metaphysical world. A class book should be written expressly for the use of the students, containing an abstract of the opinions of all the standard writers on the science of mind, and also giving an historical account of the origin and progress of the science itself: while as the additional course for the candidates for honours there might be prescribed a portion of the writings of Brown or Stewart. A compendium of the art of logic—selections from Locke, and an abstract such as I propose, would be amply sufficient to fill up three examinations; and amid the wide range of metaphysical writers, the Board could find no difficulty in allotting the extra business for the candidates for honours.

In the physical course I was particularly struck by the substitution of Wood's for Lloyd's *Mechanics*. It is unquestionably very far inferior as a scientific work, but for this very reason is a better text book. And when we reflect upon the quarter from which the alteration has emanated, we cannot refuse the tribute of our admiration to the disinterestedness that prompted it.

Why, in the name of all morality, is Burlamaqui retained in the very van of the ethical course? I trust he is only placed there as a temporary substitute, until time can be found for the preparation of such an abstract of moral philosophy as I have already ventured to suggest should be made of metaphysics. Perhaps a better book than Paley's *Moral Philosophy* might without difficulty be found. His evidences are a splendid exhibition of correct reasoning, and strong and masculine thought. It may be prejudice, but I confess I never entertained a high opinion of the morality or reasoning displayed in his advocacy of the system of expediency.

These I believe are the principal points in the changes effected in the undergraduate course, at least those on which I feel myself most competent to deliver an opinion. But the course prescribed for the moderators at graduating requires a more attentive consideration than the limits of my paper will permit me to bestow. Generally, however, I may observe of the two scientific courses, that they are admirably arranged. In the logical I would be glad to see something of Dugald Stewart's—and in the mathematical, Hamilton's *Conic Sections* has been omitted, perhaps through an oversight: but in appointing such a mass of authors to be waded through by the competitors for classical distinction, I conceive there is committed a very important mistake. The object of a University classical education is unquestionably to impart a knowledge of the languages—and this knowledge is best acquired by the study of the approved authors. Accordingly, the more extended acquaintance the student forms with these authors in his academic course the better: but I imagine that at graduating the teaching should be an end—and honours should be given to the men who *have learned* the language best; in other words, who have most improved by their under-

graduate studies. The examination should be then, if I may use the expression, a probationary one—a test to ascertain the candidates' relative acquaintance with the languages; and this I am persuaded is not to be done by confining the examination to any prescribed course. Did we wish to ascertain a person's knowledge of the French or Italian language, we would not hand him a volume of Voltaire or Tasso, and tell him that in a certain time we would expect him to be able to give us a fluent and elegant translation of any passage we might propose; but we would require him to translate at sight, to compose in the languages, and thus give a proof of his being a French or Italian scholar. Now if, as I have said, the education of the student should be finished before the period of his graduation, and his degree examination should be a test for ascertaining the proficiency he *has* made, assuredly the more rational method of proceeding would be to confine this examination to its legitimate object—an object to be attained not by an examination in a prescribed course, but by questions on the general structure and principles of the languages, and by requiring the candidate practically to exhibit that structure and develop those principles, in translating at sight such books as the examiners might deem proper, and also in writing compositions, both prose and verse, and translating into classical Greek or Latin passages from the standard authors in our own language.

These suggestions I put forward with much diffidence. I believe I am correct in saying that the object of an examination may be to ascertain either the student's knowledge of a particular course or his general scholarship. These two objects are perfectly distinct. The one should be the end proposed at every undergraduate examination; but the other seems the more legitimate principle upon which to award the final honours. Prizes or honors may be given to the men who know their business best—but let moderatorships be bestowed on those who know the languages best.

Though I object to the principle upon which a course—any course is appointed—I believe the course laid down is a splendid one. The Olympic odes of Pindar I have long since read

for their exquisite beauty, and the Clouds of Aristophanes for their humour. In Lucretius I remember meeting with many passages highly objectionable, both on the score of religion and morals, but I have not his works at present within reach, and as far as I can tax my memory, they do not occur in the two books selected for this course.

And now I am to revert to the subject which I believe, by far, the most important of any that I have yet alluded to—I mean the mode in which our vacant fellowships are at present filled up. According to our ancient statutes the election takes place after an examination in Logics, Mathematics, Physics, Ethics, History, and the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin languages. In all these subjects it is impossible for the powers of any one mind to attain to excellence, and therefore the tendency of such a system is to distract the attention of the man who, with talents calculated to reach the highest place, it may be, by mathematical eminence, is obliged to burden his mind with a mass of metaphysical reading. Why is not the principle so judiciously acted on in the new institution of moderatorships carried on to the fellowship examination, which seems the strongest hold, the last and I trust temporary retreat of the antiquated prejudices that principle corrects. The character of our Fellows generally, is high—far higher than perhaps the character of any learned body in the world. But still individual pre-eminence is not so common as it ought to be. Under all the disadvantages of our present system, many men have reached a high—a very high elevation in particular departments. But it is in spite of the system that depresses, though it cannot crush their genius. How much more would our University contribute to the cause of science if our fellowships were divided—some logical—some mathematical, and some classical, instead of imposing on the candidates for fellowship a course which, I repeat, is too extensive for any intellect to become master of in the present advanced state of the sciences, however well suited the system might have been to the period when little more than their rudiments were known. Intellect is progressing every day—discoveries are added every hour—science is accumulating. The quan-

tum of knowledge now required for fellowship is, I had almost said, an infinite multiple of that prescribed by the statutes, although nominally it may be the same. The acquiring a competent knowledge of a single science is now almost the labour of a life. At the time our charter was granted it may not have been unreasonable to expect that five or six should have been learned to perfection in as many years. But surely we should alter the system with the alteration in the times. When the standard of the scientific currency is changed we should, in common justice, in conformity to that change, diminish the nominal amount of our exactions.

It is on classical literature that the present system presses most hardly. No adequate encouragement is held out for the study of the languages. The man who obtains scholarship very frequently, nay generally, thinks that he has done enough for honour, and turns his attention to a profession. If his aim be fellowship, he will find quite sufficient employment in the thousand and one books, of which he must acquire some kind of a knowledge, and the consequence is, that the classics are neglected. To expect our fellows to be good classical scholars would be to expect them to be more than human. Classical knowledge is of little or no use at the fellowship examination; and when the mind has been worn down by the intensity of application that is now required in the aspirant to a Fellow's gown, it is too much to expect that it will commence that laborious research which is necessary to form a profound scholar. And until classical fellowships are instituted the evil never will be removed—until men of classical taste (which, be it remembered, is seldom combined with scientific ability) are encouraged by the prospect of a permanent provision to devote their exclusive attention to the prosecution of these studies, the University of Dublin never will produce or educate such classical scholars as the kindred—I will not call them rival—establishments of Oxford and Cambridge can boast of.

Or if this be too much to expect for classical attainment—if science claims the fellowship as exclusively her own, and entrenching herself behind the impregnable barriers of ancient forms and

statutes laughs to scorn our puny efforts to dispossess her of the smallest portion of her territory. Let some other means be devised for giving a permanent support to the man who is ready to sacrifice his prospects in a profession to improve the literature of his country. Let him find in the University, not the unrelenting churlishness of a step-mother, but the beneficent lenity of an *alma mater*. Let there be a provision, if it must be so, scanty,—barely sufficient to keep him above want. But when her children ask for bread let not the University offer them a stone—an empty piece of parchment. Let a few scholarships be made tenable for life—or let the salaries of the existing classical professorships be revised, and let the chair be filled up after an examination at which all graduates will be privileged to present themselves—but let the disgrace no longer rest on our College of turning out of doors to spend their time and energies in the office of a schoolmaster, the sons who might rival the glories of a Porson or a Heynè—or of retaining them to starve. Let classical knowledge no longer verify the saying of the Roman satyrist—*Virtus laudatur et elget*.

The institution of classical moderatorships, so long as there is no other provision for classical scholars, seems to me, I confess, something like a polite bow at parting from the suitor whose petition for relief you unceremoniously reject, which intimates no more than that you wish never to see his face again.

I have spoken plainly and it may be strongly, but I have spoken honestly. I have neither flattered our own University, to which I am yet deeply and sincerely attached; nor have I withheld praise where praise is justly due. Perhaps I have carried my plain speaking too far—but when you honoured me by asking my poor sentiments, I think I know you too well to believe that you wished me to disguise them. But I have already trespassed unreasonably on your valuable pages, and with my best wishes both political and personal for the success of your honest and able Magazine, believe me

Its sincere friend and admirer,

PALÆUS.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

The Examinations for Downes's Divinity Prizes took place on the 2d, 3d, and 5th July. The following were the successful candidates:—

First Day—Reading the Liturgy.

Sir Monsell (John.)
Sir Wade (Frederick.)
Sir Woodrooffe.
Sir King.

Second Day—Prepared Composition.

Subject—1st Cor. 1 ch. 20 v.

Sir Monsell (John.)
Sir Hill (Bold.)
Sir Wade (Frederick.)
Sir Woodrooffe.

Third Day—Extemporaneous Speaking.

Subject—Mat. xxiii. 37.

Sir Monsell (John.)
Sir Woodrooffe.
Sir Harman.
Sir Hill (Bold.)

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

The Theological Essay for the year 1833 ("The Analogy of God's Dealings with Men would not lead us to expect a Perpetual Succession of Miraculous Powers in the Church") has been awarded to H. W. Wilberforce, M.A. of Oriel College.

Yesterday se'nnight, the Degree of Master of Arts was conferred, by decree of Convocation, upon H. H. Wilson, of Exeter Coll., Professor of Sanscrit, on the foundation of the late Colonel Boden.

Saturday, May 25, being the last day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELOR AND DOCTOR IN DIVINITY, BY ACCUMULATION—Rev. T. Parfitt, Balliol.

BACHELOR IN DIVINITY—Rev. R. D. Hampden, Principal of St. Mary Hall, grand comp.

MASTERS OF ARTS—Rev. J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; R. B. Wilson, University; H. S. Dyer, Worcester; J. Richardson, Taberdar of Queen's; Rev. W. W. Clarke, Wadham; C. M. Forster, Oriel; W. K. Hamilton, Fellow of Merton; Rev. T. Maurice, Merton; Rev. E. A. Davies, St. John's.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS—G. H. Somerset, St. Mary Hall; Rev. H. S. C. Crook,

Lincoln; Rev. R. H. Blanchford, Lincoln; Rev. G. Williams, Jesus; H. C. Partridge, Brasen-nose; R. E. Tyrwhitt, Brasen-nose; Rev. H. K. Collinson, Queen's; Rev. F. Woodhouse, Queen's; Rev. W. Warde, Worcester; Rev. E. C. Harington, Worcester; Hon. C. J. Murray, Ch. Ch.; Rev. W. Cureton, Chaplain of Ch. Ch.; J. F. Crouch, Scholar of C.C.C.; Rev. W. Gould, Balliol; Rev. A. A. Cameron, Scholar of Pembroke; Rev. C. Le Hardy, Pembroke; Rev. J. H. Talbot, Pembroke; Rev. H. Pruen, Oriel; Rev. F. R. Neve, Oriel; Rev. J. C. Roberts, Trinity; Rev. W. Roche, Trinity; Rev. E. Hoatham, New.

JUNE 8.

On Monday last, being Trinity Monday, the following elections and admissions took place at Trinity:—A. Menzies, Scholar of Trinity, Probationary Fellow; W. H. Lee, Blount Scholar of Trinity; A. Kensington, Commoner of Oriel; and W. Dickenson, Commoner of Wadham, were elected Scholars on the Old Foundation; and W. Baker, Blount Scholar.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN MEDICINE—T. Heberden, Oriel.

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW—Sir D. K. Sandford, Ch. Ch.

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY—Rev. O. Jenkins, Fellow of Jesus; Rev. F. F. Edwardes, Fellow of Corpus.

MASTERS OF ARTS—Rev. R. Morris, Ch. Ch. (grand comp.); E. Q. Ashby, Ch. Ch.; Rev. R. Webster, Lincoln; Rev. H. E. Manning, Fellow of Merton; Rev. H. D. Serrell, Queen's; Rev. R. C. Kitson, Exeter; F. H. Talman, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. Lloyd, Jesus; Rev. C. E. Armstrong, Worcester; T. L. Cloughton, Fellow of Trinity.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, JUNE 7.—The President in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members:—E. T. Bigge, B.A. Merton; Rev. J. P. Potter, M.A., late of Oriel; Rev. S. Reay, M.A. Alban Hall, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian.

An anonymous paper was read on the homoio-pathetic system of medicine, in reply to the remarks of Mr. Hope.

The Hon. C. Harris, of Oriel, read a paper on a method of measuring the force of the wind.

Mr. Johnson, of Queen's, read a paper on a peculiar missile used by the inhabitants of New Holland.

Mr. Curtis, F.R.S., read a paper on the structure of insects, particularly on the wings.

The President, after some remarks, proposed the following queries:—

1. Is there any sufficient reason for inferring, from the character of the organic remains found in rocks of different ages, that there has been a gradation in the races of animals created from the simpler to the more complex forms; and if so, can the same inference be extended to vegetables, judging from the specimens of extinct species preserved in the coal and other strata?

2. Is it true that snow, resting on some slowly conducting substance, such as a plank of wood, melts more slowly than it would do elsewhere; and if so, is the fact to be explained by assuming that heat is constantly emanating from the interior of the earth?

3. What is the most satisfactory way of explaining the fact, that high pressure steam does not scald?

JUNE 15.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY—R. D. Hampden, Principal of St. Mary Hall, grand comp.

MASTERS OF ARTS—W. Bingham, St. Mary Hall, grand comp.; Rev. T. Sta-

niforth, Ch. Ch., grand comp.; Rev. G. Clayton, Ch. Ch.; Rev. E. Greene, Demy of Magdalen; Rev. J. A. Dunnage, Brasennose; Rev. A. F. Daubeneay, Brasennose; Rev. R. Blackmore, Exeter; the Rev. H. M. Mogg, Exeter; Rev. W. Davy, Exeter; E. Stephens, Exeter; Rev. B. Banning, Trinity; Rev. J. T. C. A. Trenchard, Trinity; A. Perkins, Oriel; Rev. J. R. Oldham, Oriel; Rev. G. H. Clifton, Fellow of Worcester; Rev. B. Hayley, Worcester; Rev. E. Hawkins, Fellow of Pembroke; Rev. R. Stranger, Pembroke.

In a Convocation holden on the same day, the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon E. Dixon, Esq. Gentleman-Commoner of Worcester, to which he was presented by the Rev. R. Greswell, M.A., Fellow of that college.

The examination for the Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholarship took place this week, and terminated in the election of J. R. Burgess, B. A. of Oriel.

On Thursday se'nnight, the Vice Provost and Senior Fellows of Worcester arrived at the School-house, Bromsgrove, for the purpose of electing a scholar on the Foundation of Sir T. Cookes, Bart., when, after an examination of the candidates, M. G. Scott was elected scholar on the above-mentioned Foundation.

On Monday last, J. W. Moore, Commoner of Trinity, and D. Anderson, Commoner of Exeter, were elected Scholars of Exeter.

On Wednesday last, the Rev. R. Clifton, M.A. of Worcester, was elected a Fellow of that Society, and at the same time Mr. R. Govett, Commoner of Worcester, was elected a Scholar on the Foundation of Mrs. Eaton.

On Thursday last, J. Dodd, D. C. Farraday, L. P. Dykes, and T. B. Thompson were elected Taberdars on the Old Foundation at Queen's College. On the same day, T. Holme, A. R. Harrison, and T. Todd, were elected Probationary Scholars on the same Foundation. Also, on the same day, T. French, Commoner of Worcester, was elected an Exhibitioner on Mr. Michel's Foundation at Queen's; and J. W. Twist was elected one of Sir F. Bridgman's Exhibitioners.

On Thursday last, the Rev. F. A. Faber, M. A. of University, was elected Fellow of Magdalen.

The PRIZES of 1833 have been adjudged to the following gentlemen:—

Latin Verse.—"Carthago."—W. N. Smyth, Commoner of Brasennose.

English Essay.—“On Emulation.”—H. Wall, B.A., St. Alban Hall.

Latin Essay.—“De Atticorum Comœdia.”—W. Palmer, B.A., Fellow of Magdalen.

English Verse, Newdigate.—“Granada.”—J. Graham, Commoner of Wadham.

The following is the subject proposed for the Theological Prize:—“The sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost, is indispensable to Human Salvation.”

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year, viz.:

For Latin Verse.—“Cicero ab exilio redux Romam ingreditur.”

For an English Essay.—“The influence of the Roman conquests upon Literature and the Arts in Rome.”

For a Latin Essay.—“De provinciæ Romanarum administrandarum ratione.”

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen who, on the day appointed for sending the exercises to the Registrar of the University, shall not have exceeded four years, and the other two for such as shall have exceeded four, but not completed seven years, from the time of their matriculation.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—For the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any Under-Graduate who, on the day above specified, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—“The Hospice of St. Bernard.”

JUNE 22.

THE COMMEMORATION.—On Tuesday morning, the Annual Meeting of the Governors of the Radcliffe Infirmary took place in the Radcliffe Library, previous to going to St. Mary's Church. The Stewards were T. B. Evans and T. Stonor, Esqrs. A most eloquent Sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Robert Gray, D.D., Lord Bishop of Bristol. The collection after the sermon, for the benefit of that excellent establishment, the Radcliffe Infirmary, was 58*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*

The two Commemoration Concerts were held this year in the Town Hall, (on Tuesday and Wednesday,) which, although not so well adapted for music, will hold much more company than the Music Room.

In a Convocation holden in the Theatre on Wednesday last, the Honorary Degree of Doctor in Civil Law was con-

ferred upon Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Dundas, to which he was presented, in appropriate address, by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Registrar of the University, and Deputy Professor of Law. After which, the Professor of Poetry delivered the Creweian Oration in commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of the University; and the successful candidates read or recited the several compositions to which the prizes for the present year had been adjudged.

On Tuesday last, the Rev. W. J. Copeland, M.A., and T. L. Cloughton, M.A., both probationary Fellows of Trinity, were elected and admitted actual Fellows of that Society.

On Thursday last, W. A. Strange, B.A., Scholar of Pembroke, and E. Price, Under-Graduate Commoner of Magdalen Hall, were elected the Boden Sanscrit Scholars.

On Thursday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTER OF ARTS.—T. Small, Magdalen Hall, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin; Rev. W. Alford, St. Edmund Hall; Hon. H. Barrington, Ch. Ch.; Rev. S. H. Field, Worcester; J. S. Lister, Worcester; Rev. E. P. Morgan, Jesus; J. F. Stuart, Trinity.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 31.

T. W. Greene, Esq. LL.B. of Trinity Hall, has been elected a Fellow of that Society.

We understand that a fine portrait of the Bishop of Lincoln, by R. Rothwell, R.H.A., has been presented by his Lordship to the Master and Fellows of Christ's College, as a token of his esteem and regard for the Society, and has this week been placed in their combination-room.

At a Congregation on Friday last petitions were agreed to be presented to the two Houses of Parliament against a Bill entitled “A Bill for the relief of his Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish Religion.” The numbers were, in the Non Regent House 27 to 4; and in the Regent House 27 to 14; being a gross majority of 54 to 18.

At the same Congregation, Sir William Heathcote, Bart., D.C.L. of All Soul's Coll., Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

At a Congregation held yesterday, the following gentlemen proceeded to the degree of

BACHELORS OF PHYSIC—J. Andrews,

Caius; E. G. Paget, Caius; A. Farre, Caius.

At the same Congregation the following graces passed the Senate :

To appoint Mr. Crauford of King's College, Deputy-Proctor, in the absence of Mr. Skinner.

To allow the use of the Senate House on the evenings of Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the 28th and 29th of June, and 1st of July, for concerts; and to appoint the Vice Chancellor, the Master of Downing, Dr. Haviland, Professor Smith, Mr. Pescok, of Trinity College, and Mr. Jones, of St. John's College, a Syndicate, who shall take care that this building suffers no injury.

PRIZES.—On Wednesday last the following prizes were adjudged :—

Porson Prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse)—Henry Lushington, Trinity College. Subject: King Rich. II., Act III., Scene 2, beginning—

K. Rich.—“*Know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of Heaven
is hid,*”

And ending—

“*For Heaven still guards the right.*”

SIR WILLIAM BROWN'S medals.

Greek Ode—T. K. Selwin, Trinity.

Subject—*Thermopylae*.

Latin Ode—Henry Drury, Caius College. Subject—*Romanorum monumenta in Britannia reperta*.

Epigrams—Charles Clayton, Caius College. Subject—*Prope ad summum prope ad exitum*.

At a meeting of the Syndics of the University Library, held on Monday last, it was agreed that the order of the 25th of May, 1814, be rescinded, and the following order be substituted for the same: The Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate for the University Library order, that no Undergraduate, or person not belonging to the University, be allowed to examine the catalogue, or take down books, unless in company of a Master of Arts, or a Member of the Senate, or Bachelor of Law and Physic; and that the Library-keepers report to the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors any persons in *statu pupillari* who come into the Library not in their Academical dress.

JUNE 14.

At a Congregation on Tuesday last, the following Degrees were conferred :—

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY—Rev. S. Lee, Queen's, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Prebendary of Bristol.

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY—Rev. W.

Hodgeon, Fellow of St. Peter's; Rev. F. W. Lodington, Fellow of Clare Hall, (comp.); Rev. T. Crick, Fellow of St. John's; Rev. L. Stephenson, Fellow of St. John's; Rev. H. Jackson, Fellow of St. John's, (comp.); Rev. R. Cory, Fellow of Emmanuel; Rev. R. Foley, Fellow of Emmanuel.

MASTERS OF ARTS—R. Hemphorne, St. John's; R. B. Clay, Sidney, (comp.)

BACHELORS OF LAW—Rev. J. C. Leak, Trinity Hall, (comp.); O. Owen, Queen's; J. F. Churton, Downing.

BACHELORS IN PHYSIC—H. Jefferson, Pembroke; C. W. C. Mogg, Caius; W. Sutton, Caius.

At the same Congregation a grace passed the Senate to appoint Mr. Lund, of St. John's College, Deputy Proctor, in the absence of Mr. Howarth.

At the same congregation the following gentlemen were appointed Barnaby Lecturers :

MATHEMATICAL—Rev. W. L. P. Garmons, Sidney.

PHILOSOPHICAL—Rev. W. Keeling, St. John's.

RHETORICAL—Rev. J. Goodwin, Corpus Christi.

LOGICAL—Rev. J. Burdakin, Clare Hall.

PRIZES.—Yesterday the following prizes were adjudged :—

MEMBERS' PRIZES for Bachelors of Arts :—J. Hildyard, B. A. Christ's.—Subject—*Quanam præcipue sint labentis imperii indicia?* (No Second Prize adjudged.)

MEMBERS' PRIZES for Undergraduates :—

1. E. T. Vaughan, Christ's.

2. W. Macpherson, Trinity.

Subject—*Utrum Servorum manumissio in Insulis Indorum Occidentaliū confestim facta, plus boni aut mali secum afferat?*

On Friday last, Edward Hedges, Esq. B. A. of Queen's, was elected to the Second Mastership of Stepney Grammar School; patron, the Lord Bishop of London.

JUNE 21.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred :—

DOCTOR IN PHYSIC—W. G. Peene, Trinity, (comp.)

MASTERS OF ARTS—Rev. F. Upjohn, Queen's; C. Wordsworth, Fellow of Trinity; J. M. Herbert, Fellow of St. John's.

On Monday evening last, at a Special Court of Mayoralty, Mr. J. H. Bailey,

scholar of Catherine Hall, was unanimously elected to the Sub-mastership of the Norwich Grammar School, vacant

by the resignation of the Rev. W. H. Clarke.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

On the 12th of July last, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on the following gentlemen :—

SCOTLAND—Somerville Scott Alison, George Arnott, Robert Bartholemew, Charles William Bell, John Brown, Duncan Campbell, Donald Cargill, Robert Carlyle, William Dick, Robert Greig Dods, John Douglas, Stevens Fyffe, William Steel Gairdiner, James Gordon, John Grant, James Haliday, George Hamilton, George Hanway, Thomas Samuel Hardie, Thomas Howden, Alexander Lorimer, Robert Lowe, Andrew Douglas MacLagan, William MacLaren, Alexander Macdonald, James David Mackenzie, Andrew Maclean, William Campbell Maclean, James Moffet, John Young Myrtle, George Paton, John Sinclair, George Lillie Smith, John Robert Spura, James Stark, James Stewart Thorburn, Paul Darling Veitch, Dundas White, George Wilson.

ENGLAND—William Arphorpe, Martin Barry, William Barman Barton, Samuel Gloves Bakwell, James Risdon Bennett, Edwin Blackley, Joseph Bullar, Lawson Cape, Gustavus A. Chaytor, John William Cortes, Charles Cowan, John Henry Evans, Ralph Fletcher, Alfred Harper, Robert Hornby, Alexander Macgregor, John Warburton Moseley, John Marshall, Charles William Moore, Charles Nicholson, Thomas Tranmer Peirson, Thomas Peregrine, Charles

Ransford, Frederick Snaith, Charles Squire, James Richard White Voe, George Bolt, Churchill Watson.

IRELAND—Michael Campbell, David Cartes, Thomas D'Arcy, Richard Doherty, Charles Dwyer, John Peard Edgar, Joseph Enright, Thomas Fitzpatrick, John Flynn, Samuel Arthur Foster, William Geraghty, Thomas Hogg, Henry Stoney Lindsay, Robert Locke, John Lysaght M'Carthy, William M'Cormick, Garvis Moffat M'Cluse, John James Macgregor, Andrew M'Tucker, John M'Cay, Richard Maffat, Thomas Massey, John Motherell, Thomas Purefoy, James Seaton Reid, Thomas Shields, James Richard Smith, William Wallace, John Wallace, George Worthington.

WALES—Owen Roberts.

EAST INDIES—Patrick Alexander Andrew.

BARBADOES—James Gill Baacom.

BERMUDA—John Davidson Barnes.

ISLAND OF CASABEA—Evan Philip Cameron.

NOVA SCOTIA—John E. Forsyth, Laurence Trumain.

BERMUDA—Thomas William Hunt.

CANADA—James Bell Johnston, Thomas Walter Jones, James Arthur Sewell.

SWEDEN—George Patterson.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—John Rudolph, Zeederberg.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

Doctor Beatty presented the Report from the Committee of Chemistry and Mineralogy.

Mr. Hawthorne presented the Report from the Select Committee in conjunction with the Committee of Natural Philosophy.

ORDERED,

That the Assistant Secretary do have leave of absence for a week, on his private business, from Monday next.

Mr. Hawthorne gave notice that he would on the next day of meeting, move—That such savings as may accrue un-

der the head of salaries of offices now vacant on the establishment, be appropriated to the purchase of the necessary apparatus for the department of Natural Philosophy.

Sir Edward Stanley gave notice, that he would on Thursday next move :

That Mr. Professor Stevelly, of Belfast, be invited to deliver a course of lectures, during the summer recess, suited to the operative mechanics, artisans, and manufacturers, on the elementary principles of Natural Philosophy, and their practical application to the useful arts.

That it be an instruction to the Committee of Natural Philosophy, to appropriate such balance as may remain to the credit of that department, in remunerating the Professor for his temporary services, and in procuring such apparatus as the fund will enable them to do.

That Mr. Professor Davy be requested, during the same period, on alternate days, to deliver a short course of Lectures on Chemistry, and its use and application in arts and manufacturers, and to exhibit practical experiments suited to be serviceable to the working classes of society.

That Dr. Litton be requested to deliver, during the summer, a course of Lectures on Agricultural Botany; on soils and manures; on grasses and esculents; and on horticultural and farming improvements.

That these lectures will be open, free to the public: and that, for the convenience of the working classes, they be delivered in the evenings.

Many instances have lately come to our knowledge, of the deep interest his Majesty takes in the literature of this country, and all public works likely to tend to its improvement. A fact has lately come to our knowledge which we believe is not generally known to the public, namely—That his Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Owen Connellan, his Irish Historiographer—Mr. Connellan is now, and has for some time, been occupied in translating and transcribing some of the most important Irish manuscripts in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. The nautical survey of our Coasts and Harbours, executed by Captain Mudge, of the Royal Navy, was commenced under his Majesty's auspices, while Lord High Admiral—and, we may now hope, that the bogs and inlets which exist among the wild and romantic headlands of our western coast, may be made subservient to com-

mercial enterprise. Amongst the facts lately brought to light we may mention that Lough Strongford, so long considered almost inaccessible, has proved capable, with very little expense, of being converted into a large and spacious harbour, while from its northern extremity a canal of five or six miles only would open the port of Belfast to its waters, and the intricate navigation of Belfast Lough be altogether avoided.

The labours of the nautical surveyors have been extended to Lough Neagh, and a detailed plan, with numerous soundings, has pointed out the practicability of reclaiming a large portion of the country now covered by its waters, while its internal navigation would be rendered safer and more facile. It is known that coal exists on its shores and the labours of the scientific miner will no longer be arrested by its waters.

On a recent occasion, Lieutenant Colonel Colby, the superintendent of the survey, was honoured with an audience in the Royal Closet at the introduction of the Master general of the Ordnance, to lay before his Majesty, the Townland Survey, now published, of the county of Londonderry. It is known that this work is on the large scale of six inches to the Statute mile, exhibiting every minutia which can be useful to the topographer or practical agriculturist. His Majesty admired the delicacy of the engraving—combining the attraction of art, with the several objects of practical science, and dwelt with peculiar satisfaction on the means of improvement, which the possession of such a map would place in the hands of every proprietor.

A number of persons would be beneficially employed in Ireland, and also of persons practised in Engineering, numbers would be in readiness to carry into effect the designs which may be expected to arise from the Rail Roads, by which our sister island is attaining so much celebrity—or, of Canals for internal navigation or for the extended drainage of boggy districts, which we may hope will no longer be considered irreclaimable—and we were gratified to hear, that in complimenting the Master General of the Ordnance on the great work so creditably executed by his department and Lieutenant Colonel Colby, the able and scientific superintendent, his Majesty was pleased to extend his Royal approbation to all persons employed in the various branches of science and art combined in this national work.

BELFAST MUSEUM.

On Wednesday evening last, the 5th June, 1893, a meeting of the Belfast Natural History Society was held at the Museum. On this occasion, Mr. Getty, one of the Vice-Presidents, read an address, closing the session, in which he traced the progress of science from the time of the early naturalists, and adverted to the great diffusion of knowledge that had, of late years, taken place. He then gave a short sketch of the proceedings of the Society during the session, and enumerated the different papers that had been read, stating the most important information that each contained. Of these, twelve were on zoology; three on botany; three on topography; two on geology; and four on miscellaneous subjects. Previous to the address being delivered, the Secretary read the following

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The council have now, agreeably to rule, to lay before the members the report of the proceedings of the last session—the twelfth since the formation of the Society—the second since the opening of the present building. In former years, the reports contained little more than a sketch of the proceedings of a new institution, very limited in its influence, and, for some time, at least, struggling for existence. Now, from the greater degree of publicity given to its proceedings—from the increased interest felt in its progress, and from the constant accession of new members—the reports, naturally, assume a fuller and more explicit character. Besides, the late arrangement, by which a great part of the business was placed under the controul of the council, renders it incumbent on them to lay before the Society at large, a very full account of the proceedings carried on in the name of the entire body. Since last session, the number of members has continued to increase, and twenty-six have been admitted. The Society now consists of one hundred and twenty-eight members, being the largest number ever, at one time, enrolled on the books. Of these, sixty-two are members by a subscription of ten guineas or upwards to the funds of the Society. The attendance of members continues to be regular, though the plan of exacting fines has never been resorted to in this Society, where the punctuality of attendance is insured by the interest the members take in the papers read, and in the proceedings generally.

In Entomology, the collection now consists of eleven cases of foreign insects,

including those from Rio Janeiro, presented by Dr. Miller, of H.M.S. Dublin; a number from North America, the West Indies, China, &c. The native collection, principally made by a few of the members, and, for the most part, in our own immediate neighbourhood, already fills thirteen cases.

The collection of shells has been arranged according to the most approved system, that of the celebrated Lamarck, and is now in progress of being named. In this collection, may be particularly noticed, the fine fresh water shells, from the great lakes of North America, presented by the late Edward Bell, Esq. of Dublin, also, the Chitons, from the coast of South America, the Mediterranean, &c. presented by Dr. Miller, of H.M.S. Dublin; the various marine and land shells from the Island of Chiloe, presented by James G. Hull, Esq. of Santiago de Chili. The Argonaut, with its animal, and the Pinna Nobilis, of the Mediterranean, which furnishes a silky substance, made use of for the manufacture of gloves and stockings. In addition to the general collection, considerable progress has been made in forming a distinct collection, exclusively devoted to native specimens. These have been arranged and named, and it is hoped, that this department will soon be as complete as possible.

The number of birds at present exhibited is very considerable, and the collection now contains many rare and valuable specimens. The foreign birds are much more numerous than our native species; this arises, principally, from the large donations received from friends of the Society residing in distant countries. Among these, the council cannot omit mentioning the splendid donation of Chili birds, from James G. Hull, Esq. consisting of upwards of forty specimens, a great part of which have been already set up and placed in the Museum. Besides these, a number of bird's skins have been sent from the Straits of Magellan, by Lieut. Graves, of H.M.S. Mastiff; and specimens of the gigantic crane, and other rare Indian birds, presented by different members of the Society. The greatest addition to the native birds has been made by John Montgomery, Esq. of Locust Lodge, who has presented to the Museum a large collection, already stuffed, and fixed in glass cases.

Annexed are the names of the officers of the Natural History Society, to whom it is requested specimens for the Museum may be sent:—

James L. Drummond, M.D. President.
 John Stevelly, M.A. } Vice Presidents.
 William Thompson, }
 James M'Adam, Corresponding Secretary.
 Robert S. M'Adam, Recording Secretary.
 William Webb, Treasurer.
 William Patterson, Librarian.
 The above, with the following mem-

bers, form a council for the dispatch of private business:—

Edmund Getty,
 Robert Patterson,
 George C. Hyndman,
 James Marshall, M.D.
 James Grimsshaw, jun.
 Rev. J. Scott Porter,
 James Bryce, jun. A.B.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Testimony of Nature and Revelation, to the Being, Perfections, and Government, of God. By the Rev. Henry Fergus, Dumfermline, Author of the History of the United States of America, till the termination of the War of Independence, in Lardner's Cyclopedia. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd, and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 12mo.

There is no subject which forces itself upon the attention of a reflecting man with more startling importunity than his possible responsibility to an omniscient and all-powerful Creator, and it must therefore ever be an object of the liveliest interest—of the most momentous importance to investigate the attributes of that Creator, to ascertain the extent and nature of our duties and liability, and to scrutinize with the full strength of that light which reason has set up within us, the code of obligations which are considered as emanating from the Divinity, as well as the proofs adduced of their being genuinely what they are represented. To be a Christian, we hold that a man must be so on conviction—that is to say, that he must weigh and examine for himself, *de novo*, the proofs which are fully within the reach of all endowed with reason, and, we confess, we feel but little respect for the faith of him who, taking his creed on hearsay, makes his religion an accident of soil or century, and is a Christian in Britain for the same reason that he would have been a Gheber in Persia because his father was so before him. The volume now before us we consider eminently adapted for the purposes of such investigation, and the train of philosophical arguments, and the whole structure and plan of proof adopted, is well calculated to the establishment and advance of true religion.

The restrictions to which “a notice” necessarily subject us, render it impossible to do much more than give a sketch of this very excellent work, and, we deem it in such case, as it for the most part consists of one unbroken chain of argu-

tation, our duty both in justice to the writer and to ourselves, to dwell as rarely as possible on the minute workmanship of any single link, since we are unable to scrutinize the rest with the same attention: we far prefer to exhibit the whole chain in one uninterrupted glance, and so afford our readers the means of judging of the form, the polish, the beauty, and the effect of the entire.

Mr. Fergus has entered upon a field where many sedulous and skilful labourers have gone before him—Paley, Derham, Ray, Butler, and Clarke, and while he avails himself frequently of the treasures which they have turned up, he has undoubtedly added to the mass some respectable contributions of his own acquiring, many excellent remarks and ingenious reasonings.

The Author in consulting the only two records which God has given of himself—Nature and Revelation, has divided his subjects into four books. In the first, which treats of the origin of the world, he notices the universally prevailing belief of mankind in a pre-existing cause, forced upon them from the survey of external nature, and then proceeds to refute the wild absurdities which the denial of an ever-existing Deity must infallibly beget, namely, that the world is either itself eternal, or was originally the production of chance; and since the former of these phantoms cannot bear the light of examination, “and the hypothesis which ascribes the origin of the universe to a casual concurrence of atoms, is utterly unsatisfactory:” it must follow that the beautiful arrangement exhibited in the fabric of the world, is a plain indication of design and a designing intelligence. The second book proceeds to exhibit “the evidences of design in the fabric of nature, and for this purpose the whole material world, nay, the universe itself is sum-

moned to bear testimony, and in the rapid yet clear and convincing examination of so prodigious a mass, he has displayed talents of no mean order, as well as a most extensive acquaintance with the various subjects of natural philosophy. The structure, organization, habits, instincts, and perceptions, of all animal life; the nature, and properties, of vegetables; the air, the ocean, the earth, and the stars of heaven, are submitted to our consideration, each bearing some wondrous relation to the other, all conspiring in one harmonious whole, to proclaim trumpet-tongued to man the all-perfect design, consummate accomplishment, and infinite sapience, of the Creator. Putting the proper object and design of the work altogether out of the question, we consider it one possessing much valuable and highly interesting information, on almost every subject which comes within the consideration of him who makes nature his study. The chapters on "Instinct," "the Ocean," and "Vegetation," contain many curious anecdotes, and agreeable illustrations, and the latter exhibits in a concise form, and lucid arrangement, a history of the nature and structure of various vegetables' the principles of their germination and vegetation, the peculiar offices, capabilities, and form of their organs, together with an ingenious, yet rational analogy, traced between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which, while it is perfectly comprehensible by the unskilful, will be read not altogether without advantage by the Botanical student.—To return however, to the more legitimate subject under our consideration. Mr. Fergus comes to the investigation of the designs of the Deity's works, with that humble spirit of enquiry, and profound reverence, which so truly marks the disparity between the Christian philosopher, and him who approaches the subject with the presumption of the caviller; "to trace," he says, "the hand of the Almighty in the fabric of the universe, is a suitable exercise of the noble faculties with which he has endowed us: it is a tribute of homage to him whomade us; and must be the means of much improvement and happiness to ourselves;" and, in accordance with that spirit, he has modestly, and we think wisely declined entering into the investigation of those embarrassing and perhaps unsolid speculations, which have baffled, if indeed they have not misled, men of the most soaring genius, and comprehensive mind. The argument *a priori* for the existence of an eternal and immense being, which Dr. Clarke seems to have adopted, from a suggestion of Newton, is one whose

establishment appears by no means of vital importance to the belief in the Deity, and the failure of such great talents when applied to the question, may serve to shew us, that it is not within the scope of human intelligence, to measure and scan the being and attributes of him, around whose throne are clouds and darkness. We will add one word more ere we close our remarks on this portion of the work. The author throughout the 1st and 2nd Books, appears to have directed his reasoning, where even reason itself would be totally inefficacious, namely, to the refutation of a dogma, which for the honor of the human intellect, we cannot constrain ourselves to believe in: this age of the world possesses many—nay, one single, solitary disciple—in a word, Atheism. The phantasy—we would blush to honour with the name of doctrine, that which has its rise in the negation of every principle of reasoning—the phantasy of Atheism and its inevitable concomitant Chance, we hold to be the most stupid, disgusting, and monstrous, that ever insulted man, or disfigured the pages of literature; and though some high names of antiquity have, it would seem, been arrayed in its support, and even so late as in the 17th century, France beheld the infamous Lucilio Vanani, seal with his blood upon the scaffold the blasphemous creed; still we assert that it never was, and never could have been, the offspring of reflection.—The savage who worships the sun and the stars of heaven disproves it.—The child in its nurse's arms who dashes to the earth its bauble watch, has, even in that first glimmering of soul, enough of reason to reject so absurd a notion, and perceiving an effect will seek for the cause.—No—it is the child of blind pride and perverted genius which, in the arrogance of his own fancied powers, rashly plunges into unfathomable speculations, and, like a lusty swimmer, who, in the confidence of gaining some dimly-descried shore, trusts himself to the sea—he flounders in an overwhelming ocean—his strength fails, and so far from reaching the point of his ambition, he is unable to keep his place, or return whence he set out. "It is genius" says Reid "and not the want of it that perplexes philosophy, and fills it with error and false theory: so Atheism is not the result of reason, but the despairing abandonment of it; the act of one, who gazing too intently on the sun, voluntarily rushes into darkness to relieve the aching of his overwrought eyeballs. Lord Bacon has well observed, that "though a smattering of philosophy may lead a

man into Atheism, a deep draught of it will certainly bring him back again to the belief of a God and Providence." We are sincerely impressed with the truth of the remark; and, for our own part, hold in the utmost contempt the dangerous and evil deference which the world pays to perverted genius, and consider the title of *philosopher* prostituted when applied to the champion of Atheism. But to our task—for, in the violence of our feelings, we have been seduced to raise up an adversary which, as we have already said, we do not believe to exist, and have spilt much ink in the encounter, as the redoubtable knight of La Mancha slew the wine bags of mine host in doing battle against the giant of his imagination.—Having in the first and second books proved (and we think he has fully done so) both from animate and inanimate nature, the fact of design and contrivance, and, of necessity, the existence of some intelligent cause to produce them, the author proceeds in the third book to examine and ascertain the nature and attributes of this supreme intelligence, so far as they are discoverable by the operation of the primary revelation of reason, exercised upon the works of creation. And first he deduces the unity of the Deity from the fundamental rule in philosophy, "not to suppose more causes than are needful to produce the effect," aided by the argument drawn from the manifest uniformity of plan, pervading the whole system of creation, and indicating a unity of counsel at least in its formation. The views taken of this latter part of the proof, are, in some degree, novel and ingenious, and though not giving the full length of demonstrative evidence, certainly afford as cogent and conclusive grounds of strong probability (we would almost say necessity) as can well be obtained in speculative science next "the power of the Deity" is established, as manifested in the creation as well as the preservation of the universe. Thirdly, "the wisdom," and fourthly, "the goodness of the Deity" are considered and both these attributes are supported by much the same train of reasoning, and in which our author avails himself chiefly of the arguments of Dr. Paley. The fifth chapter is appropriated to the investigation of "the character and state of man," and, we confess, we are somewhat at a loss to understand the exact value of this subject when found in the portion of the work treating of the perfections of the Deity, unless it be to prove his goodness and wisdom. The

immortality of the soul is discussed, and the proofs adduced, though differing in arrangement and occasionally in dress, are to be found in Burlemaqui, Paley, and Butler. The author concludes his train of reasoning on this head, with the remark, that "if the evidence of the immortality of the soul be not so clear and decisive as some might desire, it may be remarked, that a certain degree of obscurity is not unsuitable to a system of moral agency, where we are called upon to act on probable and reasonable grounds, without expecting such degree of evidence as will irresistibly force conviction; for if we suppose conviction to be irresistible, and also that such conviction irresistibly regulates conduct, what is this but necessity?" We can not go with Mr. Fergus the full length that he requires in his hypothesis; for, though we readily admit that conviction is irresistible—that is to say, that we cannot resist being convinced, which we take to be the whole extent of the author's assertion from the context of the sentence—yet our own every day experience—the number of *practical* Atheists, men who live without God in the world, bear us out in denying "that conviction irresistibly regulates conduct," and therefore we take it that the argument *ad impossible* drawn from 'necessity,' falls to the ground. In discussing the accountability of man "as a subject of moral government," is involved a dogma which has awakened the doubts and exercised the talents of the greatest philosophers, we mean the doctrine of Necessity, and we confess we felt disappointed at the summary manner in which Mr. Fergus dispatches, with a quotation from Milton, a question which Hobbes and Collins, Hume, Leibnitz, Lord Kames, Hartley, Edwards, and Priestley—we may, perhaps, be justified even in adding Locke—supported against Clarke, King, Law, Reid, Butler, Price, Bryant, Wollaston, Horsley, Beattie and Gregory. We ourselves, nevertheless—and we trust we are not singular in our opinion—range ourselves upon the side which Mr. Fergus has chosen, no doubt upon weightier and more numerous reasons than he has thought expedient or perhaps necessary to communicate in this work, and we fully agree with him, that "Necessary agency and moral government are altogether incompatible," that "the one naturally excludes the other."

The two following chapters, being the last ones of this book, are devoted to a topic which has been familiar to the speculative mind from the very infancy of

philosophical enquiry, and in his consideration of it, our author has followed the arrangement adopted by Dr. Clarke, in his celebrated "discourse concerning the beings and attributes of God," by dividing EVIL into—evils of imperfection—moral evil and natural evil, all of which, and more particularly the last, Mr. Fergus has discussed at great length and with considerable ability. It would be incompatible with the design and limits of "a notice"—much as our own wishes incline us to such an excursion—to follow him through these discussions; but we cannot close our remarks on this subject without expressing the great respect which we feel for the good sense and judgment that Mr. Fergus has evinced in avoiding that most perplexing and dangerous, as well as most unnecessary of all speculations—"the origin of Evil." He has, instead of plunging into those meditations to which, as it has been truly remarked, humanity is unequal, wisely directed the energies of his mind to demonstrate, that the *existence* of evil is fully reconcilable to the wisdom, the justice, and the goodness of God.

Here, then, ends our view of the testimony afforded by nature to the being, perfections, and government of God, and with what ability Mr. Fergus has so far acquitted himself; it has been our endeavour, in the preceding pages, to shew.—We will now attend him in his last undertaking, the investigation of the Gospel. If upon the examination of the objections that have been raised against Revelation itself as well as the general scheme which is inculcated by Christianity, we find that they are futile and insupportable.—If we find the same difficulties that enthrall the revelation of the Gospel are also found in the same degree to render the scheme of Nature incomprehensible.—If still farther, we find Reason and Nature when applied as a test to Revelation, not confusing but explaining, not contradicting but corroborating it, then, and then only, may we feel assured that the Christian has built his faith upon the rock of ages. With this view Mr. Fergus proceeds to establish from external and internal evidences the truth and authenticity of the Gospel as a message from God, and to refute the many objections which have ever been from the earliest promulgation of Christianity urged against it. There is one objection to which, at first sight, it must be confessed has always appeared the most formidable and insurmountable, namely, the inconsistency and impossibility of supposing

that the God of Nature could so far contradict himself by such infringement and subversion of his own laws as is necessarily implied in miracles, and so by deceiving and perplexing the creature with two conflicting evidences of the Creator, cause him to doubt the reality of both. It does not seem to us that this objection has either been as fully stated or as satisfactorily combated as it might have been,—especially as when there are such powerful aids as Campbell and Butler, to sustain the contest. The coincidence and harmony exhibited between Nature and Revelation is minutely and ably detailed, and the conclusions to which we arrived in our reasonings from natural Religion—the attributes of God, the duties and obligations of man—(all of which we have previously noticed) are again displayed to us as expressly laid down and positively enjoined in the religion of Christ. In the words of our author, "The Gospel is called, not as a witness to the being of God, for that it assumes—but to bear testimony concerning his attributes and government, his will, and our duty. The representation of his perfections given in the Scriptures agrees with the draught exhibited in the creation, and fills up the picture of the divine portrait consistently with the grand outline sketched by the pencil of Nature." Such a coincidence when fully established, affords a most valuable argument for the truth of revealed light, and must, as has been remarked by a celebrated Ethical writer, "dispose us to have an infinite esteem for a revelation which converts moral philosophy into a religious and popular doctrine." Having thus briefly considered the design of this excellent work before us, and the skill and talents which Mr. F. has displayed in the achievement of so capacious and difficult a task, it only remains for us to say a few words on a subject, certainly of minor importance.—The style is, for the most part, argumentative, equable and unimpassioned; seldom inflamed by the exciting topics of discussion—never soaring to sublimity—never sinking to feebleness—always intelligible, and often eminently happy; and though we are never embarrassed by a sentence cumbrous in its structure or confused from its length, yet we frequently find some that are, we would almost say, distressingly short. On the whole, we feel strongly impressed in favour of this work as one of more than ordinary merit, and, whatever be its failings in point of style, we have read the volume with an awakened and increasing interest, and we

now close it with the conviction, that it is the production of a Scholar and a Christian—of one, who, while he is possessed of genuine tastes and extensive knowledge, has applied them to their only true and estimable uses, his own honour and the happiness of others—the advancement of religion, and the glory of God.

Select Orationes of M. T. Cicero, from the text of Orellius, with notes, critical and explanatory, by the Rev. Maurice M'Kay, M. A.—Master of the Kinsale Endowed School. Dublin: W. F. Wakeman, and Simpkin and Marshall, and R. Groombridge, London.

We alluded in terms of approbation to the above-named edition of the Select Orationes of Cicero while in progress towards publication, and we feel now no hesitation in congratulating the Students of both Schools and Colleges, upon the appearance of a work, the want of which, to use the Editor's own words, has, indeed, been long felt and acknowledged.—It is strange, but nevertheless strictly true, that amongst the manifold editions of the various classic writers of antiquity, none was so indifferently attended to as that very one which would appear to demand the closest study, and the most elaborate accuracy in the commentator.—No scholar can deny the fact, that Cicero's extensive works, as a whole, have been almost the worst edited classic which he has met with throughout the whole course of his experience. Separate portions have, indeed, been taken up and ably treated by different annotators;—but, at the same time, a most essential, if not actually the most important part was comparatively neglected. Those splendid and imperishable memorials of eloquence, which placed the gifted Roman for ever beyond the reach of a competitor in after ages, appear to have possessed but slight attraction for the ancient scholiasts; notes they supplied, no doubt, and of no ordinary length and dulness, as we are convinced Mr. M'Kay could testify; but their ingenious or satisfactory solutions of difficult and doubtful passages, or instances of learned acumen in the correction of mistaken texts, or in fine, their proofs of their being at all sensible to the beauty and dignity of their author's style and composition, are, if to be found at all, only at intervals, few and far between.

It would appear from the Editor's preface to the volume before us, that he only intended to enter the lists with the Delphin Edition, and to renovate its very bad text, and improve its much worse annotations. This would have been a

task of no ordinary enterprise, but our present Editor has performed an infinitely more signal service than his modesty would lead us, if we took the matter upon his own shewing, to suppose.—He has not presented to us an old friend with a new face; there is no trace of the past existence of the Delphin, to which we are delighted for the sake of our own, as well as succeeding generations, to bid an "Æternum vale," and to hail Mr. M'Kay's work, not as a new prop to a tottering fabric, but as a new structure in itself, which must stand or fall according to the degree of ability which was exerted to raise it.

We do not speak unadvisedly when we give it as our deliberate opinion, that the edition just published, contains, in addition to the most approved text, as efficient a body of notes as ever illustrated a popular classic. It requires no ordinary time, and no common patience; the most laborious research; taste in selecting; tact in condensing, as well as talent in understanding an author, to enable his commentator to do him ample justice:—all these qualifications Mr. M'Kay has brought to bear upon the execution of his successful task—we say successful, because we cannot anticipate its failure.

It has been a matter of surprise to us, as well as regret, that the Orationes of Cicero should be so carefully excluded, as they appear to be, from the course of study in our schools—Class after Class in the best of our Public Academies, are exercised to and fro in the Entrance Course "usque ad nauseam;" they are made up to pass muster at a necessarily hurried examination; and few, if any, will be found to evince in after life, that taste for the exquisite beauties of classical literature, which, if cultivated wisely, and properly attended to during the pupil's early years, would have subsequently induced him to pursue as a pleasure, what, as it is, he feels inclined to shun with disgust. Such abuses ought to be looked to; nor should Cicero and Demosthenes be kept out of the young student's way until he is sick and tired of the respective languages, by the wearisome repetition of other less interesting and less important authors.

To return to our Editor—He has given copious and valuable introductions to the several orations, which, we may as well mention here, are in the English language, as well as his notes; Mr. M'Kay having judiciously avoided the "obscurum per obscurius" principle, which seems to have influenced not a few

among modern as well as ancient commentators, of noting in Latin. In these introductions, all the important historical facts, connected with the succeeding Oration, are comprehensively and luminously stated, and the matter of the Oration thus clearly analysed.

We had intended to select a few passages with the accompanying notes, in proof of what we have advanced in favour of this truly valuable work, but our limits are already exceeded, and it would be, further, unfair to the Editor to make any but a large selection from a volume of such consequence. It is enough to say, that the most careless or superficial observer must be struck with the truth of what we have asserted, if he devotes the slightest attention to the book itself. It has been brought out in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon the publisher also, a matter, in our judgment, of extreme consequence. The typography is remarkably accurate.

It is not generally known, that the Oration for Deiotarus is to be read in future, instead of that for Marcellus—a circumstance which we have thought fit to state before concluding, as it may be a matter of surprise to those who have not been yet acquainted with the object of the change.

The genuineness of the Oration for Marcellus has been much questioned; and with apparently good reason; at all events, it is much inferior to that for Deiotarus, which carries upon it a much more obvious impress of the great master-hand, and has, therefore, with great propriety been introduced. We understand that a translation of the Orations also by Mr. McKay, is now in progress, and will be shortly published.

Tales of my Country, by the Author of "A Visit to my Birth-Place." Small 8vo. Dublin, 1833.

This little volume comes to us with many recommendations. Its profits are sanctified, by the use to which the generous authoress has dedicated them. To minister to the wants of Ireland's insulted and impoverished clergy, she has taken up her pen—and talent, we had almost said genius, presents these *Tales of my Country* an offering upon the altar of our venerable but persecuted church. It is, too, the production of a lady—an Irish lady—our heart warms despite the sternness of criticism to our fair countrywoman, and we can assure our female subscribers and admirers, that whenever a book by a lady comes before us for our authoritative

judgment, and seems in trembling anticipation to await the fiat of its fate, we think on them, and the severity of the critic is gone, and we treat with partiality the literary essays of all of the angelic sex—Miladi Morgan—and that odious, because masculine, Miss Martineau, being always excepted. But the amiable lady whose pen has produced the volume before us, employs her time and her talents in other pursuits than in disseminating dogmas subversive of religion and of nature. To those who love real piety, clothed in a simple and yet often beautiful garb, we may safely recommend this volume. There is pathos, there is wildness, there is romance, all that strange mixture which we might expect in tales of our country, our beloved country.

"Scene of every wild commotion,
Land of murder and of mirth."

The story of Rose Mulroon is deeply interesting, and is, perhaps, the best in the book. Sketched, we believe, from real life, all those tales possess the marks of genuineness and truth. We could only wish that, even at the expense of a little of that truth, the page that tells the tale of our peasantry had not been so often marked with blood. But this purple colouring makes the picture the truer, and it is by the dissemination of the principles inculcated in this volume, by the preaching of the Gospel of peace, that we believe Ireland can be civilized. Our heart sighs for the time when religion pure and undefiled shall have raised its standard in every glen and valley of the Emerald Isle, and the midnight murderer and the noon-day marauder be changed by its blessed influence into the peaceable and industrious, because the Bible-reading peasant.

We have heard "*Tales of my Country*" censured, as exhibiting, on the part of the authoress, an unpardonable degree of egotism, and it may be so. She introduces herself frequently in too unamiable a point. We are sure we have never seen her in private, the morose and moping female which she would fain pass herself for, in the description of her interview with her friends. But, independent of this, she comes unnecessarily upon the stage,—when next she writes she should not bring either herself or her bonnet so prominently forward. But she is a woman, and her vanity is her misfortune and not her fault; it is the attribute of her sex; and without meaning to minister to that vanity, we may safely tell those whom we have heard bitter in their censures of it, that when

they have written as much, and as well as the authoress of "Visit to my Birth Place," and "Early Recollections," we will excuse in them, too, a great deal of vanity and of egotism.

True Stories from the History of Ireland, by J. J. McGregor. Third Series, containing the Memorabilia of Ireland under the Stuarts. 16mo. Dublin, 1833.

Memorabilia, indeed! The glorious gleams of sunshine on the history of a land clouded by guilt and crime. The Siege of Derry—the Battle of the Boyne—Hurrah! our heart dances with exultation at the very sound. The victory of freedom and Protestantism—the downfall of tyranny and Popery. Hurra, hurra! Now, for an Orange flag to wave despite of Stanley's Bill—three cheers for our Glorious William, who delivered us from Pope and Popery. The battle may be to be fought again—and we are ready. Derry and the Boyne, and Enniskillen, be our watch-word, the Orange—yes the proscribed Orange flag our banner; and though there be millions against us in war, we will transmit unimpaired to our children, the inheritance which our fathers purchased with their blood.

But hush, we are forgetting our dignity. The enthusiasm of the Orangeman must be merged in the austere gravity of the critic. We must compose our blood, and putting on our spectacles, calmly review the contents of Mr. McGregor's Book, whose very title has excited those wild emotions. It is good. It conveys information of which no Irish child, and no Irish man or woman should be ignorant. There are detailed in these pages, scenes from our history at once deeply instructive and highly entertaining—and of the History of Ireland, little, much too little, is generally known.—This work is written in an impartial manner. We were at times half-disposed to get angry with the man who could coolly describe the Siege of Derry, or the Battle of the Boyne; but reflection tells us that the impartiality of history should be unimpassioned; and our judgment praises this little volume for the very quality which our heart at first condemned—cordially then do we recommend these stories to all whom our opinion can influence. The style is generally pure, and the narratives spirited—and for giving a comprehensive view of the History of the period of which it treats, there is no book equal to it, in accuracy, fidelity, and impartiality.

What put it into Mr. McGregor's head to speak of a River Tynn dividing the Counties of Donegal and Tyrone—

the mistake is a slight one, perhaps it is chargeable upon the Printer—but we, who have stood on the banks of the wild and romantic Fynn, and still love the memory of its live waters and its rocky bed, could not help correcting it.

A Comprehensive Classical Atlas, with a Memoir, drawn and engraved from the best authorities by William Murphy. Edinburgh: Strling and Kenny, and Whittaker, Treacher and Arnot, London.

This is, without exception, one of the most beautiful and comprehensive manuals upon the subject of Ancient Geography, that we have ever met with.—

The Maps are executed with extraordinary neatness and fidelity; the references, in which are to be found both ancient and modern names of the various countries, are copious and satisfactory; and the Memoir upon Ancient Geography, which opens the work, is full of the most interesting and instructive matter. It is, in fact, one of the cheapest and most elegant little treatises which can be had—It is as good, if not better, than the Maps by Cellarius, and contains a quantity of the most important letter-press, besides. Its size is also extremely convenient; in short, it is a work which the students in either Classics or Divinity should never be without. It is admirably adapted also for general use in Public Seminaries, for which purpose it has been professedly published.

A System of Geography on a new and easy plan, from the latest and best authorities, including also the Elements of Astronomy, an account of the Solar System, &c., by Thomas Ewing, Teacher of Elocution, &c. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd, and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

When a book has arrived at a fourteenth edition, the mere mention of the fact will say more in its praise than the most laboured panegyric. But not to abandon altogether our critical duties we will add to the foregoing fact, that the extraordinary success of Mr. Ewing's book is, in our judgment, just what its merits had a right to expect. It is one of the very best systems of geography for the adult as well as the young that we ever saw constructed. The plan is clear, simple, and comprehensive; the scientific portion of it especially, so far from being set forward in that difficult form which might deter the beginner, is admirably calculated to attract his attention and reward his pains. The maps are admirably executed with great neatness and fidelity, and the vocabulary at the end forms a most important addition to the work. We recommend it, as indispensable in its peculiar department, to both schools and families.

Poems, narrative and lyrical, by William Motherwell, Glasgow; David Robertson, Tron-gate; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Longman and Co., London.

There is scarcely a greater variety at the present day than a volume of poems, which can be perused from beginning to end without a closing ejaculation from the reader, that "it is all barren." The gaudy colouring of a glowing verbiage, and an almost cloying sweetness of sound, are generally considered as reasonable equivalents for genuine feeling and common sense. Simplicity is not merely disregarded as a non-essential in metrical composition, but it is shrunk from as criminal; and the admirable effusions of former times, which confessedly owe their principal celebrity to this necessary ingredient, are looked upon as too old-fashioned for consideration, much less imitation, by the more refined disciples of our modern schools, who, with the bad taste of a blundering architect aim at originality of design, while they are, in fact, only confounding all existing styles to produce a new order of confusion.

The difficulty of adhering to a model, from which it ought to be considered unpardonable to deviate, is in no instance more observable than in the case of short pieces of poetry. The subjects are various of necessity, but the style need not be culpably so from choice. Whence happens it that the admirers of Burns can decide with as much certainty upon the questioned productions of his hitherto unrivalled muse, as an experienced artist can, at a glance, detect the master-hand of a Salvator or a Claude? Would this be equally practicable if his poems were disfigured, and their *unity* destroyed by the affected conceits, and sentimental declamation, which prevail throughout his letters to Clarinda? For ourselves, we feel satisfied that we should make a bold guess at an original of Robert Gilfillan's, the only poet we should venture to contrast with Burns, and whose fame, if he goes on "from strength to strength," may yet be as deservedly and widely spread. It is obvious whence this faculty of a ready discernment cannot fail to arise; nature, who is in reality "*simplex munditiis*," has been their chief study; and while those respective authors have severally portrayed her beautiful proportions in the rich tints of their peculiar fancies, guided by the bias of their different tastes, still the subject is one and the same; not any two, of a hundred pencils, will agree in the designing of a summer sky; but however varied the

hues may be, or the positions of the clouds, the blue arch upon which they seem to rest, in such varied relief, will be the same with all, rich, and, in its very monotony, sublime.

We must except the author of the poems, now under consideration, from the number of those whom we have thought proper to censure, and rank him, as he deserves, with those whose good taste and ability it shall be our study, when we meet with, to commend. We would, in truth, apply to his collection the title, which he disavows with modesty, however his ambition might lead him to aspire to deserve it, and pronounce his poetical miscellany to be "*A posie of gelly flowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all swete.*" This high order of poetical ability is equally evidenced in his martial and amatory strains. In the former he has aimed at novelty, and, what falls to the lot of few who chew the laurel, he has succeeded to perfection; in the latter, he has gone over the trite ground of the tender passions with a delicacy and taste in expression, and a feelingness and tact in sentiment, which present in a new and interesting point of view the successive changes of love's April day. Want of space precludes our adverting more particularly to the several pieces in the volume, or extracting proofs of what we have advanced in our author's praise, from the garland of his own sweet poems. We would refer the reader to the work itself, and to the poem entitled "*Jeannie Morison*," as the best comment upon the general merits of the work.

A Discourse on National Establishments of Christianity; illustrating their consistency with the spiritual nature of Christ's Kingdom—their warrant from the Word of God, and their necessity to the Safety of States. By Michael Willis, A.M. Minister of the Gospel, Glasgow. M. OGLE, Glasgow, 1833.

This is a little volume, consisting of the matter of a sermon, preached some time ago, by the very talented author, and now presented to the public in the more popular form of an *Essay or Treatise*. We would, that in these times, all who shrink from the tempest raging against our church, would take the trouble to consider any one of the three great divisions set forth in the title. Let those who, in the fervour of an over zeal, doubt the consistency of an establishment with the spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom, read the first few sections of this work.—

let the sceptics of the divine warrant of an establishment, read and lay to heart the second division; and let all who, in these days of political profligacy, seek to sever, as unholy, the great union of Church and State, read, mark, and learn, the closing sections of this able volume; we will not promise, that from the perusal of this, or any other work, we shall convert the blood-hounds of reform, into the vigilant guards of our palladium—no, we but too well know of what stuff the hearts of these men are made, but to the honest inquirer we will almost ensure conviction of the truths here set forward. One point of excellence in this volume, we may not pass over, that is, the admirable and perspicuous arrangement of the arguments. An analysis of these might stand thus:—in his first section, Mr. Willis neutralises the argument alleged against establishments, from these words, “My kingdom is not of this world,” &c. &c. secondly, he states the proper grounds on which these may be advocated; thirdly, confirms his argument by a reference to the nature of civil government, and by the admissions of his opponents with regard to the sabbath law. He then adduces the arguments from the Old Testament, proceeds to vindicate the consistency of establishments with the New Testament law, then examines the bearing of history on the question, and concludes with a comprehensive view of the natural workings and consequences of the non-establishment system. This arrangement will, we think, be generally allowed to be most lucid, and we really lament that our limits will preclude our having the pleasure of making any extracts. Had we space we, as laymen, would turn to the chapter on “Facts and History,” number seven, in which Mr. Willis completely upsets the old common question, “Why, if an establishment of Christianity be necessary, was the church allowed to remain without it during the first three centuries, when, if it ever required support, it must have been then?” Some may ask, why has Mr. Willis come forward at all; were there not enough, and to spare, of combatants in the field? We answer, many there are, but few so useful, and for his right of speaking, in defence of national establishments, take his own prefatory words:—“They are national institutions, and every Briton has a right to seek their removal, if he can prove them injurious—their amendment if he thinks them corrupt—their permanency, if he can shew that they are scriptural and useful.”

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XII. Nubia and Abyssinia; comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History. By the Rev. Michael Russell, L.L.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Every succeeding Number of this admirable work justifies us in the correctness of the anticipations we had formed of it from its commencement. Subjects of the highest importance and most considerable interest have been most ably and efficiently dealt with by the most accomplished writers; so much so, that the several volumes of this delightful series cannot fail to be regarded as standard treatises upon the various matters on which respectively they profess to afford the fullest and most satisfactory information. The volume before us contains a full and most agreeably instructive account of Nubia and Abyssinia, with a clear and comprehensive detail of the various peculiarities of these, hitherto, but little known countries.

In his Introduction, the writer accounts satisfactorily for the indifferent degree of knowledge at which we have been enabled to arrive with regard to the history of Ethiopia, and so judiciously contrasts the discoveries of some travellers with the hypotheses of others, that he awakens the curiosity of the reader to be made acquainted with the well drawn deductions of the talented author himself. He then proceeds to present us with the geographical outlines of Nubia and Abyssinia, from which we extract the following account of the King of Senaar:—

“We were presented to the king the day after our arrival. The first thing was to make us put off our shoes: this is a point of ceremony which all strangers must observe; for as to the native subjects of that prince, they never appear before him but barefooted. We entered immediately after into a large court paved with little square tiles of different colours, after the manner of Fayence. Round it stood the guards armed with lances. When we had almost passed over the court they obliged us to stop short before a stone, which is near to an open hall where the king usually gives audience to ambassadors. There we saluted the king according to the custom of the country, falling upon our knees and thrice kissing the ground. That prince is nineteen years of age, black, but well shaped and of a majestic presence, not having thick lips nor flat nose like the most of the people. He was seated upon a rich bed under a canopy, with his legs across after the Oriental fashion;

and round him twenty old men seated after the same manner, but somewhat lower. He was clothed in a long vest embroidered with gold, and girt with a kind of scarf made of fine calico. He had a white turban on his head; and the old men were clad much after the same manner. At the entrance of the hall, the prime minister standing complimented the king in our names, and delivered back his answer to us. Then we saluted the prince a second time, as we had done in the court, and we presented him with some crystals and other curiosities of Europe, which he graciously accepted. He ordered his guards to attend us to our lodgings, and afterwards sent us great vessels filled with butter, honey, and other refreshments; and moreover two oxen and sheep.

And in the architectural monuments we find the following fine description of the celebrated excavated temple of Ebsamboul:—

“ But of all the temples belonging to the class of excavations that of Ebsamboul is by far the most striking. The desert in the course of centuries had so completely overwhelmed it with sand, that nothing more appeared to the eye of a traveller through Nubia than the bust of one of the colossal figures which were placed in front of the entrance. The dimensions of this statue were, however, so great as to excite a deep feeling of curiosity among all who examined it. Finati, who was in the service of Mr. Bankes, relates, than when he stood upon a level with the necklace he could hardly reach the beard, while one of the sailors climbed and sat across upon the ear; yet the countenance, he adds, seen at its proper distance, appeared very beautiful.

“ At a later date a party, consisting of Mr. Belzoni, Captains Irby and Mangles, Giovanni himself, who attended in character of janizary, and two servants, undertook to remove the sand so far at least as to ascertain whether there were a door or any other access to the interior. They continued working day after day in the sand, from sunrise until after dark, relieving each other in turn every four hours, and stripping to the skin for the exertion. Some of the number, says Finati, and especially the two captains, did each with his own hands the work of ten Nubians.

“ After a continuance of these exertions and many privations upwards of 3 weeks, a corner of the doorway at length became visible. At that very moment, when fresh clamours and new disputes were going on with the natives, Finati, being

the slenderest of the party, crept through into the interior, and was thus perhaps, as he himself remarks, the first that entered it for a thousand years. Unlike all the other grottoes in Egypt and Nubia, its atmosphere, instead of presenting a refreshing coolness, was a hot and damp vapour, resembling that of a Turkish bath, and so penetrating, that paper soon became as much saturated with moisture as if it had been dropped into the river. It was, however, a consoling as well as an unexpected circumstance, that the run of sand extended but a very little inside the door, while the remainder of the chambers were clear and unencumbered.

“ The first impression convinced them that it was evidently a very large place; but their astonishment increased when they found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with beautiful intaglios, paintings, and colossal figures. The pronaos is fifty-seven feet long and fifty-two wide, supported by two rows of square pillars in a straight line from the front to the door of the sekos. Each pillar has a figure not unlike those of Medinet Abou, finely executed, and very little injured by time. The tops of their turbans reach the ceiling, which is about thirty feet high; the pillars are five feet and a half square. Both these and the walls are covered with splendid carvings, the style of which is somewhat superior, or at least bolder than that of any in Egypt, not only in the workmanship, but also in the subjects. They exhibit battles, storming of castles, triumphs over enemies, and numerous sacrifices. Some of the colours are much injured by the close and heated atmosphere, the temperature of which was so great, that the thermometer must have risen to a hundred and thirty degrees.”

The marriage usages of these nations, and their extraordinary superstitions are very interesting:

“ The usage at the marriage of a prince or princess is described in these terms: The match having been previously settled according to the views of the court, preparations are made for the festival, which is generally held during the rainy season, while the country is secure and abandoned to pleasure. The king being seated on his throne in the large hall of audience, the parties are introduced into his presence with their respective attendants. After kissing his hand they are magnificently clothed in dresses of brocade or other rich stuffs. The crown is sometimes set on their heads; they receive the benediction of the Kees

or royal almoner; after which attire clothed with the caftan. mounted horses given them by esty, they ride in great state, in ist of loud acclamations, to the f the husband. A dinner is pre- n the course of which many oxen ighted at the door in order to brind, which is served up reeking ivering from the body of the

Deep drinking then commences, h the ladies and gentlemen indulge free which to a European appears aer incredible. These marriages, fed, are by no means permanent; f the Ozoros entering into new nents as often as they please, and ng the preceding contract at the ion of convenience and fancy. arce mentions a singular practice, e remarks might appear fabulous one who had not witnessed it. a woman has lost two or three y death, she is induced, in the f saving the life of another just y cut a piece from the tip of the , roll it up in a piece of bread and r it. 'For some time,' says he, at a loss to conjecture the reason number of grown people of my tance had one ear cut; and when ; truth I could scarcely believe it, ent into the house of a neighbour, contrary to custom, purposely to operation. An old woman cut tip of the ear, and put it into a bit l cooked victuals called *sherro*, he mother of the infant opened th to receive it, and swallowed it, ning the words, 'In the name of ther, Son, and Holy Ghost!' ave recourse to many other super- and whimsical practices to pre- dldren from dying."

excellent volume concludes with interesting chapter on Zoology, ; on Botany, for which the writer s himself indebted to the eminent lists Mr. Wilson and Dr. Greville, ich serve to complete the stock of tion which Mr. Russell has af- us in his most ably executed work. ok forward with anxiety to the umber of this most deserving and ful Series.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PACKING BOATS ON CANALS.

attention of the public has been , good deal occupied with the di- made, and now fully established, persevering exertions of Mr.

Graham of Glasgow, and Mr. Houston of Johnstone, that boats of a peculiar construction, can be drawn along a canal at the rate of from eight to fifteen British miles an hour, without producing any wave or swell in front, and unaccompanied with a surge on the sides injurious to the banks. As the subject has given rise to much enquiry and examination, we may be permitted to offer a few practical observations, and to attempt some explanation of the causes of these extraordinary results.

We have always observed, that when one of the passenger boats, hitherto in use on canals, is drawn at the rate of four or five miles an hour, the water is raised more or less in front, a wave or swell is maintained at the bow, falling gradually towards the midships, whence to the stern a corresponding depression, or hollow is formed, and a surge or broken and abrupt wave follows the boat, tearing the bank on either side. This effect is obviously produced by the bow of the boat displacing and putting in motion those parts of the opposing fluid, with which it comes in immediate contact, and of course, the broader and fuller the bow is, or the greater its transverse section, the greater the quantity of water thus acted upon. The fluid, so displaced, is driven *forward* in lines, diverging from the centre, and encountering the resistance of the mass of water in front, as well as the lateral resistance of the banks, from the swell or wave *across the canal*, correspondent with which, the hollow or trough is also formed *from side to side*; and, while the hinder part of the boat sinks into this hollow, the forepart is raised, so that the vessel, in this position, is drawn up an inclined plane, or against a current, which presents a resistance proportionate to the power of draught, and which resistance increases in a ratio much greater than any actual increase of such power, but varies according to the changing circumstances of breadth and depth of canal, as well as of size and form of boat; and, it must be obvious, that the rapidity and injurious effect of the succeeding wave is regulated by the quantity so displaced and packed up at the base; and that the current of this surge, as it rushes onwards to restore the level of the water, must be *longitudinal*, in the same direction of the displacement. The effect produced by one of the Scotch boats when drawn at a slow rate, we have observed to be nearly the same as that we have now described.

But when one of these newly con-

structed boats is drawn at the rate of eight miles an hour, the wave at the bow disappears altogether, and instead thereof, a long and gradually elevated wave, or rather swell, varying in length and height according to the breadth of the canal, is formed, and maintained in motion along the bank opposite the midships of the boat, on each side, receding more astern when the speed is further increased; or, when the boat with the same velocity passes into a wider part, and advancing towards the bow when the speed is abated; or, when the boat at the same rate passes into a narrower part. But, not being calculated from its form or motion to produce any visible injury to the banks, unless in places the most contracted in breadth, which, we believe, in all well constructed canals, are lined with stone. An eddy is formed close behind the rudder, and numerous narrow waves flow from astern of the midships, like a lengthened tail, diverging to each bank, along which they pass in quick succession, but so spread and lowered, as to produce in their progress a very slight effect on the banks, even in narrow parts; but making in wide water scarcely any perceptible impression. We understand it has been proved by experiment with a dynamometer, that the actual force employed by the horses in pulling the boat at the greatest speed, is less than at the slower rates, which, indeed, appears evident to a common observer, as the tow rope, or trackline slackens as the speed increases; and we also observed, that when the horses suddenly cease pulling, the boat is brought up and stopped in a very short distance.

The extraordinary results we have attempted to describe, are attributed to the boat's being raised, in a certain degree, out of the water, and to her being drawn more upon the surface, and thus displacing less water when in rapid, than in slow motion. But this theory, we confess, appears contradicted by these facts:—1st, That at the highest degree of velocity, the swell in front not merely diminishes, but ceases. 2ndly, That, although we have ascertained by experiment, that the boat when in most rapid motion, is raised in a slight degree, yet, this buoyancy is by no means sufficient to account for the effect produced. As, 3dly, this effect takes place alike with the weight of one hundred, and that of ten passengers on board; alike, when the boat sinks twenty inches, or when she draws but six inches water. We now, with much deference, offer the opinion that the effects observable are *entirely*

owing to the change which the more rapid motion of a peculiarly constructed body produces, in the direction of the displacement of the water.

Much observation has led us to conclude that when the long, narrow, and finely tapered boat we have seen plying on the Ardrossan canal, is drawn forward at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour, it acts like a wedge, dividing and cleaving asunder the body of water throughout its centre. That the displaced fluid, instead of being pushed forward in longitudinal lines, and formed into an opposing wave across the bow, is acted upon *laterally*, and thrown from the centre to each bank, in lines, forming nearly right angles with the sides of the boat; that thereby is produced and maintained, on each hand, the lengthened wave or swell, which, as it flows onwards with the boat, continues at its greatest height along the bank, and is depressed in the middle of the canal; that the boat thus moves along a valley or hollow; that to fill up this hollow, the lateral swells constantly fall inwards towards the stern; that the whole of the displaced water being thus disposed of *on the sides*, occasions the total disappearance of the water in front; that as the lateral swells afford a constant supply for replacing the fluid, a small portion, if any, is required from the stern to restore the natural level, and therefore the surge, which in other cases follows the boat for that purpose, nearly ceases; that the hollow or valley in the centre of the canal being longitudinal, the boat (as we have proved by a plummet) swims nearly parallel to water level, or rather, when under most rapid way, inclines downwards by the bow, in consequence of the sternward recession of the swell, to which we have before alluded; that this latter circumstance is sufficient to account for the draught of the horses being diminished, and the trackline becoming slack at the highest velocities; that when the horses cease pulling, the swell resumes its level *across the canal*, flows *onwards* in a full, round wave, and is seen far ahead, finally to subside; that the effect of this wave, as it thus moves forward, in raising the forepart and depressing the stern, may account for the short space in which the boat is brought up or stopped; and, that the considerable dimensions of this wave, afford additional evidence that there is little, if any diminution in the *quantity* of water removed at the higher rates of velocity; and that the remarkable change produced is attributable solely to the new direction given to the displaced fluid.

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The Fairy Tale,—Byron's Jubilee,—The Betrothed,—First Love,—B.—Lines by M. A.,—T. B. W.,—Philo,—J. P. E.,—The Snorer and Gawkind,—will not suit us.

Devenel,—Rene,—Notes of a Tourist on the Holy Land,—Heroic Elegies, No. II.,—Le Dragon Nonge,—have been received.

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VOL. II.

THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.

It is incumbent upon every lover of his country to understand its history thoroughly and soberly, to be willing and able to see through the intervening mists of error, to disentangle the knots of prejudiced controversy, and not only to hope the best for the stability and happiness, and strength, of his native land, but to found his hope upon knowledge. But all history is in some sense a sea dangerous and difficult to navigate. One may paddle along the shore with almost as little peril as profit, but if we should venture out of sight of land, with no other chart to guide us over the watery way than rocks succeeding rocks, it could not be long before our vessel must be swamped in some unforeseen eddy, stranded on a hidden bank, or dashed to pieces against the iron angle of some unknown promontory. Would we sail freely, boldly, and securely, we must place our foot upon the stern, our hand upon the helm, and our eye fixed steadily upon the compass. That intellectual compass must be *principle*, fixed religious principle, that never swerves or wavers, but points for ever forward to the magnet pole of truth and rectitude, without change or variation either to the west or to the east. As long as we persist in considering the external face of things only, in referring merely to this fact as the cause of that fact, in confusing ourselves in the old and wide-spread sophism of *post hoc*, or

cum hoc, ergo *propter hoc*, we can never escape from misrepresentation, ignorance, and delusion, on the one side or on the other. The unity of the great drama that is ever acting on the theatre of the world, can alone be found in that great principle which even a heathen poet, the first and greatest fully known to us, had the early strength of gigantic genius to lay down, as the guiding rule, by which fiction may be made to bear the requisite resemblance to truth, namely, that the will of the Deity shall, in all things, be made to prevail and be fulfilled.*

Whoever will look back with an instructed eye upon the events of even the last few hundred years, will easily perceive and readily acknowledge, that the real substantial happiness and exaltation, or the misery and abasement of every nation, has been justly proportionate to the prevalence or the decay of true religion among the people. When the shrewd and searching Italian (Tacitus) describes the barbarous inhabitants of savage Albion, the *divisos orbe Britannos*, fighting always among themselves, and sometimes against the common enemy; and when with an exulting sneer over their ineffectual struggles, he tells us that at length these miserable islanders readily fell into the effeminating indulgences of Roman luxury, mistaking for refinement what was really but the proof of

* It is the opinion of many able critics, that the apothegm (*Διὸς ὕψιστος βουλὴ*) put forward so remarkably in the front of Homer's poem, is intended to embody the unity of action of the Iliad.

their servitude, and the riveting of their fetters,* he little thought that the descendants of this handful of remote, despised barbarians, should one day deliver the territory of the haughty Iberian from the yoke of Gallic thralldom, and give the law even to imperial Rome herself. And what was the power that has brought both these and yet far mightier things to pass? What was it that, so recently, when elder dynasties reeled and fell before the shock of revolution—when universal Europe was strewn with the fragments of ruined thrones, and kings made dust their tablet, to write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,—what was it that enabled Britannia alone, cased in her invulnerable mail, and with her bright plume waving high over the battle, to maintain and to come forth from the fearful conflict scatheless and stainless, with not a feather of her helm-crest ruffled in the shock? We answer fearlessly, and no true-born son of Britain will gainsay the assertion, that it was because the Lord of Hosts was with us, and with his own right hand and outstretched arm hath gotten us the victory. Because our heart was fixed, and our strength was from on high—because we were a religious and reflecting people, accustomed to derive the great lessons of our conduct, and the guiding maxims of our life, from that blessed Book which bade us base our loyalty on our religion, and in the same breath taught us both to fear God and to honour the King.

And oh! if we could but be made to feel the magnitude of the mercies that were then vouchsafed to us, if we could have walked through every other land, and wept over the mournful heaps

of bleeding bodies and burning ruins that on every side appalled the sight and smote the heart of the beholder;—if we had been where every quarter was filled with the groans of the dying and the lamentations for the dead;—if we could have seen with our eyes, instead of gathering by the duller sense of hearing, the sad story of children torn from the embraces of their parents—sons and husbands doomed to death in the sight of wives and daughters, themselves reserved for the ten thousand fold bitterer fate of brutal licentiousness—but that way madness lies, and we would speak only that we do know, in words of truth and soberness. Of a truth, we in Great Britain are too much accustomed to talk of war as if it were only a great and glorious and spirit-stirring and almost joyous thing, that gives briskness to trade, and a fitting occupation to all the more adventurous spirits of the time; but if we had once seen it as it is, brought home in all its native hideousness and horror to men's doors, and desolating their domestic hearths, we should surely pour forth the heartfelt tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the great Being who, when the sound of war was gone forth into all lands, and the destroying angel hovered with baleful wing over every other nation, spread his protecting arm over our little Goshen, and preserved our land of

“happy homes and altars free”

from the sword, the fire, and the battle.†

What was it that so long bathed France in blood; what kept and keeps her, even now, in the brief snatch of seeming repose, still sleeping on the smouldering unextinguished fires of a

* *Paullatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus, et balnea, et convivorum elegantiam: idque apud imperitos “humanitas” vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset.*—Vit. Agric. c. 21.

† “With the exception of a few invasions of the Scottish monarchs into the northern counties, which were transient in their operation and partial in their effects, England has never been the seat of foreign war since the Conquest; and the southern counties, by far the most important in riches and population, have never seen the fires of an enemy's camp for eight hundred years. Securely cradled in the waves, her industry has never felt the devastating influence of foreign conquest,—her arms have often carried war into foreign states, but never suffered from its havoc in her own. Periods of foreign hostility have been known to her only from the increased excitation of national feeling, or the quickened encouragement of domestic industry. The effects of this happy exemption from the peril of foreign invasion, and the horrors of actual warfare, have been incalculable.”—*Alison's History of the French Revolution.*

political volcano? It has been, and it is, the absence, the total absence, of all true religion from among the people. What desolated Spain, and renders Portugal the wretched prey of two wild, uneducated, South-American barbarians, struggling for the mastery in all the bitterness of savage hatred? The presence, the prevalence of a gross, degrading superstition. Wherever the Gospel of Christ is received and believed, cherished and pressed home, as it were, to men's bosoms, as the guide and comfort, the hope and the consolation of life, there, and there only, shall we find light and liberty, truth and trust in happiness.

But in the wrapt contemplation of the glorious and ennobling thoughts of God's good and gracious providence towards our favoured isles, we had almost lost sight of that of which it was our cue to speak—the strange and cheerless aspect, namely, of our present distempered times. And yet let us not call our prospects altogether blank or cheerless; let us rather

“Bate not a jot of heart or hope,”

for our hope is on high, and our heart, the mighty heart of Britain, is sound at the core still. The mystery of the “Grey” iniquity has indeed overcome us like a summer cloud, but like a summer cloud it shall pass away, with its dark shadows, leaving the face of heaven bright and serene again, and the air not the less pure and wholesome for the thunder-storm by which, for a time, it had been darkened. True, we have fallen upon a time of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy. True, we have a cabinet composed of the very men who quaked with fear, and whined with womanish and treasonable apprehension, at the time when we hurled defiance in the teeth of the Gallic conqueror, and, casting the liberties of the world into the scale, girded the sword of justice on our thigh, and went forth, conquering and to conquer, because we trusted to God and our own good cause for the issue, the triumphant issue, of the battle. True, we have a legislature consisting in one of its constituent parts of no small portion of men who grudge the meanest mite to the service of the sanctuary, while they willingly heap golden ingots on the altars of Belial, and Moloch, and Mammon.

True, we are surrounded with swarms of buzzing, stinging insects, that flutter in the garish eye of day, distracting sober men's attention by the impertinent intrusion of their noisome nothingness. True, the apostles of sedition, those one-eyed monarchs of the blind, infatuated mob, are spread over the land, scattering delusion, and hounding on the wretched victims of their madly wicked harangues to hurry forward the storm of insurrection which is to shake all that is stable, to prostrate all that is great and lofty, and with the ruins of our kingdom to accumulate a pile for the elevation of all present and future demagogues and public robbers. But let us not despair nor despond. We repeat that Britain is sound at the core still. Where, even at this hour, are firm religious principle and deep religious feeling to be found pervading not individuals or isolated families only, but whole masses of society, and sending their healthy and invigorating shoots through every conceivable channel of education and improvement, for the amelioration of mankind? Where, we ask, save in the isles of Britain only? Say not that as all nations have had their periods of rise, progression, and decay, so Britain must obey the universal law, and that she has already reached the time of her decadence. She has that principle of fixedness and permanency in which every other nation has been wanting, since the beginning of the world,—and that is pure and true religion. Fall she may, and fall, we grant, she must, if she once cease to know the God of her fathers, or, knowing, cease to serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: but so long as she seeks to him, He will be found of her,—and while God is with her, who *can* prevail against her? Let us then be strong and of good courage, neither downcast nor dismayed, for our trust is still in Him who is able to help in time of need. Woe indeed will be to us if doubt or disbelief come on prevalingly. Woe will be to us, and through us to Europe, whose Christianizing and amelioration must still, to all human appearance, come from our shores, if we too yield to the march of ignorant infidelity and impatient revolution—if we too sink into the irreligious apathy, or swell into the political madness of the continental nations. But our heart still

lives, and our spirit needs only to be kindled, in order to redeem this groaning and humiliated land. And if we be indeed patriots—if we do feel, as it is our bounden duty that we should, a deep, sincere, and enlightened love of the glorious country in which it is our happy privilege to have been born and to live,—we must also feel that it is strictly, paramountly incumbent upon us, not to give way to the sluggish suggestions of weakness and fear, but to rouse in our countrymen, and to exert in ourselves, that indomitable spirit by which we have, in former and not far distant days, baffled the concentrated efforts of confederated Europe, disenthralled the world, won and given away sceptres at our will, and dis-crowned the successful usurper of that same France from which we are now desired to borrow all our lessons of civil and political wisdom.

We would call upon the true and trusty friends of civil and religious liberty (whereby we would be understood to designate the lovers of real liberty, and not of licence; of religious freedom, that is to say, the reformed, Protestant faith, and not of freedom from religion,) on these we call, in the words of the virtuous old Cato—"Expergiscimini aliquando, et capessite rempublicam. Non agitur de vectigalibus, non de Sociorum injuriis: libertas et anima nostra in dubio est." It is not by neglect or unmanly complainings that difficulties can be met and overcome, the staff of radical misrule be broken, or the kingdom delivered from the Egyptian bondage of Whig dominion under which it groans. The master spirits of the great conservative body, the human hope and trust and strength of the nation, have now a great public duty to perform,—and if instead of boldly coming forward to maintain their principles, and shewing themselves ready to come to the rescue in the hour of peril, they timidly shrink back, and, consulting their present ease, are content with the expression of their ineffectual regret, they will ere long discover, when too late, that the tide which they might have taken at the flood, and which would then have safely floated them into port, has passed away in the time of their tardiness, and left them like stranded wrecks upon the shore—mournful monuments of the imbecility

of mortal greatness, and the fallness of human glory.

But if religion be indeed, as we sincerely believe it, the great centre of gravity of our realm, to which all other things must and will accommodate themselves, the maintenance and the improvement of the mass of the people in religion and piety, must, after all, form our grand ultimate security,—our only certain safeguard against the machinations of the enemy, and the spirit of change, of violence and of revolt, which we see raging on every side throughout the nations. And this is a security towards which not the noble and the mighty only, but every man, and even every woman, above the rank of the labouring classes, may and should contribute. Educate the people, and educate them in religion and virtue. Lay but this sure foundation, and the superstructure of peace and happiness which may be erected thereupon, will rest upon a rock and cannot be shaken. Poverty itself will be diminished,—for when the people are rightly and religiously instructed in their duties, they will far better understand their temporal as well as their eternal interests. They will become provident—they will acquire a taste for new comforts along with their new character and their new attainments. They will be raised in the scale of civilization and of moral being. The Bible will no longer be a sealed book to them. They will no longer be compelled to take Christianity upon hearsay, or be dependent upon man for a knowledge of the word and the wisdom of God. They will possess a shield against sin, and a consolation in sickness and sorrow. Well has it been said, by one of the most eloquent and fervent Christian writers of the present day, that "every child untaught to read its Bible is a reproach and a crime to a Christian people. The uses of a Sunday-school are important even in point of public order: it accustoms the youthful mind to regularity, to attention, to obedience, and to respect for superiors. It withdraws the child from the temptations to Sabbath-breaking, an offence which grows with the growth, and which is known to be one of the most fruitful sources of public crime. It often stimulates the parents to knowledge and industry for the sake of the child; and it tends powerfully to give

both child and parents a sense of the value of good opinion, of the pleasures of personal acquirements, and the superiority of a life of personal order and good conduct, to the recklessness, degradation, and misery of which the life of ignorance presents such perpetual and melancholy examples."

How applicable, how peculiarly applicable, are these observations to Ireland, a country in which the best and richest gifts of God, both physical and intellectual, are daily and nightly turned to the worst purposes of the devil.

For still doth Ignorance
Maintain large empire here,
Dark and unblest amid surrounding light :
Even as within this favoured spot—
Earth's wonder and reproach—
The traveller on his way
Beholds with weary eye
Bleak moorland, swampy bog, and lonely heath
In drear expansion spread.
Oh grief, that spirits of celestial seed,
Whom ever-teeming Nature hath brought forth
With all the human faculties divine,
Of sense and soul endued,
Disherited of knowledge and of bliss,
The creatures of brute life,
Should grope in darkness lost !

And this too is the country in which the peculiar wisdom of our present rulers has seen fit to pronounce a divorce between education and religion—to withdraw all aid from a society which was extending the light of knowledge to tens of thousands of immortal souls, because it was so *illiberal* in its views as to make the Scriptures of truth an indispensable part of its system of instruction, and with the elements of human learning to teach the hope of glory and the means of grace ! It is unnecessary to dwell upon the impolicy and evil consequences of suffering large masses of the community to grow up in utter ignorance. It is unnecessary to point out the political danger and the moral guilt. These things are now conceded, even our enemies themselves being the judges. The only point any longer disputed is,

whether, in a general plan of national education, the children should or should not be taught to read the Bible as the word of God—should or should not be instructed in the doctrines of true religion, as the guide of life. But if religion be indeed the only sure foundation of morality and moral obligation ; if it be indeed the only certain safeguard of peace and happiness and social order, then the system of national education should, in order to produce a race of loyal and peaceable subjects, assuredly include, and indeed almost limit itself to affording, sound instruction in the Holy Scriptures and the doctrines of religion. The Bible itself decides the question, when it tells us to " Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Bishop Berkeley

— " Clarum et venerabile nomen,
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi !"

proposes among his admirable queries for the consideration of the public, the following :—" Whether it be not of great advantage to the Church of Rome that she hath teachers suited to all ranks of men, in gradual subordination, from cardinals down to mendicant friars ? Whether her numerous poor clergy are not very useful in missions,

and of much influence with the people ? Whether, in defect of abler missionaries, persons conversant in low life, and *speaking the Irish tongue*, if well instructed in the first principles of religion, and in the Popish controversy, though for the rest on a level with the parish clerks, or the schoolmasters of charity schools, may not be fit to mix

with and bring over our poor illiterate natives to the Established Church? And whether, in these views, it may not be right to breed up some of the better sort of children in the charity schools, and qualify them for missionaries, catechists and readers?" These hints of this excellent prelate were published in the "*Querist*" just a century ago. We wish they were inscribed in characters of gold, and hung up, framed and glazed for their better preservation from defacement, over the mantelpiece of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin's study, to-morrow. We strenuously recommend the whole book to his attentive perusal. It is full of wisdom, and Berkeley is a man whose extraordinary genius and transcendent powers of reasoning he cannot but appreciate and respect. Perhaps in some such wholesome course of summer reading he might light upon suggestions for the composition of a work almost as useful, and as suited to his present lofty station in the Church, as any with which he has yet favoured the admiring public. Perhaps in applying the learning and acuteness of his powerful and well-stored mind to the overthrow of the encroaching principles of French philosophism, German illuminism, English Unitarianism, or Irish Papistry, (which, however artfully and ingeniously, and sometimes even learnedly they may be framed, are certainly all capable of being proved "hollow, and fatally false,") he might find an occupation which would satisfy his own and the consciences of all good men that he had at length performed his becoming part in the service of God and his country. That in the fearful warfare now conducting by the united powers of infidelity and anarchy, no longer against the outworks but the very citadel of our Constitution in Church and State, and even the impregnable fortress of Christianity itself (never to be undermined, however human establishments may be unsettled, however human governors may betray,) he had at length cast away all "vain imaginations" and contended for the realities of divine truth. That, clad in the celestial panoply of the Christian warrior described by the Apostle, he had at length chosen the good part, and taken his stand in this evil day, and fought the good fight to stem the desolating spread of unsettlement of

principles and unsettlement of institutions, and to rouse from its death-like slumber that seeming indifference to religion which is the fatal characteristic of the present age.

Great, overpoweringly great, is the responsibility of those to whom God has assigned the glorious gifts of talents and means to learn, and power and opportunity to teach. The aid which they can bring to the cause of moral and religious truth is manifest, but the harm which their apathy, to say nothing of their *opposition*, can effect, is proportionably conspicuous and great. On the unthinking, and on such as are guided by the examples around them, (and how large a portion of society is this!) the effect of any, the slightest shade of indifference to the sacred character, and the measureless importance, of Holy Scripture as the word and will of God, if shewn by men looked up to for eminence of station, power of talent, and extent of information, is altogether incalculable. A common pretext which all have ready in their mouths as an excuse for their laxity of opinion, or slowness and uncertainty of belief, is the vast variety of creeds professed in the Christian world. This fact is greedily caught up, and eagerly repeated by the indolent and superficial, and by every other gainsayer of revealed truth. The Bible is, it seems, an unsorted heap of dogmas, a vast magazine of the conflicting opinions of innumerable sects, unprofitable and unintelligible, till methodized and pruned down to a slender scantling of extracts which may meet the concentrated taste and approbation of an Arian Lawyer, a *Romish* Archbishop, and an Irish Duke.

On wise and ingenious minds, the varieties in question, so far from producing indolence and inattention to all or any belief, would rather impress an earnest desire, and a sense of paramount duty, to search and examine into the *whole* truth. We all know how a perverted mind distorts every thing to its own views in the perusal of most writings, but especially in such as are of a moral and historical cast. By a misrepresentation of some particulars and a *wilful slurring over of others*, out of any complex question or body of facts, it can re-model the whole in satisfactory unison with its most corrupt inclinations. Now, Scripture

is, in the highest sense, both a moral and historical book, and the facilities for its perversion by the mistaken, or the designing, are increased by the nature of its arrangement, which is not that regular and closely woven chain, which binds the reader to follow every step, and trace out each successive point, resisting, by its systematic connexion, every attempt to omit or to displace a single link. Hence, the study of the Bible, above all books in the world, must, to be profitable for doctrine, and for instruction in righteousness, be made a study of minute detail; and this detail is acquired and maintained not only by the powers of the head, but also by the feelings of the heart. Hence also this detail is necessarily of somewhat slow acquirement; for while the understanding is to the mind as the sight to the body, informing it at a single glance, the heart is rather as the sense of touch, acquiring its information by the successive application of parts, and its lesson comes upon it by the gradual process of line upon line and precept upon precept. In fact, our whole life must be spent in accumulating Scriptural detail, and never can complete its store. When men are satisfied with confused, general notions of Christian doctrine, derived through a garbled and imperfect channel, they totally forget, or purposely overlook, the principal, and peculiar province of its operation on the heart, and they not only take up with habits of thinking wholly foreign from the proper and minute study of the Sacred Volume, but they seem utterly unconscious of its supreme necessity.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the society which teaches in its schools the unmutated and undistorted

word of God, still continues to exist, though sorely crippled in its efforts, and in the extent of its usefulness by straitened means, and solely dependent upon private munificence for its support. We know of no institution more fitting to be made a rallying point for all true and pious lovers of their country, than one which offers to its sons a system of sound and simple instruction in the Catholic Christianity of the unadulterated word of God.

As to the Bill for Presbyterianizing the Established Church in Ireland, which, not without the pious aid of his episcopalian Grace of Dublin, has just passed two branches of the legislature, and must therefore now be submitted to the conscience of the King, it is a great question, which may not be despatched, to any purpose, in a few lines at the close of a paper perhaps already too prolonged. That it will prove a great civil calamity, as upheaving the pillars on which all security of property is built, few of the much reflecting will probably be found to doubt. As to the Protestant Church itself, spiritually considered, for her we have small fear; she has the sacred ark of God entrusted to her hallowed charge; and, even should the state be mad enough to throw her wholly off, *that* will never go down in the roughest or the most tempestuous sea. But with the state itself the result may be very different. If it does throw the church overboard, it may find, too late, that in losing her it has lost its ballast. It may reel, and pitch, and drift, for a time, before every wind and every current, but it must, ere long, go down among the breakers, and be buried in the quicksands of rebellion, anarchy, and irreligion.

London, 20th August.

ANACREONTIC.

"Οὐ' ἔγωγε πῶς τοι αἶνον
 "Συμφέρον ἄδεις ὡλίζας
 "Εὐαδίας ἢ τῇ παρῆναι
 "Μέλιον βίοντι γαλήνῃ."

ANACREON.

Take this cup, my friend, and fill it
 With the glowing wine,
 Let no sigh of sorrow chill it—
 Chill the draught divine.
 Though Beauty's eye may beam more bright
 To the lover's cheated sight,
 And Beauty's lip have balmy dew
 Than the goblet's brim for you,
 Yet take this cup of mine.

Raise the wine-cup high and drain it
 With devotion deep,
 Though joy has fled, 'twill soon regain it,
 And brighten eyes that weep.
 Beauty's joys are quickly past,
 Ours will flow while wine shall last;
 When Beauty frowns we sigh in vain,
 The vine bunch pressed, soon foams again,
 Then drain the wine cup deep.

Take this lyre, my friend, and string it
 When thy soul is free,
 Night's foot is slow, and we will wing it
 With sweet melody:
 Woman's fingers never woke
 Song of love upon its wire;
 Woman's lips have never broke
 The slumber of this midnight lyre:
 Take this lyre from me.

Sweep the thrilling chord and make it
 Breathe the poet's soul,
 As the Teian bard would wake it
 O'er his sparkling bowl.
 Love has fleeting joys 'tis true,
 With lasting pangs and sorrows too,
 Love betrays and makes us slaves,
 Wine frees, and music ne'er deceives
 The minstrel's kindling soul.

Take these leaves, my friend, and bind them
 In a wreath to night,
 Woman's hand perchance might wind them
 With flowers fair and bright.
 For thee the palm Apollo gives
 The olive and the laurel leaves,
 And Bacchus grants the fig and vine,
 The ivy and the fir to twine*
 Into a wreath to-night.

Lift the chaplet high, and wreath it
 Round thy temples now,
 No treach'rous thorn can lurk beneath it,
 To pierce thy gloomless brow.
 'Tis Love weaves in the flower that grows
 For Venus fair, the thorny rose,
 'Tis Beauty's smile and Beauty's art,
 Not wine or music, wound the heart
 And dim the brightest brow.

Take this cup, my friend, and fill it
 With the glowing wine,
 Sorrow's sigh no more shall chill it,
 Chill the draught divine.
 Strike the lyre to lays of yore,
 That old Anacreon loved before,
 Still wear the chaplet on thy brow,
 No thorn can reach to wound thee now
 Mid music and mid wine.

ΙΟΤΑ.

The olive, the laurel, and the palm tree were sacred to Apollo; the fig, the
 , the ivy, and the fir to Bacchus, and the rose to Venus.

THE UNKNOWN.

By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo."

"Is there no remedy."—SHAKESPEARE.

I know no greater luxury on earth, than a temporary retreat from the noise and hurry of the town. The mind, harrassed by the cares of trade, or the difficulties of an arduous profession—the eye wearied by the eternal sameness of a crowded street—the ear dulled with ceaseless turmoil—all predispose the man who "steals from the world" to enjoy with exquisite sensations, his brief season of relaxation.

To me, the denizen of an Inn of Court—the occupant of gloomy chambers—the "doomed one" to a profession for which I have no fancy, this occasional retirement is delicious. To refresh the eye with field and forest—to rest the ear with rustic quietude—to lose care and thought for a season, however short, has proved the sunniest period of a life, fevered as mine has been, by the difficulties attendant on a profession so embarrassing and exhausting as the law.

Among the scenes I have loved to visit, the little inn at Everton has been my favourite retreat. The picturesque appearance of this secluded hamlet—its antique church and modest cemetery—its green hedge-rows and sparkling rivulet, seemed to invite a wearied spirit like "mine own" to seek and find there the repose it panted for.

But there were charms other than those of rural solitude which attracted me to "The Woodman." Annette's smile welcomed me when I left the city—Annette's voice fell upon my ear like soft music—her hand, I fancied, smoothed my pillow—her form flitted round me as I dreamed—and I, cold and reckless of adventitious charms as I am, thrilled with sensations hitherto unfelt, when gazing on the unconscious beauty of this gentle and unsophisticated girl.

It was late in spring, when, after a long absence, I revisited "The Woodman." The delighted smile and gentle

reproach that welcomed me, proved that Annette was gratified at my return. I regretted that my sojourn was limited, to a night, and when evening came, and I set out for my favourite haunt, I entered the village church-yard with feelings that required its soothing influence to compose. But what was the beauty of the inn to me? I had no time to waste on woman; years of anxious and sustained exertion must elapse before I should be enabled to retire from the drudgery of a profession. "Twere worse than madness to encourage dreams which could never be realized, and I determined to conquer my latent love, and fly from Annette and "The Woodman."

The sun touched the verge of the horizon, and the yew trees flung their shadows over the graves, whose simple memorials told of the humblest of the villagers. At some distance from the rest I observed one little mound, and no stone recorded who the being was whose ashes rested underneath. It was the grave of a stranger, and I fell into a train of thought, which the approach of an old man and an interesting child disturbed.

"And why did they bury her there?" said the youthful querist.

The old man's reply was inaudible.

"And are people who die for love placed thus apart from others?"

The old man smiled. "The disease, my child is unfrequent, and few have been so unfortunate as the lovely being who sleeps under yon green turf."

My curiosity was excited, and while the child turned aside to pull the wild flowers with which the graves were thickly sprinkled, I learned the melancholy story of her who occupied this solitary resting place.

She was young, beautiful, and gifted; born to fortune, accident robbed her of wealth, to which from infancy she had believed herself the heiress. She

bore the visitation patiently, and sought the humble occupation of a governess, and talents and accomplishments which had been once cultivated for amusement, were now exercised to obtain an honorable independence.

Unfortunately, a young officer was the relative of the family where Emily resided, and a constant visitor at the house. He saw the beautiful girl—he loved her, and in turn he was beloved. Favoured by the circumstances of his intimacy, he pressed his suit with ardour, and when the regiment was unexpectedly ordered to the continent, the incident produced a full disclosure of Emily's attachment. Their vows were solemnly interchanged, and on the last agonizing evening before he sailed, Emily yielded to his passionate request, and granted him a midnight interview—alas! that meeting proved a fatal one for her.

He went—four months passed rapidly away—Waterloo was fought and won—and among those that fell was Emily's lover.

Many a heart was agonized when the fatal death list reached England; but she, the lost one, had a double grief to mourn. The consequences of her hour of indiscretion would become apparent. Shame and sorrow were too much to bear together, and maddened by blighted love, and an inevitable exposure, in her frenzy the means of self-destruction were procured, and Emily, the young—the beautiful—the gifted being, perished miserably by her own hand.

They placed her here—and while yonder costly mantle is raised above the mass of age and deformity, the green turf conceals the mortal remains of that lovely and ill-starred girl.

The old man wiped away a tear, took the child's hand, and bade me a courteous adieu. I staid for a short time beside the grave, and left the scene of death full of pity for the beautiful victim of imprudent love.

Months passed, Summer succeeded Spring, and I began to feel my resolution waver, and wished to see Annette once more; Annette was not to be easily forgotten; her's was not the florid comeliness that distinguishes a vulgar beauty—every look and movement were feminine and elegant, and nature had moulded her a gentlewoman, although the sphere she oc-

cupied was humble; the witching smile that played about her mouth, the soft expression of eyes of darkest hazle, the silver voice, that excellent thing in woman, all haunted my imagination; and while prudence whispered me to avoid her, resolution failed, and on a fine June evening I drove once more to "The Woodman" at Everton.

When Annette heard my voice, she came forward to welcome me. "Ah! Mr. Mowbray, how did I offend you? You stole away without bidding me good bye." I held her hand in mine—I saw her eye sparkle, and the colour flash upon her cheek, and muttered a confused apology. "Well, I am so happy to see you," she continued, "and it was but this morning, that I spoke of you to the captain." I started—a thrill of jealousy shot through my breast. "The captain!—who is he, Annette?" "Oh! you will so like him," said the blushing girl; "that is, when you know him, for he appears cold and haughty at first, but he will not be so to you."

"To me, Annette! I have no ambition to obtain the acquaintance of a stranger; and believe me, I shall not unnecessarily expose myself to the hauteur of any man."

"Well, well, invalids are always irritable, and he is very ill. You must know him; there is something about him so noble and so interesting when he chooses to be so, that none can be near him without liking him." The animated expression of her face while she spoke of the Unknown, made me miserable. I cursed the Captain in my heart, and determined, that in coldness and repulsion I should be at least his equal.

The day passed over; my rival did not appear, and when I left "The Woodman" for my evening walk, he had not left his chamber. The churchyard, of course, was visited. I stood beside the grave of the unhappy lady, and her melancholy story afforded me a theme for sad reflection.

It was evening when I reached "mine inn," and as I passed the parlour window a sight met my eye that brought the colour to my cheek: upon a sofa, a tall and noble looking man was extended; Annette leaned over him, and with marked assiduity placed cushions for his head, and arranged his military cloak. I could not see his

features as his face was turned from me, but he held her hand in his, and she seemed in no hurry to withdraw it.

I was tortured with rage and jealousy. Should I fly at once and leave Annette to my rival? No. She was but a woman, and why should she have power to make me wretched? I must—I would subdue my feelings, and resolution should teach me to forget her. I waited till she left the room, and entered it.

The opening of the door caused the stranger to look up; he scarcely however noticed my entrance, and his eyes fell quickly on the paper he was perusing. I sat down at the window—a quarter of an hour elapsed, and we did not exchange a word.

While this unsocial state of things continued, a third personage joined us; he was a forward, self-sufficient, overdressed young man, who seemed to stand on excellent terms with himself; he stopped beside the stranger, and asked, in a drawling and affected voice, after the last night's debate; the invalid slowly raised his eyes, bestowed a look of supercilious indifference on the enquirer, and, without deigning to reply, quickly resumed his investigation of the newspaper.

Again, we were left together, when Annette came in to ask what the Captain would have for supper. "This is the gentleman I spoke of," she said in a whisper, directing her expressive eye towards me. Instantly the stranger threw aside the paper—"Mr. Mowbray," he said, "must pardon my inattention, I was not aware my pretty Annette's friend was in the room. That forward puppy chafed me. We, invalids, are somewhat testy, and to be pestered by a popinjay would vex a philosopher. Will you permit me to share your supper?"

I was astonished; the cold and withering look with which he repelled the advances of the citizen, had given place to an expression of singular urbanity. His voice was soft as woman's; his manner bland and winning. I felt impelled irresistibly to meet his advances, and encourage an intimacy with the man, whom but five minutes since I looked upon with aversion.

Our tête-à-tête confirmed the feelings his first overtures had given rise to. The stranger's conversation was brilliant and intellectual. He had

been much about the world, and in his wanderings he had found no barrenness. I looked upon his countenance—once he must have been strikingly handsome, but the face was faded and care-worn, and its varied lines betrayed the workings of a bosom, where pride and grief, and many a strong passion, had for years careered. At times, however, the brow unbent, the eye flashed with intelligence, a smile of exquisite sweetness played around the mouth, while the perfect intonation of the sweetest voice I ever listened to, rendered his conversation fascinating.

One thing struck me as being unaccountable. The unknown was professedly an invalid, and yet he drank freely as if his health was unimpaired. As night advanced, a hectic overspread his cheeks, hitherto so wan and colourless; and when I took his hand at parting, I found it burning in my grasp.

I staid two days longer at "The Woodman." The stranger expressed his pleasure at my sojourn—and although he never rose till evening, we passed many hours together. With me he seemed to throw aside his coldness, as supported on my arm we walked slowly in some of the rustic avenues which issued from the village. These excursions were necessarily short. Notwithstanding his erect and easy carriage, probably the result of military habitude, his limbs could scarcely bear him through; and it was too evident that an unbroken spirit vainly contended with an exhausted constitution.

I had scarcely been a week in town before a note, with the Everton postmark, reached me. It was from the stranger, and contained a pressing request that I should dine with him on an early day. The billet bore no name, and was merely subscribed with an initial. I required little inducement to visit "The Woodman," and accordingly the invitation was accepted.

Annette received me with her customary kindness; but when I named the stranger, her eyes filled. "Ah! Mr. Mowbray, he is dying. Since you left Everton he has declined rapidly. I have often pressed him to call in a physician, but in vain; I hear his step upon the stairs, and you will no doubt perceive an alteration for the worse."

While she was still speaking the door unclosed, and the stranger entered. Oh God! how changed. The ravages of disease in one short week were frightful.

Dinner was served, but the stranger scarcely tasted it. The bottle passed rapidly, the dessert was placed upon the table, and we were left to ourselves. Filling a claret glass to the brim, "Come, Mowbray," he said, "know'st thou this day?" I replied "that I had no particular recollection of it." "Dull slave of law!" he exclaimed with a smile, "has Waterloo faded from the calendar already?" It was the anniversary of that battle, and we drank to the memory of the brave. Warmed with the wine, the stranger's spirits became excited. He had been there—had been wounded—left upon the field—and returned in the list of the slain. He spoke with enthusiasm of that glorious fight. His descriptions became more vivid, his anecdotes racy and interesting. The pale cheek flushed—the dim eye brightened—but the exertion was too great to be sustained: he soon became exhausted, and at last was obliged to own his feebleness, and accept my assistance to reach his chamber.

Business imperatively required my presence in London, and early next morning I left "the Woodman." Four days passed, and from Annette I learned that hourly he grew worse, and that the fatal crisis was fast approaching.

I had already determined to visit "the Woodman" on the following day, when a note from the stranger caused me to set off immediately. Like the other, this note was without subscription, and the few lines it contained were almost illegible. I compared the notes, and the altered hand-writing sufficiently attested the awful change a few days had brought about.

I found him sitting in the parlour, where, as Annette told me, he had been occupied in burning papers. I stood beside him, and one look told me he had not many days to live.

My arrival, however, seemed to give him unfeigned pleasure, and pressing within his feverish grasp, he thanked me for attending so promptly to his letter. "Is the evening warm, Mowbray?" I replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the stranger, with perfect calmness, "you and I will take our

last walk together. I have been destroying papers of some moment, and I shall finish my task while dinner is preparing." He took a small packet from his writing-desk, unbound the blue ribbon which encased a number of letters, whose beautiful and delicate penmanship at once discovered them to be a female's. One by one his eye passed over their contents, and with an effort which seemed to require much determination, he flung them into the fire. "'Tis the last relic but one," he murmured, "and that lies *here*," and he laid his hand upon his bosom. Just then dinner was served: he ate little, drank a glass or two of wine, and then rising from the table, requested me to accompany him.

There was one shaded avenue that had been his favourite walk—we passed it, and turned our steps towards the church-yard. Entering through the wicket, we stopped beneath the huge yew tree which overspreads the gate. "I have been fortunate, my dear Mowbray," said the invalid, "in meeting with one so kind as you, to cheer the parting hours of my earthly pilgrimage. I am grateful—and as hitherto you have never asked a question touching my name or history, I would entreat it, as my last, my dying request, that you will never demand an explanation of my evening visit to this place. I will briefly state my wishes, and I feel confident that you will see them effected, when I am at rest." He led me along the walk until we reached the extremity of the burying-ground, and to my surprise stopped beside the grave of the beautiful suicide, whose fate had so often excited my sympathy. "Mowbray," he said, in a voice which betrayed the workings of an agonized spirit—"you will recollect this spot: lay me here—*here*—close to that solitary grave: mark the place well, and promise that my last request shall be attended to." I gave him a solemn assurance that his wishes should be obeyed. He was fearfully agitated: his strength failed—and with considerable difficulty he was enabled to leave the church-yard, and reach "the Woodman."

He threw himself upon a sofa,—and whether fatigue, or the place we had visited, affected him, I know not,—but his once fine face was clouded with an expression of the deepest sadness.

Once I observed a tear glisten on his cheek. "I must give in, Mowbray," he murmured feebly,—“the machinery of this poor frame is nearly worn out: assist me to my chamber.” I did so—partially undressed him—laid him on the bed—and at his earnest request, then left him alone.

The evening wore heavily on—midnight past, and the occupants of the inn retired to their respective chambers. I felt a feverish anxiety for the sick man that banished sleep. I rose and unclosed the lattice—the air was chill, the night dark and moonless—a torturing presentiment of coming evil oppressed me, and I stole quietly to the stranger's apartment. A stream of light issued from beneath the door, but all within was hushed. I feared to enter, lest I should disturb him, and was about to retire, when a faint sigh startled me. An impulse beyond controul urged me to enter. The door yielded to my touch—I stood beside the bed—a fixed and glassy stare met my inquiring look—I snatched a candle from the table, and one glance told me that the stranger was a corpse, and the sigh I overheard was the parting struggle of a disembodied spirit!

I leaned over the departed soldier, and the marked expression of the countenance told that he had not passed quietly away. One arm was extended above the coverlet, and a prayer-book that had dropped from its hold, was

open at the beautiful petition “for persons troubled in mind, or in conscience.” The breast was uncovered, and two remarkable objects met my eye—the cicatrix of a gun-shot wound, and the miniature of a beautiful girl. Other tokens of the “foughten field” were visible—and the wasted arm, scared by many a sword cut, bore silent testimony that the unknown had been engaged “where death was busy.” We laid him in the grave he wished for—and the haughty soldier sleeps beside the fair unfortunate.

Who was he? Some posthumous document might tell me, and on the evening of his funeral, we opened his writing desk in presence of the village pastor. Within, letters and trinkets, perfumed billets, ringlets of hair and other “mementos of his lady-love,” were discovered, but they bore no superscription. One sealed packet was addressed to me—it conveyed a large sum in bank notes to Annette, with an earnest request that I would marry her; and like the rest, it was without a signature. We found a Waterloo medal—the name and rank of the possessor would of course be engraven on the exergue; I snatched it from the clergyman; every letter was carefully filed out, and the word “Dragoons” alone was traceable.

Who was he? Reader, I cannot tell—his secret perished with THE UNKNOWN.

TRANSLATIONS AND ADAPTATIONS FROM BERENGER.

No. I.

"*Les infiniment petits ou la GERONTOCRATIE.*"

I love that art in sorcery
Which tells what things shall come to pass,
And thus it chanc'd one night to me
To gaze upon a magic glass.
Dear England, by the pale moonlight,
The mirror's surface seem'd to fill—
Good lack ! it was a sorry sight !
For the GREY-BEARDS were ruling still.
Methought I view'd the dwarfish race
Of some succeeding century ;
Slight pygmies had usurp'd the place
Where stalwart heroes used to be.
England seem'd but the meagre shade
Of England fam'd for good and ill ;
One change indeed time had not made,
For the GREY-BEARDS were ruling still.
Pale, bilious, little Jesuits,
In sombre guise were swarming there ;
A thousand tiny hypocrites,
Small saintly relics seem'd to bear.
Ascending by so just a rule,
Each grade grew less in size, until
The court look'd like an infant school ;
But the GREY-BEARDS were ruling still.
Nought had escaped—art, science, trade,
Seem'd to have shar'd one common fate.
At times a little famine made
A little province desolate ;
A little army's march to cheer,
Small trumpets breath'd a note, so shrill,
It reach'd the circumscrib'd frontier ;
But the GREY-BEARDS were ruling still.
This pantomime at length to close,
A new performer met my eyes ;
I saw the magic glass disclose
A heretic of awful size !
With giant strides the monster broke
The force that dar'd withstand his will,
And popp'd Great Britain in his poke ;
But the GREY-BEARDS were ruling still.

No. II.

MONSIEUR JUDAS.

Sir Judas is a motley knave,
Who plies the mummer's art ;
And acts, he says, with accent grave,
A most consistent part.
But you who hate the venal hack,
Who now is white and now is black,
Speak low, when you such thoughts avow,
For Judas stands beside you now.

Now he enacts the moralist,
 Sententious and severe ;
 Now cuts up, as a journalist,
 Some luckless pamphleteer.
 But you who truly wish to see
 The press enjoy true liberty,
 Speak low, when you such thoughts avow,
 For Judas stands beside you now.

Anon he struts with haughty stride,
 In legal trappings drest ;
 Now sans-culottes attend his side,
 With such a pagod, blest.
 But you whose wiser voices cheer
 None but the souls from treachery clear,
 Speak low, when you such thoughts avow,
 For Judas stands beside you now.

Then, Brutus-like, the mimic takes
 A patriotic tone,
 And o'er his "suffering country" makes
 A hypocritic moan.
 But you who love to pasquinade
 The hollow-hearted renegade,
 Speak low, when you such thoughts avow,
 For Judas stands beside you now.

G. C.

 SONG.

By ROBERT GILFILLAN, Author of Original Songs.

BONNIE ARE THE BRAES.

Tune—"Mary Hay."

Bonnie are the braes, and waving the broom ;
 The rose is on the brier in its fresh simmer bloom,
 And swift ower the burn my laddie comes to me
 Wi' kindness in his heart, and love in his e'e !

Bonnie are the braes, and sunny the glen,
 And that is the note o' the mavis I ken !
 O! cease my sweet bird! I haena time to hear,
 For hasting through the broom my laddie is near.

Bonnie are the braes, and fair ilka stream
 That saftly glides by like childhood's sunny dream !
 Row on lovely streams, sae gently winding clear,
 In silence row on for my laddie is near.

Bonnie are the braes and a' thing is gay,
 And fain would I join in nature's fond lay ;
 But how can I sing, when there my laddie true
 Comes blithe as the morning his Jeanie to woo !

THE LAWYER'S LAST BRIEF.

CHAPTER III.

Manfred—"My injuries came down on those who loved me—
On those whom I loved best:———
I loved her and destroyed her!"

Witch—"With thy hand?"

Manfred—"Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart;
It gazed on mine and withered. I have shed
Blood, but not her's." BYRON.

The first visit which the stranger makes during term time to the hall of our metropolitan courts cannot fail to impress him with feelings of admiration and interest not unmingled with something of the amusing, and even ludicrous. If he is introduced through the principal entrance in the front of the building, he will run little risk of having his contemplations disturbed or his gravity overturned. All there is silent, solitary, and unfrequented; as if the votaries of Themis had, by common consent, abandoned the direct and commodious approach to those dispensations of the goddess, which are, at least in the world's opinion, notorious for their intricacy and deflexions.

If, however, he have the good fortune to enter by the side doors, the scene that presents itself is of a quite different character. He finds the passages in part filled by venders of tape, pocket-books, penknives, and other small wares, and must exercise no small degree of perseverance in opposing the exhaustless tide that is for ever rushing out against him. From time to time some sober personage habited in a grave suit of black clothes plunges down the dusky staircase that leads to the robing rooms and is lost in the darkness below, or issuing from the gloom, is seen to ascend to the upper world—the barrister in his forensic attire, prepared for strife and declamation. But once within the hall, and all is bustle, hurry, and confusion; a thousand different intonations of voices strive together without blending, while the multiplicity of speakers that relieve

each other, defy all possibility of exhaustion, and produce one constant unvarying deep-toned roar; save the subdued and distant peal of quick-repressed laughter, that ever and anon floats from out the courts around, bearing testimony to the sallies of some lively advocate within.

Around a beautiful and spacious circular hall are ranged alternately the entrances into the different courts with those to the passages already mentioned, on each side of which stand coupled Corinthian columns supporting a continued entablature; while from a beautiful attic pedestal, adorned with four sunk pannels on which are commemorated, in basso relievo, some of the most celebrated events in our legislative annals, springs a high and handsome dome, ornamented with a ceiling of rich Mosaic work.

Thus much the stranger can appreciate fairly enough so long as he is contented to survey it from the brink, but no sooner does he thrust himself from the margin into the troubled ocean within, where the white wigs of the lawyers ride to and fro like foam amongst the restless mass of darker coverlets, than he is inevitably hurried away in the endless revolution of the current, unless peradventure he make shift to attach himself to a group of some two or three of the more experienced navigators who, uniting their strength to stem the tide, stand sturdily together, with compressed arms and firm set legs, engrossed in some of the usual topics of conversation, the anxious politician discussing a leading article, the listless idler killing a

tedious half-hour, or the insidious collector and disseminator of private scandal, from whose hateful presence no place is exempt. Peradventure too, it may be his fortune to be drifted up into some recess where, perched between the pillars, sits the solemn lawyer, brief in hand, conferring with the sagacious attorney, while beside them stands the client in ignorance and resignation. All this that I have mentioned, and much more that I know not how to describe, did I behold, when, for the first time, I entered the hall of the Four Courts.

It was on the first day of term that I accompanied my friend to court to witness the ceremony of his inauguration, and after I had, to my infinite satisfaction, seen him in full possession of the rights and privileges of a counsel learned in the law, I wandered about, with feelings of no ordinary interest, from court to court, contrasting the air of sober steady application and respectful decorum that reigned in each of them with the bustle and hurry without, and more especially observing many a bright eye glancing inquisitively, and many a fair neck straining anxiously forward from the galleries above, to the great delight of the gay juniors, the soberer admiration of the experienced veterans, and to the manifest discomposure even of the learned judges themselves, as their furtive glances from time to time, and the sly arrangement of their robes attested.

Many months had now passed away since first I became acquainted with Lucy M—, but they brought with them no change in the fortunes of Edward; and though nothing appeared which could afford a rational hope that the prospect would brighten, still his determination remained unaltered. He had now become a barrister, and he entered upon his profession with a sanguine heart and a spirit which, though bowed down, was yet unbroken, proposing to himself many a course of laborious study, and dreaming of a thousand lucky opportunities for sudden aggrandisement which fortune might throw in his way—of happy hits which he was to make—of steady friends whom he was to acquire—of golden opinions which he was to gain. But, alas! they were but dreams, dreams of such an enthusiast as Edward L— was, which the soberer, and I may

well add, wiser portion of mankind will smile to think of, if indeed they can even pardon the dreamer. By such however who, like him,

'Ere they have purchased knowledge with a tear'

live at first in a world of their own imagining, until the shock of some and reality arouse them from their day dreams, it will be easily believed that those ideal sources of wealth combining with his strong attachment, induced my friend to underrate the difficulties which he had to encounter, nor will it be a matter of much surprise that she who deemed her happiness in life to depend solely on his success, was but too well inclined to believe in the delusion. In a word, Edward L—, a barrister of scarce a year's standing, without fortune, without business, with scarce more prospect of obtaining either than existed in his own sanguine imagination—rashly, irretrievably bound to his own wretched fate by an imprudent marriage the being whom of all in the world he would least endure to injure.

The life of the professional man who toils unnoticed and unsuccessful from day to day—from year to year, is one of too common occurrence to be attractive for its novelty, and is generally too unmarked with aught of interest—too unchequered with incident to authorize us in exposing to public view the unostentatious and secret wretchedness which sorrow should preserve inviolate, or to hold us excusable for unnecessarily afflicting others by a painful detail. The history of such a one is too familiar to every person possessed of ordinary observation and experience: its outlines are few, unvaried and common-place, and the most unskilful hand, the least vivid conception may readily fill up the picture. Why therefore should I dilate on a subject connected with so many bitter reminiscences? Rather let me hurry forward in my task, and if I shall, in the performance of it, lay bare the workings of a diseased heart or intrude upon the privacy of domestic affliction, it is with the hope of being able to trace the distemper to its origin, not with the desire to indulge the cravings of a culpable curiosity.

For some time after his marriage Edward L— continued to be unwearied in his application to study and constant in his attendance at court;

but his application produced him no reward, his attendance brought him no clients. How often, after I had dismissed my last pupil for the day, have I gone down to the courts, and found him lonely and abstracted in the midst of busy crowds, slowly pacing round the hall with an appearance of grave and sedulous idleness, that has always impressed me with the most melancholy feelings. How often have I accompanied him thence to his home listening to the bitterness of his complaints, yet unable to remove them—witnessing the ravages of that sickness of the heart which springs from hope deferred, without the power of checking its inroads. Still to that home he ever returned with feelings of pleasure, although they were mixed up with much of pain, when he beheld a fond and uncomplaining wife struggling in vain against privations and ill health.

At first I seldom met M— at my friend's dwelling, and latterly never. I knew not well how it happened that since Edward's marriage the intimacy that had subsisted between them appeared to have gradually decreased. It seemed to me that their dispositions were too uncongenial ever to coalesce cordially, and when Edward removed with his wife to humbler lodgings they met still less frequently than before. It was long afterwards, indeed, that I discovered the real cause of their disunion. M— was constantly urging his brother-in-law to seek a reconciliation with his uncle: concessions of any description my friend's foolish and high-strained notions of pride would not suffer him to make, but when M— went even farther, and pressed him to purchase so desirable an attainment at any price that it might cost—at the expense of manly feelings and honorable principles, Edward rejected with indignation the insulting proposal. Warm language ensued on one side, and bitter replies on the other, till at length they separated, the former with a sentiment of disgust which he knew not how to conceal—the latter feeling, though he did not express it, the degradation of an exposed character, and calmly determined to wait the opportunity of avenging himself for that exposure.

But a severer calamity than any which he had as yet experienced was now in reserve for Edward L—, and it

called upon him for the exercise of that patient endurance which he unfortunately neither possessed by nature nor had acquired by education. He had all through cherished the hope that his uncle would finally relent, and it was the prospect of ultimate comfort, if not independence, that in reality sustained him in his present difficulties rather than any fortitude or philosophy which he might fancy he had learned.

His uncle received him, whenever chance brought them together, with the same calm and unvarying civility of manner which he had adopted towards his nephew from the time when he became aware of his intentions with regard to Lucy, nor was a reproachful expression ever uttered, nay, even an allusion ever made to the marriage after it had taken place, and Edward's pride forbade him to seek for his wife the protection or acquaintance of his uncle, trusting still that, as the conduct of that relative rather indicated that he did not entertain any violent resentment, time or chance would effect a reconciliation. It may well be conceived what were the feelings of Edward L— when this last hope, whose influence, though he dared scarce acknowledge it to himself, had sustained and cheered him during many an hour of sorrow and despondency, was suddenly withdrawn for ever, and the death of his uncle left him without a resource except in his own exertions.

And now it was that the evils of temperament and education began to display themselves in their uncontrolled strength and to operate with the most destructive influence. His temper became daily more desponding and irritable; his heart shrunk within him at the prospect of ruin which he now imagined was finally to encompass him; he had no longer the moral energy to struggle, nor the fortitude to endure, and with a recklessness and impatience that bordered on madness, he spoke of resigning for ever the pursuit of a profession in which he had consumed so many anxious and unprofitable hours, and reaped from them nothing but the bitterest disappointment. At length, when he seemed to have determined on abandoning court altogether, a paper was one day put into his hands. It was a brief, and came from a quarter whence he little expected it, and as he turned the sheets slowly over one after another,

and glanced coldly at the fee in his hand, he checked my joyous congratulations by a remark which I cannot even at this moment recal to mind without a sensation of almost superstitious awe.

"It is my first brief," said he with an expression of sullen thanklessness and despair, "it is my first brief, and I am determined it shall be my last. I will no longer be fooled by fortune."

The cause in which my friend was thus unexpectedly engaged was a *nisi prius* one, to be tried at the sittings after term, and on the day appointed I took, with no small degree of anxiety, my station in the gallery of the court to witness his first appearance as an advocate. At length the crier pronounced the names of the parties in the suit; the attorneys made their appearance at the table; the counsel in the cause pressed forward to the front bench, the veterans thrusting their ponderous bags before them, and ranged themselves on each side. My friend was amongst those who were employed for the plaintiff, and I perceived that M— was engaged for the defence. All was now in readiness, and the trial proceeded. When it came to Edward's turn to examine one of the witnesses, I observed M— arise, lean forward on the bench, and watch him with compressed lips and a cold contemptuous sneer lurking in his face. As he proceeded in the course of his examination the other objected to the legality of a question put to the witness, and when Edward turned round for the purpose of meeting the objection he caught the sarcastic expression that still dwelt on M—'s countenance, and it instantly called up a flush of morbid sensitiveness and irritation to the face of my friend. He insisted, however, on the propriety of his former proceeding, and, as he endeavoured to establish his position the keen eye of his antagonist watched him with steady scrutiny until he perceived him gradually losing the command of his feelings and composure, and becoming embarrassed and entangled in his arguments. M— then replied, and in doing so reflected with bitter and unjustifiable sarcasm on the attempt, as he termed it, of his opponent. The Court finally decided against poor Ned, and the trial once more proceeded: I was, however, obliged to leave the

court before its termination, and I did not therefore see my friend again on that morning.

When I look back to the events of that sad day, I can scarcely forbear to attribute to some dread fatality the fearful consequences to which circumstances in themselves so trivial gave rise. It would almost seem to me as if my unhappy friend were acting under the government of some uncontrollable impulse which hurried him forward to the completion of a destiny which he was not permitted to avoid. To mix up personal feelings with the discussion of a legal question would appear an act too puerile to be credited if experience did not, in many instances, establish the fact, and convince us that reason and even common sense are often borne away before the impetuosity of passion; and if the wise and calm are not always able to resist, will it be wondered that he whose natural infirmities of mind were rather increased by education and now in a ten-fold degree by disappointment and affliction, should yield almost without a struggle.

It was not till after the melancholy event, which I have yet to record, took place, that I learned the issue of that apparently unimportant altercation.—Stung to the quick at the exposure and disgrace to which, in the first violence of his feelings, he fancied himself subjected, Edward eagerly sought out his brother-in-law upon the termination of the trial. Unhappily the passions of both parties were considerably excited, though from far different causes. The former smarted under the intentional and deliberate insult which he had so recently received from one who he conceived should have been the last person in the world to offer it, and in the heat of ungovernable anger he reproached him severely with his conduct. The sting of bitter disappointment still rankled in the heart of M—, and his soul yearned for revenge. He had, from the first moment of his acquaintance with Edward L—, looked forward to the prospect of propping and advancing his own fortunes by the wealth and influence which he never doubted the latter would possess at his uncle's death; quickly did he perceive and gladly promote the intimacy and growing attachment of Edward and Lucy, and at last he saw with secret joy the connexion indissolubly estab-

lished by the marriage of his sister. Now, however, that those plans of aggrandisement were unexpectedly frustrated, he scrupled not, in the indulgence of a savage passion to upbraid Edward with the act to which he had formerly encouraged him; he dared to accuse him of having dishonourably deceived a confiding and unsuspecting brother—of having seduced the affections of an orphan sister, by representing himself as the heir of his uncle's wealth.

There are some few in the world, whose ill-fortune has subjected them undeservedly to a charge so base and unmanly: they, and they alone, can truly estimate the indignant emotions, which it excites in the spirit that is conscious of its own uprightness—the unceasing fierceness with which that brand sears deeper and deeper into the heart on which it has fallen. They will fully understand the potency of those feelings to which Edward L—— on the moment resigned himself; he felt that the accusation was too terrible for human endurance; he deemed that the insult admitted only of one mode of redress, and calling on M—— to follow, he hurried desperately away.

As I sat by my fire-side, about seven o'clock that evening, engaged in my collegiate avocations, I was aroused by a knocking at the door. When I opened it, one of the porters told me that a female waited at the collegiate and demanded to see me instantly. It was the servant of L——, who besought me earnestly to come without delay to her mistress, who she said was in great affliction. As we hurried along I learned from the woman, that some officious acquaintance had called during the day on Lucy, and informed her of the difference which had occurred between Edward and her brother. She knew the dispositions of both too well not to feel great alarm for the consequences, and when at last the usual hour of Edward's return had long passed away and he came not, the shock was too violent—the suspense too dreadful for one in so feeble and enervated a state of mind and body. She began to rave wildly of some fearful deed of blood, until the terrified attendant not knowing of herself what course to pursue, hurried away to seek my assistance.

When I entered the apartment of Lucy, I did indeed find her in a state of awful excitement, that was little short of madness. As soon, however, as she perceived me, she became more coherent.

"Oh! Mr. W——," said she "then you have not been with them—but, perhaps, it is not yet too late. Fly, in the name of mercy, fly, before a brother sheds a brother's blood. One must fall; and if it should be Edward—Oh God, if it should be Edward!"

At this instant the noise of carriage wheels caught my ear; the vehicle drove furiously up to the door; it stopped suddenly—an impatient knock pealed through the lonely house, and the next moment Edward L——, his clothes dabbled over with blood, rushed into the apartment. One hurried glance at the servant, as she admitted him into the house had shewn him that Lucy was already acquainted with his rencontre.

"My poor Mistress, Sir," said the woman, "she knows it all."

As he entered, Lucy wildly raised herself from the bed where she had the moment before sunk down in exhaustion, and flung out her arms eagerly to receive him.

"I am safe—we are both safe," cried he, and clasped her to his heart.

It was a long and a silent embrace. At length her wan arms relaxed their pressure and fell slowly away from the neck they were encircling. Her husband became alarmed for her safety and called on her in accents of heart-touching passion to reassure him.

"My wife—my Lucy—my only tie to this world of wretchedness, look up and drive me not distracted."

She spoke not—she moved not: no throb heaved her bosom—no sigh struggled on her lips: heavily and cold the face of the dead sunk upon his breast. A pause of horrid silence—of intensest agony succeeded. He dared not breathe lest his respiration might scare away lingering existence. Death, however, had done his work, and the awful certainty at length flashed across the mind of the miserable survivor. Quivering to the heart he raised her from his bosom, and holding her at arm's length from him, gazed on her for a moment with glazing eye, then uttering a groan of horror, sunk senseless beside her.

CHAPTER IV.

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

The hours that succeeded that day of sorrow were passed in deep humiliation—in woe unutterable. In the solitude of night I watched over the couch of the dead and the living: in prayer and supplication I waited the first deep-drawn groan of returning consciousness, and witnessed the writhings of a crushed and self-upbraiding spirit, compared to which the bitterness of death itself would have been sweet. In trembling and horror unspeakable, I struggled with the wild phrenzy of a despairing soul, and held, during the unholy transports of a rebellious spirit, the arm of the sinner that sought his own destruction. The contest could not last. Human strength could not long endure the riot of human passions in their fury. The shades of night heard the last faint cry of delirium, and the cheerless rays of a chill December morning at length gave me light to watch over the bed of the insensible and exhausted Edward.

The seeds of life are deeply rooted and mysteriously nourished. Days and nights of uncertainty succeeded each other, and after I had watched him through sorrow and sickness—through fearful relapses of body and mind, I beheld him arise and go forth into the world an altered and a wretched being—wasted, conscience-stricken and heart-broken. But the world reminded him of all he had lost, and he fled from its presence in despair. Alas! it availed him nothing that he fled. He bore within him wherever he went, in solitude and in society, the never-dying stings which the conviction that all his calamities had their origin in his own ungovernable passions and precipitancy inflicted—the unslumbering vengeance which Almighty justice has doomed the guilty mind to wreak upon itself. He knew no tranquillity—no remission of his wretchedness; his heart was torn asunder by the ravages of

—— "That war—that chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries "I warned thee" when the deed is o'er."

As time wore on, however, the wild and uncontrolable bursts of passionate grief, to which he was used at first to give way, became by degrees less violent and more distant in their recurrence: at length they ceased entirely to return, and in their place a calm and cold and unbroken composure settled down upon him. He was now a blighted

and insulated being, having no concernment with the events that were passing around him—no participation in the feelings of mankind. The associations of friendship—the sympathies of existence seemed to have lost the power of affecting him, they were all to his withered heart

"————— as rain unto the sands
Since that all-nameless hour."

I had hitherto carefully avoided leading his mind in the slightest de-

gree back to the subject of his sorrows, nor did he, in any of our hours of soli-

lary converse, allude to past events. Now, however, I determined to make trial of the last hope that was left me—to break up, even by some sudden shock, the freezing of the spirit which I too plainly saw was setting in. Upon a bright and cheery day towards the latter end of spring, I protracted our accustomed evening ramble beyond its usual length, and, as the sun was sinking in the heavens, we stood beside a lowly grave in the retired churchyard of ———. For a moment he looked upon it with an unconscious gaze. Intently—breathlessly I watched his countenance. His pallid cheek flushed with a sudden fire—his cold and languid eyes beamed with the troubled light of half-revived recollection; then, as the big, blinding drops slowly gathered within them, he read in a stifled voice the only two words that composed the unostentatious inscription.

“‘LUCY L.—’ My own poor Lucy! would to God that I were laid beside thee.”

But, alas! even this my last faint hope was torn from me. Soon I perceived that old recollections were flooding in fast and fiercely upon him. I found that I did only shake a chord, whose wild jarring was a thousand times more terrific than its eternal silence. The conviction that the grave had for him closed for ever upon “the love where Death has set his seal,” brought madness with it, and in a state of feeling that fell but little short of his former distraction, he rushed past me, out of the churchyard. Bitterly did I then learn that the emotions of the heart laugh to scorn the speculations of man, and I felt, as I followed my friend from all that now remained of his youthful love, that

“There was an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.”

Little more remains to be told of his sad story. From the hour in which Edward L— stood over the grave of Lucy, his mind never relapsed into its former sluggish inanity. Still, though the well of feeling was deeply stirred within him, yet did it diffuse no healing influence upon his heart. He recovered reason, but tranquillity was fled

for ever. I know not how so aptly to describe the state of his feelings as in the words of one who was himself too often shaken by the violence of the dark and stormy passions of the soul—too deeply learned in the afflictions of a diseased and erring heart, to fail in delineating them with an affecting fidelity—

“And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life.
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from nature's face,
Where every hue that charmed before
The blackness of my bosom wore.”

Seeking rest and finding none, he willingly accepted the offer of joining himself to a few friends, whom love of novelty or the hope of repairing their ruined fortunes, had induced to set out for our settlements in New Holland; and on the shores of Kingstown I bid him an eternal adieu, as he sought—by flight from that land where every scene revived the anguish of his heart—the last sad alleviation of his wretchedness, to await with resignation and constancy the release that seemed fast approaching.

Curiosity will in vain seek to discover aught further concerning the lives and fortunes of those whom I have mentioned in the foregoing pages. As I have already stated, they have passed away from the recollection of most of their acquaintances—perhaps of all except myself. A duel between near connexions, and the death of a wife, are, neither of them, events so rare in occurrence as to cause a feeling even of momentary excitement, when the extraordinary circumstances that occasioned them are preserved secret, and

the disgust of an unsuccessful barrister may afford a reason sufficiently obvious and natural for his leaving his native land.

My melancholy task is now finished, and I have derived at least one advantage from its completion. The attempt which I have made to trace and analyse the disposition and actions of my unhappy friend has taught me a lesson of humility and reproof. I have learned that the feelings of irritation which at

first led me to arraign the dispensations of Heaven were puerile and weak. There is no such thing as chance.—The harmony of cause and effect pervades all nature and accomplishes all her changes. Man would follow the course of the chain that, crossing his vision, stretches far away beyond him, and when his dim eye fails to trace it farther, he mistakes infinity for disconnection. I have learned to feel and to confess that

“ ————— There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will —————.”

I am enabled to view each event of the life I have been recording as spreading still more widely the material of destruction around the victim of passion,

until one fatal act of precipitancy completed the whole, and the spark that fired the train of ruin was

“ THE LAWYER’S LAST BRIEF.”

IOTA.

LINES UPON THE LEGEND “ES, FUI; SUM, ERIS,”

ON A SEAL, HAVING A SKULL FOR THE DEVICE.

As thou art now, such once was I,
Life spread its colours o’er my face;
With raptures thrill my pulse beat high,
Ne’er rose the thought that I must die,
And seek the tomb’s cold dwelling place.

But be not vainly thus secure;
Death spared not me, nor will he thee.
Though bright thy eye, though carmine pure
Suffuse thy cheek, alas, thou’rt sure
To be what thou behold’st in me.

H.

HINTS FROM HIGH PLACES.—No. II.

Ἦ, τὴ Δι, ἰθ, πιστευτίον ἐκίνη τῷ θρυλλομένῳ, ὡς ἡ δημοκρατία τῶν μεγάλων ἀγαθῶν
 θανά, ἢ μόνῃ σελίδι καὶ συντάγμασι οἱ περὶ λόγους δινοὶ καὶ συναπίδαισι; ————— Ἐγὼ
 ἴσται γι ὑπελαμβάνων. Εἰδὼν, ἰθην, ὃ βίλτισσι, καὶ ἴδιον ἀνθρώπου, το καταρίμφοιτα
 ἂ δὲ παρὸντα. Ὅρα δι, μη τοτ' ἄρα καὶ ἡ τῆς ἀκουσίτης κρήνη διαφθίρει τῆς μεγάλης φωνῆς,
 αὐο δι μᾶλλον ἡ κατ' ἡμῶν τὰς ἐπιθυμίας ἀπειρίστους οὐτοὶ σέλιμος, καὶ τὴ Δία πρὸς
 ὅπως τὰ φρενέοντα τοι νυν βίον, καὶ πατ' ἄκρας ἔχοντα καὶ φέροντα ταυτὶ πάθῃ.

Λογγ. πικ. ν.φ. 44.

That parlour at ——— was certainly
 ne of the most comfortable rooms I
 ver sat, read, wrote, or dined in. Con-
 sive a small apartment, originally built
 r a library, to which books were es-
 ntial, not thrust in, an afterthought,
 pon the walls in awkward, incon-
 enient, and unsightly excrescences,
 at inserted with graceful ease beneath
 road mahogany mouldings, and be-
 een pilasters formed after the purest
 recian taste—all this *wall-fruit*, too,
 posed and unprotected, tempting the
 and to gather freely as occasion or
 ppetite might incite or serve, without
 y of those cautious net-works, behind
 hich literary gardeners so often think
 roper to encage them—furnished
 roover with chairs adapted for
 ading, dining, and sleeping; that is
 say, *hard*, medium, and soft—a sofa
 so for the latter purpose, when the
 dulence was to be taken at full
 ngth—a table of the blackest old
 ahogany, displaying the substantiality
 'the beginning of the last century in
 very leg, in the day time covered with
 avy tapestry of coeval formation,
 d reflecting glass, fruit, wine, and
 iles from its honest brown face from
 e time of its after-dinner exposure;—
 agine one extremity of this apart-
 ent facing the south-west, and curved
 twards in the form of a bow, having
 o windows, and between them a glass
 or, from which you might walk from
 e luxury of a Turkish carpet down
 o easy steps to the still more ex-
 iante softness of a smooth shaven sod;
 agine this, with all the materials for
 riting, a well arranged catalogue, and
 light library ladder, and——still you
 n form no idea of the comfort of that

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little room at ———. There was besides
 to me, as I sat one evening last month
 at about six o'clock, after my solitary
 and abstemious meal, beside the afore-
 said table, on one of the *medium*, or
 dinner chairs, my feet stretched upon
 another, a goblet of sherry and water
 with a few biscuits at my elbow, my
 eyes faintly conscious of the landscape
 that met them through the most
 southern window (for the *jalousies* were
 closed upon the others,) and my heart—
 God knows where; there was, I say, a
 peculiar enchantment then thrown
 around every thing. Old habit had
 familiarised each object to me. The
 books! I knew every edition. Many
 of them were noted in my hand; and
 I conceived (for I am not without my
 little vanities) that their value was
 thus enhanced. The very furniture
 was prized from old acquaintance. But
 above all, the direction my eyes took
 was interesting to me: they looked
 down an open valley, near the middle
 of which wound a gentle stream, on one
 side so closely wooded as to have its
 bank completely concealed, and seem-
 ing to sleep far in beneath the foliage
 of the willow and ash which, drooping
 pendant above its waters, formed the
 lower boundary of the more stately
 forest trees that rolled their shade up
 the long slope, and over the crest of
 the hill beyond the reach of the eye;
 and on the other skirting a lowland
 lawn, upon whose edge, and following
 the course of the river, a small path
 might be traced by the darkened green
 of the grass. Occasional tufts of trees
 relieved the outline of this plain, till it
 reached the rise of the vale on the
 other side, where a few cottages and

2 u

orchards were perched along a small ridge of half-ivied rocks, that now looked bright, as they smiled back the rays of an evening sun. This happy valley terminated at about two miles distance in the sea, where one of its sides rose into a tolerably lofty promontory ere it made its final plunge. Across the tranquil breast of ocean the eye caught a far shore, with white cliffs, and over one part of it the dusky ensign of population floating in a long, dense, dismal line of smoke. This, as I gazed upon it through the deep embrasure of the window, and over a low stretch of flower-plat immediately without, gave rise to a train of thoughts in my mind, that in its present softened and dreamy state, were far from being unpleasing. Before me was the path, that from my childhood I had traversed, winding as beautiful—as sequestered as ever. My fancy took me round every bend in it, shewing me the sheltered nook which had inspired my first attempt at angling—the calm bay where my frail bark was first entrusted to the stream—and farther on, the jutting rock, whence I had ventured to take my first plunge into the depths of the element, that had proved itself trustworthy with regard to my little vessel. There were the trees that I had climbed, occasionally for frolic—oftener for a hiding-place—unscaleable to tutors on the earth beneath; the rocks, too, in the clefts of which I had basked out many a summer holiday, and thought indescribable things;—all were now beheld together beneath the rich ray of summer sun-set, unchanged in their aspect, like the steady regard of a familiar friend. The whole perspective appeared to my contemplative gaze to present no inappropriate representation of my own course through life, and experience travelled side by side with sense, and confirmed the resemblance. The opening of my career was in the garden, along a formal path, marked out by others, smooth, direct, and bordered with the little flowers and

weeds of childish pleasures and pains; thence by an easy slope I descended into the more devious windings of the prairie, where as I bounded along the path of early youth, the variety became greater, and the valley which had confined my view on either side, widened out, till at last upon my entering on the academic course, I was launched upon a little sea, where prudence and circumspection were required to gain the opposite shore. There rose the white and barren cliffs of idleness, on which so many voyagers were miserably wrecked, and there was the city, that world, upon which I had not long entered. What feelings does the view of a populous and fervent city inspire in the mind of a remote and calm observer! Over it for ever hangs the thick canopy, that seems as if stretched by common consent between heaven and the deeds of assembled mankind. What a contrast to nature, unveiled and innocent in the presence of the Creator! Let the imagination pierce the darkness, and pry for a moment into the recesses that it would hide. How many a scene is silently enacting beneath the holy summer's eve, that could not stand its light? Ascend yon miserable creaking stairs, in the obscurest corner of this region of vice, and behold stretched upon the pallet, from which she is never to rise, the victim of passion and of *man*, now awakened when it is too late from the transient intoxication of pleasure to horror and unavailing remorse. Observe the beauty of the form—the high contour of features, proving that she must be *besting* the cup of bitterness, as she rolls her haggard and sunken eye round the filthy, fetid apartment, in a corner of which she lies, and thinks of her first sweet yielding of the charmer's voice—of *him*, that charmer—of the village green—of the friends of her innocence—of her family—of her mother—of—Oh! horror of the thought—of her *father*! she looks forward—what sees she there? her God!* But there is even now

* This picture is not wholly drawn from fancy. Well do I remember M——, as I first saw her in the scarcely diminished lustre of her early beauty. A noble lord had brought her to town the year preceding, the prize gained in a summer campaign in the country, and, according to custom, threw her off in a few months, to shift for herself. Year after year stole, or rather unsparingly robbed, the charms that had been her ruin. Her last scene was literally such as I have been attempting to describe; nay, I fear, without the presence of a single being who did not belong to

on the stair one that is to alleviate these pangs—to bring balm to the stricken heart. I see him toiling up the flight in his sober suit of black, his features emaciated but benignant, beneath the few locks that have far advanced towards unmixed silver. A book is buttoned in his coat, and he is inquiring for the destitute creature whom the world has deserted. Many—many a one such as he, is met by those whom chance or choice has led to visit such scenes, burrowing amidst the dark abodes of misery and iniquity, unseen or unheeded by the daylight world above, which he has abandoned for the holy office, pursuing with unappalled and fearless resolution the high duty which his master has imposed upon him—succouring the afflicted, “wiping the pale slime from the lips of famine,”* approaching despair with succour and comfort, confronting crime, and pouring in the oil and wine of heavenly consolation upon the wounds of a contrite heart.

Now enter the very next street, and—are we in the same world? Observe the crowd of porters at that columned door. They are attending the arrival of dinner visitors. Follow yon nobleman that has just rolled lazily out of his chariot, up stairs. He is scarcely beyond hearing of the cry of the wretched destitute we have but now left, and note his conversation! Why, the world is portioned out by the special decree of Providence in bounteous shares amongst the disciples of Epicurus. Happiness, i. e. (according to his lordship) champagne and female beauty—

are intended for man richly to enjoy; and as he hands down the lady of the mansion to the banquet, he takes care to assure her that if the former at his host's table be equal to the specimen of the latter then leaning upon his arm, he need not travel far to arrive at the perfection of both. Oh, that smoky veil is of service!

But I need not pursue my reverie to the gaming-table, the cellar, the prison, the hospital, the grave-yard—all spread before me on that distant shore—all receiving at that hour as for ages past their insatiating supply—all crowded—teeming with humanity! “This,” as I continued to muse, “is life. I am now landed upon the crowded quay, where the emissaries of various virtues and vices are soliciting my regard.” I thought of Addison's beautiful allegory, and of my old friend Johnson's Hermit of Teneriffe, and felt the necessity of a *guide*. “Grant,” said I with emotion, “Great Author of my being, and fountain of all happiness, that when the evening of life closes around me, I may again ascend the valley of my youth by the retrogressive track of memory and reflection, recalling each object, once dear to me, again to view, by the paler light of affectionate remembrance, and that having drawn instruction from the objects that formerly served but as food for my curiosity, I may find myself at the last *reposing in a library*. Yes, here are the companions that I would draw to my heart as life wanes—they never change—the treasures they unfold are as exhaustless as their generosity; here

her own calling. The account of her death appalled me. Beauty—betrayed—helpless—degraded—despairing beauty expiring in the arms of sin! It was under feelings of an overstrained compassion that I scratched the following few lines. I threw them at the time carelessly into a desk, where I found them not long ago, after an interval of some years.

And is that gaudy, glittering thing,
That played so late on airy wing,
And decked herself in Love's attire,
And masked her agony for hire,
Now cold and lifeless in the grave,
Without one hope or power to save?
Great heaven forbid! an outcast here,
She yet may reach a happier sphere,
Where life's benighted travellers,
In sorrow—guilt as deep as her's,
Their long—long term of torture past,
Have found a resting-place at last!

• Maturin.

amongst the mighty of all ages would I look as calmly as I do now upon the world that I have left, without regret that the journey is over, or that it was ever undertaken. I would strive to emulate the glorious examples of those around me as well as admire them, and to make myself worthy of spiritual communion with those to whom I have been so long accustomed to pay my meed of heartfelt reverence.

As I pronounced the last sentence, I heard the muffled door gently open behind me, and, conceiving it to be a servant, I continued to gaze in a sort of transport upon the prospect that was now slowly retiring within the shadow of advancing night. "Spirits of statesmen, legislators, orators, and bards," continued I, "hover around me with your immortal wings! Be my patterns, my guides, my counsellors. Divine spirits, I call upon ye! Protect me amidst the trials and anxieties that assail the traveller in this pilgrimage of life! Be ever near me; visit me!"

An unusual *fusling* behind me caused me to turn round, and instead of my servant, who I thought had entered the room, I beheld a little figure leaning across the table, and very composedly helping himself to a glass of wine. The stranger was scarcely five feet high, apparently advanced in years beyond the middle age, and he wore a little brown velvet skull-cap, beneath which twinkled, or rather shone, a pair of dark eyes of uncommon penetration and brilliancy. His meagre, diseased-looking form, with its shrivelled shanks and unhealthily protuberant stomach, such as is seen upon a ricketty or ill-fed child, seemed to argue a state of body at striking variance with that of his mind, taken from the testimony of his whole countenance, and particularly of his eyes. In short, I knew him at once. I was now broken—in to miracles, so that I had the less difficulty in acknowledging to myself "a present divinity," and feeling that in the little wretch before me I beheld no less a personage than the great father of modern satire, Alexander Pope. Strange

to say, however, I could not help experiencing a sort of loathing, a *turning* of my mind, such as is described as affecting the magician who conjures up the departed when he finds that his spells have worked, when to my devout and impassioned, but somewhat vague appeal to the mighty of all ages, I saw their representative at my elbow in so repulsive, or at least despicable a form. I rose at once, and requested my visitor to sit down, which he did without ceremony, right opposite to me, having climbed with some difficulty up into the easiest of the chairs, and placed himself back in it, with his miserable little legs dangling in mid air. He did not require much pressing to induce him to help himself pretty freely to wine, and he had soon plied the bottle so successfully, that I was obliged to apply to my slender cellar to replenish my table.

"I had a room at Twickenham as like this as possible," said he at last, drawing breath after a long pull at my sherry, "and there I forgot myself into a philosopher. Many a time have Swift, Harley, and I, sat together at this time of the evening, overlooking a prospect more beautiful, though less extended, than that now before us, and "pitied deities," whether in a mythological or allegorical sense.*"

"How should I have loved, most accomplished of satirists," said I, "to have been behind the scenes at such "noctes," and without the diffidence which being actually present might have inspired, hailed the embryos of those productions which have since formed genius and settled taste!"

"We *were* envied," he replied, evidently pleased at my flattery, "and many of her Majesty's subjects, amongst whom were not a few of her ministers, and lords spiritual and temporal, would have squeezed themselves to death in a corner to have been witnesses of our mysteries; often did we amuse ourselves over the inspiring bowl, with picturing Henley incarcerated in the buffet—Theobald, Dennis, *cum multis aliis*, stifled between the double-doors—Lord Halifax, for the first time, upon a

*————— O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Numquid de Dacis audisti?

Hor. Sat. lib. 2, s. 6, v. 51.

y book-case—Colley Cibber behind the window-shutter, sight of Blackmore himself in a table receptacle under the "ha, ha, ha!" and he threw back in his chair to enjoy the success I could not join him in, and I had some difficulty in answering my mind from the strain of thinking in which it was soaring so far as to bear with the morbid bitterness of the

now high must your thoughts at other times!" I observed, raise him a little if possible, subject of importance, whether research, criticism, or politics, before such a field!"

and had we such game up before replied. "While Swift made our party, our conversation may be high, though it might be deep."

are not your topics generally called?"

s—but the term is a vague curus, you know, was the sect —."

doctrines of which," added I, created to be the reverse of founder intended, so that I only allow the Epicurean, actually common acceptance, to philosophical sect."

thus exclude, my dear Sir, of the *soi disant* philosophers of the world from that title of Pope.

ably," I replied. Cowley's definition. "To be a philosopher says, "is to retreat from as it is man's, into the world, is."

"pooh, Sir," said Pope with a serious answer, "you now speak a philosophy, yet you admit the Platonic, the Aristotelian, the Pythagorean into the scope of

As for Swift, he studied so as to keep down all sentiment of others, in order that a point not be broached in his which he did not comprehend, degrees gave in to his ways, and red ourselves principally in to our friends, abusing our and parcelling out government amongst ourselves. On this Swift became generally so that at last we endeavoured assent to steer clear of poli-

tics, or to accommodate him at once with a bishoprick, which had a wonderful effect in pacifying him."

I felt my disgust increased. The little thing was all spleen; and I was not long in determining in what class of philosophers he should be ranked. "By what spell," thought I, "will it be possible to exorcise this cynical spirit?"

"But I have not told you yet," continued Pope, without observing my uneasiness, "the cause of this visit. You cannot conceive how much Johnson was delighted to have discovered an Irish Tory, and that Irish Tory a reader of books, and those books, books of poetry. He met me the next day in a grove near the shore of the *Crisian sea*, and as he approached I was for some time at a loss to conceive what it could be that was throwing its unwieldy form into such uncouth and ridiculous attitudes. When he drew near, he began to roar like a lion, so as to alarm me, lest our planet might have exerted its attributed influence upon him with effect. It was his strange way of shewing joy. He told me of you; and desired me to seek you out. This I have done after some difficulty, my inducement to the search being, beside the wish of enjoying your conversation, a desire to set you right with respect to some assertions which the good Doctor told me he had made, and to the correctness of which I by no means subscribe?"

"Mistakes," said I, "are new to Dr. Johnson."

"Not when his prejudices are listed on the side of error. He made a round statement to you that all in our exalted sphere are Tories. Some, it is true, have recanted, or apostatised, or whatever you please to call it, but some, I thank heaven, are staunch. And as to that unfortunate toad-eater, Boswell, his being still retained shews that vanity survives the grave, and travels at least as far as the moon."

"I did not require proof of that, Sir," said I, with great simplicity—but as I saw his features immediately puckering up into an expression of revengeful malignity, I lost not a moment in applying the balm, and continued—"after having heard Dr. Johnson attempt to criticise your writings." The inflammation subsided in an instant—the medicament had taken effect.

"We excuse his presumption," he

said with an affected smile," and set it down to the inveterate habit of criticism induced by early indulgence, which now causes him indiscriminately to censure the poet and the poetaster, just like the hot-headed youth of modern times, who, enraged with the tormentors that baited him, at last broke his chain, and flew at the innocent and unoffending Scott with as much fury as at the bull-dogs of the Edinburgh Review."

"In thus excusing him," said I, still performing my part, "you but follow the example of the illustrious object of Byron's ill-directed attack."

"Yes, but I still question (between ourselves) whether Scott be not a very fair *poetical* mark for satire."

As I expected that he would qualify any modicum of praise which he might be betrayed into attributing to a poet with neutralizing censure, I was prepared with an answer. "Certainly not *now*, Sir, whatever he might have been at the time; for never, after his prose works had once taken hold of the public attention, did he hold to poetry any more, but cheerfully resigned that department to hands which he admitted to be abler, and I sincerely believe that he entertained an opinion of his own merits as a poet but little higher than that of the most open of his opponents. He considered poetry through his life as a youthful and unsuccessful misapplication of his talents. He knew that he had talents. He strove to develope them. He mistook his course. He recommenced—found the true one—and never deviated from it till it led him to glory. Let a veil be dropped over that branch of his compositions which was so early and promptly deserted, and let us criticise Scott as the prince of novelists, not as one of the serfs of poetry." In all this I did not go the full length of my own opinions, or I should have stood out in defence of his poetical compositions; I refrained, from a wish to satisfy and to silence the Cynic. It was all, however, to no purpose.

"You are mistaken, I believe," said he, "as to the time of life at which he left off poetry, and as to his opinion of his own verse afterwards. He rhymed to middle life, and hugged his verses to old age."

"Well then, this at least may be said for him," said I, "that he is one

of the very few modern poets, whose works may be entrusted to the perusal of all ages, and both sexes, and that he never lent the rainbow colouring of poetic ornament to shed adventitious lustre over the natural deformity of immorality and scepticism—and this, permit me to add, is more than can be said for some of his accusers."

"I fear, however," said Pope, with a good-humoured air, "that the style of English poetry is by no means modelling itself after our friend Scott, but that on the contrary some of your leading spirits have latterly taken liberties with the muse, which have induced others to consider her as little better than a strumpet."

"I fear much that it is so," replied I, with a sigh, "and that what in Shelley, Coleridge, or even Moore, *unassisted*, would never have been tolerated, has forced its way through the panoply of virtue beneath the powerful magic of Byron's wand."

"Yes," said Pope; "and the reason seems to me to be, that he had method in his madness. It could not be denied, that what he said was beautiful; and in many of his arguments there was some difficulty in detecting the fallacy. Thus, he gained a footing in the confidence of his reader, even the most delicate and guarded, and, once let in, *admissus—circum præcordia ludit*, he wound his web of levity and immorality around the heart. But such men as Shelley, for instance, are of use, as a sort of personification of the method of argument used by the Stagyrite—the *ad absurdum*, and by outraging reason, they unconsciously fortify virtue. You see —."

Here a gentle tap at the door interrupted him, and on my advancing to open it, I was met by a middle aged man of singularly dignified bearing, who was followed by one of a much more advanced period of life. This latter was large and tall, his hairs of the most unmixed silver, and his venerable countenance mildly beaming with philanthropy and intelligence. They advanced with graceful ease, and Pope at once said, "Let me introduce to you Dr. Franklin and Sir William Jones." "I did not expect, Jones," he added, turning to the younger of the visitors, "that you could have settled that point between you by this time, and I had set myself down to a critical disquisition

with my young host. However, I shall reserve it for some other opportunity. I assure you, my dear Sir," he added, again addressing himself to me, "Dr. Franklin and he have detained me for hours before now, when they have become fairly entangled in argument."

"I trust," said Sir William, addressing himself to me with an air of mingled kindness and condescension, "that we are not as unwelcome or ill-timed visitors, as we are unbidden ones."

"Never, Sir," said I, fervently, "can such as you be either the one or the other,—and, had you known the current of my aspirations immediately before Mr. Pope's arrival, you could scarcely have called yourselves uninvited." I really felt myself in a tremor all over. I was powerfully agitated. Not so much with the presence of Sir William Jones, or even of Pope. It was *Benjamin Franklin* that overwhelmed me. Why he should effect me so much more than the others, I cannot say; he had not uttered a word, and his looks were kind and conciliatory; but somehow or other an awful admiration of the modern Prometheus had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I had read, loved, studied, pored over, drank in his memoirs from my school-boy days, and I now looked upon him with a reverence such as is inspired at that time of life more than at any other, and never afterwards effaced. Before me was he—the boy that had a century ago entered Philadelphia with a few halfpence in his pocket, and a roll of bread under his arm, his only property; and the man who, having overcome difficulty by diligence, and temptation by rectitude, *abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva*, at last opened the eyes of his country to her rights and to her power, brought the ab-

strusest doctrines of science and politics to bear upon the general good of mankind, and sunk into the vale of years with the holy satisfaction of having been the main instrument in disarming heaven of its thunder, and tyranny of its rod.* Could I look upon such a man without emotion? Impossible! I wished to tell him how deeply I felt his condescension in visiting me, but I wanted words. I felt that I was in the presence of a superior being—and Jones too—the matchless scholar—the upright judge—the accomplished poet—the steady friend—the sincere and rational Christian! The sensation now produced upon me, I could only compare to my feelings when I first read (without having been set it as a task) the slight mention made by Horace of the evening at *Sinuessa*, where *Plotius*, and *Varius*, and *Virgil*, were there to meet him, and thought of who they were that met, and what their conversation must have been. All this, and more than this, crowding in upon my mind, choked my utterance, and so overwhelmed me, that I had extreme difficulty in mastering my feelings sufficiently to elude observation. Pope, who evidently regretted having been interrupted, now thought fit to make a merit of his forbearance, and addressed Sir W. Jones: "We had a tribe of Dunces *sub cultro* when you come in, and I believe that they must now remain in the situation of *Damocles* to another opportunity." Jones had tact enough to understand him, and said, "Pray, despatch them at once, for I do not approve of keeping even dunces so long in torture."

"Who were your subjects?" enquired Dr. Franklin.

"Why, the present race of poetical metaphysicians," replied Pope, "who, poor souls, from a want of knowledge

* "On his (Franklin's) reception into the French academy, D'Alambert welcomed him with that well-known line, which displays all the boldness and sublimity of *Lucan*—

'Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.'

And *Doubourg* inscribed under a portrait of him the following lines:

'Il a ravi le feu des cieux;
Il fait fleurir les arts en des climats sauvages;
L'Amerique le place à la tête des sages;
La Grèce l'aurait mis au nombre de ses Dieux.'

of the world—a knowledge, by the way, almost as essential for a poet, as a draught of the Pierian spring—are likely to fall back upon the long exploded absurdities of Cowley and his school.”

“I am glad,” said Jones, “you have such culprits in hand. The lash cannot be more legally applied than to the backs of offenders such as these—men, who adopt sentiment for morality, paradox for originality, and insanity for poetic licence —.”

“And who,” added Franklin, “in the words of Smollett, ‘mistake a faint glimmering that enters through a crack in their upper story, for the light of inspiration.’”

“Yes, Sir William,” continued Pope, now fairly back upon his favourite topic, “in my time, and indeed up to your’s, rationality was looked for in poetry. We had laughed at absurdities until they had dropped away into the obscurity they deserved, and we had made rhyme one of the organs of instruction as well as of delight; ethics were versified with success, and morality, so conveyed, had a double claim upon our regard. This golden age continued till the master-bard of the present times brought in a host of small flies that buzzed round him and after him, only carried forward in his mighty course, and skilled but to make a noise, and taint whatever they lighted on.”

“You do not, I hope,” remarked I, “include Percy Bysshe Shelley, in this swarm?”

“I am very much inclined to do so,” he replied.

“I believe I must agree with you, Mr. Pope,” said Jones. “His works will be forgotten; but not till they have done mischief proportioned to his talent. How characteristic was the situation in which we saw him a short time ago in our planet!”

I enquired what it was, and he replied, “He was stretched in a small canoe, in one of the deepest reaches of a river, which discharged itself into the sea near the Point of Dreams.* The nook was partially shut in by a small amphitheatre of rocks, from which

dependent plants of every hue and odour. His oars were lying idly by him, and a small sail flapped against the mast. As he lay, with a light cloak thrown around him, his head uncovered, and his delicate features exposed to the sun, he sung incessantly in a strain that sometimes swelled into sublimity, sometimes melted into the most amorous softness, by fits became almost a shriek of agony, and then died into plaintive melancholy. Thus, he continued long after we first observed him, with his eyes, as we thought, shut, or at least without regarding any thing around him. The day shone upon him, exposed as he was to its ardour, with a fierceness of which you can have no conception—enveloped and obscured as you are in this dense and opaque atmosphere. All this time the current had drifted him, without his perceiving it, out of the nook where he conceived his skiff to be reposing, and carried him so far down the stream, that after a time he began to approach the dangerous rapids which are met with before the stream disembogues itself into the sea. I was at length obliged to hurry along the shore, and to call at the extent of my voice to him, to make him aware of his danger. As soon as he heard me, he ceased his song—started up—looked wildly about, as if he had just awoke from sleep, and with every appearance of confusion and alarm commenced using his oars. With some difficulty he stemmed the stream, which in that place ran strong, and brought his frail bark after an hour’s toil to the creek from whence he had so unintentionally departed.”

“Yes,” said Pope, “those barks are floating on every line of his poetry, and he continues dreaming, and humming, and shrieking, and wailing, till he goes near to precipitate sense, and reason, and virtue, and nature itself, over the gulf.”

“I shudder,” said Jones, “to find that here on earth, where we might have hoped that the hand of his widow would have drawn the semitransparent veil of extenuation, or the more im-

* This point (*Promotorium Somnii*) and the Crisian sea (*mare Crisium*) mentioned above, may be found on any accurate map of the moon. Their latitude and longitude I forget.

mantle of oblivion over the eyes of the object of her affection would have cast a shroud of wave-mangled corpse, and added the miserable spectacle from of vulgar curiosity; instead of absurdities, nay, impieties, are held up by her to the sickening world, as though they were claims on its esteem and ad-

are too serious on the sub-
id Pope, with a laugh; "we
a little for female weakness
do you think, Dr. Franklin?"
otest, Mr. Pope," said the per-
addressed, with a calm air, "I
as able to read him; he is so
dent of rule, and, as I conceive,
ly insensible to metrical har-
hat I have sat for hours with
d holding his book, and the
on the table, beating the syl-
without having been able to find
scanning of his lines. Pindar
me at first, but I overcame
helley's measures I found in-
le; and as to reading him Os-
hat would have been too much."
I then the nefarious attempt,"
ed Jones, "in 'Prometheus
d,' to insinuate his blasting pre-
der the guise of allegory, ex-
dy indignation beyond what I
ress. Can the Christian re-
jure those who profess it? Cer-
not, for it promises happiness
eward of obedience. Can it in-
ue who do not profess it? No;
reaches the divinest system of
r. Why then cannot an un-
e sceptic, who turns his back
e light, allow others to walk
ted upon their journey? If he
; they will be happy whether
if he be wrong, *they owe their
ion to him*. But, further —"
me, my most excellent Sir Wil-
said Pope, interrupting him,
hall see his style in a moment,
me whether you recognize him
face. You have read that to
'enci,' and other prose composi-
his. Let me see—where have I
it?" and he fumbled in the long
of his waistcoat. "Oh! here
aid he, after some search, pro-
a crumpled back of a letter,
seemed to be scribbled over in
most manner in all directions
and without. "I was, strange
L. II.

to say, engaged in imitating him only the other day, and I am fortunate enough to have the rough-draft now about me. I suppose myself to have written a poetical sketch, as I really have partially done, in his style, denominated 'Prometheus Bound,' and thus runs the preface:—

'Prometheus, having played tricks with the gods, and, amongst them, with *Jove* himself, is at last seized by the enraged divinity, and bound upon Mount Caucasus. The reader of the following dramatic poem is requested to bear this in mind, that *no crime* has been imputed to this extraordinary character, as the ground of this most severe punishment, but that of having refused to accept of Pandora in marriage, with the necessity of taking her box into the bargain. At such disobedient restiveness, we may easily suppose the ancient Autocrat to have been enraged in proportion to the trivial nature of the offence. On this view of the subject the *moral* of the piece is grounded. In these days, *by excellence*, the liberal spirit should walk abroad, whether habited in a lyric, epic, or dramatic costume, and the proud soarings of the truly philanthropic unbeliever should not be stayed by the dread that—Icarus-like—the self-fashioned wings may be molten in the ray of any *divine* presence. We see in the uncomplaining expostulations of the *man*, enough to prove his dignity and loftiness—in the petulant irritability of the *god*, what argues his incapacity to rule. I conceive that this argument might be, and I wish it were *applied more universally*.'

'Such being the adumbrations intended to be conveyed in the poem, I am confident that my readers will acquit me of the charge of either presumption or obscurity. Averse from the first constitutionally, I may be permitted to say, that my style clears me at once from the imputation of the latter, while my intimate acquaintance with nature, and the more ancient and neglected *arcana* of classical literature, has enabled me, with comparative ease, to bring forward personages with effect, which have been lost to composition for ages, or perhaps were never till now made use of.'

"Here," said Pope, "he mentions some novel *dramatis personæ*, amongst which he recounts, with considerable complacency, 'the introduction of those

ecademoniac spirits, which have been hitherto buried in *liturgic* obscurity ; alluding thereby to a chorus (in the manner of the witches in Macbeth) of *Plague, Pestilence, and Famine*, in the third scene. He then continues :—

‘ I have heard that a drama, bearing some similarity in its object and arrangement to this, has been written. But from any charge of plagiarism either in style or method, I proudly soar. Thanks to the power of the human intellect, the days of literary popery and bigotry are past, and the saffron dawn of that period has arrived, when the harmonious essences and synchronistic co-organizations of ethereal inspiration can hold their wing-touching flights through creative space, unenvious and united ! How noble, that two congenial spirits should have clothed their rapt ideas in the same mantle ! How sweet the thrill of harmonic language vibrating through our unisonous souls ! Farewell, sympathetic spirit, I leave thee with a sigh and a regret !’

‘ A word now concerning myself. I have studiously avoided this topic till now, from the wish to deviate as widely as possible from the much-footed path of prefatory composition. In a simple and solitary bye-track have I courted modesty, and been successful. I scorn the public. We have never been on terms of amity, and I desire not its friendship. From hence, among other reasons, I argue great things of myself. I leave the work in the hands of the *spirit of truth*, and hurl the most contemptuous defiance at all besides, human and divine.’*

We all expressed ourselves highly amused at the imitation, and the little man was evidently flattered by our commendations ; still I know not why it was, I could scarcely master the feeling of aversion with which he had at first inspired me ; and I thought I could observe that my feelings were in part shared by the rest—that their laugh was forced, and that they were uncomfortable and *sidgety*.

The twilight had now long left us,

and the moon—the home of my illustrious guests—shone into the apartment with a brilliancy that enabled Pope to read his manuscript by its light. I made a move, as though I would have lights brought in, and the windows closed, but Sir William Jones prevented me, and going over to look out upon the night, he proposed that we should take advantage of its brightness, and stroll down towards the beach. Dr. Franklin at once and cordially assented, but Pope cast a rueful look towards the window, shrugged his shoulders, and with a preliminary cough, excused himself from tempting an increase of catarrh by venturing out upon the wet grass, and in the chilly night air. I thought it but right to propose, in accordance with his wishes, that we should remain, and the other two expressed at once their willingness to continue one evening’s conversation within doors, and at the same time their regret at having proposed any thing which did not meet with his approbation. But the splenetic old man was not to be so easily managed. He said repeatedly, that he could not think of interfering with his friends in the enjoyment of their inclinations—that he could take many future opportunities of conversing with me at his leisure—and that midnight wanderers should have from him every inducement that his absence could give them for enjoying their ramble to the utmost. In vain did Jones, Franklin, and I, unite in attempting to appease his wayward humour. He was not to be pacified ; but sliding off his chair, he made a courteous salute to me—slightly bowed to the offenders, and pulling his velvet cap close about his ears, shuffled to the door, and disappeared from our view.

We stood a moment in surprise, but at length Franklin reminded us that we had now at least no obstacle to our projected excursion, and recommended that we should at once proceed upon it. I said I feared a walk by night might fatigue him. “ Sir,” said he, “ even in miserable mortality I was

* Should my readers consider this overstrained in language or sentiment, I refer them for a precedent of the first to Shelley’s ‘ Vision of the Sea,’ and of the latter to a note to one of his poems, in which he very gravely sets about proving to the public that there is no such thing as *time*.

used, to within a few years of its termination, to exercise myself more perhaps than you are in the habit of doing at present, and it is not likely that now, an altered and strengthened being, I should be unequal to the pleasant fatigue of a moonlight saunter. By the bye, my dear Sir William, that word

reminds me of the lines you repeated to me the other day, and I should much wish our young friend to hear them. Will you oblige us?"

I earnestly joined in the request, and after some hesitation, he repeated the following verses in a rich melodious tone, and with much expression—

"Come, and explore the happy clime,
Where ringdoves in the even-time
Disport them on the fragrant breeze,
Or murmur music from the trees,—
Where pale Narcissus pines beside
The coldness of the fleeting tide,
And passion-flowers and jessamine
Round their dark supporters twine,—
Where the dewy rose-bud, bending,
Blushes, as the day is ending,
Conscious, listing in the shade
Her nightingale's first serenade—
Where bowers are heaving to be prest
In groves where Vigour's self must rest—
Where hills with sun-shine mirth are rife,
And earth is all astir with life—
Where Peace, along the bounding plain
Reigns, divine on earth again,
And Plenty, laughing, opes her hand ———
Where—oh, where's this blessed land?
Here—any where. No need to roam
To make the wished-for clime a home;
In durance or in banishment
Hold but to Virtue—be *content*,—
And this and more than this you'll find
Imparadised within the mind."*

I expressed my commendation in animated terms, but he seemed so uneasy during my eulogium, that I soon perceived silence to be the meed of praise that gave him most satisfaction. I went forward, accordingly, without saying another word, to the glass door, which I before described as opening out from the bowed extremity of the apartment upon the terrace garden, and having opened it, we all three descended the steps, and stood upon the grass outside. Not a word was spoken by any of us for several moments. The scene was such as must be enjoyed silently. My guests were fixed in speechless adoration, and I was mutely beholding them. Never shall I forget the seraphic expression which

beamed from the countenances of those two great men, as they paused on their entrance into the temple of Nature, and cast their eyes upwards towards its glowing vault. High—high indeed above all that chains and pinions mortals down to earth, did those Spirits soar upon the wings of gratitude and love, and far beyond language was the hymn of thanksgiving then silently breathing from the hearts of those philosophers, as they stood together in the presence of the universe, looking towards heaven! Lovely indeed was nature that night. The lawn lay happy in the moon-beam, and imagination wove a fairy dance on its dewy slope. Dark flowed the tranquil water, and solemnly did the trees of the forest

* The reader's indignation will, I fear, be aroused at finding this poor imitation placed in Sir William Jones's mouth; but by the time that he arrives at the end of these "*Hints*," (if he ever does so,) he will allow—if he believe my narration—that I am no more accountable for it than Sir William himself.

hold their eternal watch by its side. Heavy shadows hung on the hill, and a bright path of glory stretched along the sea to the distant shore that floated, trembling and nebulous, between reality and dream. The whole host of night poured their blue and beauteous rays around, like a thousand eyes of seraphs looking in ecstasy from their spheres. All was hushed, save when now and

then a stealing air came up the valley, as if a spirit had skimmed the plain, and floated past with the odour of flowers upon its wing. As we stood and listened, the far-off note of a bird* from the thickest of the wood was faintly audible; and more distant still, there came from the habitation of men the toll of a bell, like that of the curfew

“Over some wide-watered shoar
Swinging slow with sullen roar.”

This ceased, and nature resumed her undisturbed reign.

I know not how long I should have remained gazing upon the venerable countenance of the Liberator of the west, and the noble features of the Justinian of the east, raised together to the heavens, and glowing in cele-

tial light. Long indeed might I have enjoyed the spectacle before I should have ventured to break the spell by a word or even a motion; but at last Jones brought down his eyes, surcharged with tears, to earth, and burst out into the impassioned words of the Poet—

“O most adorable! most unadored!
Where shall that praise begin which ne’er should end?
Wherever I turn, what claim on all applause!
Now is Night’s sable mantle labour’d o’er,
How richly wrought, with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with divine ambition! Thou, apart,
Above, beyond, O tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou?”†

After some moments—“Let us proceed,” he continued, moving slowly forward, “and indulge in a train of thoughts suitable to such a scene. Happy is it that even *here* nights such as these are given, as if to draw out

and expand the soul into an irresistible consciousness of its own immortality! How favoured are those whose constitutions are apt to receive the impression in its mysterious efficacy! Such was he who could ask—

“Where elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? The spirit of each spot?
Of which even now I share at times the immortal lot?”

“Never can I think on that fallen deity—for I can figuratively call him nothing else—but with pity and regret. Much did such expressions as these lead men to expect from him. Their expectations were not realized,—and had he lived a thousand years, they never would have been realized. His

life was a fine moral lesson. Delicacy and beauty adorned the outset of his poetical career, interwoven however with false views and pride. The world fondly hoped that the former would increase and overcome the latter—that right reason would strengthen the delicacy and refinement of his youthful

* Should any one be curious to know any further particulars respecting this nocturnal songster, I refer him to that respectable publication, the *Dublin Penny Journal*, *passim*.

† Young’s Night Thoughts, Night 4.

musse, and that with the inexperience and warmth of early life would wither the faults and the follies that were at first—not developed, but—*assumed*. Alas! alas! the sequel has disappointed its hopes. The weeds of profligacy grew apace, and choked all the finer feelings of his nature, till—strange and lamentable to relate—the *genius* that was to have outlived all—the *spirit of song* had departed ere he sunk into the grave.*

We were by this time in the lawn, upon the path that wound by the side of the river, and I felt a tear in my eye as I was obliged tacitly to admit the truth of Sir William's assertion. "Alas! he was in a bad school!" was all that I could utter.

"If we can calculate on inducements to err," said Franklin, "his were undoubtedly strong. With a mind constituted for feeling and appreciating familiar affection, and a heart ever ready to 'leap kindly back to kindness,' he was thrown amongst a singularly heartless tribe of profligates. A *home* would probably have altered his fate. That man is lucky who has a domestic circle to retire to. The most abstracted and uncommunicative student is better for being *at home*. While he is poring over his solitary studies, he is aware that there are familiar smiling faces near, ever ready to applaud his exertions, or, when he is fatigued, to refresh his spirits with innocent and affectionate gaiety. This is what the chambered recluse and the self-indulgent votary of pleasure equally pine for, and the want of this it is, that so frequently drives the one into excess and ruin, and the other into moroseness and despair—"

"Pray observe," interrupted Jones, stopping and pointing forwards, "now that we have come down the valley, how yonder crag throws its giant shade athwart our path, and the moon pours its molten silver round the dark base of the promontory! Her face is behind the hill, and fancy might now run wild in conjecturing the glories concealed behind the broad shadow."

"Thus," said I, "we are ever inclined to exaggerate what is not seen.

This inclination has been taken advantage of by some of the best imitators of nature, painters and poets, and, as a species of *aposiopesis*, applied to the best account. For instance, in a celebrated painting where Iphigenia is represented as on the point of being sacrificed, the multitude around are represented by the art of the designer as having a lively grief depicted in their countenances. The priest appears in still greater affliction. The sorrow of Achilles seems to exceed in violence—as was to be expected—that of the holy man. But the *father*—what colours could pourtray *his* feelings? Those of *imagination*. He stands with his face buried in his robe, and the heart of the beholder must turn to the contemplation of his sufferings to fill up the picture."

"Yes, my young friend," said Sir William, "and with similar judgment is that beautiful group of Angelica Kauffman designed, in which Andromache is seen mourning over the garments—the *dulces exuvie*—of Hector. Of two handmaids, one has given herself up to grief, and the other is endeavouring to pacify the widowed dame. She—the afflicted one—has cast herself down upon the collected armour of her lord, and her mantle is across her face. There is much more here than the most laboured representation could have given. We stand and fancy we see beneath the garment varied expressions crossing the face of the bereaved one, one after the other, like clouds, as she goes back to the prosperous days of Troy, and to *him*—its stay and glory—and to the Scæan gate, and his parting embrace, and the blessings poured upon her and her ill-fated son, and reflects that all is lost—that country—her home—he that was to her all—husband—brother—father,—and then looks forward—to despair! All this is beneath the veil; and who could paint it?"

"Poets," said I, after a pause, "have done similarly with similar effect."

"I am aware of it," said Jones,—“and yet an example does not occur to me."

* I feel I am but just in making my critic express this opinion. Let any one who thinks proper to object to it, shew me *real poetry* in the latter cantos of Don Juan, and Sir William shall not lose a moment in recanting.

"In a song of that poet's whom we have so often quoted, these lines occur:

"My heart nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel,—
I only know we loved in vain;
I only feel—farewell, farewell!"

"The example is just," said Jones. "The *feeling* cannot be expressed, but the *word* sends the reader's heart back upon itself to look for it. If I mistake not, there is a prose passage in one of Sir Walter Scott's works, where an example of this species of judicious omission occurs. When a gentleman, having returned to his native country after a long absence, finds the patron of his youth, whom he had left in the full possession of faculties of a very high order, miserably doting; the author,

after describing the whole scene with the most heart-rending minuteness, sends him away, if I recollect right, "with a crowd of feelings, none of them pleasant," and immediately changes the subject. It appears to me that more is done to affect the reader in these few words, than if he had occupied a dozen pages in anatomizing poor Croftangry's heart.*

"Perhaps," said I, "to the passage where the effects of an earthquake are described, and

—————"the bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread *hath no words*,"

the same remark might be applicable."

"I think not," said Jones. "In that passage man's dread *is* described by man's *silence*, the almost invariable manifestation of a powerful and overwhelming feeling. But the springs of all this are laid open to us in one

stanza of Childe Harold, by the same master-hand that has furnished us with the best specimen of its application. He is, I believe, quite solitary in this attempt to describe the undescribable-ness of some ideas. He directs us in a few words to what *ought to be* in the void beyond the reach of language—

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak ;—
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

"Can you not imagine that you see within that stanza, ideas, visions, as glorious as we fancied to ourselves lighting up the heaven behind the body of that hill?"

"More glorious, perhaps," said I, "than ever in reality existed in the soul that conceived it."

We were by this time close under the rocky declivity that formed the side of the promontory next the valley. The stream had gradually widened till

it mixed imperceptibly with the ocean, and we were now treading a smooth sand between the cliff and the small ripple of the advancing tide.

"Would that Heber were of our party this night!" exclaimed Jones, looking round him. "How would he soar in such a scene as this!"

"You are of course familiar with him," said I.

"How could I be otherwise?" replied Jones. "India was our common coun-

* My memory may here deceive me. I have not read the *Chronicles of the Canongate* since they were published, and have not them now by me to refer to.

try. Its advantage was our common aim. He ranged higher indeed, for his mind was set on the welfare of the ~~Hindus~~, beyond the time when my schemes for their improvement could have been of service to them. I took

lower ground; but I did not view the path above me with indifference. Often do we stray in company by the Ganges' banks, along the very shore which he has so sweetly celebrated, where

Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from brush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is he whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!*

"Still as we pass," too, we pray—for we may yet pray for earth—that Mind may assert her sovereignty in those climes, where nature has lavished charms fit for the instruction and delight of the highest order of intellect, and that the forerunner—or at least the concomitant—of enlightenment—real rational religion—may chase the fearful phantasms of Vishnou and Sœva from their temples, as civilization exterminates the tiger from their jungles. We have latterly had the amiable and enlightened Sir Stamford Raffles frequently with us upon our rambles, and India is civilized, legislated for, and converted over and over again in our conversation and wishes.—But, my dear Dr. Franklin, you seem to be so completely absorbed in your own cogitations, as to be insensible to the charms of nature around you."—He had for some time silently moved beside us, looking towards the ground as he proceeded; and in the magic of Jones's conversation, I had almost forgotten that he made one of our party.

"I fear," said I to him, "that we have been inconsiderately taking the conversation into our own hands, and have thus been depriving ourselves of at least half an hour's instruction;" and I added, recollecting his age, "besides, we may be wandering too far, and —"

"Nay, young man," said he, with a benignant smile, "you again forget what I am, I believe. Fatigue is now over with me, I hope and trust for ever. Pursue your pleasing subject,

to which I was listening with attention, and fear not my jealousy, though I do not partake in the conversation."

"Rather would we hear from you, revered sir," said I, with much humility, "some of those sentiments and opinions which have erected you a monument in every heart, than unsphere the spirits even of Heber and Raffles. I am confident that I speak Sir William Jones's sentiments as well as my own."

"You are not then," said he, with a smile, "so ready to resent a turn in the conversation as Mr. Pope was but just now."

"By no means, my dear Sir," said I, "if you but give it your own cast."

"Well then, Sir, I would ask you your candid opinion with respect to your unfortunate country; how she should be governed, and how she should obey."

"Alas, Sir," replied I, "I have not satisfactory answers to return to you on these subjects. I can only speak for our present condition. We are just as we were more than two hundred years ago, with two classes pitted against each other—mutually distrustful one of the other—the one upholding itself by its *moral* strength, and uncompromising, though now scarcely availing, firmness; the other, which would, if left to itself, though far the most numerous, drop to its *moral* level, or become amalgamated with the more influential body, as the Picts of old with the Scots-Irish, urged and goaded on to unwilling rancour by religious

* An Evening Walk in Bengal. Heber's Journal, Vol. I. p. 185.

and political agitators of uncommon ability.—But for me, with my feelings, to talk to *you*, is improper, your principles being naturally, and perhaps rightly—I am sure conscientiously opposed to mine.”

“I fear that it would be hard to convince you, young man,” said he, throwing great mildness into his manner, “that even political views take a tinge from philosophy, and that I have learned to look upon states not through the invariable medium of general principles, but with reference to their peculiar circumstances and associations. Discoveries in science are not made by first fixing principles, and then mutilating or straining observation to fit them. Knowledge will not be *tyrannized* over. We must take things as they are, not as we would have them, to arrive at truth. So would I approach the consideration of a state—and, unbiassed and open to conviction, I would scrutinize with diligence its peculiar localities and incidents, before I attempted to hazard a conjecture with respect to its grievances, its capabilities, or its rights.* Hence, my young friend, in speaking to you now on the subject of Ireland, I cast America as completely from my mind as if I had never, either in person or speculation, strayed twenty miles from the banks of the Shannon.”

“Let me, my dear Sir,” exclaimed I with vehemence, “let me, I pray of you, hear an opinion upon that long *verata quæstio*, Irish affairs. From such an one as you, with such sound judgment, and above all, with so impartial a spirit in entering into its examination, I should look for ideas which might be invaluable to all parties in that distracted land. Would that impartiality and disinterestedness could be maintained on both sides! I have always endeavoured to foster the former in my breast, though I confess at times it is

hard—hard indeed, to keep the mind *above* party spirit. As for the latter, I trust I have ever invariably preserved it.”

“You will find, I make no doubt,” said Sir William, “that you agree with each other more nearly than you are aware of.”

“I was,” resumed Dr. Franklin, “for many years an active politician on earth. From the time I walked up the street of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I was for more than half a century zealously engaged upon the arena of political life,—and this I can safely say, that as I grew older, and consequently more experienced, the course of my conviction was constantly and uniformly from theory to practice. Every day convinced me more and more that it must be by observation, and an attention to the innumerable minute circumstances that cleave to a nation, nearly as imperceptibly as its atmosphere, alone, that a true and masterly political knowledge can be gained, and that in politics the laying down of general principles, farther than those broad ones of honour and rectitude, is as detrimental as it is mistaken.”

“This, too,” interrupted Jones, “might be observed of modes of government. There is no such thing as a theoretically perfect form of government; for the form must have relation to the people governed, and indeed according to the opinion of some, it is of necessity modelled upon it.”†

“True,” said Franklin, “and thus it is the wisdom of a politician or statesman to take his views *from the round*, as I may say—not to trust to vague or inaccurate projection; but by observations in all attainable positions and lights, to get the *distinctive* character of the object of his examination; and to legislate not by squared axioms, but by appropriate and flexible systems.”

“I wish we had you in a certain

* Sir William Petty says that “Sir Francis Bacon in his advancement of learning hath made a judicious comparison in many particulars between the body natural and the body politic—and that to practice on the latter, without knowing the symmetry, fabrick, and proportion of it, is as casual as the practice of old women and empiricks;” and Sir William goes on to say that he has chosen Ireland as a “political animal” to “dissect.”—*Preface to Survey of Ireland*.

† See Sir William Jones’s 10th Discourse to the Society at Calcutta; as also a Treatise on National Character, by the late Mr. Chenevix, in which, however this author may have succeeded on other points, this subject is ingeniously handled.

house, my dear sir," exclaimed I, "to convince, or at least to astonish some of its leading members."

"I might well answer you," said Franklin, "by appropriating—I hope without irreverence—the argument of Scripture, and saying that if they are not convinced by the arguments of some of the luminaries now within its walls, they would not believe though I were now to burst the bands of the incorporeal world, and in my re-assumed mortality to enter St. Stephens, and seat myself between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Shaw! nay, I verily believe that even the accomplished judge now by my side would run a chance of being unattended to in that house as it is at present constituted. An argument must now be *new*; and any opinion that your grandfather might have expressed before you is as much ridiculed as if you had broached it with his bob-wig upon you. In all this you perceive I speak without much of *America's* feeling; and I trust you believe me to be sincere."

"No insincerity," said Jones, "was ever attributed to Dr. Franklin, even though Voltaire's doctrines influenced his actions in no small degree."

"Well, we will not speak of him," said Franklin, good humouredly, "but place ourselves in Ireland again, and for a moment take a survey of her most prominent features. We see a small island of great natural beauty and fertility, peopled fully but not redundantly by a hardy race, of lively feelings, quick perceptions, and warm imaginations; but uncivilized, poor, and improvident. In this population there are two sects of religion principally prevailing—those who belong to me being to the followers of the other as the proportion of five and a half to me nearly. The island itself adjoins a larger one, where is a nation of great wealth, intelligence, and power, which for several centuries exercised sovereignty over its less extensive neighbour; and from the date of their junction, the incursions of more distant, and consequently less considerate invaders, which the island had been up to that period perpetually subject, have ceased. The larger island has poured its enlightened population upon the smaller continually; and having at first made title for themselves, to the prejudice of the original owners of the soil,

the strangers have legalized their possession of nearly all of it, by length of enjoyment and communicated advantage. The latter, or Protestant form of religion is professed principally by these settlers and their descendants, and is admitted by those conversant with modern history to be more enlightened, tolerant, and consistent with free government than the Roman Catholic. The laws, language, and manners of the settlers have ousted by degrees the rude and barbarous ones previously existent on the island, and in every thing but religion, the two countries are completely assimilated. Am I stating this fairly?"

"In every particular," replied I, "as far as my means of information extend."

"Well, then, the Roman Catholic religion was formerly viewed with very little favour by those who professed the new faith, and legal disabilities were consequently placed upon its followers. Most of these, however, have been lately removed, to an extent to which the most sanguine of them could scarcely have looked; and a very natural consequence of newly acquired importance is now seen in a desire for further concessions on the part of those relieved, and a consciousness that, though a feeling of justice might have had its weight with those who thought fit to emancipate them, their success was mainly attributable to their formidable strength, which, it was supposed, would not remain passive under the restraint hitherto considered necessary for the good of all parties. This consciousness of power, encouraged by talented and active spirits amongst them, it is, which has caused them to look back to the times of their original independence (so called) without horror, and with a strangely infatuating influence to persuade them that in those times of barbarism and lawlessness was to be found the golden age of their country. Thus the desire of throwing off the yoke of those whom they have been taught by their leaders to style their oppressors, has grown with the extent of the favours bestowed upon them, and has now become so apparent to those of the inhabitants who still continue attached to the parent country and its religion, which may be termed the *free* religion, that they are obliged to band and unite together for

the common defence of their transmarine connexion and their faith, and to hold themselves in readiness for a struggle in support of both. But in the parent island a spirit of liberality, which has been very generally and properly adopted there, has, in the instance of its political daughter, been sufficient to blind it as to her ultimate views, and to cause it to heap favour after favour upon her, at the very time when she meditates casting off its maternal protection—abjuring its religion—and launching out into the world to shift for herself. This, I think, is an unprejudiced statement."

"It is," replied I; "but a Catholic would not allow it to be so."

"But you do not assent to it merely because you are a Protestant?" asked Franklin, with an eager look.

"No, Sir, certainly not."

"And you, Sir William, what do you think?"

"I am convinced the statement is a fair one," he replied; "but I had not heard that the inclination to throw off the British yoke was manifest."

"Manifest, Sir! why, even if it were not expressed, as it has been, what mean the distrustful looks—the dark insinuations—the eternal under-growl, as of wild beasts quarrelling with their chains—*vincla recusantum*? The whole apparent cause at present is the horror, forsooth, which a peaceable peasant feels at having to pay a small sum yearly to a Protestant clergyman instead of to a Protestant landlord! But beyond that the calm, speculative eye of the unprejudiced observer sees in receding but well-defined perspective, the application of that sum to the use of their own church; all very reasonable; the consequent *establishment* of that church—the repeal of the act of union between the countries; still very reasonable; enquiries back into the title of landlords; still reasonable; and by a natural and most reasonable consequence, an extension of that inquiry to the title of THE GREAT LANDHOLDER of the country himself. In which stage, my dear Sir William, could you say—"this does not follow?"

"I really do not pretend to say," said the person addressed.

"But I wish you to be aware at the same time," resumed Franklin, "that it is not as a *Protestant* that I give these opinions; I never, as you very

well know, allowed religion to sway my political opinions; but, as an observer of *both religions* and their tendencies in Ireland, I have come to such conclusions. I have endeavoured to point out to you the natural and obvious consequences of *Catholic ascendancy*, but I have not attempted to enquire whether that ascendancy—abstractedly considered—would be just or not. I have brought Catholic Ireland, by a necessary chain of argument, to a state of independence; and all that remains to be considered is, whether that independent condition would be favourable to it or not?"

"I fear," said Jones, "that even in case a monarchical form of government were adopted there, it would not long be stationary in its arrangement."

"Why," I enquired, "might not a mixed monarchy, after the example of its former parent, answer?"

"For this reason amongst others, that there are now in being numerous families having Hibernian blood-royal flowing in their veins, and as *title* would previously have come under examination, why should not the *title paramount* hold in its hereditary form? Believe me, Sir, the provinces would in a very few years have each its own king. Nay, every county would place a crown on the head of the representative of its ancient line of royalty.

"And if," said Franklin, "a *republic* were to be founded! Alas! I fear my own country is beginning to shew the durability of *that* form of government! and how auspiciously did *we* commence! We had *manifest injuries* overcome in the first place. The God of Justice was with us. Then we had ample territories—an independent position—advanced intellect—unwearied activity—moral as well as physical power. But in Ireland —"

"Nay, my dear Sir," cried I, "there is no occasion to exhibit the picture reversed. I am pained when I look at our state, and cannot devise a remedy for it."

"Listen to mine, then," said Franklin. "*Keep Catholicism politically under*—and you will raise the Irish, including in the term the very persons thus politically kept down, physically and morally to their just and proper station in the world."

"Can that be Dr. Franklin," exclaimed I, "who puts forward such sentiments?"

"Aye, Sir," he replied with dignity, "the Liberator of America is the Conservator of Ireland, and thus you may perceive how *circumstances* guide the opinions of liberal statesmen. You may at your leisure consider, with reference to *your religion*, what line of political conduct should be adopted within your country. In this view I have not considered the subject, nor shall I, for several reasons."

"By the bye," said Jones, "I remember, as we are on this subject, talking about some passages in Junius's letters to the author of them, my friend—"

"Have a care, Sir," cried Franklin in alarm; "you seem to forget that we have a mortal in our company."

"True, my dear Doctor," said Jones, with some appearance of embarrassment. "I was near making a forbidden disclosure—you were on the eve of being made wiser than you expected." he added, turning to me with a smile.

"I consider it quite sufficient, Sir," replied I, "to hear such things as are not interdicted, from you and Doctor Franklin. I should even thus become wiser than any study or reflection of my own could ever make me. But, omitting the name, let me entreat of you to continue your interesting remarks."

"They would not be worth listening to," he replied,—and here," he continued, pointing to the prospect before us, "we are supplied with food for contemplation more congenial and far more elevated than any supplied from the miserable affairs of unhappy and contentious man."

We had just arrived at the point of the promontory; and the shadow of the cliff, under which we had been so long walking, now suddenly gave way to such a blaze of light, that I could have imagined noon-day had preternaturally come to visit the conversation of the philosophers. A bare and rugged mass of rock here caught the unclouded moon-beam with a smile of light—there repelled it with the darkest frown. A short way along its face yawned a chasm, in the crannies of which the sea gurgled with a heavy and suffocating sound, that contributed much to the mysterious solemnity of the scene.

The queen of night was "weaving her bright chain o'er the deep," and in one quarter of the horizon the sky glowed red above the city. A small boat reposed upon the water a short distance beyond the cave's mouth, and I fancied in the uncertain light that I caught the figure of a man sitting in it. "What think you, gentlemen," said I, after we had enjoyed the prospect for some minutes, "of returning along the upper edge of the cliff, and of thus remaining within the influence of this pleasant light?"

"I fear, my young friend," said Dr. Franklin, "that we must part here. Along the ocean is our homeward course; you see where our skiff is in attendance to transport us."

"We much thank you," said Sir William Jones, "for your company; you have more than answered Doctor Johnson's description, for he, in the midst of his commendations, insinuated that your temper was not of the evenest description, and I feel that we have exercised both it and your patience to-night."

I protested to him that so far from doing so, they had conferred an honour on me of which I felt myself by no means worthy, and which I should never forget, and expressed my surprise that after the account justly given of me by Dr. Johnson, they should ever have vouchsafed to visit me. They left me with expressions full of kindness, and having skirted a little strip of sandy beach, they made a sign to the boatman, who immediately approached the shore at a jutting rock, and took them in. I stood watching them; for since they had told me that they were leaving me, I felt a strange inability to stir from the spot on which I was. They pushed gently off. I sat down upon a stone, and followed them with my eyes, as they glided away in the line of the moon's light. I continued to gaze until they were nearly out of sight, and then my eyes slowly closed. The rock seemed to sink under me—I started—opened my eyes—and *woke* in my library—my legs still stretched upon the chair, and my sherry and biscuit untasted beside me.

ADVENA.

THE BORES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.

Sans quel astre, mon dieu ! faut il que je sois né,
 Pour être de fâcheux toujours assailli.
 Il semble que partout le sort me les adresse,
 Et j'en vois chaque jour quelque nouvelle espèce.

LES FACHEUX.

Poets confabulate with wood-nymphs and fairies—madmen hold colloquy with their patroness the moon—lovers relate their sorrows to the groves and winds ; I, who am neither bard, lunatic, or despairing swain, pursue a different course ; and when I have any confession to make, story to tell, or grief to vent, my way is to make the public my confidante, and unbosom myself to the pages of a magazine.

Eraste, no doubt, had good cause for the ejaculation I have taken for my motto ; and, if it were not too great a freedom to take with the inimitable Jean Baptiste Poquelin, I would observe, that the calamities to which he subjects his hero in the admirable piece I allude to, are fitter themes for the buskin than the sock : Eraste, however (although the poet ransacked all the regions of fiction to make him the most miserable of human beings) had not half the reason to bemoan himself that I have. I am ready to give you any odds you name that I am the best bored man in the empire.

I can actually classify my bores. I have my musical bore, my literary bore, my political bore, my fashionable bore, my epistolary bore, and my miscellaneous, or omnifarious bore, who combines all the distinctive talents or accomplishments of the other species ; a suite of these characters is in continual attendance on my person. The figure I make, with my bores in ordinary, bores in waiting, bores of the bed-chamber, &c. &c. is quite princely, except that my retinue does me the very reverse of either service or honour ; for on the old principle, and a sound one it is, of "*noscitur a sociis*," the world continually confounds me with the impertinent blockheads in my train ; and probably before long I shall gene-

rally be considered as decided a bore as any in my own body-guard. It is a sad thing, Sir, to have as long a tail as a comet, or Daniel O'Connell ; and yet never to be taken for a luminary, or a man of importance.

It was well and profoundly remarked, that "every why has a wherefore." Let me illustrate this position by explaining how it happens, that I (who am not, I believe, stained with any crime of more than average enormity, such as might be supposed to make me the peculiar object of divine vengeance) am by so many degrees a better bored man than my neighbours. The fact is, I am what is called an easy man. You talk of the blessing of a good temper—wretched cant ! I solemnly protest, of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," I look upon a good temper as the most insupportable. A choleric man I envy more than a king.

— O to Bolane, curebri
 Felicem !

is with me an hourly exclamation ; and in the teeth of John Locke, Maria Edgeworth, and every other writer, masculine and feminine, on the subject of domestic discipline, I shall omit no pains to cultivate every pugnacious propensity and stormy passion in my children. Their combative organs shall be developed to the size of promontories. I know, by sad experience, the consequence of depression in that region.

Your bore knows an easy man by instinct. A good-temper is the natural prey of the species. They flock about it as wasps about a sugar-bowl, vultures round a gibbet, or Whigs in place round the abuses they rail at in opposition. As to me, I am a banquet for them, such as the racy talents of

Burgess never prepared, such as Heliogabalus would have thought cheaply purchased with half his empire. Town or country makes no difference. Winter or summer, it is the same thing. At home or abroad, no remission. The true bore is no respecter of times, places, or seasons: by sea or by land to escape him is impossible. He is omnipresent. He exists in every point of space and every moment of time. Go down into the deep and you meet him in the cabin of the steam packet. Go up into the air in a balloon and you are sure to meet him descending in a parachute. Go with Parry to the polar wastes, and though you miss the north-west passage, you will find, in all human probability, looking out for you from the top of an ice-berg, the Bore—the identical Bore—to escape from whose mortal clutches you have jeopardised your life amongst the white bears and Esquimaux. Aye! and he is not only omnipresent but immortal. When did death ever carry off a bore? A dead bore is as rare a phenomenon as a dead donkey or a dead attorney. No, Sir, your true bore possesses the *elixir vite*. The typhus will rage and carry off all the worthy inoffensive people in a district—I have known it—yet it shall not come nigh him. No; though the whole faculty be called in, the recovery of a bore is as certain as the succession of day to night. It was the same with the cholera. The bore was the only member of the community who was safe: every body else laid in a store of cafeput and French brandy; he kept his money in his purse, and walked abroad, even through noisome alleys, in perfect security. I watched with the most intense anxiety to observe the effects of that pestilence upon the bores of my acquaintance. Not a death; not the slightest blue tinge on one of their hateful physiognomies. I have no doubt the two plagues had a mutual understanding, or were influenced by an *esprit de corps*. It would have been as unhandsome in the cholera to kill a bore, as in one highwayman to blow out the brains of another.

Allow me to introduce first to your notice the gentleman who holds the post of musical bore in my establishment—a sad miscerant—a fellow who would have softened the heart of Pharaoh better than all the vermin in the insect kingdom. Do I say too much?

Not three weeks since, he made an appointment with his music-master, Signor Tantaracini, to give him a lesson on the bassoon—think for an instant of the bassoon!—three times a week at my lodgings, without asking my permission, and with the thorough knowledge of the fact, that I abominate music of all kinds, vocal and instrumental, as devoutly as a Jew does swines' flesh. While the weather remained tolerably fine, the thing was supportable, for I could take my hat the moment the Signor arrived, and saunter through the streets, or ramble into the country; but latterly it was raw, wet, and cold, and then the lessons on the bassoon were, as old Dogberry says, "most tolerable and not to be endured." I had no alternative but to stay within doors and submit to be practised and dinned almost to death. The infernal bassoon! The trump of discord was nothing to it. Yet I have reason to think that worse tortures are being prepared for me. It was but yesterday that I heard a hint dropped about the establishment of a catch-club at my quarters. The members reside, it appears, in remote corners of the town, and are in want of some central place to hold their meetings. My lodgings are just the thing to suit them; and as to any objection on my part to the arrangement, that is what, I will venture to say, not one of the songsters will ever trouble his head about. I must succumb or migrate; and the latter is out of the question, for I have taken my lodgings by the year, and have no pretence whatever for a quarrel with my landlady. Doctor Adam Clarke, one day, took a troublesome young ensign up by the waistband of his pantaloons and flung him out of a three-pair-of-stairs window. That was the proper way to deal with a bore; and there is only one thing prevents me from adopting the Doctor's way of proceeding towards Signor Tantaracini's pupil. I am unhappily what the Doctor was not—an easy man.

They spare no labour, grudge no cost, there is no sacrifice they do not make to get at me. One individual—I call him my Valetudinarian bore—will travel post, three successive days and nights for no discoverable purpose on earth save to inform me of the state of his "alimentary canal," or acquaint me with the superabundant energy of

his muscular system," or give me a history as long as Sir Charles Grandison, and about as interesting, of the progress of a certain pain or ache, which originated under his midriff, and gradually proceeded to the great toe of his right foot, from whence it took a spring, precisely at five minutes past three in the morning, into the corresponding digit of the left, and then ascended again, until it got back, he assures me upon his honour, to the precise spot under the midriff, from which it first started. Would it had travelled to better purpose and given him his *quietus*. But to give you a further idea of this worthy, (who, by the bye, is as fat as Mr. B——o G——n and as robust as Hercules,) he is literally an ambulatory medicine-chest, or walking druggist's shop. He is never an instant unprovided with James's powders, effervescent magnesia, salts of all kinds, concentrated essence of Jamaica ginger, soluble Cayenne, and twenty other things, which, not having a pharmacopeia at hand, I cannot now enumerate. He never takes an excursion, were it only to Bray or Kingstown, without a box of Abernethy's pills in his waistcoat pocket, and many a time I have carried Buchan's Domestic Medicine, and Paris on Diet for him, through the streets of London, (where I have frequently had the mishap to meet my "malade imaginaire.") and thought myself well off that he did not saddle me likewise with his "Accum on culinary poisons," and the works of Mr. St. John Long. Then there is a certain apparatus, much in use in France, but over whose virtues, even its name, delicacy obliges me to draw the curtain, without which he never stirs the length of his nose. All anonymous and coupled with ignominy as this machine is, I have panted after him for a full hour in the dog-days, carrying it under my arm as obsequiously as a footman does the reticule of his mistress. He has also a portable pair of scales to regulate his daily allowance of food; and this he produces were he only about to masticate a Naples biscuit; notes down the exact weight in a book he keeps for the purpose, and calls his "Alimentary Register;" and assures me gravely that to his delicate constitution—the varlet might sit for a picture of Samson Agonistes—an error, even of a decimal of a grain, might be

fatal. This is, you may suppose, better than any farce to the damsels in the confectioner's shops. I am ashamed, though fainting with hunger, to ask for a bun in any quarter of the city. They take me—I know it by their looks—for a professional care-taker of gentlemen out of their right minds.

My literary bore is one of the most efficient officers on my staff. He is worse than a rack or wheel, Phalaris would have made him his prime minister. How shall I give an adequate idea of this living instrument of torture? I call him literary, merely because he styles himself so, for of all the endowments of a writer I never could discover that he was gifted with more than three—to wit, pen, ink, and paper. With these, however, he has achieved prodigies; and if not the most luminous, he is perhaps the most voluminous author extant. To be sure he never appears in print—the publishers and editors take care of that; but it is so much the worse for me. If a dull book is a nuisance, imagine the horrors of dull manuscripts; and then conceive the felicity of my situation who am compelled to read every line that this blockhead is pleased to write. I must peruse all his repudiated pamphlets; I must wade through all his rejected articles; not a paragraph or letter of his inditing is kicked out of a newspaper office with contumely, but I must pore over at his discretion. His papers make a tour of all the periodicals in the kingdom; but you, Editors, have an easy life of it; you see at a glance that a contribution of half a ton weight will not do, and you forthwith cashier it with one of those cant observations you rejoice in, such as "Profundus is too deep for our pages," or "Lacon must excuse us; we never insert articles that we can scarcely lift." This done, you throw yourselves back in your easy chairs, and pair your nails, or perhaps slumber; but it is then that my tribulations commence:—what you reject I must read; nor will either indisposition or business excuse me. It is easy to say, why not pretend to read, and send the nonsense back pencilled here and there in the margin. I have tried it without any success. I must read or I must listen. The law of the Medes and Persians was not more fixed. Nor will a cursory perusal serve; for I am actually examined, and if found defi-

cient in his execrable trash, woe is me! Never did schoolboy, dubious of a concord, so quail before the rod of an Etonian potentate, as I do on these occasions. Imagine the being asked your opinion, *seriatim*, of every line of an ode as long as Chevy Chase, and as leaden as Blackmore's Job, or one of Bob Montgomery's epics, with the certainty, staring you in the face, of being punished for every mistake by a declamation of the whole passage by the inexorable author. Imagine too the monthly recurrence of this martyrdom; and no security against a still more rapid return of such inflictions. What shall I do when the sphere of his literary toils embraces the Penny Magazines, in which event my sufferings will be hebdomadal?

Linquenda tellus et domus;

or, in the vernacular—

Then must I quit my native strand,
And sail for Van Diemen's land.

I never meet this "savant," but he has a huge bundle of MSS. papers under his arm, obligingly designed for my perusal. His friendship for me is so violent that he always lets me have the *first reading* of all his productions. The last time I encountered him, he was laden with an essay on the poetry of metaphysics: he was sure I would admire it and desired, (modest gentleman!) that I would read it "three or four times attentively"—I quote his words—"in the course of the evening—longer he could not, he regretted, leave it in my hands." Was this all? No! Sir, it was not all; nor even the worst part of it. He ended by cramming the odious essay into my coat pocket, without the slightest deference to my broad-cloth; deploring, at the same time, his negligence, in not having also brought with him his "Panorama of Modern Philosophy," it would have answered so well for a counterpoise on the other side. That, I think, was considerate. You would have seen enough of the advantages of a good temper, if you had met me, that day, after the horrible rencontre I have described, staggering along under half-a-ream of this caitiff's balderdash, the union of the body and skirts of my new frock coat three-fourths repealed, and every soul that passed eyeing me as if I had purloined a cheese.

Then he has a score of books of his own poems, written in the neatest hand, and covered with marble paper. The very sight of marble paper makes me shudder, it is associated with so many atrocious lines on butterflies, odes to daisies, elegies on yellow-hammers, sonnets on Mirandoletta, and addresses to Mont Blanc, "after the manner of Ossian." All these enormities he lends with impartial liberality to all his acquaintance: on me, however, it exclusively devolves to commit his ridiculous effusions to memory, which, barbarous as they are, I cannot avoid doing, I hear them repeated, and read them myself so very frequently. The deal of it is that they are rapidly expelling from my recollection all the sterling poetry I formerly had by heart; Milton and Shakspeare will soon, I fear, be wholly forgotten, and their room occupied by the drivellings of a fellow whose head is an actual lead-mine. His practice is to favour me with his company at tea, with two or three of his manuscript books in his hand; he then selects some favourite piece—often the address to Mount Blanc—sets me to recite it; and, while I obey his orders, he coolly drains the tea-pot to the very lees, and devours all the toast and muffin on the table.

Why not fling the tea-pot at his head, and dismiss the villain, once and for ever, with the classical valediction of "accipe calcem," addressed to his seat of honour?

Sir, I shall send you the development of my cranium, taken by De Ville, and you will there find the only satisfactory answer to your question I have it in my power to offer.

The next plague on my list is my political bore, and little less truculent he is than his literary confederate. You shall have a few hasty touches:—he prattles for ever of his political career, and never gives an opinion without staking his reputation as a public man upon his correctness. His talk is of protocols and plenipotentiaries, and he is not five minutes in your company without hoping and trusting that his principles are too well known to need explanation; a fellow, I protest solemnly, without talents to administer the affairs of Ireland's Eye—who could not tell you the difference between a Jacobin and a Jacobite, and who once, in my own hearing, expres-

sed his belief, that the American Tariff was a species of opossum. A few years ago he was called to the chair at a county meeting, where, in consequence of a tremendous hurricane, not half a dozen persons were present; some wag, acquainted with his extraordinary asinine endowments, complimented him on the fervour of his patriotic zeal, which a ride of twenty miles in a pelting snow storm had failed to cool; the dunce's ambition took fire, and he has ever since considered himself as a public character, and spoken of himself as the property of his country. Although, perhaps, no cabinet minister is more profoundly ignorant, he looks on himself as nothing less than a statesman, and laments daily the want of "a master mind," an expression always in his mouth, at the helm of affairs. He prefaces remarks that would discredit Lord Althorp with—"to take an enlarged view of the question"—or, "to go to the bottom of the subject,"—or, "to look at the matter with the eye of a philosopher;" and I am, of course, the favoured individual to whom he imparts his vast views; nor do I get my enlightenment gratis; every new ray costs me a coat-button, or a fee to the doctor. He will detain me an hour on a gusty day on Carlisle-bridge, or at the convergence of half a dozen streets, to inform me that, by putting things together, and looking sharply into passing events, he has arrived at the conclusion; he should not wonder if I was startled at the boldness of it—that the Whigs have sunk into contempt, or that Lord Anglesea's talents for government are not of the first-rate order, or that Lord John Russel is not a great man, or some other observation equally original, and beyond the reach of ordinary intellects. The last piece of information, relative to the noble Paymaster of the Forces, cost me a rheumatic fever. To do the rogue justice, however, he is strenuous and unremitt-

ing in his vocation; he never for a moment lays aside the public character—although Homer occasionally nods, my political bore never does. If he is not an agitator, he is at least always in agitation; and though he is too absurd to be often permitted to make a motion, his life may truly be said to be a perpetual one, for there is not a meeting within a dozen leagues of his residence, having the remotest reference to politics, at which he is not to be seen securing a place, often three or four hours before there is the least chance of the proceedings being commenced; and, "heu, miserande puer!" nine times out of ten I am to be seen by his side, although, if there is one thing on earth which is to me more detestable than another, it is the tumult and confusion of a public meeting. How I tremble at the thoughts of a general election! So far from thinking septennial parliaments too long, from the bottom of my heart I wish some worthy member would bring in a bill to make parliaments everlasting, for a general election is the highest festival to this busy blockhead; he is then in the zenith of enjoyment, I, in the nadir of distress and affliction. Our faces are better known on twenty hustings, than those of the sheriffs, assessors, or agents. I never take off my clothes; it is life in the maelstrom, or existence amongst the spokes of a water-wheel. Heaven deliver me from a general election!

Such, Sir, are a few specimens of the bores of my acquaintance; such the daily life, or rather the daily dying of an easy man. Many interesting members of the same horrid family remain unpourtrayed. If I am lucky enough not to bore your readers with the present article, I shall resume next month my sad story, always provided that I survive the Catch Club, or that the present parliament does not go off suddenly.

FRAGMENTS OF MY TOUR.

AND so, Anthony, you have the audacity to ask me for all my precious manuscripts, and at one fell swoop to resign all the *Kudos* to be gained by a "Quarto on Holland, Belgium," &c. issued to the expectant world by the Autocrat of Albemarle-street, and reviewed in *Mag.* by Anthony Poplar. You have the cool impudence to request me to commit a literary *felo de se*, and die that you may benefit. Verily, modesty is not the distinguishing attribute of Editors in these days. Howsome-dever, as Timothy Tugmutton says, there is a lurking feeling about my heart, that your subscribers' list affords a better chance of being known to the reading world, than if I launched my little bark upon the waters, wanting the steady power of your name; besides, ever and anon fears cross my soul, that Tours are not saleable—and above all, I am too lazy to fill up the intervals in my journal in such manner as to form a connected travel. All these considered, I shall give way to my good nature, and in the generosity of my heart, present you for your benefit such things as may be useful to you. I only promise, that here you have the bare incidents, observations, anecdotes, and other parts of the fabric of all travels. I have to each to add descriptions, all moralisings, sentimentalising, poetisings; in short, I furnish only the *materiel*, and, in the words of my grandmother's recipe for making pudding, "leave every one to sweeten to taste." I therefore request that all your readers may have this number of the Magazine bound with six pages of letter paper to each one of the print, and thus afford room, to the young lady "just come from the schoolery," to add the culled and favourite passages of Byron; that the milliner's prentice may write therein the sentimental fancies of her heart; the bench of bishops thunder forth against the immorality of the day; the diplomatist set down his thoughts on the political welfare of kingdoms; and each and every one of these classes be delighted with the effort of my pen, judging it

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good, from the reflective glory of their own remarks. What led me to travel was sheer idleness. Obligated to transact business in London at two periods, at an interval of some weeks, and not wishing to stay in town for the heats of June, and equally unwilling to return to Ireland, only to leave it again, I determined to go as far on the great northern beaten track as time would allow, see all possible, travel as well as could be, and be home by a certain day. Having the good luck to meet a brace of wild Irishmen, like myself, at a loss what to do, I inoculated them with an anti-London influenza, administered a strong dose of sight-seeing desire, and succeeded in working them up to a fever of Continental rabidness, taking which at the flood, I managed that they should have their passports signed, their trunks packed, and themselves on board the "Lord Liverpool" at the Tower stairs, before this tide should change. We staid long on deck, looking at a fire somewhere in the regions of Bermondsey. These new fire brigades play the wind as well as the water, with any picturesque fire by night. No sooner is a house in a good "low" than pipe and bucket, hose and engine are in request. An hour's work, and you have nothing but a heap of steaming ruins. Why if a man wanted to take the effect at one dash, he can only get as far as the neutral tint of the clouds, and has just put the cake of fire colour into the glass of water, and prepared for the sublime, when—whiz—all is darkness. One as well might stand on Waterloo Bridge, and hope to sketch the portrait of a sky rocket from Vauxhall, as paint a fire in London from "the life."

The fire had hardly done blazing, when our attention was caught by another very *striking* scene, but of a very different class from the fire. It may be tame now, but I can assure you that it *told* with great effect at the time. I allude to the clocks chiming midnight,—a sound partaking of the mixed natures of a charity school and a Dutch concert—resembling the latter,

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inasmuch as every steeple rings forth its own tune, varying from the "old hundred" to the last Mazourka; and being comparable to the former, as the deep tone of St. Paul's commencing, and the various parishes going after as fast as possible, always reminded me of a clerk and his school repeating the responses, the unison of the whole being broken by a race between some unlucky urchins for the *Amen*.

When we got on board we held a council of war, as to the possibility of obtaining berths, when, lo! ye, the main cabin was full to suffocation. Made to contain twenty, above sixty had obtained what the steward called "accommodation," i. e. on the tables, or chairs, two in a berth, &c; which scene not being pleasing, we went forward to the cabin in those regions, where we found a chance of two pigeon holes for three persons. Oh! the delight, the luxury of being short. Heaven help you, Anthony, if you had to pig where my length—*Anglicæ* shortness—was comfortably stowed; and I was in, and half asleep, without any bed-clothes, when a long six foot hero, who had looked down on my humble altitude, came in, and calling vociferously for the mate, demanded "No. 4." "Here, Sir," said the semi-merman, pointing to a hole much like a hand-box with the front out. "That!" shouted the unhappy giant, "Good heavens! I could never enter that, and I have not been in bed for five nights;" and he was quite right. As well might a Giraffe enter a mouse-trap as that young Titan get into that hole. And there I lay, in all the snugness of five feet nothing, knees to my chin, and coiled like a hedge-hog, and awoke not until we were in the Nore. Away we went, splashing with the tide, the boxes on the shores running like mad towards town. "There's Margate," and in an hour it was out of sight. The whole coast went by, as in a panorama, but as if the moving machinery was at a gallop. Oh, Anthony, just imagine a mad steam coach! it would beat the "walking leg" and the German to boot, all to nothing. There is something sublimely horrible in the idea. We passed many a frigate, and far far away lay the Downs, with many a ship moored, "her tall sails shivering in the wind," and many a black-eyed Suman;—hang sentiment. The deck

presented a lively scene at this period. Chess and backgammon were in request—here a party were preparing for a tour by reading *The Child*—others were hunting out their course in huge maps, not very certain whether Rome or Moscow was the capital of Sicily. Two or three couple flirted assiduously—our party lay on the deck, in the sun, discussing the church reform bill, and some brandy and water; and all went on well and smoothly for some time. About half way we spanked over a bank famous for fishing. We must certainly have astonished the turbot and haddock not a little. I dare say they felt like a German peasant, when the wild huntsman and his jagers tallyho over his head after an invisible fox, with imperceptible dogs, and horses which are not, all full gallop on an imaginary road. I wish we had such a work as the "*Recollections of a Cod-fish*,"—it is a desideratum in literature. We presently came into a most confounded fog, which continued till we got to where Ostend ought to be, and a breeze got up, and the sea was not long in following the example, and then, Anthony, the people began to be very nasty, and there was an omnipresent quality required in the steward, and the brandy and water was all consumed, and—but I'll say no more about it, for even now the table seems to roll, and I have a savour as of engine tallow in my nostrils—faugh. At last the fog "lifted," and the pilot sung out cheerily that he had "made" the land, much to our joy, for we began to suspect that we should have to stay out all night, in such a packet and in such numbers, that no force short of a Bramah press could get us stowed. We soon went up the harbour, alongside the rows of battery, in a few minutes were on the quay, our luggage and passports sent to the custom-house, and ourselves to the Waterloo Hotel.

Before I let you go to the hotel, I shall keep you a few minutes to look at that large ship coming up the harbour,—how accurately like Cooper's description of the man of war in the "*Pilot*," breaking through the haze;—there are the same "wreathing mists," and "tall pyramids of fog," and the vessel itself looking like a giant. Every thing is magnified. That fishing smack looks as some "tall ammiral," and that Dutch built brig is towering hundreds

of feet over our heads. The very sentinels on the ramparts appear of a decent size. On the whole, I think it rather an improvement to the town; for all the bad, distant, dirty parts are hidden, and nothing revealed to sight but what is close and passably clean.

Nothing human is perfect—not even the brilliant inventions of a Watt. A steam boat may give you certainty as to the length of your agony, but to the roll and pitch of a sail vessel, superadds the horrible quiver peculiar to itself. I can only compare it to being tied Mazeppa-wise on a gigantic blue-bottle fly—bus—bus—whis—whis—bus; but the worst is, that when you step on shore, you still retain what the ladies call the “steam-packetyness,” and the very *terra firma* is seemingly afflicted with an ague.

Ostend is a curious town, and its curiosity to strangers is much increased by its being the first spot of “foreign land” on which they place their foot. Every thing tells you that you are not in England: the harbour is lined with long ranges of ramparts pierced for musquetry, the quay crowded with short, little, insignificant looking, shako-wearing soldiery, mixed here and there with a civilian, the latter being far the smaller portion of the parties assembled to see our landing; turn where you will, you see or hear something strange or astounding; our remarks on this were broken by the commissioner of the hotel, who came to beat up for customers, him we followed, and after some time dinner was served, but so slowly and scantily, that we had ample time to obtain a fresh appetite between every dish. This great operation being performed, we adjourned to the streets, in order to see the lions of the place; in every part the people were employed in setting tall, thin, broom-like, fire-poles in rows at either side of the street, at intervals of about ten feet, we guessed that this was for some saint, but on enquiry found that all this extemporé arborescence was in honour of Leopold, who was on a tour through his extensive dominions, in order to show himself to his loyal and brave people, and to the exercise of the journey hoping to add the pleasure of the expected “vivas.” To our eyes the preparations appeared heartless and the populace seemed to look at the poles more with eyes of affec-

tion, as fire-wood for their winter store, than as any sincere testimony of their love and loyalty. There are some curious paintings on the church, and we lamented the duskiness which prevented our examination of them; we then proceeded along the docks, or canals, much to the offence of our nasal organs—for know ye, that Ostend is a fishing town, and salt fish is a food much in vogue amongst her inhabitants, and the natural consequence is, that “there is an ancient and fish-like smell,” pervading the atmosphere of this reputable post. Darkness drove us home, when, behold, all the beds were full, and not even room for a “shake-down,” until a party should leave the parlour; we were almost overpowered with sleep, in consequence of our last night’s bad rest, and often did we pray that these unreasonable toppers would vanish from their floor, but our prayers were fruitless, until near twelve o’clock when they went off to roost, and we took possession of the parlour, which, in the short interval between the evacuation and re-occupation, had undergone some cleansing process. Here we received a fresh notification, that we were not in England. I was preparing myself for sleep, and had taken off some of my pedal garments, when a sketch of Antwerp caught my view on the opposite wall—anxious to see a drawing of a place which we were so soon to visit, I jumped up and run across, and after feasting my eyes returned to my couch. Oh! Anthony, only conceive my horror when I found my feet covered with sand, and the variety of Dutch filthiness which smoaking produces, it was very nasty, and it cost me some time and some basins of water to refit myself to my taste. Of the beds all I can say is, that the linen throughout my peregrination was exquisitely clean and white—nothing further of note occurred at Ostend, excepting the ordeal of the custom-house; I had always been brought up in the wholesome fear of such myrmidons of state, and certainly walked down to the meeting, not without some qualms, not of conscience, for I was no smuggler, but of laziness, lest they should make me repack my trunk; I do not now recollect the exact form, but it must have been very slight, for I find the affair characterised in my log as “all humbug.” I in the morning

paid the bills, both public and private, got on board the barge for Bruges at five, and away we went at the sober pace of four and a half miles per hour, and floating on one of the best canals in Europe, being able to carry a vessel of four hundred tons. A track-boat must be to an invalid or thoroughly idle fellow, one of the pleasantest conveyances in the world, but I confess, that it is too monotonous, too hum-drum for me, a *little* quiver of a steamer would be a decided advantage. They gave us breakfast on board; such coffee—*real* “*café au lait*,”—the first I had ever tasted, and it certainly was superior to any in this country; then I had a Flemish lady to look at, rather pretty at first—too fixed looking at the second glance, and at the third I absolutely wished for a pin, wherewith to make her change the marble rigidity of her face; still she was better worth looking at than the horrid country through which we were being pulled—flat, swampy, low, faggy fields, and in this state did it remain until we had changed horses half-way between Ostend and Bruges, when a few trees and cottages served as a variety to the pallid and tired eye. We did not stop at Bruges, but on mounting a diligence drove through the town and just caught the barge for Ghent; in Bruges there were many signals of rejoicings for Leo—cannon and musquetry, which signified how glad the soldiery were to see their renowned king—fiddles, flowers, and flags, to represent the joyous feelings of the “nobility,” but little beyond this outward show; in spite of the roar of artillery, which announced the near approach of “*Le Roi*,” we had a respectable crowd, to witness our departure, and the rarity “a real king” could not break up the excitement of the every day packet-boat, *Eheu!*—we had a glimpse of the tower of Notre Dame, very high, and at a distance it is noble looking, but when close to it, the brick work takes greatly from the effect; it is too obviously a congregation of *littlenesses* ever to be able to compete with the solid grandeur of our minsters—what I say once, I say for all, at least for all towers of this earthen build. When we went on board the Ghent barge, we had a huge and multifarious collection of human animals, quantities of soldiers, who had accompanied Leo-

pold from Ghent or some other town, lots of women and children, which latter were stuffed by their *mammas* with bread and butter, or rather (to use the major quantity first) butter and bread, a fat friar or two, plenty of smoking boors, some pretty market girls, and a few gentlemen. All these speedily adjourned to dinner, which in the main cabin was long, tedious, and imitative of French—here again shocked by the horrible custom of eating fish, flesh, and fowl, with the same knife and fork. After an hour being spent at dinner, we came from below, merely exchanging the stewing of the cabin for the broiling of the decks. We are still passing through this same dull flat, and the country covered with wood so dense as to prevent the sight from penetrating many yards. On either side there is little to look at; the new baby-house looking cottages painted of all colours, the huge heaps of wood, and picturesque forms of the wood-cutters; the luxuriance of the crops are all good, and sometimes even border on the beautiful but the eternal sameness is terrible—a few miles would sicken any one but a Fleming. The level of the ground is such, that from Ostend to Ghent, a distance of thirty-eight miles, there is not a single lock—oh! any money for “a good hill.”

These passage boats, or “*Trackschyts*,” as they call them, are very neat and clean in their accommodation, and are drawn by four or six horses, attached by pairs to the top of a mast—not as with us to the gunnel. They are also wonderfully cheap; I got from Ostend to Bruges for three francs, including breakfast, and really are a very luxurious method of travelling; and if they would travel fast would be perfection. From the intense heat acting on the stagnant canals, there is an unpleasant effluvia, which will, in process of time, be horrible; in some of the recesses of the sides, the water is almost green and covered with a filthy skim; yet the people on the banks seem to use it; it is also used in the boats for culinary purposes. I am glad that I did not see it before dinner. We passed many huge boats laden with coal; we measured one which we saw at Ghent, and found it 140 feet long by 12 wide, and this was not a very large one. We arrived at Ghent at 4 o'clock in the

afternoon, and at once went to the "Hotel de Vienné, and having made our toilette, crossed the street to the church of Notre Dame. Every thing here was in a state of preparation for celebrating mass before the king, and the rich furniture added much to the effect; the choir is surrounded with pillars of the purest white marble, and was ornamented with a profusion of gilding, some paintings and tubs of orange trees on every step. We were much struck with the attitude of a common man, one of the lower orders, who was kneeling before the crucifix, with his arms crossed on his breast, and an expression of woe-begone sorrow and sin on his face, which, had it been transferred to canvass, would have made the fortune of a painter. We, of course, seemed to take no notice of him. At six we were ejected from the cathedral, and turned on the streets for amusement, where we found ample employment for our legs and eyes; we by accident stumbled on one of the greatest curiosities of the town, an immense mortar-cannon, from which, instead of balls, huge stones had been thrown; its formation, as well as antiquity, render it deserving of notice; it is above twelve feet long, and made of bars of iron welded lengthways, and hooped outside with ribs of the same metal; there is no carriage, but the gun is mounted on three blocks of stone about five feet high—in short put up in regular *curiosity* fashion. Proceeding in our rambles, we came to the Maison de Ville, part of which is a splendid specimen of the florid Gothic. It is not my intention to write every thing we saw; for description of this noble building we refer you to Boyce's Belgian Traveller, a book which we found useful, and as true as such generally are. Being evening, we could not obtain entrance to the apartments, which appeared fine. We then directed our steps towards the "Place des Armes," the great promenade of the lower and middle orders, and took several turns, looking at the rather handsome girls. It struck us that there is less disparity amongst the grades of society here than in England, and the beauty more equally distributed than with us. All the class of shopkeepers, that with us are passable, were here absolutely pretty, tight slim ankles, capital eyes, generally

black—the killing colour, Anthony—very expressive when mild, but the deuce when the owners are wicked. Ah me, *experientia docet!* plenty of good figures; in short, every constituent part of beauty was here in abundance; but still there was no *beauty*—all well-looking, but none of those electrifying creatures, a glance of whose eyes at once slays dead. When the "place," began to empty of its promenaders, we returned to our hotel by another route, passing the new university. A noble front of the Corinthian order, with eight pillars—in a word, a copy of the Pantheon, so you have the picture at once. It is built on the site of the church of the Jesuits, some time since suppressed. Got home tired, but could not sleep on account of some magnificent lightening, which, in light-blue flashes, or rather streams, threw out the tower of the cathedral and belfry of St. Bavon in splendid relief. I sat up, long looking at this sight, and listening to the sweet "carrillons," which chimed every seven minutes, and played the quick movement of Rossini's "All Idea" every hour; the bad effect of the bass bells, continuing their tone too long was nowhere perceptible, I suppose on account of their being hung so very far from the ground. At length we drowned all care in balmy sleep, &c.

When we got up one fine morning in order to mount the diligence for Antwerp, we had an amusing instance of association of ideas. A gentleman was in the coffee-room endeavouring to make the garçon understand his wants, but in vain; the poor waiter struggled and grimaced, and pointed to various eatables on the table; but no, the other party did not want food, "he had breakfasted, thank ye;" his wants were something, the name of which, as he pronounced it, was utterly unintelligible. At last losing all patience, he flung on his hat, stalked out of the room, bellowing out a good old English oath "d—n the tower of Babel;" his want of the unknown article being thus traced by a rapid train of circumstances to the confusion of tongues at this celebrated edifice. Laughing heartily at this bolt of English feeling, we mounted the coupé of the diligence and away we went, bound for Antwerp. The first brace of miles out of Ghent we passed through a great horse fair, both sides of the road being lined with noble

beasts of the Flemish breed, hollow-backed, fat, heavy, good-humoured looking brutes, all in the finest condition, and admirably suited for the slow work in which they are used. At half-past one we arrived at the banks of the Scheldt, about two miles above Antwerp. The regular road had been across the low country to the Tete de Flanders, exactly opposite the city, but when old Chassé cut the Dyke, the whole country and this road were inundated; we therefore took boat, and with one ebb tide dropped down to the quay, landed, delivered our passports, and went to the Hotel du Grand Labaccreur. The road from Ghent was in some parts absolutely beautiful, rivalling in richness and planting the finest parts of England, but all flat. Often did we exclaim at the cursed pavé which prevents all conversation, rest, and sleep, the incessant rumble is horrible, and but for the shade of the coupé we should have been roasted to a cinder. Nothing remarkable on the road except the multitude of soldiers marching from Antwerp to Namur, not in companies, or even in twos or threes, but one by one, straggling, in all parts of the road, and now and then a tobacco-smoking officer tramping *by himself* through the sandy sides of the pavé; the whole order of march seemed to be, that they were to muster at a certain place by a certain hour, but the ways and means left to the discretion of each individual. Got a capital dinner at our hotel, and wine super-excellent, then took a guide and proceeded to the scene of the late siege. A few prefatory remarks may not be unacceptable to my readers.

Antwerp has ever held a distinguished station amongst the cities of Europe. Even now, in her declining days, much of her ancient splendour may be traced, in the size of the streets and the stately grandeur of her buildings, both public and private. Her docks are silent witnesses of that commerce which searched the uttermost parts of the earth. Her churches shew the wealth of former times, when monkish superstition and Popish power could extract from the monied Burgher the enormous sums necessary for such erections. She was famous for the schools of art founded within her walls; and she can still attract the votaries of genius, to pay the admiration due to such; and above all,

she can boast the master effort of Rubens,—“The Descent from the Cross!”

This city has severely felt the rising prosperity of her rival, Amsterdam; her population, which in her glory amounted to 120,000, now scarcely exceeds the half of that sum, and were a stranger to make an estimate of what she has been, from what she is, he would rank her very low amongst the commercial cities of the world. The city is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and the river itself affords all facilities for intercourse with the world—broad and deep, its banks low, so as not to intercept the winds. The high value which was placed upon this city may be estimated from the vast fortifications which have been thrown up for her defence. These works, on the land side, consist of nine irregular fronts, on the north-east is situated the Fort du Nord, a pentagonal work not quite a mile from the city. The defence on the extreme right is formed by the citadel, which is a pentagon with a front of 1,100 feet; the bastions are placed in the following order—next the river are those of “The Duke,” and “Alva,” towards the city is “Fernando,” in a south-easterly direction is “Toledo,” and “Pacioto” faces south west, or nearly so. There are also two *lunettes*, one called “Fort Keil” in advance between the bastions “Pacioto” and “The Duke,” the second “Fort St. Laurent,” is situated in front of the demi lune, between bastions “Toledo” and “Pacioto.” Had this fortress been built in an open plain, there would have been a lunette between every pair of bastions, but in this case it was unnecessary. The river runs close to the first mentioned pair, and therefore renders any lunette in that quarter unnecessary. The town comes close to the demi-lune between the bastions “Alva” and “Fernando,” and the defences of the city join the citadel between “Toledo” and “Pacioto;” hence it is evident that the only faces left unprotected, were those on which the *lunettes* were projected. This noble specimen of military science was built in the year 1567, by the celebrated Alva, in order to hold the city in check, but since that period, the works have undergone many improvements, and have been rendered capable of a defence much more protracted and bloody than that from which they

have lately suffered. The only other thing which I have to premise is, that about 700 yards from the citadel, in an easterly direction, and attached to the defences of the town, is "Fort Montebello." Having occasion hereafter to mention this fort, I have thought it well to give its relative position.

As we sailed down the Scheldt, we passed some ruinous buildings, but remarked nothing very particular. We were all agog for the citadel. We pictured to ourselves a lofty building, frowning awfully upon the city and adjacent country; we had painted the rampart bristling with cannon, the massive gates and drawbridges and moats; in short just such a fortress as one might read of in olden romances. Heaven help our ignorance, we knew little about the matter. At last our impatience could wait no longer, and we addressed some Belgian officers who were in the boat, and requested to be shewn the citadel. They looked at us with mouths aghast, and one pointing with his pipe to a mound of grass, signified that that was "the citadel." I never got such a shock; just such a thing as a parcel of schoolboys would take in an hour. But I little knew what science and skill was manifested in that work. I could then form no estimate of the caution to be used in approaching such an innocent looking spot; but I can say that I came away from the inspection of the works with very different notions of their strength than those I had entertained at my first introduction to them. The ruins which we passed were those of the entrepot and arsenal, burned and battered by Chassé in the revolution of 1830; the prison also shared the same fate. By a bribe of a few sous we obtained entrance to the ruins of the entrepot, from whence a good view may be had of the remains of those slips and dock-yards which were erected here by Napoleon. These are now overgrown with grass and weeds, and but little is seen to mark the spot where this man hoped to furnish means for crushing the naval power of Great Britain. The court yard of the arsenal was filled with the "munitions of war," and no bribe could induce the sentries to allow us to pass: we stood, however, at the gate looking at some of the shells of the monster mortar, which lay close to us; they bear about the same proportion to

a common shell that a twentyfour-pounder does to a musket-ball; the battering train was also here, or at least part of it, and some of the guns used in the defence of the citadel. The equivalent to our "move on there" sent us off from our sights, and we crossed the esplanade between the town and the citadel, throwing many a longing glance at the latter, to which, alas, we could obtain no admission. This esplanade was made during the siege, neutral ground, as had any of the approaches of the French been made on it, the fire of the Dutch against such might have injured the city. Here the "Commissionaire" commenced his anecdotes, the truth of which I am by no means bound to defend. "I tell the tale as it was told to me." Shortly after the revolution of 1830, a drunken man from the city came on the esplanade, and fired a pistol at the sentry on the top of the works; he instantly returned the fire, and shot the brave Antwerpian dead. So fearful were the people of Chassé, after the specimen he had given them by burning the stores, &c. that they kept the body of their townsman, where he fell, for six days, and finally took him away by night. Our guide, who was a bit of an Orangist, said the citizens were afraid to do anything to vex "Old Bayonette" as they termed Chassé, lest he should give them a second edition of 1830, when the shells flew rather plentifully to be pleasant, into the town. We then proceeded to the head of the first parallel, at Fort Montebello, whereby hangs a tale. This fort was in the possession of the Belgians, and a strict neutrality was enforced upon all the soldiery of that army. Chassé said he would not fire on the fort unless the neutrality was broken by the Belgians. The French immediately took advantage of this agreement and built their first battery close under Montebello, and when they opened their fire, the Dutch of course returned it. Some of their shot and shells fell in Montebello, which could not by any possibility be prevented; but up rose the Belgians—declared the neutrality broken, and commenced a fire upon the citadel from no less than six twentyfour-pounders and three howitzers, altogether a shabby affair.

The parallels being filled up, and only to be traced by the sandy soil, we

did not think it necessary to follow all their zigzags, but at once proceeded to the site of the breaching battery. After a little "parlezvousing" with a sentry who looked wicked, and who had shouted the nasty "on ne passe pas ici," on our approach to the glacis, we got opposite the breach, and there I received my first ideas of the force of a battery erected for such purposes. The muzzles of the guns were within pistol shot of the wall, and they were fired by salvos of three, each ball being twenty-four pounds weight. The effect was very curious. Standing on the top of where the battery had been, we looked down into the fosse, which although ninety feet wide, was half filled with the earth, crumbled down from the rampart, the remainder of the ditch would, in the event of the storming have been filled with *fascines*, or bundles of branches, thrown into the water. Exactly opposite us was the breach itself, about 100 feet wide, and divided into three or four compartments by the huge "counterforts," or what in common building would be called "binders," which run at right angles to the face of the wall, and serve to keep it from falling outwards. These were still standing, but would have been destroyed in a few hours had the citadel not surrendered. The top of the wall, or "crest," was also remaining, but it also must soon have crumbled into the ditch. Your readers will recollect that it was in the eastern flank of the bastion of "Toledo" that the breach was made, and it was commanded by that part of the flank of "Fernando" which faced the breach. In this flank the Dutch had a battery of eight guns, which if not silenced would sweep the ditch to be crossed by the storming party. Against this flank of "Fernando" the French had erected a battery at right angles to the breaching battery, but with little effect, the Dutch in fact had done more injury to this "counter battery" than they had suffered from it. Here there were several things to be effected before the breach could be reported practicable; the fire from "Fernando" to be silenced, the "binders" of the wall to be levelled, the crest of the parapet to be tumbled into the ditch, and the fascines to be laid before the infantry could possibly leave the trenches, with any hope of success. It would have occupied many

hours before these could be finished, and when the French had got to the top they were still far from having taken the citadel; the pallisades and entrenchments were to be overcome, and had the Dutch resolved on a bloody resistance, their enemies would not have found it quite such "une promenade de quinze jours" as they had boasted it would turn out.

There was a beautiful piece of engineering opposite this breach which much pleased us; I allude to the tunnel cut at the edge of the fosse, in order to permit the French troops to reach the fascines in the ditch without being exposed to the fire of the garrison. So beautifully was this executed, that the bottom of the tunnel was precisely brought to the level of the water, although the sappers worked without seeing the ditch. The tunnel was six feet square, supported by huge beams inside, and run in a gentle slope to the fosse, the wall of the "counterscarp" or side of the fosse furthest from the citadel, was left standing, but ready in a moment to be levelled before the rush of the storming party.

Having minutely examined the breach, we proceeded to the mine in St. Laurent. Battering had been tried on this fort, but found too slow; the engineers, therefore, resolved to try a mine, and for this purpose two men were sent across the ditch in the night, but from the excessive hardness of the brick, the attempt was in vain. The next night they tried again, and after incredible labour, succeeded in lodging twenty pounds of powder. The fatigue was enormous, for no more than two men could work at a time. Often did they wish to return; and the mine would have proceeded slowly, had not a "vivandiere," named Antoinette Moran, faced the dangers of the passage, and frequently carried over wine and refreshments to the miners under the wall. Roused by her courage, the men worked well, and in the second night effected the mine. Antoinette afterwards received the cross of honor for her deeds. She was, I believe, a native of Antwerp, and one of those class of people who were selected to attend the troops on duty in the trenches, and deal out spirits, wine, &c. There are a certain number of these females allotted to each regiment. I cannot describe them better

than in the words of an English officer who was an eye witness of the siege.* "They are dressed in a uniform corresponding generally to that of the regiment. A light blue or French grey spencer, fitting close to the shape, with three rows of small brass buttons in front, a petticoat and drawers, or rather trowsers of red cloth, and laced boots, a man's oiled-skin hat, with the number of the regiment on it, and a brass plate on the arm, with the name of the individual. There was an air of smartness, and occasionally of coquetry about them, and at the same time a very passable decorum of manner, far removed from the notion generally entertained of a 'camp follower.' The inborn taste for dress of a Frenchwoman triumphed over the near approach of their costume to the male attire. The smart set of the hat—the gigot sleeves—the *bustle*—the scantiness of the petticoat, with other little feminine arrangements, redeemed them from any masculine appearance. They were to be seen with their baskets of provisions in every part the trenches, and at a later period even in the breaching battery; and one of their tribe eminently distinguished herself on several occasions by her courage and humanity." The French were much annoyed at this outpost not having been sooner taken. The "quinze jours" were expired, and only one of the external defences had fallen. They were still more cut to the heart when the garrison of St. Laurent was marched as prisoners to head quarters. In numbers they were only about sixty, and almost all were boys. When placed in opposition to the picked "army of the north," the contrast was mortifying in the highest degree to the vanity of the French. There had been a communication between the *lunette* St. Laurent and the citadel; but when this was broken down by the shot, the garrison were left to their fate. The gallant little band still fought on, and if I am rightly informed, they latterly had only one gun and one mortar fit for service. When they surrendered, Chassé commenced a fire on the *lunette*, but it did not appear to have suffered materially. In no place can

steadiness be better exhibited than in battle—and there were some strong traits of character developed during the siege. On one occasion a young French recruit was placed in advance, on the very night in which Chassé made his first sortie. This sentry had it in command to fire his musket and retreat to the trenches, in case any thing should prove that the Dutch meditated an assault. As it turned out, the Dutch did not make the attempt, and the sentry performed his duty as required. After the attack had been made, and the besieged had retired to the citadel, the French troops again advanced to occupy the trench from whence they had been driven. Some time had elapsed before the officer on guard thought of his advanced post, and he ordered a fresh sentinel to be placed, thinking, no doubt, that the first had been shot in the attack. When the guard arrived, much to their surprise they found the recruit on his post, quietly walking about as if nothing had happened. He had retreated as desired; but when the Dutch retired, he immediately, without further orders, retook his position. Although the first sortie had been successful, yet it is said that no entreaties or commands of Chassé were able to bring his men to a second attempt. If this be true, it would tell much against the courage of the Dutch. They might fight well behind a wall, yet not be able soldiers in the field. Other eye witnesses declare that the Dutch did make a second and subsequent attempts, and that on one occasion, from the impatience of the French, the besieged had retired before any blows had been struck, being warned by an ill-timed rush that the French were on the alert. I had no opportunity of ascertaining the accuracy of my information, nor do I wish to cram all my anecdotes as models of truth, down the throats of the public. Such as they are, they are on this paper as I heard them from the various quarters whence they are derived.

LE MONSTRE MORTAR. How is it that I have forgotten this huge machine,—huge indeed, since it weighed above 1,500 lbs. It was a little more

* Vide "Excursion to Antwerp during the Siege," by Captain the Hon. Stewart Wortley; the best and most popular account yet published.—Ed.

than five feet long by three in diameter, and required a charge of 30 lbs. of powder. With this proportion it was able to propel a shell weighing 1,000 lbs. i.e. 100 lbs. of iron and 100 lbs. of powder, into the citadel. This monstrous machine was not much used, only eight shells having been fired, and not with much effect: its great weight too would effectually prevent its being used in ordinary warfare. The mortar was placed behind Fort Montebello, about 750 yards from the nearest point of the citadel; an excavation had been made about three feet deep, and in this the bed of the mortar was laid. From the immense weight of the shell (half a ton) it was evidently beyond the unassisted power of man to load it: the engineers therefore contrived a thing like the triangular frame for market scales, to the top of which the shell was raised by a powerful system of pulleys, and when over the mouth of *Le Monstre*, it was gently lowered into the chamber. This work, even with mechanical aid, required eight men, and was so slow that with the afterwork of sponging and cleaning, they were not able to fire more than one shot in an hour. There is a curious circumstance about this mortar which is not generally known. When the King of Holland was possessed of Belgium, he endeavoured in every manner to promote the welfare of the latter part of his dominions, particularly by promoting manufactures. One of the greatest and most prosperous in Belgium was the iron foundry at Liege, placed by the authority of the king in a suppressed convent. This great work was managed by Mr. Cockerell, an intelligent Englishman, who was ostensibly the proprietor, although the cash came in reality from the king. In the revolution of 1830, Cockerell had to fly for his life, and the foundry being connected with the royal name, was almost ruined. When quiet was a little restored, the provisional government restored the works to something like their former magnitude, and the war being begun with Holland, guns were cast here in considerable numbers. Amongst other things they produced this huge mortar, thus furnishing from a work, created by the King of Holland, the most powerful weapon for his overthrow. If this be not a good illustration of

"hanging a man with his own rope," then am I a Belgian—which heaven forefend.

The mortar was fired by percussion caps, and the trigger was pulled by a man with a long string at a distance of many yards, as if the proprietors were afraid of its bursting, which has since happened somewhere in France, at a review, where from an overcharge the "*monstre*" was blown into two pieces. The "*gare a bombe*" was hardly necessary when this machine was fired, as the shell was plainly visible, from the time it left the mortar until it reached the ground.

Having thus gone the rounds, we returned to our hotel; but before I close this long detail, I must *prose* a little more. The assaulting army, at first view, seems to have been very unnecessarily large—not less than 64 battalions of 800 each. 12,000 cavalry, and artillery, engineers, &c. to make up a total of 70,000 men, were drawn from France. The ordnance consisted of forty 24-pounders, twenty 18-pounders, twenty mortars, and twenty howitzers, the whole of which were of brass. This metal is greatly inferior to cast iron for such purposes, from its tendency to *run* or melt if much or rapidly used. The utmost that was fired from any one gun during this siege was about seventy rounds per diem; while from our British iron cannon we have frequently fired 250 rounds in the same time. It is therefore requisite to bring a much larger train of brass to obtain an equal quantity of firing with the iron ordnance. The only reason why the French retain their present guns, is, that their iron work is even more easily injured than the brass. It was not necessary to use the vast army thus brought into Belgium before the citadel. Some divisions were at the opposite side of the river, some far down on its banks to hold the Dutch in check. One very large body was stationed at Mechlin, about twelve miles from Antwerp, and a fourth station was on the line of frontier, consisting chiefly of the cavalry. A jealous eye was also on the Prussian army of observation: in short, the size of the army was proportioned to the fears of the French, lest a foreign power should interfere, or the Dutch make a determined resistance and endeavour to raise the siege. A large overawing force was necessary

also to insist on the neutrality on the part of the Belgians. Thus, although the "Army of the North" was ridiculously large, as taken in reference to the immediate object of the campaign, yet from the number and importance of the secondary designs, each of which required a part of the army to itself, we find that the actual troops in front of, and occupied in the attack on the citadel, were but a fraction of the whole. The garrison of Chassé was yet larger, in proportion to the works to be defended, and the means of accommodation to be found in the citadel. Not less than from 4,500 to 5,000 men were placed within the walls of the main-work or its out-defences, where in the estimation of all experienced engineers, 2,500 would have been amply sufficient. This number would allow of the *lunettes* being garrisoned, and at the same time leave as many in the citadel as there was proper accommodation for. There were five bastions, under each of which was a casemate or bomb proof chamber, affording barrack room for 400 men: this would give a total of 2,000 more than sufficient for the defence of the *whole* works. Chassé has been blamed for

not destroying the gardens and shrubberies around the citadel. It is certain that the besiegers made much use of these in their advance; but those who blame Chassé for not cutting them away during the two years between the revolution and the siege, must remember that during that time the Dutch were closely blockaded by a superior *Belgian* army; which army did not leave their posts until the French troops came up, under the treaty of neutrality, to take their places. He is also blamed for surrendering his fort, when the breach only had been made. No man of mercy could wish that this siege should have ended in the horrors of a storming. The war had begun in a cold diplomatic tone; it had none of the heating aggravations of other warfares. The siege itself had been carried on with the usual quantity of bloodshed, and a defence had been made, sufficient to prove that had it been their intention, the Dutch could have stood many a week.

I have already exceeded all due limits, but have much more to say concerning this city, which I shall defer to another period.

J. S.

LIFE.

For what is life? 'Tis but a varied dream
Where shadows flit of many a shape and hue.
Friends—kindred—home—affection—these I deem
Arc shadows bright, that pass before our view
To charm us in our vision. It is true
They arc but phantoms—and what else in life?
Yet who would live and bid all these adieu?
Who still dream on—the vision *then* but rife
With images of doubt and fear—of sorrow and of strife?

J. B.

THE LATE FIRE.

'Twas night : about the pole the unwearied Bear
 Wheeled his slow circle ; vapour wrapped the dales ;
 Vague dreams were busy in the viewless air,
 And fancy spread her visionary sails.
 Down a dim stream, through half-forgotten vales,
 She bore me, where departed joys retire,
 And Memory the cheated heart regales
 With banquets heaped from pleasure's funeral pyre,
 And sweetened with the past ; when—hark ! a cry of fire !

Erect I sprung—sails, streams, and vallies fair
 Shot into shadow—for athwart the wall
 Looked through the gloom a deep and settled glare,
 That was not of the night ; and loud that call
 Again upon my wakened ear did fall.
 A few brief moments, and I stood without
 Beneath the sky : strange scene ! Night's sable pall
 Was turned to red—her silence to a roar,
 As men fled by with speed, and swelled the distant shout.

I hurried forward through the gathering streets,
 Straight for the blaze ; by that vague impulse led
 Which in a tumult at young bosoms beats,
 And *must* be heard :—a heavy, disciplined tread
 Went forward on the hollow causeway—dread
 Had oped the windows, whence pale maidens hung
 And stared about ; the tidings dire had spread ;
 Bells, great and small, in pealing concert rung,
 And o'er the startled night their strange discordance flung.

Behind me, rattling o'er the stony way,
 Rumbles an engine ; fire-men pant beside.—
 Is it yon dome, that loiters on the quay,
 A modern *Ægeus*, by the shipless tide,
 Of absentees and architects the pride,
 That now must house its score of clerks no more ?
 Ah no—behold, at length the worst's descried !
 The *plain, brick building* burns, upon whose floor
 Afric and Ind—East, West, have heaped their richest store.

Approached,—how awful ! light as cloudless noon,
 Yet shadowy as interlunar night !—
 Crowds rolling on in many a dark platoon,
 And routed back again, as shafts of fire
 Play on the van : of nervous arms the might
 Working the pumps with unrelaxing strain :
 The faces, blanched to an unusual white,
 Of merchants and *bon-vivants*, who in vain
 Cry out—“ Is there no hope of saving the champagne ?”

The screaming, too, of damsels in distress ;—
 The curses of fat grocers in the gout,
 Just roused from bed—huge folios, in the press—
 (Oh, what they'd give they once were fairly out!)—
 The scouring of authorities about ;
 Of mixed commands and countermands the roar :
 The creaking crash of casks, as with a shout
 They snatch each bogshead from the seething floor,
 And in the neighbouring basin blindly plunge it o'er.

There runs a hot, black juice across the way,
 The lava of this sweet volcano, where
 Expressed from canes the sugary produce lay
 Of many a Negro's toil ; and pours its share
 Into the strengthening punch-bowl ; for, O rare !
 Another stream, more precious than the rill
 That trickles down from Castaly the fair,
 And thence meanders through the poet's quill,
 Runs sparkling by its side—the Nectar of the Still !

Nor unobserved its course ; the bibulous host
 (Though *mixed* its virtues could not be denied)
 Deemed it when unadorned, adorned the most,
 And gulped the untempered starkness of the tide.
 Oh, what enchantments in that wave reside !
 The steady constable was seen to totter,
 And poles and rattles rolled from side to side ;
 Staid shopmen, wallowing in exotic gutter,
 Hiccapped for emigration, or a smuggling cutter.

But to and fro within the riven doors,
 Far in the entrails of the burning mass,
 Like Cyclops, sweating o'er the scorching floors,
 The shadows of undaunted firemen pass.
 They ply—they point—they pour—they plunge—alas !
 How vainly all !—the ordnance that has rolled
 Up to heap ruin on the flames, gives place,
 And leaves the sinuous monster to enfold
 Its helpless prey, while heaven and earth in dread behold.

Vain was the might of man that hour. On high
 Red roared the flaky flame, and sweeping curled
 Far into midnight, flouting 'gainst the sky
 The length of Desolation's flag unfurled !
 Forth from the stanchion'd windows wildly whirled
 Great gusts of fire ;—the molten metal blazed,
 And dropt as midst the ruins of a world,—
 While from aloft the ponderous doors down gazed
 Red as in ire upon the multitude amazed !

And houses—temples—waters—shipping, bright,
 Owned the deep ray. As each tall vessel passed,
 Or e'er it hid itself away in night,
 Were shewn like burning wire its slenderest mast,
 And spar, and tackling clear ; and as it cast
 Adown the tide, its track was through a stream
 Of long-reflected splendor ; till at last
 Another started from the gloom, and came
 Vivid and strong to sight before that searching flame.

And sportive, through the area, where alone
 Our *Custom's* matchless Mausoleum stands,
 The warm beam wantons lambent o'er the stone,
 And round the columns clasps its ardent hands,
 And with a kiss of fire each fretwork brands.
 Above, it lumines half the polished dome,
 From whence reflected it affrights the lands,
 Like a strange moon upon struck mankind come,
 To lend that awful night perplexity and gloom.

And blushing deep comes forth street, bridge, and wall.
 The gleams are caught by many a heavy tower,
 And many a peering spire,—and, high o'er all,
 Where 'mongst the clouds great Nelson in his power
 Still looks defiance o'er the world, a shower
 Of radiance glimmers—like his glory's light—
 Mellowed, not dimmed by distance :—In that hour
 Up starts the mountain-peasant in affright,
 As on the plain destruction rises through the night.

And far away (as sea-nymphs sooth can tell)
 To where the starlight slumbers on the deep,
 Rocked on its liquid pillow, and the swell
 Murmurs low music o'er its lucid sleep
 In ceaseless lullabies, some rays did sweep,
 Scaring the angel-visitors away.
 They to remoter haunts with airy leap
 Sped o'er the waters, till, to break of day,
 Secure on Ocean's breast the pure reflection lay.

O Vulcan, grim and horrible thou art!
 No marvel Cytherea left thy bed,
 And stole, poor thing! to milder Mars' heart!
 Swart is thy visage, and thine eye is red,
 Blood-shot and bleared; and matted on thy head
 In sable curls twine darkness and despair!
 Thy jaw is weary with unnumbered dead,
 But lank thy hollow loins descend, and spare,
 As tho' a famished Tartarus were craving there.

Thy final feast shall be the fattening earth.
 Till then such scanty food as this thou hast,
 By night condemned to prowl, and watch the hearth,
 If haply from the heap some spark be cast.
 Then dost thou triumph, and man stands aghast.
 Tower, tomb, and temple totter and drop down
 Beneath thy glance, black as with lightning's blast.
 Impatient of slow Time, thou dost but frown,
 And lo, the strength of centuries is crushed and strown.

And morn shone placidly upon the tomb
 Of riches stored for years—the hopes, the *all*
 Of hundreds. I beheld a man of gloom
 Draw near;—he had been rich—beneath that wall
 His wealth lay sepulchred :—I watched him fall
 Against a shattered sugar-cask, and sigh.
 From out the cask I saw an urchin crawl,
 And lick his fingers—looking wondrous sly.—
 A *moral* surely in that joy and grief did lie!

ADVENA.

“GUIDE TO AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN HIS SEARCH FOR A
RELIGION.”*

IN former numbers we have given expression to our resentment against the little bard who was so unexpectedly metamorphosed into a theologian. In the present we have to make the “*amende honorable*,” and to acknowledge our obligations to him for having given rise to one of the ablest defences of the Church of England that has appeared since the days of Jewell. We doubt much whether Tommy in all his glory has ever done more harm to the cause of sound morality, than his able antagonist on the present occasion has done good service to true religion; so that on the whole, we are infinitely obliged to the author of the “*Fudge Family*” for his late conspicuous effort in favour of the system in which he has been brought up, as we should otherwise, in all probability, want the clearest and most irresistible exposure of that system that has ever yet been exhibited to the world.

Mr. O’Sullivan has done well and wisely in abstaining from all personalities. He has rightly considered the subject of more importance than the man; and provokingly tempting as were the opportunities of chastising and ridiculing the ignorance and the misquotations of Tommy when he affected to be learned, and his miserable sophistry and shallowness when he sincerely intended to be ingenious and profound, this able man is satisfied with simply pointing them out, and leaving those dupes of the “*Irish Gentleman*” by whom his pages may be read without excuse if they should continue any longer deluded.

There are many who are fond to believe that Ireland is, at present, almost critically circumstanced as England was at the period of the reformation. To our minds, however, there are differences which essentially distinguish the two cases, and which, if not particularly attended to, may render our reasonings

from one to the other fallacious, and our anticipations premature. In the case of the English reformation, a system of overgrown abuse, which had become impotent and paralytic from its own enormity, was assailed by a spirit of truth, and a principle of piety, aided by sound learning and ardent zeal, such as rendered the contest almost as utterly hopeless, and altogether as ludicrously unequal, as that which may be supposed to take place between a surfeited alderman and a well-trained boxer. In the case of any reformation to be attempted in Ireland at the present day, the Protestant party must calculate upon a different description of antagonists. Popery has been, for the last two hundred years, upon its good behaviour. It has felt the weakness of what was once conceived to be its strength, and no longer glories in its abominations. Its priesthood, too, have learned experience in adversity, and, with all their vulgarity and all their ignorance, may be considered well trained for their peculiar calling. And to their hierarchy unquestionably belongs the merit of watchfulness and discrimination in always selecting proper men for proper places, and seldom suffering the cause to be disgraced by an insufficient or an unworthy advocate. In the mean time two hundred years of prosperity have not in any sensible degree augmented the zeal, improved the piety or increased the learning of the Protestants; and the vicious system of church patronage which has been pursued, has, we fear, produced no small degree of supineness and inefficiency amongst the higher clergy. The truth or the falsehood of the respective systems still remains the same. The one still continues consonant, and the other opposed to the revealed will of God. But the instruments by whom they are to be promoted seem to have, in some mea-

* *Guide to an Irish Gentleman in his Search for a Religion.* By the Rev. Mortimer O’Sullivan, Rector of Killyman, small 8vo. Dublin, 1833.

sure, changed their characters—at least to such a degree as discourages any sanguine hopes that Ireland can be very suddenly made to experience the blessings of the English reformation.

In one respect this change of character is not without its advantages. The Papists have, unquestionably, been brought nearer to us. They are now as loud in condemning many of the abuses for which their forefathers stickled, as, in all prudence, we need to be ourselves. In points of doctrine, too, they are far less impracticable than they were in days of yore. It would not, we fancy, be very difficult to induce their most respectable doctors to disclaim, as absurd and heretical, those notions of the sacrament of the Lord's supper for the propagation of which the match and the faggot were employed by Henry VIII. and his ruthless daughter. The doctrine of the Pope's supremacy is also much less offensively maintained now than it was then; and his authority, we have reason to suspect, is much more permissive than absolute in Ireland. Even Dr. Murray expounds that sanguinary clause "*de hereticis persecutio*," which was of late years omitted in the oath of obedience, as having reference to the *gentle force of persuasion*, by the influence of which heretics may be won from the errors of their ways, and brought to acquiesce in the decision of the infallible tribunal. These things prove that Popery has been receding from its ancient landmarks; and they are, moreover, important as furnishing the Papists themselves with the most incontrovertible evidence that that faith for which they contend has not always been considered the same, and that if they would try their system by the old test "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*," instead of restricting it to what they absurdly call a Catholic, they must extend it to what they unfairly stigmatize as a sectarian interpretation.

This change of position on the part of the Romanists should give rise to a corresponding change of position on our part. Wherever they have abandoned any tenet for which they formerly contended, it is right, in the first place, to make that fact perfectly clear, and in the second place, to direct the force of our arguments against the part of the error that has been retained, not against

that part of it that may have been relinquished. To do otherwise would be "to fight as one that beateth the air." And in looking into the armoury of the ancient champions of our church for the weapons of controversial warfare, this precaution is especially needful, because the "*monsters and chimeras dire*," against which they were called upon to contend, are very different from the personable beings who now present themselves upon the theatre of theological combat, and who are but too well calculated to elude by their subtlety the most powerfully driven and well-intended blows that can be directed against them. We must, in this case, as well as in naval warfare, "*use our springs*" in order to bring our guns to bear fully and effectually upon the enemy.

The Papists of old often abandoned the interests of Christianity in order to make good their defence of the Church of Rome. The Papists of the present day are as little scrupulous respecting the authority of their progenitors as these were of the authority of the apostles themselves.

Bossuet is the champion of Popery to whom the new era of controversy is to be referred. He was employed by the French court to draw up such an exposition of the Romish faith as was most likely to reconcile it to the minds of the French Protestants; and as the court of England, about the same time, entertained very insidious designs against the religion of the state, the writings of the French divine were eagerly resorted to, and his example almost universally followed by the leading writers who undertook to maintain the cause of the court and church of Rome. In Ireland this reserve was not so necessary, as the church was supine, and the majority of the people were Papists. Besides, the political character which Protestantism there assumed enabled it to maintain its ascendancy by a species of argument very different from any that would be considered legitimate amongst conflicting theologians. But in England the whole influence of the Popish party depended upon the plausibility of the case which they would be enabled to make out; and all their ingenuity was accordingly directed to apologize for, and to explain away, the abuses and the absurdities which were charged upon their system.

And therefore it is that the controversialists of the present day have found how very different their task is in England from what it is in Ireland. In the one country, where the Popish doctrines have been ingeniously disguised or concealed, they find it necessary to explain to the people what it is in reality they are called upon, as Roman Catholics, to believe. In the other, where such glozing sophistry has been less sparingly used, they may proceed directly to the work of refutation; not, however, if they are wise, without being on their guard against a slippery adversary, who will endeavour to shift his ground as often as he finds his position in danger, and who will leave no device, whether of fiction, of misrepresentation, or of misquotation, unemployd, which may secure him the semblance of a victory.

As we are persuaded that the union between Great Britain and Ireland must be incomplete as long as the religion of the people is so widely different, nothing, even humanly speaking, can be more important than a wise discernment in the adoption of means for the promotion of a real and a lasting reformation. And here we will generally observe, that the wisdom of any measures which may be taken for that purpose will be seen not so much in the celerity as in the solidity of their operations. The quality of the converts will be of more importance, in the first instance, than their number. By quality we mean to make no invidious reference to artificial distinctions. Wherever the mind and the heart have been duly prepared for the reception of "the truth," in its spiritual significance, as many as are thus "ordained to eternal life" will richly reward the labours of the zealous and enlightened professor of the Gospel. But they must not be taught merely what they are to reject; nor, so soon as they have expressed their abhorrence of Popery, pronounced at once finished converts. The reformed faith, as professed by the Established Church, must be explained and enforced, so as to render it impossible that it should be ignorantly misunderstood, or lightly and capriciously abandoned. Thus alone can we effectually avoid the imputation of being actuated by a "zeal which is not according to knowledge," and of running the risk, while we

"compass earth and sea to make one proselyte," of rendering him even more "the child of hell than he was before."

This was an error which the great apologist of the Church of England, Jewell, (of whose work we are glad to see a new and an improved translation,) most studiously avoided. He was not more anxious to expose the errors of Popery, than to set forth the truth as it was professed in the creed of his adoption. He was the boldest denouncer of the unscriptural dogmas of Rome, and at the same time the most strenuous asserter, and the most able vindicator of the articles and the liturgy of the Church of England. He did not pull down with one hand, without building up with the other; and his work remains to the present day a model of sober piety, solid learning, and manly and irrefragable argumentation.

The Popish doctors of his day were not at any considerable pains to disguise or to palliate the errors, the absurdities, or the abuses of their church. The creed, for the propagation of which Paris was drenched with the blood of the Hugonots, and the shores of England were menaced with invasion, while a bull of excommunication was fulminated against the queen, and her subjects absolved from their oath of allegiance; this creed could scarcely, at that period, have assumed any other character than the unrelenting and antichristian one which procured for it so much merited reprobation. And Jewell and his compeers had the advantage of seeing Popery as she was, before defeat and humiliation taught her the policy of abating her pretensions. If Doctors Doyle or Murray had lived then, they would scarcely have ventured to hazard the statements which they lately had the temerity to make before parliament. It could hardly, with any colour of plausibility, be denied, that the Pope claimed a right of deposing sovereigns, or that the Church of Rome maintained that faith was not to be kept with heretics, when a decree was issued, and sought to be acted upon, in which both these propositions are implied, and when it only did not take effect, because the power of the English Roman Catholics did not second their orthodox intentions.

Elizabeth, by her vigour and wisdom, baffled their schemes of ambi-

tion and of treason. Our early divines ably vindicated the doctrines of the reformation, and put to shame the groundless aspersions which were cast upon it, by the holy and blameless tenor of their lives. The elephants upon which the Popish warriors had been mounted, in the hope of obtaining an easy victory, were routed and driven back upon their own ranks, thereby causing more confusion to themselves than they were calculated to strike dismay into the enemy. These reverses taught the Church of Rome caution; and her wary combatants are not again to be easily betrayed into a species of warfare which has brought upon them so many reverses, and attached to them so much dishonour. Accordingly, the deposing power has been quietly laid aside, infallibility has been almost disowned, and the imputation of a belief, that faith is not to be kept with heretics, has been resented as a most unwarranted as well as uncharitable calumny. They are now as strenuous in denying that they ever maintained these doctrines, as they formerly were in defending them. And the Protestant who grounds his arguments against them upon the decrees of Popes and the decisions of Councils is looked upon as a most uncandid and illiberal adversary, who refuses to take his notions of their church and of their doctrine from what it is at the present day, and ransacks obsolete tomes in quest of exploded bigotry, which is, at least, more the disgrace of the age in which it was sanctioned than of the system in the service of which it was employed, but which has long been as much an object of contempt and abhorrence with them, as ever it was with those against whom it was directed.

Now, that the Roman Catholics are precluded from the benefit of a pleading such as this, even by the very nature of their system, which condemns them to a kind of persistency in error, is abundantly true—and that, in thus claiming to be relieved from the incumbrance of ancient errors and abuses, while yet they cling with tenacity to the principles from which these abuses and these errors have sprung, they are guilty of inconsistency and absurdity to a degree that is ludicrous and even pitiable, is also sufficiently self-evident. Yet, as it is matter of absolute certainty that the character of the Church

of Rome *has* changed, judicious Protestants would do well to consider whether more may not be gained for the cause they have at heart by meeting their adversaries upon their new ground, than by very pertinaciously disputing their right to assume it, and pinning them down to definitions and decisions, which, however *they* may contrive to reconcile them with the substantive integrity of their faith, have long ceased to be of authority amongst them.

We question much whether Mr. Moore's work will be considered as a very acceptable service by the more enlightened members of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is, at best, but a plausible repetition of what other and abler controversialists had put forward before, and which, more than once, provoked indignant and overwhelming confutation. Their policy, at the present day, seems to have been confined to evasion and subterfuge; and there has been a scrupulous avoidance of those bold claims and those startling paradoxes which, in the palmier state of Popery, were so unhesitatingly hazarded. But Mr. Moore has not considered this, and we should not be surprised if there were amongst his brother Papists not a few who are induced to believe that he has written more for the exposure than for the defence of their faith, and that his controversial labours have been intended as well as calculated to bring contempt and ridicule upon their system.

Our limits do not permit us to follow the "Guide" through all the instances in which the ignorance, the misrepresentation, and the illogical reasoning of "the young Irish Gentleman" have been detected. We are more desirous of introducing our readers to an acquaintance with those parts of the work which exhibit a new view of the Popish question. But, as it is important to put on record a tangible instance or two of Master Tommy's want of good faith, we beg leave to call the reader's attention to the manner in which the Popish practice of *worshipping relics* is defended. He is speaking of St. Ignatius—

"On turning to an account of the martyrdom of this same father, I fell upon a no less glaring specimen of Popish *practice*. Ignatius, as is well known to all readers of Martyrology,

was delivered up to be devoured by lions in the amphitheatre at Rome. After the victim had been dispatched, the faithful deacons who had accompanied him on his journey, gathered up, as we are told, the few bones which the wild beasts had spared, and carrying them back to Antioch, deposited them there religiously in a shrine, round which annually on the day of his martyrdom the faithful assembled, and in memory of his self-devotion kept vigil round his relics."

Upon this "the Guide" observes—

"There is something to be complained of here. The enquiring gentleman professes to have commenced his studies with the five "apostolical fathers," and yet he proves the "popish practice" respecting relics, not by one of these early writers, but by the compiler, whoever he was, of "the martyrdom of St. Ignatius;"—and because, perhaps, he found inserted in one volume by Cotelierius, the epistle of the saint and the narrative of the historian, our traveller argues as if the authority of each were equally good: and thus, by the help, it may have been, of legends belonging to the middle ages, or, for aught his reader has been instructed, of the martyrologists of times more modern, he finds a "Popish practice" prevailing at the commencement of the second century, and attested by the Apostolic Fathers.

"The confusion of mind by which he was betrayed into so grave an error, would have been more pardonable in one who had not read that beautiful epistle of Ignatius which the young traveller, it is to be supposed, had carefully studied. It may, indeed, be termed beautiful, not because of the grace or eloquence, or wisdom of its expressions, but for the exhibition it gives of that steady faith, and that self-renouncing humility, by which Christians are adorned and sustained. But there is a peculiarity in the epistle, by which the Irish Gentleman ought to have been instructed. No man can read it without being struck with the earnestness of the martyr, that his death should be such as must render the worship of his relics impossible. "Entice them," (the wild beasts,) "to be my sepulchre, and to leave nothing of my body, so that after my sleep, I may not be troublesome to any. Then shall I be a true disciple of Jesus

Christ, when the world shall not see my body." Had it been believed, when this epistle was written, that miracles were wrought by the relics of departed saints, Ignatius would not have been desirous to withhold from his flock memorials which interest as well as affection would urge them to covet. It is not alleged in the passage quoted in "the Travels," that miracles were wrought at the vigils kept round those honoured remains. The practice which the young traveller describes, was rather dangerous as leading to superstition, than idolatrous in itself; and, if he had compared it with the doctrine held by the Church of Rome at this day, he would, perhaps, have understood the wisdom of the martyr's earnest prayer, and the faithfulness and prudence of the reformed churches."

This is as convincing as it is temperate and clear. Tommy, who was all unconscious of the exposure which awaited him, again observes:

"It should have been mentioned also, to make the matter worse, that when on his way through Asia, to the scene of his suffering, this illustrious father, in exhorting the churches to be on their guard against heresy, impressed earnestly upon them to *hold fast by the traditions of the apostles*, "thus sanctioning that twofold rule of faith, *the unwritten* as well as the written word, which by all good Protestants is repudiated as one of the falsest of the false doctrines of popery." This, observes the "Guide," should have been mentioned—and more—namely, *where* it had been found. The expression in italics may be read in the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. "He exhorted them to hold fast by the tradition of the apostles, which, for safety, (being now about to suffer martyrdom) he thought it necessary to have committed to writing." Can this be the passage in which *unwritten* tradition is recognised as a portion of the twofold rule of faith, distinct from the Scripture? Here it is broadly stated that the tradition of the apostles, so far as it was necessary to the faith, *was written*. How could it constitute a testimony distinct from Scripture? Has it *become unwritten* by having its records lost? Are Christians of the nineteenth century called on to believe, that they who lost irrecoverably the written documents, have guarded faith-

fully the truths which those writings were designed to secure? And can the Church of Rome adduce, in favour of her claims to be respected as the depository of unwritten tradition, a testimony, which seems to have no other scope or purpose than that of convicting her of negligence, or falsifying her doctrine?"

So far for the process by which the ancient fathers have been made by "the Irish Gentleman" "to bear false witness," and the masterly cross examination of "the Guide," by which the truth has been elicited from them. We now subjoin one instance of the gross misrepresentation of the sentiments of one of our modern divines, so flagrant as to evince either ignorance the most pitiable, or dishonesty the most outrageous. In the second appendix, Mr. O'Sullivan observes:

"The reader has seen many instances of the manner in which the fathers have been, by a process of torture, constrained to testify to what in their hearts they abhorred. The kindness of a learned friend, the Rev. Charles Minchin, has supplied me with an instance of a similar practising on the testimonies of divines of the Church of England. "The testimonies of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor on this subject," observes the editor of the Irish Gentleman's travels, "though well known, are of too much importance not to be added to the above authorities. *I wish, says Hooker, men would give themselves more time to meditate with silence on what we have in the sacrament, and less to dispute the manner how. We all agree, that Christ by the sacrament doth really and truly perform in us his promise, why do we vainly trouble ourselves, whether by consubstantiation or else transubstantiation?*"—Ecclesiastical Polity.

"In this passage, as quoted by the Irish Gentleman, there are, as it would seem, two sentences, each of them complete, and the entire appearing one continuous extract. The reader who wishes to verify the quotation, will find, by referring to the fifth book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, that it consists of two fragments of sentences, one of which he will find at p. 286, Vol. 2, of the London Edition, 1830, and the other, separated by three pages of close print at page 289, the internal being occupied by explanations which leave

it impossible to misunderstand the meaning of the expressions which "the Travels" have recited. For example, the following sentence, which is found a little before "the Traveller's" concluding fragment, indicates, with sufficient clearness, that Hooker was not advocating transubstantiation. "If on all sides it be confessed, that the grace of baptism is poured into the soul of man; that by water we receive it, although it be *neither* seated in the water, nor the water changed into it, *what should induce men to think that the grace of the eucharist must needs be in the eucharist before it be in us that receive it.*" One would be almost tempted to call the hardihood which could produce two fragments, divided by such a sentence as this, and write them into the semblance of a testimony for Roman doctrine, an instance of boldness having few parallels; but in the church of Rome there are many such. There appears too, under the influence of that church, to be a uniformity of falsification, which, but for the miracles which characterize it, would seem unaccountable; Dr. Milner, in his End of Controversy, having mangled and mis-assorted the sentences with precisely the same happy rashness as the "Irish Gentleman."

Take that, Master Tommy.

"I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros."

You will not again, we venture to predict, be betrayed into any instance of "the happy rashness," which is here so triumphantly exposed. A burnt child dreads the fire; and a detected falsifier of other men's opinions can have as little inclination as interest to persevere in his misrepresentations.

Our readers, we are persuaded, will now hold us excused for not bestowing any minute attention upon Mr. Moore's citations, either from ancient or from modern writers. In the instances already adduced, either he was imposed upon himself, or he sought to impose upon others. If the former, he must be without any authority as a guide; if the latter, we shall so far imitate the mildness of his powerful adversary as not to employ the only epithets which could sufficiently indicate our abhorrence of his conduct.

That Roman Catholics are not aware of the extent to which they are pledged to an irrational and slavish subser-

viency to the decisions of popes and councils, we have long been convinced; and also, that a full knowledge of their obligations, as papists, would be one of the most effectual means which could be adopted, of inducing them to abandon their erroneous persuasions. For instance, what can be more capriciously tyrannical than the conduct described in the following statement?

"In the third session of the Council of Trent it was esteemed necessary to make a solemn profession of faith, and the Nicene Creed was that in which the assembled Fathers expressed their belief, introducing the recital of it by the following preamble:—"Wherefore the symbol of faith which the holy Roman Church uses, in which all who profess the faith of Christ of necessity agree, the sure *and only* foundation against which the gates of hell shall never prevail, in the words in which, in all churches, it is repeated, the council has thought it proper to recite.' The Nicene Creed follows. Thus, in the year 1546, it was declared by a Pope and Council, that '*the only sure foundation*' was a creed which the Church of England, as well as of Rome, professes. In the year 1564 the "Creed of Pius the Fourth" is promulgated to the world, by which it appears, that the declaration of the former year was impious and false—that the creed of Nice and England is not a sure foundation, and that whoso would be saved must enter heaven, branded with the anathema of Ephesus, and condemning the third session of the Council of Trent—the very council of which especially he swears to receive every thing delivered, declared, and defined. Where can such inconsistency find a parallel? But to proceed.

"The first of the articles added to the Nicene Creed is a promise to accept, and most firmly retain, all the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, which, it will be remembered, have had no stamp of approval set upon them, and are accordingly abandoned to the caprice of private judgment. The second article is a promise to receive also the sacred Scripture, according to that sense in which it is received by "the church, whose it is to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the holy Scriptures; nor will I ever receive and interpret it unless according

to the unanimous consent of the Fathers." Before commenting on this strait engagement, it is right that we compare it with the decree in compliance with which it is exacted. 'The decree concerning the edition and use of the sacred Scriptures,' passed in the fourth session of the council, prohibited all interpretation 'contrary to that sense which the Church has held and holds,' 'or even *contrary* to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.' The decree restricted liberty of interpretation, if *all* the Fathers were *unanimous* in opinion; but the creed, in the true spirit of that ambition which thinks nothing gained while aught remains to gain, allows no exercise of judgment, or right of interpretation, wherever *any two* of the Fathers *may have happened to differ*. The difference between the limitations set in these cases will appear by a very obvious instance. Many of the Fathers, for example, St. Augustine, Chrysostom, Theophilact—consider the 'rock' on which our Lord declared he would build his church to be the rock *which Peter had named*—Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Other Fathers have imagined a sense in which the declaration might have been applied to Peter himself, by whom, in virtue of the gift of the keys, the 'door of faith was opened' to the first Gentile convert, Cornelius. Here, then, was a portion of Scripture, respecting which the Fathers were not unanimous, and which, accordingly, so long as the church pronounced no opinion on its meaning, *the decree left open* to private interpretation. But the creed is more cautious or tyrannical, and, as it were, expunges the expression from the Bible, because the Fathers have not all had the same opinion of its meaning. To obey *the decree*, it is necessary for a votary to say no more than that he will not, where all authorities have approved one sense, embrace a contrary; although he retains the privilege to choose with whom he shall agree, where there is difference of opinion. To profess the creed in sincerity, he must add, wherever the Fathers, in their freedom, have differed as to the meaning of a Scriptural passage, I am to regard them as sentinels warning me, that, into that region of Scripture, as if pestilence were there, I must not enter. How much of the Scripture

may be opened or shut according to the operation of one or other of these regulations, it would be no light matter to determine. If Erasmus is to be regarded as governed by such a rule as the decree, he was safe in believing that Christ is the foundation of the church. If the despotism of the creed were to prevail, not only is *his* condemnation pronounced for ascribing due honour to the Lord, but the *annotators of the Rhemish Testament*, and their abettors also, are damned, for their gloss that the church was builded on Peter."

To Roman Catholics, who are consistent in observing the injunctions of this creed, the difficulty of admitting the truth of any portion of Holy Writ must be almost insuperable. The "Guide" thus observes—

"For example: it used to be said, (until I read the Travels and learned how they were valued, I thought the advocates of Rome had become wiser,) that our blessed Lord built his Church on Peter. The reader need not be alarmed. I have not the least idea of engaging in the examination of a passage which is so thoroughly understood, and on which, since Barrow's Treatise on the Papal Supremacy, no additional light has been or need be thrown. I adduce the text, but for the purpose of showing that a Roman Catholic should not advance it. He has solemnly pledged himself not to receive *any* Scripture, save according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers. What is the *unanimous* determination of the Fathers here? Are they all agreed with St. Augustine? If so, they pronounce that the foundation of the Church was not Peter. With Chrysostom? They pronounce again that Peter was not that rock. Do they follow Cyprian or Origen? They affirm that no honour was conferred on Peter higher than was bestowed on the other apostles, or, indeed, it might perhaps be said, higher than is granted to every faithful Christian. Are they followers of Jerome? If his comments on the Gospel according to St. Matthew are correctly given, they profess to believe, that, *in some metaphorical sense*, the privilege was conferred on Peter. But why should I, to no purpose, occupy my reader. The judgment of the Fathers is *not unanimous* as to the meaning of any of those passages of Scrip-

ture by which infallibility is patronized. Whosoever, therefore, has been bound *not* to receive Scripture unless according to (*nisi juxta*) the unanimous agreement of these interpreters, is pledged not to ascribe any meaning to a passage on which they have differed.

"Indeed, the principle which places 'on their parole' if I may use such an expression, certain texts of Scripture which have been a kind of household troops for controversy, is one which should exercise a much wider influence, and, very probably, to men of scrupulous conscience and extensive enquiry, *would shut up the whole Bible*. 'I will never receive Scripture, unless according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.' 'I admit (*admitto* is the term) Scripture agreeably to the interpretation of the Church.' Whenever therefore, a member of the Church of Rome adduces a scriptural passage on which the Fathers have not been unanimous, or the Church has not determined, he is availing himself of an argument which he had renounced, and is, by the very fact of using it, confessing that he believes the Church of Rome in error, and that he is a Protestant.

"The reader may be desirous to see some proof of that difference in opinion among the Fathers, which renders it inconsistent with the principles of a Roman Catholic to avail himself of expressions in Scripture on which the argument for Papal supremacy is grounded. The testimony of Erasmus alone should satisfy the Irish Gentleman that there was no unanimity on the subject. Indeed, it would appear as if the obvious diversity of opinion which prevailed among the Fathers was not unknown to him, and that in consequence, he has abstained from quoting what, without their consent, he was not warranted to receive. Perhaps, the abstinence from Scripture, which is so characteristic a feature of the Travels, may have had its origin in the Trent confession. Protestants may be amazed that the Bible should not have been the book to which an enquirer for religion had immediate recourse, but if they recollected that the enquirer was solemnly pledged not to "admit" it, unless according to the explanation of his Church—(an explanation which has never been given)—not to consult it, until he had made up his mind from

ers, (writers who would have
ach more for him than for
es had they assisted him to so
a consummation) they would,
have spared themselves at
feeling of surprise at finding
neglected. There are other
from which they ought not to
—such as are naturally awak-
witnessing the place assigned
asing Christians to the Book
Word. In the early Coun-
Bible was solemnly placed in
n sight of all, was the standard
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which all discrepancies of opi-
re reconciled or corrected.
ie Fathers are at the feast,
e with the neglected solitary
ite—or, more appropriately for
parison with early times, the
are in Counsel—they consti-
: legislative assembly of the
and, when a division is called,
ceremonious dismissal, STRAN-
THDRAW, is addressed to God's
riptides."

a Catholics profess to reve-
dition, and have exalted it, by
of the Council of Trent, into
of co-partnership with Holy
es. Upon this "The Guide"

—
as from the Travels and the
to notice one citation by which
realists, in modern times, have
ured to extort from Scrip-
lfa recommendation of the rival
y. St. Paul had written, in
nd epistle to the Thessalonians,
ore, brethren, stand fast, and
: traditions which ye have been
whether by word or by epistle;
s confidently argued that the
on which the Apostle lays on
ssalonians, that they *preserve*
i, is tantamount to a precept by
ie would enjoin all Christian
(eighteen hundred years later
e day in which he wrote,) to
he doctrine respecting unwritten
y by the Church which pro-
verself its depository. Surely,
as not preserved the very tra-
' which the Apostle so earnestly
ended a careful keeping, she
be more guarded in the doc-
e teaches, and more modest in
forth her pretensions. Yet so
at while she confesses this most

valuable tradition to have been lost
and assigns no justification or excuse
for her failure in duty, she pronounces,
with as much confidence as if she had
been faithful, that she has sovereign
dominion over unwritten tradition; and
although she will not declare what it is,
requires, of all her votaries, a promise
to receive it. Yes; the Church which
thus confesses her neglect in a matter
of the deepest importance, claims the
benefit of a repaired infallibility, and
demands to be believed again. She
acknowledges that she has not been
faithful to the apostolic injunction, and
yet insists on being regarded, notwith-
standing the lapse, as unimpeached and
unimpeachable.

"But is it true that the Church of
Rome acknowledges the loss of those
traditions, the object of the apostolic
precept on which her claims are found-
ed? The charge was urged against
her by Chillingworth, very long
since, long enough, surely, to justify
our demand for a reply, and although
she may be well pleased to think the
argument of that great man forgotten,
she cannot say, that by any exercise of
reason or ingenuity on the part of her
retainers, it has ever been answered or
evaded. The case indeed is too strong
to admit of ordinary defence or 'ex-
planation.' In recommending that the
traditions be preserved, St. Paul, it is
undeniable, referred especially to those
testimonies by which the 'man of sin'
could be discerned, and which, it was
not, we can understand, safe to com-
municate in a written form. What the
church of Rome pronounces on the sub-
ject may be collected from certain notes
in the Rhemish Testament, in which,
strange to say, in the same page, the
claim to undiminished confidence is
found preceding the confession of most
unpardonable insolvency.

" 'See here,' writes the commentator,
'the unwritten traditions commanded
to be kept.'

" 'Here must be meant some parti-
cular person.'

" 'It may, *perhaps*, be understood of
Mahomet.

" 'St. Augustine professeth plainly,
that he understandeth not these words,
nor that that followeth of the mystery
of iniquity, and least of all that which
the Apostle addeth, 'only that he which
holdeth now do hold,' which may hum-

ble us all, and stay the confident rashness of these times, *namely, of heretics.*"

"Well may we ask, what heretics? Who are the most confident and rash? Who are they who declare themselves the guardians of tradition—who are proved by their own acknowledgment false to the solemn trust—and yet, demand and obtain most ungrounded confidence to the contradictory assurance, that now and ever they have been faithful? Where is the confident rashness to be complained of—in those who say the tradition most impressively recommended to the keeping of a primitive Christian Church has been lost—who hold therefore the written characters in which the Bible is preserved to afford better evidence of doctrine than the testimony of remembrances which only a continued miracle could preserve, and to which, their acknowledged unfaithfulness, at a very early age, gives proof, that no protection was extended;—or, in the submissive votaries of the Church of Rome, who say, although the only tradition committed expressly, so far as we have knowledge, to the keeping of our Church, has been lost, we hold her, nevertheless, an infallible guardian of tradition; and although we know nothing of what it is, or what it teaches, we profess ourselves ready to pay to it the same honour with which Protestants reverence their Bible?

"The 'confident rashness of heretics' which the Rhemish annotator censures, is of that kind which suggests a further remark on the loss of the apostolic tradition. The reader will understand that one particular in which the condemned precipitancy of heretics betrayed itself, was, in the boldness which ascribed to the Bishop of Rome those characteristics by which the Apostle Paul designated 'the man of sin.' I do not enter here into an enumeration of the various minute and important coincidences between the history of the Papal chair, and the prophecy addressed to the Thessalonians; but I may observe, that no man has ever read the one and the other without thinking the correspondence between them worthy of deep attention, and that very many wise and good men have been persuaded to believe the historical narrative an exact fulfilment of the prophecy. The Church of Rome, of

course, denies this, and even launches a damnatory censure against any who gainsay her decision; but why has she suffered that tradition to be lost by which the dispute could be satisfactorily, and with the highest authority, decided? She declares that she has the custody of tradition—she confesses that the tradition respecting the 'man of sin' was the testimony by which he could infallibly be discovered, and when called on to produce the tradition committed to her care, for the purpose of determining by its testimony whether the Pope is 'the man of sin who opposeth himself against all that is called God and worshipped,' her answer is—hear it all who would determine where confident rashness should be imputed—*I cannot produce the tradition which described the blasphemer—it was lost probably in the fourth, certainly before the end of the fifth century.*

"I dwell no longer on the subject of tradition. Whoever desires full information as to the doctrine and the argument upon it, will be repaid for his perusal of a tract to which I have already referred my readers. For our present purpose, it is sufficient briefly to recapitulate the contents of this chapter. There is nothing in the writings of the early Fathers on tradition which favours the popular doctrine of the Church of Rome—there is nothing in creeds or councils by which it is affirmed—and there is no document in existence from which we can learn where approved tradition may be found. What is then this unwritten testimony for whose deferred appearance Scripture must wait, before its evidence can be admitted? Where does this tradition lurk? How has its preservation been cared for? Have popes and priests with their expiring prayers whispered it to their successors? Is it a real being which can disperse its bodily form upon the viewless winds, or lurk within the recesses of Braganza or the Vatican to awe refractory vassals with the menace of its forthcoming? How potent an auxiliary a name may be. Since the decree of Trent exalted this abstraction into so undue honor, it has not disclosed a single unwritten testimony to the world, yet does its imaginary existence lend authority to the order to which its treasures are revealed, and invest with a sacred awe the pages of the Missal.

Tradition is the Egeria of the Romish priesthood. If a more ambitious title be advanced in its favour, substituting the Breviary for the Bible, it may be regarded as the "White Lady" of the house of Rome; its presence revealed only in solitary places, its voice faint and uncertain, its form evanescent, its aspect in all the lineaments, faintly and capriciously discernible, with nothing distinctly visible but the chain of argument from which the phantom particles of its form gain a semblance that they shew; a girdle which has been, age after age, wasting; and which, in the vision conjured up by the Irish Gentleman on his Travels, appears worn to a thread."

The obscurity in which the Church of Rome has left the *source* of tradition, which yet it so highly magnifies, is the more inconvenient when we find the Council of Trent authoritatively declaring that the faith of believers was seriously endangered by the multitude of pernicious books which were reputed to be of authority, and which contained *false* doctrines. To provide against this great evil, a committee was appointed, who were required to report to the council, after due examination, all the instances in which they should discover any thing not strictly orthodox in the writings of those whose name or station might give currency to opinions injurious to true religion. The celebrated "index expurgatorius" was the result of the labours of this conclave of ecclesiastics; but, before it could be finally adopted, the council was dissolved. The Irish divines have unanimously declared that in this country the aforesaid "index" is of no manner of authority; so that as "The Guide" observes, while the Irish Roman Catholic "*knows* that the doctrine of faith has been perniciously misrepresented, he can only conjecture where it has been faithfully delivered. He has an infallible testimony to its corruption. He has no more than private judgment to guide him to the truth."

We cannot but believe that modern Protestant controversialists have been so little in the habit of setting forth the beauty of holiness, as it is exhibited in the Church of England, in opposition to the mummeries and the pageantry of the Church of Rome. Such, we are glad to say, is not the case in the work before us, which, indeed,

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more than any thing that we have seen of late years, resembles the *conservation* of the great champions of our Church at the period of the reformation.

The divines of that age are alike distinguished for their learning, their discernment, their firmness, and their moderation. While they rejected unhesitatingly what they considered unscriptural, they retained, with affectionate fidelity, whatever they deemed essential "for reproof, for exhortation, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;"—and therefore it is that their holy labours are as much distinguished from the fanaticism of the angry enthusiasts, whose zeal, while it enflamed their passions, blinded their judgments, as they are from the superstition of the besotted and credulous multitude, who are at once the slaves and the dupes of an artful priesthood. When we consider the stormy period in which they lived, it is impossible to behold the serene and even tenor of their course without mixed astonishment and admiration. Thus alone could they have been enabled so happily to attain all the advantages of reformation, while they escaped all the evils of revolution, and to relieve the church from excrescence and redundancy, without subjecting it to mutilation. Happy will their descendants be if they appreciate the labours of these gifted men, and reverently preserve what has been so providentially provided for their spiritual improvement! And it is not the least of the advantages of the system of liturgical piety which was then established, that it presents more points of attraction to the enlightened Romanist than any other church which has arisen out of a resistance against the tyranny of Rome. He will there find the purified resemblance of most of the doctrines to which he attaches any importance; and he will see that, whatever he may be disposed to think our reformers did in ignorance, they did nothing in anger, nor without a fervent desire to promote the glory of God. This must dispose him to a more candid and impartial examination of the Church of England than he might otherwise be inclined to bestow upon it;—and wherever that takes place, reform has already commenced, and the result cannot be very doubtful.

The work of reformation could

scarcely be said to be commenced in Ireland until after the restoration. The troubles in which this unfortunate country was involved, and the successive shoals of fanatical preachers by whom it was visited, almost as much in a military as in a spiritual character, were but little favourable to its success. Oliver Cromwell's chaplains, who had out-heroded Herod in their metamorphose of the English church, were not, precisely, the persons best calculated for reforming the Irish. Their untamed license, their persecuting zeal, their gloomy fanaticism, their wild fancies, their extravagant glosses upon the word of God, their bitter scorn of

the persons, as well as detestation of the doctrines of the Romanists, unfitted them for propagating their peculiar notions by any other weapon than the sword, and laid the foundation of that aversion to Protestantism, which, even more than any attachment to Popery, has ever since obstructed the labours of more enlightened reformers. Had Bedell lived, much might even then have been done. Even when the passions of the people were excited to the highest pitch of fury, his saintly virtues were acknowledged and revered, and his doctrine was almost tolerated because of his blameless example—

“So liberal, too,
In secret aims, even to his utmost means,
That they who served him, and who saw in part
The channels where his constant bounty ran,
Maugre their own uncharitable faith,
Believed him, for his works, secure of Heaven.”

SOUTHEY.

When Jeremy Taylor was appointed to the Bishopric of Down and Connor, he thus, from his own observation, described the spiritual condition of the people. “But we have observed, amongst the generality of the Irish, such a declension of Christianity, so great a credulity to believe every superstitious story, such confidence in vanity, such groundless pertinacity, such vicious lives, so little sense of true religion and the fear of God, so much care to obey the priests, and so little to obey God; such intolerable ignorance; such fond oaths and manners of swearing—thinking themselves more obliged by swearing on the mass book than the four gospels, and St. Patrick's mass-book than any new one; swearing by their father's soul, by their gossip's hand, by other things, are the produce of those many tales that are told them; their not knowing upon what account they refuse to come to church, but that now they are old and never did, or their countrymen do not, or their fathers or grandfathers never did, or that their ancestors were priests, and they will not alter from their religion; and after all, can give no account of their religion, what it is; only they believe as their priest bids them, and go to mass, which they understand not, and reckon their beads, and tell the number and the tale of their

prayers, and abstain from eggs and flesh in lent, and visit St. Patrick's well, and leave pins and ribbands, yarn, or thread in their holy wells, and pray to God, St. Mary, St. Patrick, St. Columbanus and St. Bridget, and desire to be buried with St. Francis's cord about them, and to fast on Saturdays in honour of our lady.” “But,” says the venerable Bishop, “I shall give one particular instance of their miserable superstition and blindness. I was lately, within a few months, very much troubled with petitions and earnest requests for the restoring of a bell, which a person of quality had in his hands in the time of and ever since the great rebellion. I could not guess at the reasons of their so great and violent importunity, but told the petitioners, if they could prove the bell to be theirs, the gentleman was willing to pay the full value of it, though he had no obligation that I knew of to do so but charity; but this was so far from satisfying them, that still the importunity increased, which made me diligently inquire into the secret of it. The first cause I found was, that a dying person in the parish desired to have it rung before him to church, and pretended he could not die in peace if it were denied him; and that the keeping of that bell did anciently belong to that family, from father to son: but

because this seemed nothing but a fond and unreasonable superstition, I inquired further, and at last found, that they believed this bell came from heaven, and that it used to be carried from place to place, to end controversies by oath, which the worst men durst not violate if they swore upon that bell, and the best men amongst them durst not but believe him; and if this bell were rung before a corpse to the grave, it would help him out of purgatory; and that, therefore, when any one died, the friends of the deceased did, whilst the bell was in their possession, hire it for the behoof of the dead, and that by this means, that family was in part maintained.*

Such is the account which Bishop Taylor gives, in the preface to his "Dissuasive from Popery," of the state of religion amongst the Irish;—and, to the present day, there are parts of the country in which many of the miserable superstitions above noted prevail. Even where they appear extinct, and the religion of the people has assumed a more plausible exterior, the superstitious disposition is abundantly manifested, whenever any occasion arises to call it forth; and it was not among the vulgar and the ignorant alone that Prince Hohenloe's miracles found vindicators and believers.

It sometimes happens that where there is much external unbelief, there is a large stock of latent credulity, upon which the Romish clergy never hesitate to draw, in the fixed persuasion that what their votaries want in reason they will make up in zeal, and be glad of an opportunity of compensating, by their services, the laxity of their opinions, or the scandal of their lives.

It is of the very essence of Popery to admit of a commutation of offences:—to believe that crimes of one kind may be atoned for by virtues of another. They are thus encouraged to keep up a kind of debtor and creditor account with God, and to believe that charity, which they usually interpret in its lowest sense, namely, alms-giving, "covers a multitude of sins." How completely this lays the axe to

the root of the gospel, it is unnecessary to say; and how utterly it precludes that faith in Christ, without which there can be no true holiness. Now this belief will predominantly characterise the Romanist as long as he remains unconverted, no matter what modifications his opinions may undergo.—"Testa recens imbuta diu servabit odorem." Even his infidelity will savour of Popery; and, long after he has ceased to be numbered amongst its professors, he may be the willing instrument of its ambition or its vengeance.

Is there not, then, a cause why zealous and enlightened men should bestir themselves for the removal of this great evil? The moral state of Ireland is a scandal to the English church. For seven hundred years have we had dominion over her. Four of these were occupied in corrupting her ancient faith, much more effectually than three have been employed in restoring it to its original purity! We do not mean to assert that the religion professed and taught amongst the Irish was, in all respects, what it ought to be, at the period of the English invasion; but, most certainly, the creed of the Irish was not, at that time, the creed of Rome; and Henry procured the benediction of his holiness upon his undertaking, upon condition of subjecting Ireland to the apostolic see, and holding it as a feudatory of the successors of St. Peter. Thus, the tares were planted; and as ill weeds thrive apace, they required but little encouragement to spring up with a rank luxuriance; so congenial were they to the fallen nature of man, who naturally prefers to have his moral diseases concealed rather than remedied, and in his ignorance, will have recourse to the quack, while he distrusts the physician; and so flattering were they to the ambition of a priesthood whose power was established by their alliance with England, and augmented by their connection with Rome.*

The time, it is hoped, has at length arrived when something effectual may be done for giving to a people thus long abused the blessings of a spiritual

* Tithes were the bribe by which the Irish ecclesiastics were induced to second the views of Henry the Second. See "The Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland," by Dr. Phelan.

religion. Indeed, it appears to us, that nothing but indiscretion and precipitancy, on the part of its promulgators, can long retard the triumph of the gospel. If they advance cautiously and steadily, treading in the steps of the wise and learned men, whose lives and whose labours were the pillar of fire by which our forefathers were conducted out of the land of spiritual darkness,—nothing can finally obstruct their progress, or mar the perfect consummation of the glorious work which they have in hand. But any departure from the plan which was so admirably devised and so rigidly adhered to by the Cranmers, the Riddleys, and the Jewells of England, must be attended by a corresponding danger and difficulty, both as regards the extent to which the work of demolition may be carried on, and the character and the stability of the superstructure which is to be erected.

Protestants too frequently forget the accommodating nature of Popery. It has the reputation of being both inviolable and inflexible; but yet there are no circumstances to which it cannot bend, where its compliance can answer any important purpose. We should, therefore, be prepared, not only against the dogmas which characterize it, as opposed to scriptural truth, but the protean versatility which so frequently enables it to elude pursuit and to escape detection. It is enveloped in a mist, which according to old Homer, is as bad for the shepherd as it is good for the thief. Those who attack it under such circumstances should count their cost, and make up their mind to contend against every disadvantage.

Instead of seizing upon the foulest features of Popery as it was professed long ago, they should adopt the very most favourable construction which can be put upon the most improved edition of the Romish religion, as it is prepared for use at the present day. They should allow all that can by possibility be safely or fairly allowed; for it is only by so doing that they can obtain the reputation of candid adversaries; and in no other character can they gain the attention or command the respect of the people.

There are many, we are well aware, who have so far outgrown the system of Popery, that their conversion may be brought to pass by instruments not by any means fitted for accomplishing a national regeneration. When the fruits are ripe and ready to fall, the slightest breeze that agitates the tree will be sufficient to detach them from it. And many *such* conversions have taken place, which might, perhaps, have been deferred, had not some public discussion or some controversial discourse given a salutary impulse to the minds of the converted, and aided and accelerated their growing convictions. But the majority of the Irish Papists cling to their religion with a tenacious attachment which renders them much more alive to the insult than open to the reasonableness of severe and injurious imputations; and these are but confirmed in their errors by the rudeness and vehemence of their injudicious assailants. To them may be applied the beautiful language of Goldsmith, when, speaking of the Swiss, he says—

“ The storms that round them roar
But bind them to their native mountains more.”

The fact is, that Popery has been accommodated to them. It has been the policy of the priests to make their yoke appear easy and their burden light. The reformers seek to *accommodate* them to Protestantism; and propose to convert them, not only by exhibiting

the truth, but by forcibly opening their eyes, that they may be compelled to see it. They have too long enjoyed the supreme pleasure of being well deceived to bear an operation of the kind with much more patience than the man of whom Horace writes—

“ Qui se credebat miros audire tragedos
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;”

And who thus addressed his friends by whose well meant but most unwelcome

kindness he was restored to his right mind—

"Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis,—cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error."

mode in which many Protest-
advocates recommend the study
holy Scriptures, is not by any
calculated to procure for them
tention which they deserve.
to not sufficiently discriminate
a the superstitious reliance upon
illibility of the Pope and Coun-
1 which the Romanist is charge-
and the reasonable deference
every enlightened Protestant is
d to have to the authority of
arch. And they thus enable
ish advocate to put the best leg
st, and to blind his followers by
ntations of the safety of the
which they have been pursuing,
: dangers and absurdities of that
they are exhorted to pursue.

Papist clings to his church ;
: is advised by the Reformers to
n that and betake himself to the
This he believes to be like taking
e into chaos, an adventure, for
ie is by no means prepared. He
d his church, if not a shelter from
m of controversy, yet a resting-
from the labour of thought, a
from the painful necessity of
l exercises, and a substitute
irksome labour of self-direction.
is ever easier than abstinence ;
: compliance with a ritual de-
much less of watchfulness and
ial, than acting up to the re-
ents of a spiritual religion.
Roman Catholic feels towards
arch pretty much as Sancho
did towards night, when he
the inventor of it, and sum-
p his eloquent panegyric in
nprehensive sentence, namely,
t covers a man like a cloak all

Now, Protestant advocates
uently forget that they are ad-
; persons by whom this cloak
not as an incumbrance, but as a
on, when they desire them
uniously to cast it off, without at
ie time pointing out the sub-
by which the purposes, for
t had been used, may be still

better answered. The following pas-
sage perfectly describes the course
which should be pursued in a case like
this, and is moreover, from a pamphlet*
so little known, and never likely to be
re-printed, that we have the less re-
luctance in giving it at length. The
writer is replying to a factious pamph-
let of Dr. Doyle, and thus proceeds :—

"What J.K.L. says of the dangers
likely to arise from the injudicious and
indiscriminate use of the Word of God,
is not without plausibility ; and many
a simple and honest mind has, I am
persuaded, been influenced by it even
to a renunciation of his Christian liberty.
It will not, therefore, be amiss to con-
sider the matter with some attention.
It must be confessed that error is bad.
But is there no cure for error but igno-
rance ? It must be confessed that
schism is bad. But is there no cure
for schism but an implicit and un-
hesitating submission of our own judg-
ments to the judgments of others ? So
says the Church of Rome. But I must
be permitted to say, that she here
proposes to us only a choice of evils.
And I must add, that she seems to me
to choose the greater evil instead of
the less ; for I cannot but consider it
incalculably a greater evil that men
should remain quiet and slothful
through religious indifference, than that
they should be even mistakenly active,
through a zeal without knowledge in
the cause of God. Ignorant men may
misinterpret the Word of God ; busy
and interested men may abuse it ; a
temporary ferment may be excited by
this means, and much positive mis-
chief be the consequence ; but does
that furnish a sufficiently cogent argu-
ment for darkening the minds of the
people, and extinguishing all religious
enquiry ? It does, says the Church of
Rome ; it does not, says the Church of
England. I am not insensible, she
adds, to the evils that *may* arise from
religious enquiry ; but I am persuaded
that the good which *must* arise from it
will be still more considerable ; and I

Observations occasioned by the Letter of J.K.L. to his Excellency the Lord
ant, professing to be a Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of
an Catholics of Ireland."—Cadell, London ; and Milliken, Dublin, 1824.

am convinced, that I am then most truly fulfilling my duty towards God, and best consulting for the interests of religion, when I do all I can *to promote* the one, and when I do all I can *to prevent* the other. A man who was born blind, and who had learned to feel his way with tolerable accuracy, if he were suddenly restored to the use of sight, might, possibly, at first be only bewildered by it—every thing would appear to him strange and new. Like the man in the gospel, he would see men as trees walking; and his condition must be most pitiable while he lost his confidence in the sense of touch by which he used to be so correctly guided, and before he had attained the use or the experience of the new faculty, by which he was to be guided for the future. *But would any one propose to remedy this inconvenience by putting out his eyes?* No. The skilful physician could not, for a moment, think of applying such a remedy. He would be satisfied to wait patiently until the man gradually came to the use of his eyes; and he would be convinced that, by time and practice, he must at length come to see like other people. Even so, the Church of England may say, I act. When men, who have been blinded by ignorance and bigotry, come to me, after I have removed the cataract which obstructed their spiritual sight, I do not expect that they are to be *all at once* restored to the perfect use of that faculty. I am not surprised that many of them are at first rather bewildered and dazzled than enlightened. But even in their perverseness I will endeavour to bear with them, I will act the part of the good shepherd—‘I will gather the lambs in my arms, and carry them in my bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.’ And certain I am, that my motherly care and tenderness will *ultimately* be requited by their grateful and affectionate attachment; or, if there should be instances in which the contrary shall prove true, when I have instructed and, exhorted, and admonished, and reproved, I shall have done my part. I shall have conscientiously used all the means that *I have been authorized, or empowered to use* for the conversion of their souls, and shall therefore be free from the blood of every one of them.”

Thus it is, that conscientious Roman

Catholics may be best enfranchised “into the liberty wherewith Christ would make them free.” And, as has been observed in the same tract, “The Church of England in thus vindicating the religious liberty of her children, had no intention whatever of impairing one particle of the respect and reverence which was due to the fathers of the primitive church. Indeed, her avowed object was, to restore the church to its primitive purity; and how could this be answered if she derogated, in the least degree, from the authority of the great and venerable men who were its guides and patterns in those times, when it was most agreeable to the standard of Scripture. The plan which she proposed to herself for the correction of religious abuses, seems to have been the following:—she first consulted holy Scripture, and was directed in the alteration, or the establishment of the then existing state of things, as they were agreeable to, or inconsistent with, the dictates of inspired wisdom. Whatsoever was plainly opposed to holy Scripture was instantly abrogated; whatsoever was plainly agreeable thereto was affectionately and reverently retained. And in this respect she was advantageously contrasted with most of the other reformed churches, that nothing was done in anger—nothing was done in mere hostility to the Romish superstition; but the unerring word of God, as far as it was plain and explicit, was the supreme guide of our reformers, and it might be truly said of our reformation, that “wisdom passed from one end unto the other, and sweetly ordered all things.” When it appeared in any instance that the word of God was not plain and explicit, recourse was had to parallel passages, and Scripture was used to explain Scripture; and when any difficulty occurred for the explaining of which there was no clue in the sacred volume, recourse was had to the *earliest and the greatest of the fathers*—to those who lived nearest the times of the apostles, and who must be supposed best acquainted as well with the usages of primitive antiquity, as with the orthodox interpretation of Scripture. They took care, however, to distinguish between the testimony of Christian antiquity concerning the doctrine, and the same testimony concerning the discipline, and the usages of the church. It is quite obvious, that we

ich more safely abide by it in
er cases, than in the former.
e very good judges of matters
who may be very indifferent
of matters of opinion. Thus,
h I cannot reasonably doubt
vidence of the fact, that the
res of the New Testament were
i as the writings of the Evange-
re is no reason why I should
tingly receive their judgment
ing a particular passage of
re." "The Church of
l again, took care to descri-
between the aid which it re-
from a liberal study of Christian
y, and the direction which was
l by a profound and deferential
a to Scripture ; and herein, it
vantageously contrasted with
anists on the one hand, and
ritans on the other ; the Ro-
regarding the writings of the
thers as equal in authority to
ne Word ; the Puritans deny-
they were of any value at all
not only rejecting them as of
olute authority, but even re-
hem as aids in the interpretation
ture. The Church of England,
as on almost all other points,
iddle course ; while she refused
wledge them as *infallible guides*,
glad to avail herself of their
; their piety, their acquaint-
th primitive antiquity, the ad-
s that many of them enjoyed
tual intercourse with the apos-
d she set the same value upon
circumstances, when she had
to allude to them in the re-
controversies of the day, as
or statesmen would, upon si-
cumstances, in discussing those
s that involved the meaning of
law or policy. And in thus
use of the experience of early
nd suffering religion to have
efit of ancient learning and
ithout loading or encumbering
ncient errors or absurdity, *our*
s, I do verily believe, have
re for the cause of Christianity,
e nearer towards attaining the
n of apostolic faith and prac-
n any other society of reformed
as ;—nay, more, I do verily
that they have done more good
use of Christianity, *by the re-
and discriminative attention*
hey paid to the early writers,

than it has suffered injury, *either from
the indiscriminating and superstitious re-
verence with which they were looked
up to by the Roman Catholics ; or the
no less indiscriminating and superstitious
aversion and contempt with which they
were looked down upon by the more
puritanical reformers.*"

"But while, for the reasons already
mentioned, antiquity deserves to be
thus respected, there are some points
concerning which we, at the present
day, are much better able to form a
correct judgment, than those who went
before us. The world is now older
than it was ; and there are improve-
ments in literature and philosophy
which give us a decided advantage
over the ancients in many branches of
biblical criticism ; and it is surprizing
to see the obstinacy with which Roman
Catholic writers still continue to follow
them as guides, in matters of doctrine
concerning which we have not only
been enabled to see their errors, but
also *how* it was that they were led
astray. Thus, it is easy to see how
the peculiar doctrines of the schoolmen
gave a plausibility to transubstantiation,
although it is not easy to understand
why, after these doctrines were ex-
ploded, such an error has been retained.
This appears to us as absurd as if they
still maintained *that the earth did not
move round the sun*. And, truly, in
some other particulars also, many of
the old writers appear to us, to profane
Protestants, very like the philosopher
who was persuaded he had discovered
an elephant in the moon, and whose
mistake arose from a mouse having
crept into his telescope."

We dwell the more earnestly upon
this view of the subject, because it is
precisely *the* view that has not been in-
sisted on by the modern reformers. In
this they are strikingly distinguished
from Jewell and his enlightened and
venerable compeers, who would have
been as unwilling to detract from the
legitimate authority of ecclesiastical
antiquity, as they were resolute in
resisting the usurpation of the Church
of Rome. It is thus alone that we can
effectually disarm the Romanist, and
expose the fallacy of the sophisms by
which he deludes, or is deluded.

Roman Catholics illustrate their
arguments in defence of infallibility, by
referring to the authority which is ge-
nerally conceded to great lawyers in

questions of law, or to eminent physicians in cases of disease. Surely, Protestants may venture to admit, that *precisely the same* authority might belong to distinguished divines in matters connected with their sacred calling, without fearing that, by such an admission, they are erecting a spiritual tyranny upon the ruins of reason, and at the expense of conscience. Authority may, and must be asserted, while infallibility is disclaimed; and, in truth, it is only by the reasonable assertion of authority that we can prove those unreasonable, who lay claim to infallibility. The Roman Catholic argument, as far as it is good for any thing, makes for us; so far we admit, and we act upon it. It is perfectly capable of sustaining the weight which *we* place upon it; it is totally incapable of sustaining the weight which *they* would place upon it. We enjoy the whole benefit of it, because we ask it to bear no more than it can carry; they lose all the benefit of it, by insisting that it shall carry more than it can bear. Reasonable influence is one thing, absolute dictation is another; and as the greatest of lawyers or the most eminent of physicians should not prevail with any individual knowingly to commit an act of treason, or take poison in the place of food, so neither should the most eminent divines, nor all the divines in the world put together, prevail with the humblest individual, who is conscious of his moral responsibility, to comply with any precept, or to fall in with any practice which he, in his conscience, believes to be discountenanced by holy Scripture. Upon this subject, the rule is plain, "though we or an angel from heaven should preach any other doctrine, let him be accursed." Thus, while we vindicate authority, we would establish Christian liberty. Guidance, influence, direction, a deference for the judgments of wiser and better men, all this is admitted; submission, prostration, unlimited and credulous acquiescence in the arrogant demands of a privileged order, this alone is denied. We deny that the church is a kind of "donjon keep," where the clergy may hold the laity in chains. We assert, and we claim it as a glorious temple, where both clergy and laity may worship God in the majesty of freedom.

When Roman Catholics are thus

convinced, that we do not undervalue their arguments, they may be led to suspect that they have themselves over-valued them, and to see that there is too wide an interval between their premises and their conclusions; they will feel that to be disabused of the errors of Popery is not by any means synonymous with being betrayed into a rejection of the authority of the Church. They may be very well disposed to put confidence in an eminent physician; but what would they think of the practitioner, who should proclaim himself infallible, and require from his patient an acknowledgment of his infallibility, before he *condescended* to prescribe for him? Would they not begin to suspect that he was very like a quack; and that he was to be distrusted in proportion to the stolid arrogance of his pretensions? Thus, the enquiring Romanist may be made to perceive, that what he mistook for the panoply of Popery, was nothing more than the trappings of a conjuror; and that the helmet by which its *head* was armed, was nothing better than a cap and bells. Thus, also, he may be induced to acknowledge that what he apprehended to be the annihilation, has proved the regeneration of the church; that it has arisen "*positis novus exuviis*;" that if its demands upon abject credulity are less, its claims upon enlightened reason are greater; and that these, while they are fully commensurate with the exigencies of the times, by not being pushed beyond their proper limits, may be considered as established, in proportion as they are known, and valued in proportion as they have been approved by experience.

Too much is it, at the present day, the habit of Protestant advocates to argue and to declaim, as if Popery were, in every respect, the *antithesis* of Christianity. Even if such were, and it is not, the case, it were most indiscreet to set out by a declaration which must necessarily excite against us all the prejudices of those whose patient and candid attention we solicit, and whose good will we should, if possible, conciliate, preparatory to our assault upon their convictions. The Roman Catholics of the present day, who have been taught any thing, have been taught the most plausible mode of defending the doctrines which they

maintain. Those who are fondest of exhibiting themselves as their antagonists, do not seem aware either of the most specious form which these doctrines may be made to assume, or of the most cogent arguments by which they may be refuted. And therefore it sometimes happens that they are represented in a point of view in which they are not at present received; so that, to the bigotted Roman Catholic, the Protestant must appear either chargeable with want of knowledge, or guilty of want of candour; while, even to the most charitable, his zeal assumes a more ludicrous character, and seems to create for itself the difficulties which it conquers. This should be avoided. The cause of gospel truth is much more likely *now* to suffer from the indiscretion of its friends than from the hostility of its enemies. We will find our account in rather understating than overstating the errors of our adversaries. If they are themselves disposed in any degree to depart from them, it is so far well;—and we may be perfectly assured that the argument which is effectual against the most plausible form which any given error may be made to assume, will not be less effectual, when the same error is less plausibly maintained, or more undisguisedly exhibited.

These are times in which the advocates of enlightened Protestantism should be most especially heedful not to furnish any real ground of offence to those by whom they are anxious that evangelical truth should be appreciated in its genuine significance. The extension of the blessings of education, and the progress of knowledge, have been making silent and gradual encroachments upon the empire of superstition; and many have been led to doubt the dogmas of that church which lays claim to infallible authority; and not a few, to renounce as errors, what they had long and fondly received as truths. It becomes, therefore, the ministers of the establishment, with all meekness and humility, but, at the same time, with an earnest, devoted, and persevering zeal, to do all that in them lies to direct and assist the pious endeavours of doubting, but honest and ignorant enquirers. Not that we are prepossessed in favour of what is called the aggressive system;

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that almost pre-supposes a moral unfitness in those on whose behalf it is employed. Those whose notions of divine things are as yet crude and imperfect; whose opinions on religious subjects may be said to be “without form and void;” who are fed with a kind of spoon meat, and are content to swallow the wholesale theology of their spiritual guides with a greedy, abject, and unhesitating credulity; who are satisfied with giving no better reason for “the faith that is in them” than that they have learned it from their priests; and who dare not fix their minds upon any interpretation of holy writ that may contradict the dogmas which their church teaches; who, in a word, would seem to regard the priesthood as divine, and the gospel, unless as *they* interpret it, a delusion; with these we cannot hope to make much way; they are not, as yet, fit subjects for us;—God may, in his own good time, if so it should seem good unto him, take them out of the errors of their ways;—but at present, and while such is their condition, it would be almost as preposterous to think of cutting the unripe corn, or plucking the unripe fruit, as of ripping *them*, in this embryo and untimely state, out of the dark womb of Popery. But those, and blessed be God they are not a few, who have begun to shew some symptoms of the new life; who have begun to perceive the difference between the religion of the heart, and the religion of the senses; upon whom that blessed truth has begun to dawn, that God is a spirit, and that those who worship him should worship him in spirit and in truth;—these it may not be difficult to convince of the errors of their ways; to them the gospel will be a pillar of light to lead them out of the land of spiritual darkness;—these will soon find that those rites and ceremonies, and will-worship, to which they were in the habit of submitting, were but the scaffolding, as it were, of the tower of Babel, by which they were vainly and presumptuously endeavouring to build a way for themselves to heaven; and they may readily be made to feel the worse than unprofitableness of such courses, and to think that it is high time for them to cease expending their money for that which is not bread; their labours, for that which profiteth

not; and to purge their consciences from dead works, that they may serve the living God.

Such will soon begin to perceive that what they had been led to call the Church is an *incubus* on Christianity; that, in many instances, what it proposes as helps, have been either substitutes for, or hindrances of piety; that it has promulgated precepts and authorized practices which have not only perverted the natural conscience, "but clogged and obstructed the operation of the spirit of God,

"Atque affligit humo divine particulam auram."

substituting credulous acquiescence for rational evidence, slavish subserviency for filial obedience, dogma for faith, form and ceremony for spiritual piety, sanctimony for sanctity, fasting for abstinence, pilgrimage for mortification, and penance for repentance.*

They will see that their priesthood, where they could not by their authority suppress, have endeavoured, by their commentaries, to obscure the Word of God; and they will feel as if they had never before been permitted to enjoy the cheerful light of spiritual day, or been privileged to breathe the blessed and the balmy influence of the Gospel. How readily will they recognise the difference between auricular confession, and the throwing open the heart to God; between priestly absolution and the answer of a good conscience; between the feeble glimmering of that false light by which they were cheated and deluded in the labyrinth of superstition, and that steady sunshine of the soul, which never fails to irradiate and transform the awakened and purified believer! How will the scales fall from their eyes, and the iniquity of priestcraft be discovered to them, when they have begun steadily to lay hold on the hope that has been set before them, and to look faithfully upon HIM who is the author and the finisher of their faith. In truth, they had before mistaken *words* for *things*; the will of man for the ordinances of God—and consequently they had been perpetually, like the Jews of old, making his word of none effect by their traditions. They had been content to receive it as it was

expounded to them by dark and enigmatical interpreters, who were interested in obscuring its clearness and corrupting its simplicity. But now, they have heard for themselves the words of eternal life; they have listened to him who spake as never man spake; they have ventured, as it were, to approach with faith, and to touch the hem of his garment, and felt that a virtue has gone out of him by which their moral maladies have been removed, and they have been, as it were, again privileged to taste of the fruit of the tree of life, by partaking of which they may live for ever.

We should endeavour so to address their understandings as not to offend their feelings, and so to remove their errors as not, unnecessarily, to shock their prejudices or to shake their faith. For this purpose, it is expedient to shew them, not only in what particulars we differ from them, but also in what we agree. We should be particularly careful to impress upon them how sincerely we reverence ecclesiastical antiquity, and how fully our divine religion is supported by the concurrent sanction of the wisest and best of those holy men who lived in the earliest and the purest ages of the Church. Thus, we will deprive them of that most plausible pretence for adhering to their present superstition, by which so many of them are deluded; and which, if true, would not only justify their preference, but leave us without excuse for having ever departed from them.

The principal consideration, we verily believe, which keeps thinking Roman Catholics in connection with their church, is, the fear that they must be involved in a sea of doubt and difficulty if once they depart from it. We must, therefore, seek to convince them that this is not the case; that they need be under no apprehension of being thus abandoned, without guidance, amidst the perplexities of controversy and the strife of tongues; that the Church of England is, as it were, a city of refuge whither they may betake themselves with a certainty of finding "a peaceable habitation and a quiet resting-place;" that it has been built upon the foundation of the apostles and the pro-

* Observations occasioned by the Letter of J. K. L. &c. &c. preface xxvi. second edition.

phets ; that while it has rejected the additions and the corruptions which accumulated in ages of darkness and ignorance, it has guarded, with a scrupulous fidelity, "the faith that was once delivered to the saints." "For," to use the language of Jeremy Taylor, "the religion of our church is, certainly, primitive and apostolic, because it teaches us to believe the whole scriptures of the old and new testament, and nothing else, as matter of truth ; and therefore unless there can be new scriptures we can have no new matters of belief, no new articles of faith." "We also do believe the apostles creed, the Nicean, with the addition of Constantinople, and that which is commonly called the symbol of St. Athanasius : and the four

first general councils are so entirely admitted by us, that they, together with the plain words of scripture, are made the rule and measure of judging heresies amongst us." Those who belong to a church which is thus anchored in the Holy Scriptures, and secured within the haven of antiquity, need not be afraid, as long as they abide by its directions, of being "carried about by every whiff and wind of doctrine." All things essential to faith and to godliness are so plain "that those who run may read them," and every necessary injunction for the guidance and the governance of a true believer is laid down in a manner so artless and so obvious that "the way-faring man, though a fool, cannot err therein."

THE DESERT WIND.

On Afric's bare and burning plains
 The Pilgrim is alone :
 From out the soundless solitude
 There breathes no living tone
 Of sighing leaf, or gushing spring,
 And motion is there none,
 Save the invisible desert wind
 In silence rushing on.

There is an hour of loneliness—
 A solitude of heart,
 When we are single in the world,
 From all we lov'd apart.
 Oh, then the thoughts, we dare not speak,
 Are like that voiceless wind,
 Breathing along the waste of heart,
 The desert of the mind.

M. S.

A DAY AT LOUGH-SHEELAN.

" How pleasant is the Fisherman's life,
 Sing hey! sing merrily O!
 While distant from the world and its strife,
 Our lines to the deep we throw.
 Kind nature's boon with joy we receive,
 Sing merrily, merrily, merrily O!
 Then homeward over the friendly wave,
 With a merry pull we row."

Opera of "The Burning of Moscow."—Sir J. STEVENSON.

Angling, whether simply piscatorial, or with the adjunct of "loaves" to the "fishes," has become one of the ruling passions of the day. New, and splendid editions of old Isaac Walton are coming forth, and although the beautiful pastoral sketches which enrich the "complete angler" of the good old man, and are so true to simplicity, nature, and virtue, cannot be exceeded; yet, in the science of this rural sport, he must bow his diminished head to modern writers on the art. Daniel, Baines, Sir H. Davy, and Professor Rennie have combined practical knowledge and scientific research, while Christopher North, alias Professor Wilson, the great wren of Blackwood's Magazine, and Mr. Gregory Green-drake, in their graphic delineations and poetical colourings, carry the reader in his closet, along with them, through the delightful scenery which they describe, and familiarize him to the virtue of patience exhibited by those "who toil all day and catch no fish," and to the pardonable exultation of the successful angler whose landing-net, not a mere inactive type of his art, is often protruded from bank or boat to receive the evidence of his skill or his good fortune. More dear to me, Mr. Editor, to live again over one day's good sport by pastoral stream, or on the wavy bosom of the island-studded lake, than all that the votaries of ambition, avarice, or town pleasures ever knew. And in the hope that some, if not all of your readers may partake of my feelings, I offer to your acceptance the following sketch of *a day on Lough-Sheelan*.

The beauties of nature assume, under particular circumstances, such a variety of aspects, that however familiar a scene may be, it is capable of receiving new features and imparting new interests according to the state of the weather, the character of one's companions, or the temper of mind and perceptibility of "the sublime and beautiful" with which the beholder may be endued. Lough-Sheelan has inspired our ancient bards, and I believe the Grace Nugent of Carolan has had her beauty reflected by its pellucid mirror, and, upon its borders, has been, "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Its ruins attest the gloomy and secluded ascetic, and the fierce and barbarous chieftain of the feudal times, while now its shores, for the most part, are clothed in the softer charms of modern cultivation and civilized security. It and its legends already constitute a part of "The Angling Excursions," but still, as I have already observed, there is that ever-changing variety in sylvan scenery that something new is ever to be perceived within the same limits; the passing of a cloud over the sun's disk, the ascension of vapour from the earth, the falling of a shower of rain from the heavens, brightness or gloom, calm or storm, all contribute to impart a protean character to the scene, and, in different ways, to affect varieties of tastes and the genuine admirer of nature. I will venture to say, that if thousands of persons, gifted with the highest descriptive powers, were to visit Killarney, or even one of our less distinguished lakes, and to publish the

impressions made upon them, they would fail to anticipate and satisfy all that would be felt by successive visitors. If it were otherwise every scene could be viewed but once, through the arbitrary medium and influence of its first published description, and curiosity, the source of so much of our enjoyments, cease to be excited by differing opinions and susceptibility of feeling. Nature would receive but a sort of representative adoration, instead of being yielded the personal homage of all eyes and hearts.

But to leave off all prosing, you must know, Mr. Poplar, that from my youth upward, even to the time in which I am inditing this day of days at Lough-Sheelan, I have been passionately fond of angling, and I can retrace vividly, as if time were but a large telescope, the banks of my native stream, that first lured me to the angler's art; every winding of it is freshly impressed on the map of memory; its sharps and rapids gurgle on my ear; I see the dimpling eddies of the deep pool where its progress was interrupted by an abrupt turn of the bank; I see the longer reach awfully darkened by the shading willows, and its surface ever and anon broken into circles by the trout, generally the monsters of the deep, that love to envelope in gloom the indulgence of their voracity and the exercise of their organs of destructiveness; I see the dragon-fly, dressed in all its glorious colours of green, and scarlet, and pink, and torquoise, the russet of the hind and the gold of the monarch; I see him flying under that high and projecting bank, and destroying as he flies, or alighting on the flaggers that fringe the opposite and lower side of the pool—the dragon-fly upholds the systematic destruction that directs animal appetite, and sustains the strong by the sacrifice of the weak; he devours in his flight the smaller insects

that wave in air the unseen wing, just as swallows or martens do; I see the little grist mill where, as I returned home weary and hungered, the kind old dame, with that cordial and native hospitality which even agitation has not yet extinguished in my yet dear country, was wont to fry on the griddle, heated by oat-chaff, a trout of my own catching, to which she would add a fragment of her oaten-cake: I have her person before me as she, kind soul! bustled to her cookery; her stuff gown, linsey woolsey petticoat striped blue and red, the coarse but clean coif that bound her head and from under which the white locks strayed over a furrowed but a cheerful brow; I remember too—nay I see it, the adjacent rustic graveyard and chapel ruin through which my path often lay, and which, as I approached it at a late hour of solemn twilight, would suggest the fear of things unearthly and unholy. But, Mr. Poplar, I see more than all this—the dear and tender and honoured parents, who cherished my infancy, and brothers and sisters and playmates, and the dear friends of riper years, all laid in their graves, and my bosom heaves with feelings more deep and sacred than belong merely to the contemplation of vanished youth and lost pleasures. While “I sigh for the days that are gone,” I fearfully look through the backward vista of my life to discover breaches, on my part, of the fifth commandment, and repentantly to mourn for them. But too much, perhaps, of this, although fitly associated with a contemplative amusement. I was chiefly led to these juvenile reminiscences in order to show the London University Professor of Zoology (himself probably the most curious subject of his science) that he is not the only angler that recollects his *pinkeen* and *crooked pin* days—

Days of my boyhood! whither have ye flown?
And will ye never—never more return?
Do you to time no resurrection own,
But sleep eternal in oblivion's urn!
Or have you identity with after years
That led my varied life from stage to stage,
Thro' paths of joy and grief, and hopes and fears,
Youth's sunflower season, and chill snows of age?

O! I have cherish'd oft the waking dream,
 That, Phoenix-like, my buried youth shall rise :
 Or stemming backward life's rough troubled stream,
 My first felt joys shall be my labour's prize!
 Strong joys, weak griefs, boy-friendship, virgin love—
 Mayhap I dreamed of Paradise above :
 Of friends sincere, and perfect love, and truth,
 Again to be enjoy'd in never-fading youth!

The thought is not to be dwelt on—it would make us hate the world—let us escape from it.

The seventh of June, let it ne'er be forgot
 By those who caught trout, or by those who did not.

It was on that day, Mr. Poplar, in the present year—I was going to say "of *Grace*," as the old Christian chroniclers were wont, but my conscience would not let me, for, in truth, it is to my mind, and to all good purposes, all good acts, and especially to all good government, the most *graceless* year ever recorded in the "*Old Almanack*." God mend it! before it expires. I had heard much of the good sport which Lough-Sheelan affords to the angler, and I availed myself of an invitation from a kind friend residing in its neighbourhood, to put its waters to the proof. To make the thing more pleasant, my host invited two or three "honest brothers of the angle," as old Isaac was wont to say, to accompany us to the lake. Creature comforts, liberally prepared, were packed up over night, and the morning gave promise of a glorious day. The wind, due south, shook the trees that fringed the lawn, and the clouds were rising in thick masses on the horizon. I walked forth to taste the "sweet breath of morn," and fell into conversation with a labourer who was repairing a breach in one of the fences—perhaps I should not say conversation, wherein to all my questions, I received but two answers of an indefinite character. I saw, at a considerable distance, and on an elevation, what appeared to me to be a boat with passengers on her deck, sometimes it was hidden, and again rose to my view: being unacquainted with the local topography, I naturally supposed that what I had seen was a canal passage-boat, but was "perplexed in the extreme" how to reconcile such a fact to the unequal and hilly line in which the vessel appeared to be moving. Addressing the labourer—"Look, my lad,"

as the object rose to view, "look—is that a boat?" "Gor and maybe." "Is there a canal in that direction?" "Gor I donna." It mattered not what was the interrogatory, but the reply never varied from the alternation of "Gor I donna," and "Gor and maybe," and it struck me what a capital Irish witness my rustic friend Kit Broaghan would make, where it would be desirable that he should prove nothing—the school of equivocation never sent out a pupil better versed in the safe avoidance of truth. On my return to the house, I questioned my host as to the fact of the canal, and my being quite sure that I had seen a boat with passengers moving in a direction to which I pointed, and was answered with a look more provoking than good man Delver's "Gor and maybe." There was "a laughing devil in his eye" that spoke most intelligible banter as he added, "if there be a canal there or within fifteen miles of it in any direction, it must have been made last night with the agency of Aladdin's lamp." I was beginning to think that I laboured under some optical delusion, when the mystery was cleared up, by my friend's expected visitors rattling up to the door in gallant style, seated, together with their own men, in the identical boat which I had seen, mounted on a wheeled carriage and drawn by two stout mules, on one of which was a smart postillion. I never saw a more complete piscatorial *turn-out*. We all travelled in it to the lake, about five miles distant, and the boat being placed upon springs I never sat in an easier conveyance. We were the wonder and delight of the peasantry as we passed along, and in spite of Doctor Doyle, Daniel O'Connell, the church reform bill, and the priest of the parish,

we were frequently greeted by the good-natured cheers of men, women, and children.

Loughsheelan's fine and beautiful expanse of waters is bounded on one side by the County Meath, and on the other by the County Cavan. We launched our boat, and embarked on the latter shore, at the mill of Crover, after a due and careful mounting of our rods. In these places are always to be found local and speculating fishermen to furnish a boat when wanted, and tender their own services as oarsmen. From their acquaintance with the waters, the best shoals and shores on which to angle, and their assumed judgment of the most *killing* flies, they acquire much influence with the stranger angler, and manage to pick up a good penny now and then. The greendrake season, particularly, is a harvest to them. I would, however, advise the angler who has any skill himself, not to depend implicitly on theirs. They will find fault with your best fly, and perhaps select the worst in your book, in order to impress you with a sense of their superior judgment; they rely not a little upon a chance of its being taken by a trout, and in that event claim the merit of your success. As more than two persons cannot conveniently angle in the same boat, except in dapping with the natural fly, which by the genuine sportsman is considered a sort of *pot*-fishing, I engaged Maguire, a professed piscator, and his boat, and found him an excellent oarsman, but more adventurous than sometimes agreed with my nerves; and, for a person all his life, man and boy, fishing the lake, his acquaintance with its chart was akin to that of the pilot who proved his knowledge of all the rocks in the channel by running the ship upon one of them.

The greendrake was fully up and abundant upon the water, and our first drift was upon Crover Castle,—an old ruin situated in the upper end of the lake, at a little distance from the shore, and surrounded by shoals of sunken rocks, from which the drake, even at that late period of the season, were still rising;—the cold harsh spring weather kept them down longer than usual, and in this drift I killed a trout

with a drake of the first shade, an ashy or bluish green hue. My trout was a sporter, and gave good play, but I landed him with as little loss of time as I could, and with as loud and exulting a *cuckoo* as my vocal organization would permit. I'll thank any musical instrument maker, from the constructor of a penny-whistle to that of a trombone, who will invent a horn or trumpet which will sound forth the cuckoo note, so that it shall be heard from one end of a lake to the other, and the surrounding shores reverberate in shouting echoes the triumph of Sir Christopher Crottle. That, Mr. Poplar, is my name. I do not announce it so early, because proud of the title, which now-a-days claims about as much respect as an Irish Member of Parliament. Besides the drake, I had for my second dropper an *uncle*, always strenuously recommended by the *natives*, and the same which Mr. Gregory Greendrake mentions having got from Teddy Byrne, long since gathered to his fathers. Every body knows, for every body must have read his excursions, that Mr. Greendrake caught that day, and with that same uncle, two twin trout, each exceeding eight pounds weight, which he sent to Lord Talbot, then our excellent Viceroy. But every body does not know that Gregory (I had it from himself,) was promised to be made surveyor-general of the inland waters of Ireland, with a salary of a thousand a year, travelling allowances, and a puncheon of real *Gorteen* annually, to keep the damp air out of his stomach; but as old scratch would have it, the visit of two other old gentlemen, (I know not if of the same family,) George the Fourth and Marquess Wellesley, to this country, unluckily clouded in gloom this prospect of piscatorial happiness. Nothing appears to have thriven in Ireland since but mischief and popery; and even the trout, Mr. Poplar, do not rise as merrily as they used to do before that period, lest a *padreen* hook should be stuck in their gills. My tail fly (pardon the long digression,) was a hare's-ear and claret. I soon found that I had not all the cuckooing to myself. In the other boat, in which, on our way to the lake,

We had sail'd upon dry land,
Whether valley or high land,

Were a Mr. Deacon, a good angler, and most pleasant and excellent gentleman, and whose commendatory qualities, as I found by after acquaintance, were not wholly intrinsic, for at his table I have eaten some of the best South Down mutton, drank some of the best wine, enjoyed some of the best conversation,—all according with one of the best hearts I ever met with. Along with him, and under his piscatorial tutelage, was a young officer of the 12th hussars, as gentle a spirit as ever threw the graces of humanity over the “grim-visaged brow of war.” The first caught a fine trout with a *juggy*. It would puzzle you, Mr. Poplar, to tell what that is ;—it is a gaudy poppin-jay fly, and its *aliases* are Judith and Judy. Shortly after, the young hussar hooked a trout, which ran ahead like a whale: our tyro held his rod horizontally, as if, in his vocation, he was going to shoot the fish, when his preceptor snatching the rod out of his hands, brought it to a perpendicular, gave the run-away the butt, brought him to manners, and transferring the rest of the play to his young friend, and taking the net, landed a trout of six pounds weight,—as beautiful an aquatic production of animated nature as a lover of the angle could wish to lay “his two looking eyes on.” As to the hussar—if it wasn’t himself that

was proud of his exploit, *as bookish* ;—why, triumph never marked with stronger expression an achievement, from the day of Marathon to that of Waterloo ; and sure I am that he felt more heartfelt exultation in that evidence of his prowess, than if he had slain with his own hand a dozen antithetists, through all the evolutions of the sword exercise. Now, this is an apt place to describe one of the miseries of human life, unrecorded in Mr. Beresford’s pleasant book. Imagine to yourself, Mr. Poplar, (that is if you know anything at all about the matter) —imagine to yourself a trout of five, six, or seven pounds weight at the end of your line, hooked by the only fly of the kind you had in your book—you have been playing him twenty minutes at the least, with all the alternations of hope and fear—the keen anxiety which a strong and sporting fish excites ; he begins to capitulate, you are winding him and your line up, your man puts out the landing net, and you are prepared to sing out, cuckoo, when the awkward scoundrel, sweet bad luck to him ! instead of putting the net under the fish, knocks the hoop of it right against its snout, and causes the captive, of which you are quite sure, to make such an exertion that your line breaks, and the fish, with the whole cast of flies, all go—

“ In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.”

What would you do in such a case, Mr. Poplar ? I’ll tell you what I would do. “ By all the gods and little fishes,” I would send the caitiff, head and shoulders, after my lost treasure ; and if he could not recover it, why then let him stay below with all my heart ;—mind that, Barney Williams !

I had been early fishing with a Juggy, but rising no trout with it, I took it down. After the success of

the other brat, the Judy being the killing fly in both instances, I put it up again, and took, in the course of the day, five good fish with it, but not in the Loch Awe style, as practised by Christopher North, the whole five at one cast ! I regretted my having intermitted the agency of my seductive Juggy, and was reminded of the burden of an old Irish ditty—

“ Arrah then, Judy,
Wasn’t I a booby,
When I did leave you—when I did leave you ?”

I’ll sing the whole of the song the first time I dine with you ; but take notice, I hate long invitations—“ few and far between.”

But are we to be the whole day on the lake, without noticing its scenic beauties ? We are now taking a drift

a little to the right of Crover Castle, the donjon-keep of the “ *Black Baron*,” which, “ by the rule of *thumb*,” lies on our left. I’ll tell you something more of the Black Baron by and by. Imagine yourself in the boat, with leisure to look about you, while my eyes are

fixed on my flies, and watching the rising fish, and ready with a slight upward jerk of my right wrist to fasten the hook in his jaw. Apropos, Mr. Poplar, if you are an angler or wish to be one, mind this—never strike your fish hard;—we all strike too hard, from the *Thiackams* of our schools to the *reformers* of our legislature. There is great wisdom in knowing when and where to hold our hands; the trout, in their vivacity, hook themselves oftener than the angler hooks them; and when the operation requires your assistance, a very slight action of the wrist, if governed by a quick eye, will do the business. Do you see, on the County Cavan side of the lake, a good way off, a projection of the shore?—That is called “the merry point,” as being a favourite feeding shoal for the trout;—it is a long drift, angling ground all the way, and it will afford you a successively opening view of the whole of the lake on either side. We are just under Crover House, that stands smiling with an aspect of neatness and comfort on that eminence to the right, and looking on the broad waters over a well-grown plantation, that shelves down, “in gay theatric pride,” to the edge of the lake. Don’t you think that a man could get his health there, with a bacon ham of his own curing, fowl of his own rearing, the reliefs of Kerry beef and four year old mutton, (South-Down if he can get it,) a bottle of old port, a tumbler of old Gorteen, and, to crown all, the society of approved old friends;—would he not have reason to thank God—eh, Mr. Poplar? Now cast a glance at the other side: equal cultivation does not meet your eye; but a relic of feudal times frowns in ruin on the lake below. That is Ross Castle; Gregory Greendrake, Esquire. Every body is *Esquered* now-a-days; and your butcher, baker, tailor, or shaver would meditate (unless he had “*a vow in heaven*,”) calling you out, if you were to address to him a note superscribed plain *Mister*. As a *tail* of initials after a man’s name, such as M.R.I.A., &c. &c. is grown nearly as common as *Armiger*, I would allow it legitimate enough to your tradesmen to imitate the example, for they are all of the “*Society of Arts*,” and each, besides the appendages, common to all, of F.R.S.A., might as-

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sume a title distinctive of his particular trade;—for instance, the baker to add *de crustibus*; the cook, *de gustibus*; and the chimney doctor, *de fumibus*. If you don’t like my Latin, Mr. Poplar, manufacture better yourself, and pardon my digressiveness. But, as I was saying, Mr. Greendrake has given us a legend, “The Black Funeral,” connected with Ross Castle, and my boatman gave me another, the which to relate, no time is more appropriate than while your attention is fixed on the spot. You shall have it as I had it from my boatman.

“Pray, Maguire, do you know any thing of the *ould* times stories of those two castles—that in the lake, which we past by, and that on the hill yonder?”

“Not much, troth, Sir, but that they belonged to the BLACK BARON, who lived in the one on the hill, called Ross Castle; and the one in the water, Crover Castle, was where he kept his prisoners, and hanged or cut off their heads for his *disavashun*.”

“Why, he was a downright *Black-beard*. What was his name?”

“A good name enough, Sir; no better in the county than the Nugents; but he and Rory Rion O’Reilly of the Cavan side were never happy the day that they weren’t knocking out each other’s brains.”

“And how long did their brains stand that fun?”

“O, be gor, I donna—even now, Sir, an Irishman takes more beating than any other man; and sure in the *ould* times they were all out intirely stronger than we are. Why, Sir, Rory Rion or the Black Baron would beat the whole parish of Mount Nugent before them, if they were to rise now out of their graves with only ‘a sprig of shillela’ in their hands.”

“I believe you, Maguire, and am quite sure that in such hands, the strongest of you, even the priest of the parish himself, wouldn’t wait for the wind of a blow—but go on with your story.”

“Well, Sir, as I was saying, these two great chiefs couldn’t get their health but when killing each other, which was as much *disavashun* to them as killing a trout to your honour.—Bluranownkers, Sir, did you see that rise?—he’s a bully—cast over him.”

I did so; and to spare you a long

episode, he swallowed my *uncle* by way of a second course, and I took him in, a well fed three pounder at least.

Maguire resumed—

"Well, Sir, there was always the devil to pay betune these Tiernachs, and they kept the whole country in hot water."

"Did they keep it in whiskey too, that there might be no want of punch?"

"Be gor and may be; for sure they had oats and barley in those times, and where there's oats and barley sure there'll be the potheen—and why not? The devil's luck to the guagers—the country will never be ould Ireland agin until a poor Irishman can drink what he likes, and as much as he likes, without the guager dipping his rule in his glass."

"True, Maguire, it is quite unreasonable to ask Pat to drink or act by any rule—but to your story."

"While the two fathers were knocking their heads together, as I tould you, there were two others who'd give all the world to settle the family differences in another way. Eileen Oge Nugent, the Black Baron's daughter, was the beauty of the world. She had nothing black about her barring her hair and her eyes, and her heart was so soft she wouldn't hurt a fly; and if there was a match for her in all the world or Cavan, it was Owneen Bawn O'Reilly, Rory's son. He wasn't red like his father, but fair-haired, blue-eyed, tall and straight as a man should be. There wasn't a boy in the three counties, gentle, or simple, his equal at any thing, whether it was hurling, wrestling, or fighting, and he played the bagpipes like an angel."

"A very angelic accomplishment, indeed—well, go on."

"However or wherever they chanced to meet, they were bothered at the first look, but troth it was bad luck to both, poor things! Love took 'em like a stitch. Now, Sir, there was one Plunket in Meath that the Black Baron took a fancy to for a son-in-law. He was black like himself every way—he had a black beard like a Jew under his chin, and his glib was curled over his squinting eyes, like those poor creatures of dandies that one sees in the streets of Dublin with a plug of tobacco stuck in their mouth, because, I suppose,

they hav'n't the decency or the spirit to get a good smoking pipe at once. It was upon this Plunket that the ould tune *Plunkum Perrywig* was made, and they say by young O'Reilly, in game of his queer head and baboon appearance. Owneen Bawn was as great a musician—aye, by my sowl, as Carolan himself. You may be sure that love didn't stop at the eyes with Eileen Oge and Owneen Bawn; they soon contrived to have their meetings, and where do you think? Why in that same murdering dungeon, Crover Castle. The keeper of it was sweet upon Biddy Muldoon, the Lady Eileen's foster-sister, and Biddy managed that, on a sign they had between them, he'd bring his boat, in the dead of night, under a rock, close by Ross Castle, to take in Biddy and her mistress, just as young O'Reilly would be setting off from the Cavan shore; and hail, rain, or snow, calm or storm, they never failed to meet. Why, Sir, there are waves sometimes on this lough as high as the hill of Mullock-a-Musel there yonder, and rocks that would rack a man of war, as who knows but you may find out before you leave it."

"I hope not, Maguire."

"Troth I hope so too, Sir; well, there they used to meet at the prison castle, for what wont love do?"

"Almost as much as whiskey, Maguire."

"I dare say, they wern't without a drop of that too; and you know, Sir, that both would make a man face the devil and beat him too. Things went on this way for some time, and whether the priest was of the party or not I can't say, but something began to appear, and whether or not people will be talking."

"Truly, my friend, they will, and not always without reason, fine ladies, even in our own day, make *ships* as well as mantua-makers."

"The devil a doubt of that, Sir. But be that as it may, what does the ugly thief Plunket do? Bad luck to all informers! Why he set his spies upon the poor souls—yes, Sir, his spies, what do you think of that for a gentleman?"

"Why, I think it very bad of a gentleman, although he has the example of statesmen."

"The devil fly away with both,"

says I, "the difference between them is, your Honour, that one is a little, and the other a big blackguard. I say, again, bad luck to all informers."

"Maguire, your are wrong; they are as necessary as judges, jurors, and hangmen."

"But, your Honour, not equally deserving of respect I hope."

"Not quite; but go on with your story, I'm waiting to hear what God sent to Eileen Oge."

"Misfortune on the back of misfortune, and sure, your Honour, there's no pleasure in hearing that?"

"Ah! Maguire, you know nothing of the world. It's sugar and cream to a man to know the shame and misfortune of his neighbour; without the bitters of calumny his tea would be insipid."

"Be Gor, and may be, Sir, but it so happened that, spite of the greatest storm that happened the season, the winds were screeching their own way—the gulls, or white crows were screeching their way, for the storm was so bad that even they could not rest; the waves dashed even over Gull Island, which we'll come upon by and bye, and shifted the eggs, so that the hatching hens didn't know their own; it was a night that one might say, gave a warning of ill."

"Maguire, you are quite poetical."

"I don't know, your Honour, whether to take that as a compliment or not, because I once heard the greatest omadaun (fool) I ever knew, called a "high poet;" but this I know, that rough or smooth, deep or shallow, I love this lough—I love the green sunny hills about it—the woods that beat the piper for music, and —."

"And the *mountain dew*, Maguire, that makes the sun always shine in the heart it falls upon."

"Yes, your Honour, if it be a true honest heart with no 'black drop' in it; drink is a bad secret keeper—it turns a man inside out more ways than one, and —."

"What the deuce, Maguire, are you beginning to moralize; we need not come to Loughsheelan to learn how scarce good hearts and constant friends are—go on."

"The two loving creatures were together by a good fire, the best that the bog on Clare Island could give; there it lies before us, beyond the bay

of Ross, where, I'll take my oath, one of your gentlemen is at this moment stuck in a trout; see, Sir, the top of the rod is bent almost to the butt—O! by the powers, he knows how to handle him, wheu!—there he goes out again—let him go—let him go—but not slack enough to jerk your line—easy now—that's it—he's coming in—if we were near enough now we'd see his yellow belly turning up—the landing net is out, and see he's in—hurra!—cuckoo, hurra!"

"Maguire, I wish the trout was in your belly; why, man, at this rate we'll never come to the end of Eileen Oge Nugent, and Owneen Bawn O'Reilly."

"You'll come to the end of 'em too soon, your Honour. As I was saying, he was giving her a touch of his pipes, by the good turf fire—'Planxty Reilly,' his own composing; what the gaoler and Biddy Muldoon were doing, the story doesn't tell, but, to be sure, they were divarting themselves as well as they could, when, with a roar louder than the storm, who should enter but the Black Baron and the treacherous spalpeen Plunkett. 'Fly—fly!' said Eileen to young O'Reilly. 'Fly!' said Owneen Bawn, "death before dishonour! the feet of an O'Reilly were never made to run from, but to stand to an enemy." Well, sure you may guess what followed. 'Since you have taken such a fancy,' said the Black Baron, 'to the keep of Crover, Owneen Bawn, by the virgin, I'll keep you safe in it.' So he was dragged to a dungeon, Sir, while *Plounkum Perrywig* stood grinning like the devil at a sowl fresh caught, but was afraid to go near O'Reilly even when bound. Biddy's sweet-heart they made prisoner to a new gaoler, and bore off her and her mistress to Ross Castle; O! the Black Baron made it a black night to all of them."

"So far, you have brought your story to a sad issue; does worse remain behind?"

"May be not; to know the worst, they say, is some comfort. They were at the poor lady day and night to marry ugly Plunkett, but all in vain: and at last, one morning early, just as the sun rose above the hill of Ross and crimsoned the top of Crover Castle—"

"Holla! my friend, your getting poetical again."

"May I never be stuck in a trout, your Honour, if I can help it; I only tell you what I saw, almost every morning since I was a boy."

"Aye, Maguire, but how many are there upon whom the glorious repetitions of a dawning world would make no impression; I tell you, you are poetical, and the more, because you didn't intend it; poetry is inspiration, not design."

"Be Gor, and may be. Howsomer, they brought the Lady Eleanor, for that's what she'd be called now if alive, to the top of Ross Castle, and pointing to Crover, there she saw the young O'Reilly with his arms tied behind his back and a rope about his neck, and he standing on the shelving-stone of the battlement. 'Will you marry Plunkett?' roared out the Black Baron; 'look yonder at O'Reilly; will you save his life and marry Plunkett?' Say no, and he hangs like a dog!" Love in her breast was becoming traitor to himself; she shuddered at the danger to her dear Owneen Bawn—she looked at Plunkett, and shuddered for herself. The distance was not such but that the parties were visible to each other. Young O'Reilly saw the groupe, and judged of the alternative and conflict imposed upon his adored Eileen; with a super-human effort he freed his right-arm, and lifting it up to heaven, as a sign that they should meet there, he cast himself from the battlement on the rock below, and was dashed to pieces."

"And what of poor Eleanor?"

"She was struck with madness—in that moment she lost her senses, and never recovered them. I almost forgot to mention, that it was young O'Reilly that composed the old air, '*Aileen Aroon*,' which to this hour is often heard of a still moon-light night playing in the ruins of Crover Castle."

I acknowledge, Mr. Poplar, that the concluding part of this tale affected me so, even in the remembrance of it, that I have substituted for the language of the original narrator, a style of expression more adapted to my own feeling and the dignity of the subject. Don't imagine, Mr. Poplar—I hope you're a *straight* fellow as your name imports—don't imagine that my rod was idle all the time the story was telling—I caught three more rattlers, and missed several.

Having past Crover-house, you could not help being attracted by a beautiful cottage, trellaced and bespangled with the Chinese rose, and odorous jessamine, its smooth shaven lawn of vivid green, and embowered amidst flowering shrubs, ever-greens, and the more towering pride of the forest, looking like the lily of the valley, peeping from forth its broad protecting foliage. Can anything be more delightful in its natural features? Yes, it is far more delightful in its moral associations, which you will acknowledge, when I tell you, that this enchanting retreat is the occasional abode of living excellence—it is Asley-Cottage, a favorite creation of the fine and elegant taste of Lady Farnham, from whence, when there, she dispenses around her the earthly comforts flowing from Christian benevolence, as she would the peace of heaven, if not frustrated by the demons of bigotry and fanaticism. A little farther, still on the Cavan shore, proudly seated on the crown of the hill, is Fortlands, the residence of Mr. Gosling, Lord Farnham's agent; proceed we, and close to the edge of the lake is a fishing lodge of Lord Tara's, now seldom used, and turning a point, the pretty object of the spire of Ballymaine church presents itself, rising over the intervening wood, and, what is still more pleasing to the contemplation of the Christian of the Gospel, there is no danger of its coming under the *Grey* church suppression clause, for it has a good congregation supplied by a dense Protestant population, of every degree, able and willing to defend their pastor from Popish church-suppressing persecution. Beyond that, in the little bay is the old castle of — I forget its hard Irish name—to which a Mr. Thompson is adding a residence, and which my oars-man said he had heard the old people say, was, in the time of the tale I have told you, the castle of the Black Baron's foeman, Rory Rion O'Reilly.

Upon the opposite shore, the objects are far less rich, but possessed of the interest of a bolder and wilder scenery—Mulloch-a-meal hill. Clare Island, on which is the residence of Mr. Walker, mid-way between which and the ruin of Ross Castle is the house and plantation of Ross, the dwelling of Mr. Somerville, and further, reced-

ing from the lake, Bob's Grove, the residence of Edward Nugent, Esq., and hospitality. About the centre of the lake from its two extremities, Church Island forms an interesting object of ascetic seclusion, where the owl now hoots from its ivy'd covert in concert to the waves that break upon the rough and rocky shore. From this point may be seen Mount Nugent church at the head of the lake, and at its foot the faint outlines of the wretched village of Finnea, where the outflow of the lake gives birth to the river Imney. There remains but one place more of interest for me to describe, and which I reserve to the detail of enjoyments of a more universal nature with which it is associated, and to which the world runs *open-mouthed*. Who ever thinks that even upon Lough-Sheelan, lovely as it is, there are nothing but smiles and sunshine, will find himself mistaken if he pass a day upon it. Suddenly there arose a dense black cloud in the south-west. "Buckets and turf!" Sir, exclaimed Maguire, "let us get as fast as we can under the shelter of Church Island, and stoutly he and the boy Gaffney pulled away, but we had not reached our place of refuge before the squall burst forth, the wind blew a hurricane, the waves rose in wild commotion, and the heavy rain, like large hail-stones, pattered on their curling heads as if to correct and suppress their insurgent motion—in a moment we were wet even to our birthday suits. Our bark being rather a frail one we were glad to get under the shelter of the island, from whence we could see our companion boat urging her way across the lake from the opposite shore, under appearances which excited, in me at least, considerable alarm: the roughness of the water and the strength of the squall had now fearfully increased: a column, as of denser rain, swept along, like a waterspout, crossing in its course the boat of our friends and obscuring it for a considerable time from our view, during which painful and gloomy imaginings possessed my mind, and the possibility of a day opening in mirth and happiness closing in sadness and misery—at length the good boat EMILY appeared to our gladdened eyes alternately sinking in the valley of the waves and rising on their curling crests. O! she was a darling; broad on the beam, and

swelled out from her keel like the bosom of a swan, the water-king himself in his fiercest wrath, wouldn't be able to swamp or overset her. She came in to our place of rendezvous gallantly, and the storm having abated, we thought well to follow her example.

Mr. Poplar, if you are not a good conservative, you are not as straight as a poplar ought to be, and no better than a wolf in sheep's clothing; but if you are what I take you to be, you will accompany me to our place of repast, bowing, as you enter Somerville cottage, to the sound Protestant constitutional spirit which here has "found a local habitation and a name," not yet disgraced by compromise or tergiversation. Here, I believe, honest Captain Cottingham first drew that breath that has never received the tint of political corruption, but is freshly redolent of Orange and the Boyne; and here last resided that faithful and fearless soldier and magistrate, Captain Graham, alike loyal to his King and to the laws, and who, as far as the base Whigs could or dared, has been sacrificed to the Moloch of Popish conciliation. It is now unoccupied except by a man and his family, placed in care of the premises by Captain Graham—may its walls never be desecrated by the orgies of triumphant Popery and treason. Though last mentioned, Somerville is not "least in our dear love," for it is associated with private worth, and political and religious truth and liberty. Our party was kindly accommodated with the use of the cottage (it has no second story, but numerous and good apartments) and the services of the domestics—and well and most cordially were those services rendered. Did you ever see a hen of a rainy day? We were all in as bad plight to be brought to market—not a tatter that wasn't saturated, and after taking a squib of *gorteen*, in such cases very properly designated *aqua vite*, we made a rush to the kitchen where a glorious turf fire, in *vice-solar* splendour, exercised its power to cheer and invigorate, not insult or oppress us; the fact is, it practically illustrated the principle of "even-handed justice," without jawing about it, and dispensed its influence equally to Protestant and Papist. In a moment we disencumbered ourselves of our dripping habiliments, and whether we stood types of Shakspeare's

"poor forked animal," or of Thompson's "when unadorned adorned the most." I will not take upon me to say, but much time was not afforded for consideration of the question, as our kind hostess-depute bustled about putting coats, *thristles*, cloaks, and petticoats into requisition, and though shirtless for a while, we were not altogether comfortless; we made up our minds to be as happy as we could, and practically proved the wisdom of the maxim "take the world as it comes." Through the unmerited zeal and attention of our attendants, and the agency of a rousing fire, we were very soon enabled to moult our borrowed feathers and resume our own plumage, and if we were not fine as peacocks we were gay as larks, and God keep us so to the end of the chapter! The cloth laid (and neat and clean it was, as well as all the furniture of the table) Long Harry, who had the care of our moving canteen, and an excellent travelling sutler he is, set our creature comforts free from their wicker prison, and placed them on the table

with all the attraction of the recruiting serjeant's roasted pigs crying "come and eat me," and if you require it, I'll give you my oath (not that of a Popish Member of Parliament) that the invitation was as eagerly accepted as an Irish challenge to a break-head party. Mrs. —, shame to me to forget her name! gave us a hot first course of grilled trout and clean fried perch of extraordinary excellence, and cold ham, never exceeded in the ancient land of Ham itself, roast chickens, lamb, and hung beef, whose veiny lines of red and white would shame the finest and richest specimens of Egyptian marble, formed our second course; but, alas! how evanescent are all sublunary charms! We soon left but the relics of beauty before us: but do not think it was a dry repast. No, by the vine wreath that adorns the brow of Bacchus we had wine that would infuse the spirit of youth into the arterial ducts of age, and do more to the renovation of an old man than Media's kettle or the once famed mill of Harold's-cross—

O! give me old wine, 'tis the secret of youth,
The solace of friends, and the parent of truth:
O, give me old wine! 'twill make wretchedness smile,
And falsehood divest of its varnish of guile.
Come more and more wine! let's be frolic and gay,
And wish ev'ry day of our life such a day!
Hip! hip! Hurra!

Let not this little effusion, Mr. Poplar, lead you to think that some of the wine of that day is still in my head. Never, I assure you, was a party of "felicity-hunters" more moderate—indeed, we might claim fraternity with the *Temperance Society*, and leave you to judge whether among three of us, two bottles of brown sherry, two of old hock, much of which was mixed with the purest spring water, and one flask of champagne (red wine won't bear carriage if to be drank the same day) was not almost shamefully moderate at dinner; the few tumbler of Gorteen-punch which we took after the cloth was removed is not worth mentioning, and if we felt any extraordinary elevation of spirits, it was the dear and kindly exhilaration of hearts, escaping from the moral deformity of the world, and enjoying the charms of nature and friendship, with thankfulness to that Being who imbued us with taste for the one, and in the multitude of

rascals that like locusts, mar the gifts of heaven, had given to us that inestimable treasure, the community and esteem of honest and virtuous men, faithful to their country, their king, and their God!

Among the toasts, which were more than "an excuse for the glass," were "The King," whom we separated from his ministers; "Our beloved Queen Adelaide," in whom the good old Charlotte of blessed memory still lives, to cherish the virtues near the throne; "The Duke of Cumberland and (not *all*) the rest of the Royal Family," "Protestant Ascendancy all over the world;" "The memory of the late Duke of York," drank in solemn silence; "The Primate and Church of Ireland." Here the question was started whether this toast should not also be drank in solemn silence, as if a defunct body, but I maintained that while there was life there was hope, and that all was not lost that was in danger. Mr.

Deacon raised his voice, and a capital voice he has ; it would be heard above a Billingsgate storm, or that which is the modern bear-garden in Palace-yard ; he bitterly, but truly anathematised rats—expediency, conciliation, and reform ; and closed a philippic true as an axiom, with the assertion, that the *Judas's* of our day, had destroyed all confidence in public men, and paralysed the hopes and exertions of honest patriotism. The young Huzzar returned thanks for the last toast, on the very justifiable plea of the church being *militant*. Then followed “the Consecratives of England and Ireland,” after which, many of the most distinguished members of that body were distinctly toasted, and in priority, “The Lord of the soil we then stood on—the good and patriotic Lord Farnham, and the rights and independence of Juries.”—Hip! hip! Hurra! This was followed by the other bright links in the chain of a constitutional and virtuous consistency—Newcastle, Roden, Winchelsea, Kenyon, our own and well-beloved Boyton, Shaw, &c. with a list of worthies, yet too many, thank heaven, for enumeration on this occasion ; nor, in connexion with the church, was the fearless, the eloquent, and the independent Bishop of Exeter forgotten. I think I hear you ask, “Where was the Glorious Memory all this time?” I’ll tell you—it was in our heads and hearts, and flowing bumpers, despite of the alliance of Whiggery and Popery—may the devil claim his own and fly away with both! The roof we were under was so accustomed to the toast, that it was echoed by every room, angle, corner, and cranny in the house, not as an ordinary echo, repeating the last word and sound, but articulating distinctly, every syllable uttered ; and as to “nine times nine ;” no, Sir, it was *eighty-one times eighty-one*—why, the echoes of Killarney were but as the report of a pocket pistol compared to the thunders of a twenty-four pounder—they actually rung in our ears the

whole length of the lake, as we returned home, and I very much question if they are silenced yet.

I have mentioned our travelling sutler, honest Long Harry—he acquitted himself so well on that day, that I have adopted him as an asseveration, and instead of my theretofore oath “by the powers of Moll Kelly,” I now regularly swear “by the long Harry,” and truly Harry is no ordinary man in his way. Another Will Wimble, his qualifications in aid of the enjoyments of a country life are multitudinous and invaluable ; he is a genuine sportsman, and can make all his own sporting apparatus, and not these alone, but the more ponderous mechanism of the farm yard ; a waggon is as easy to his hand as an angle rod, and, in a scarce season of partridge, I would not take my oath that he could not make a few covies ; he can break a dog, or a horse, or a head, on fitting occasion, with native facility, and is so good-natured that he would be the first to furnish it with a plaister. He can ride like a devil, swim like a duck, roar a view hollow to startle the nerves of Echo and Dryades, and, not in disparagement do I say it, but as a quality inseparable from an *honest fellow*, he can, in proper season, drink like a fish. Being the only one of our men who had the good sense to eat meat when he could get it, he was admitted to the privilege of the side-table in the parlour, and, in the other happy privileges of a sporting excursion, he threw some sallies of native and ready wit on the altar of Momus. Our obliging hostess gave us some of the finest potatoes we had ever eaten—she called them *farmers*, and glad were we to see that there was in Ireland a soil where the farmers so flourished in rotundity and happiness that they were laughing through their skins. Apollo aiding our Gortin Bacchus, suggested a song. The Huzzar very appropriately gave us—

“Madam, you know my trade is war,
And why should I deny it for
When the loud trumpet sounds from far,
I’d rather stay with you.”

We gave ready credence to the burden of the song without attributing it to “a vow in heaven,” for no bantam cock

was ever truer game. Mr. Deacon, as I said before, possessed a fine voice, but for such an occasion sung too much

in the style of Psalmody. I sang "looking along the road," (for the hour suggested the necessity of so doing) with no drawback upon the execution, but the want of voice, and making a good guess at one of the qualifications of our friend Long Harry, I asked him to give us a lilt, which, with licence of the higher authorities, he did, premising in the usual way a modest plea of bad voice, and bad memory. "Be Jagers"—there was musical association in the oath—"Be Jagers, I don't know how to sing; the fine farmer potatoes, gentlemen, struck your fancy, and, indeed, you took 'em to heart; there isn't a finer root in the wide world than the

potatoes—and what would the poor of Ireland do but for them? How could Mr. O'Connell add a million increase every year to the 'fine peasantry,' if there wasn't a regular supply of them? If you like I'll give a song which may be called "the birth, parentage, and education, of the potatoe." We signified ready assent. "I don't know where the deuce I met with it," added Harry, "but he was a queer fellow anyhow that made it." So taking a swig out of his tumbler to tune his larynx, with "good emphasis and sound discretion," sung as follows, to the old Irish air "Ballynamona, Oro!"

"I'll give you a song, 'tis a true Irish strain,
Our *cruiskeens* and glasses, my boys, let us drain;
Your voices in chorus now manfully lend,
And sing the potatoes, the Irishman's friend.
Ballynamona, Oro!
A laughing potatoe for me.

"Tis the root of all roots, and that ev'ry one knows,
And best of all places, in Ireland it grows;
So grateful of care, it repays well our toil,
And like a true Paddy is fond of the soil.
Ballynamona, Oro!
A mealy potatoe for me.

"Tis said that from Quito to Europe it came,
To Spain first imported, and *Papa* its name;
Not amiss, for well-bedded, or early or late,
Prolific it is, and its family great.
Ballynamona, Oro!
A pink-eye potatoe for me.

Its progeny, various, would puzzle a saint,
Their names to repeat or their colours to paint;
Pink, purple, and white—the red, the vesset, and black,
But all the same hue when no coat on their back.
Ballynamona, Oro!
A banger potatoe for me.

The famed Walter Raleigh, Queen Bess's own knight,
Brought here from Virginia the root of delight;
By him it was planted at Youghal so gay,
And Munster potatoes are fam'd to this day.
Ballynamona, Oro!
A Munster red apple for me.

To Lancashire we the potatoe sent o'er,
A blessing from Erin to Albion's fair shore;
To add to her comforts, her strength, and her riches,
And from it, 'tis said, sprung the Lancashire witches.
Ballynamona, Oro!
A lumping potato for me.

In England, some time, 'twas considered a dose,
 At which dame or damsel would turn up her nose ;
 But now, knowing better, nought else will go down,
 And the taty's the thing both in country and town.
 Ballynamona, Oro !
 A sweet *London lady* for me.

Let bag-pipe, and fiddle, harp, bugle, and flute,
 Mellow hautboy, French-horn, shrill trumpet and lute ;
 Sound forth, O potatoe ! thy fame wide and far,
 Thou nourishing viand of love and of war.
 Ballynamona, Oro !
 The food of the fair and the free.

More than sergeant and drum, does this wonderful root
 Our armies and navies assist to recruit ;
 Then long to its praise may each Irishman sing,
 While he stands to his sweet-heart, his country, and king.
 Ballynamona, Oro !
 The land of potatoes for me."

Need I say, that this song was applauded, "even to the echo that applauds again," that echo was found in the loud acclaims of the people of the house, who were in the hall listening ; nay, I have heard, I know not how true, that all the potatoes planted within hearing, progressed in their growth some inches towards the surface, and some even broke ground and protruded their auricular buds, the better to listen to the praises bestowed upon them by their lyric bard.

Any one who has experienced the influence of the convivial board, knows the ice once broken, how frigid modesty or bashfulness melts away before "the bottle, the sun of the table," and the force of example. Time was when

I could sing, "Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl"—"Let fame sound the trumpet"—"Spirit of my sainted sire," &c. ; and I was told, as Micke and Joe Kelly, Tom Phillippa, or Bowden, who carried on his face the whole promontory of noses, and I did not discover the flattery until I had no more money to lend, or good dinners to give to the rascals. However, by the long Harry, I plucked up courage on the present occasion, and determined that the potatoe and its bard should not walk over the field and carry the day without competition ; so, after the requisite number of "*hems !*" I poured forth this strain of my impromptu compositions, just as Theodore Hook would :—

Air—"Patrick's Day."

The potatoe we sing, and its wonderful merits,
 Bat still we can boast of a kindred strain ;
 The bonny sweet oat, and the gifts it inherits—
 The parent of wit and of whiskey.
 Good cheer and good nature,
 Each furnish a feature,
 This daughter of Ceres to deck with a grace—
 The inn-keeper's promise
 She never keeps from us,
 In parlour or stable,
 At stall or at table,
 And gives "entertainment for horse and for man ;"
 And both may be frisky,
 With oats and with whiskey,
 On Patrick's day in the morning.

Fairly sober or drunk, honest Pat's ever civil,
 And shares what he has with a stranger or friend ;
 But primed with the whiskey, he'll fight with the devil,
 And beat him black into the bargain.

Let oaten-meal nourish,
 His *alpeen* he'll flourish,
 Nor envy John Bull his plumb-pudding and beef—
 He shews in his feeding
 No want of good breeding,
 And always is steady,
 On land or sea ready
 For a loving salute, or a whack at the foe ;
 And ever is frisky,
 With malt or with whiskey,
 On Patrick's day in the morning.

The soldier and sailor are fittest for fighting
 When put strong in wind with the essence of oats ;—
 'Tis the poet's best muse, and enspirits his writing,
 Och! the Priest loves the bead on the whiskey.

The jockey when racing,
 The fox-hunter chasing,
 The lawyer, physician, and statesman so great,
 At working or playing,
 Or doing or saying,
 A drop in their garret,
 The worst they will dare it,
 Nor care an oatstraw for what lies in their way ;—
 Kill or cure, ever frisky
 With sweet potheen whiskey,
 On Patrick's day in the morning.

The applause was rapturously renewed ; the very echoes got drunk with the strain, and reeled their way through the mazes of reverberation ;— the subject inspired to the last tumbler, after which, with "*one cheer more*" for the lord of the soil and the friends of the good old cause, we took to our boats, with twenty-five trout, red and curdy as salmon, and took our leave,

for the season, of Loughsheelan ; the swell, which was in our favour, and the lusty stroke of our oars bearing us rapidly by head-land and bay, castle and bower, until the whole magnificent scene, enveloped in shade, faded from our view, as we shall do for the present, from the world.

CHRISTOPHER CROTTLE,
 Kt. R. L. N.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM LONDON.—No. IV.

The English winter—ending in July,
 To recommence in August—now was done.
 'Tis the postillions' paradise: wheels fly;
 On roads, east, south, north, west, there is a run.
 But for post-horses who finds sympathy?
 Man's pity 's for himself, or for his son,
 Always promising that said son at college
 Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

BYRON.

My Dear Charles,

Here I am still, though grouching began yesterday. It is very desolate, very dusty, very hot, and all that sort of thing, in the Parks, and "nobody in town," as the saying is, except the ministers and the new-fangled parliament men, who feel themselves so very important that they can never get enough of it: but I am here still, and even now there is matter enough worthy of note, if one will but attend to it. First and "foremost," as they say in Ireland, the houses of parliament, or the people that be therein, continue nightly to perspire and persuade themselves they are doing very great things; but every one is tired of the parliament, and a great many disappointed, and not a few disgusted with it, though it is "reformed;" so I shall not trouble you with its tedious "jabber," as a polite newspaper called the *Times*, is pleased to designate it, but pass on to the next. It is amusing—very, to lie cool and quiet in the shadiest nook of one's lodgings, and see, or consider, which comes to the same thing, London going out of town. Of course it is only in a certain quarter of this huge metropolis that this appears—it is only Byron's "twice two thousand, for whom earth is made," and their ten times two thousand attendants that you perceive poisoning their wings, or packing up their trunks, for flight. The demand at Newman's and other fashionable purveyors—or usurers rather of horse flesh—for post horses, is incessant, and forth from their hiding places,

where they have been lying in undisturbed repose since March or April, come the capacious travelling family coaches. In these, drawn by four horses, are commonly stowed away a large assortment of servants, children, and small boxes—the heavier and less valuable baggage being bestowed in the various external appendages of a travelling coach. My lord and my lady, or master and mistress, as the case may be, go first, in a lighter and more commodious travelling convenience, and content themselves with two horses. It is only your little great people that think it a matter of honour and glory to be drawn along the road by as many quadrupeds as if they were in a mail coach. They leave all the fuss to the housekeepers and the lady's maids, and truth to say, most appropriately, for with all the real pride belonging to the real aristocracy, the outward and visible signs thereof are in them far less striking and less offensive than in the menials of their train. I have seen it well and truly remarked very lately, by an acute and celebrated writer,* (of, I believe, republican principles in politics,) that "with all their faults, the aristocracy are people of the most unaffected manners. Pride and vanity have the strongest holds in those who are uncertain of the recognition of their pretensions." I wish this were more generally known, for the instruction of the poor mistaken creatures who think they are imitating the great

* Mr. Fonblanque, in the *Examiner Newspaper*.

by assuming pomp and parade in their own proper persons, and by talking in a consequential strain about fashion, and style, and so forth. Nothing is so sure a sign of vulgarity, and want of the genuine feeling of greatness, as personal attempts at display. Your true gentleman or lady never take that trouble; nor indeed have they any notion of people taking them for any other than they are—they know that a certain degree of pomp is looked for in their *establishments*, but that, they are aware, will be taken care of by their servants. To take every thing with an air of simplicity and quietness, as if nothing about them *could be* wrong, is the characteristic of the great.

Of course I now only speak of the routine things of life—love, hatred, ambition, jealousy, and all the host of passions, chafe the blood, and heat the brain of the highest as well as the lowest; but these are things not exhibited to the crowd—moreover these are *real* things, not affectations. Good manners, however agreeable, are not virtue; and I by no means feel disposed to idolize the aristocracy, while I contend for their exemption from the impertinence of those who ape greatness by imitating the behaviour of gentlemen's gentlemen, or the select company of the steward's room. You remember, I dare say, Byron's brief and bitter sketch of the great world—

“ In the great world—which being interpreted
Meaneth, the west, or worst end of a city
And about twice two thousand people, bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the universe with pity.”

This is excellent; the last line hath as much in it as might be squeezed out of a treatise two volumes long, and brings the truth before you like light condensed into lightening. Yet was Byron himself one of the great, in birth and station, as well as in intellect, and had he not been, he could not have written as he has written. We may forgive the inconveniency of a century of aristocracy, for having cast out such a noble flame of genius from its mass of smouldering dignity. But I must not forget what I was describing; it was—let me see—O yes! the giving forth of the metropolitans to the country. Well, they are gathered into their coaches or chariots, or britshas, or whatever other four-wheeled luxuries are known in the vocabularies of the coach-makers, they and their men-servants and their maid-servants, their baggage, and all their etcæteras, and

they are gone—the last sound of the wheels rolling over the Macadamised street has died away, and there is no more to be said about them, unless we follow them into the country. We'll talk of that anon;—in the mean time let us take a glance at the desolation they have left us. The squares are empty and would be almost silent, but for the sound of closing shutters up; that is done, and it is all night-like except for the intolerable glare of the sun-light reflected hot and dazzling from the broad white flags. One meets no one but a house-keeper going out to take a walk, no longer on household cares intent. The knockers have got a sinecure, the servants' bell alone is put in requisition, the tradespeople think of steam-boat excursions, and the west-end is vast, and bright, and solitary.

“ The twice two thousand, for whom earth was made,
Are vanished, to be, what they call, alone;
That is, with thirty servants for parade,
As many guests or more, before whom groan
As many covers, duly, daily laid.

There is nothing for which I so much blame our great ones of the earth, as their manner of living in the country. They carry the evils of the town system into

the country with them, instead of leaving them behind as they ought to do, with their houses of parliament, and clubs, and boxes at the opera. In a

place where nearly a million and a half of people, of whom the majority are not over honest, are congregated within a few miles' space, it is well that the great should be exclusive in their habits—it is, indeed necessary for caution sake, and to enable them to escape the crowds of parasites and plunderers of all descriptions, that are ready to press upon them ; but all this, at it seems to me, should cease when they go down to *their own people* in the country, and they ought to remember their common humanity, and seek something else than merely their own entertainment, and that of their visitors. For my part, I think a landlord should be as proud of having every rustic on his estate, and having a personal and kindly influence over him, as a good officer is of having that kind of knowledge and influence with regard to each individual soldier of his regiment. But our nobles and gentles seem to have no notion of that sort of thing. In the country they get up a little earlier than in town ; they dress and go down to breakfast, which is rather a long, irregular, undecided sort of a business in a great sense, mixed up with reading of letters from town, and newspapers, which are looked for with as much eagerness, as if God had not sent a sky, or hill and dale, and trees, and grass, and flowers worth contemplating. Breakfast and the balderdash of news being discussed, some of the gentlemen go to shoot, and others to ride out with their ladies ; some get in a boat on the pond or river, or bit of sea, according to the locality, and some haply have recourse to their fishing rod ; then there is a huge library for literary loungers, and there is a bench, and love making, and other little matters, all among themselves ; and at last dressing for dinner, and then dinner itself, and all its mighty parade, and then wine, coffee, cigars, a little music, flirtations, assignations in the shrubberies, and so forth, make up the day. A couple of days, to be sure, are given to the grand jury, and the judges and principal barristers of the circuit are entertained at dinner, and half a dozen days are set apart for enduring a certain number of the lesser gentry of the neighbourhood in stated rotation, in order to keep up the purple, or the pink, or the blue, or the yellow *interest*, to which the great family is attached ; and sometimes on a Sunday,

when the parson is invited, two or three of the elder tenantry, on the recommendation of the steward, are admitted to the dining-table, and their families asked after, with the most marked condescension, by my lady ; but in all this there is no heartiness—no cordiality. The humbler man feels at my lady's dinner, as he would at my lord's funeral ; it is to him a grand solemnity—an honour and a fear, and he is conscious that he neither understands, nor sympathises with my lord, and *knows* that my lord only *suffers* him, and would rather that it were not the custom ever to have such people at his table. All this is wrong, and estrangement and dislike grows out of it, and sudden and expected defeats at elections, and then my lord grows wroth, and does some foolish thing in his anger, forgetting that the fault lay, and lies in his own want of cordial fellowship and union with the people about him, and their little households.

I do not know exactly how it is, but so far as my experience goes, and I believe it agrees with the experience of others, the great family of any particular district generally looks with considerable disgust upon the families of the smaller esquires round about them.

Whether it be the fear of an approach to familiarity, or dislike to their pompously vulgar manner, and their parade, which is awkward, because not habitual, whether dread of encroachment, or love of solitary supremacy, be at the root of the evil, I shall not pretend to determine ; but of the fact I have no doubt, that the Lord Lieutenant of a county, or his lady, would as soon see any other pestilence that walketh at noon day advancing towards their lordly towers, as the old fashioned chariot of some country neighbour, whose chariot lasts from the time of his marriage till his eldest son comes of age. There is one consequence of this dislike or jealousy, or whatever it is, which I think has very bad consequences both political and social, and that is the extreme anxiety of great proprietors to buy up the smaller estates around them, and to leave the mansion houses upon them waste, or turn them into mere farm-houses. It is marvellous and melancholy to observe to what an extent this system has been carried in England within the last thirty years. In France we know,

that since the great revolution, the large properties have been divided and subdivided, so that five hundred proprietors may be found in as many thousand acres—in England within the same period, exactly the contrary effect has taken. Go where you will, at any considerable distance from the great towns, and you will find country-houses abandoned, the properties to which they belong having fallen into the leading property of the district. A great proprietor cannot bear that the smoke of another man's chimnies should be seen from his residence in the country; and instances take place every day, of three times the value being given for such properties, in order that the houses upon them may be demolished, or given into the hands of some of the great proprietor's dependents. I have myself passed in the course of a morning's drive at least half a dozen mansions, that five and twenty years ago were the houses of country gentlemen, and are now farm houses, the properties having been bought up by the lord of a noble castle, and almost all the territory round about. It is strange enough, and adds to the melancholy reflections which such changes excite, that these places commonly go by their old names, though their old owners have passed away. "That is — Hall, and that is — Park," said my guide to me, upon the occasion I have just mentioned, as we passed two places that looked like decaying respectability. "And do the families live there?" asked I, "for though they are large houses and have fine old trees about them, they do not seem to be in good order." "O! they are my lord's farms *now*," was the reply—"they're nothing but farm-houses, but we country people call them by their old names." For the rest of our ride, I could not be cheerful, for the life of me. These things cannot come to good. Woe unto them, says the prophet, woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth.

We must not however run away with the matter, and suppose that all the great lords are covetous and grasping men, and all those beneath them, whose properties they gradually absorb, are innocent and pitiable victims. The

truth is, that many of the squires of the country, who affect gentility, are the most preposterous and annoying people upon the face of the earth, full of the absurd pomposities of would-be great people, and so outrageously jealous of one another, that the great lord of the district, unless he uses considerable management, will be very apt to offend one, by showing civility to another. If the great man, instead of allowing himself to be disgusted with all this, would take the trouble to set it all right, by open and general frankness and friendliness to all, and by judicious expostulation with the more obdurate, he would be acting the part of a good Christian and a wise chief; but my lord recoils from so much present trouble and unpleasantness, and it is not until a contested election forces him to come forward, and rally the smaller landlords about him, that he will concern himself to cause union and good fellowship to exist among them.

When one considers the vast amount of solid good that a great man with some fifty or sixty thousand a-year to spend, might do in the country—how much happiness he might diffuse—how he might encourage industry, and reward virtue, and deter vice not merely as a magistrate, but as a friend, and a landlord—how he might promote serious education and rural sports—how he might make barren places beautiful, and fertile places rich—how he might give hope to the young, and peace and contentment to the aged—when one considers this, and then contemplates what such men for the most part really do—how their revenues are expended in unprofitable stateliness, or wasted in the promotion of useless luxury or insolent vice, one cannot but feel a melancholy astonishment that in such a country as England the gifts of fortune are so ignorantly, and so improperly used. What becomes of the fortunes of the gentlemen of England, while the condition of the peasantry is gradually becoming worse, morally and physically? Who grows rich by them, while the farmers and the labourers grow poor? Let the Crockfords, the Gulleys, the Chifneys answer. The people who grow rich are the betters, and blacklegs of Newmarket, and Doncaster: the gambling-house keepers in London, also jewellers, coach-makers,

tailors, milliners, and furnishers forth of feasts—the opera dancers and opera singers—the myriads who live in London, and all other places, the resort of the great, making English living preposterous by their enormous charges, and causing honest moderation to be a theme for scorn and contemptuous derision. This, too, is an evil thing under the sun, and the land will pay for it some day or another, in a fearful explosion, unless the system is amended in time.

The emptying of London for the summer is only perceivable in the streets and squares of the West end. East of Charing-cross, we perceive no difference, and the fifty or sixty thousand that may perhaps go roaming to the provinces, or the Continent, are not missed from the enormous population of this metropolis. If we bend our way into the city all things are as usual, save the increased heat and dryness of the air, which makes the lusty citizens indulge in draughts of beer, or glasses of ice, according to his taste or means. Still the tide of business rolls along, monstrous but slow. I think they are wrong who talk of the *bustle* of London—it is not activity or despatch that has ever caught my observation, so much as the steady ponderous perseverance with which their huge business is carried forward. Nothing appears to go quickly but the cabriolets, and they certainly rush along with most perilous rapidity, and spill their contents accordingly, with extreme alacrity and frequency. Were it not for the remarkable leisure of the heavier carriages, and the sagacity of the horses, which for the most part are infinitely more sensible and polite animals than their drivers, the cabriolet accidents would be much worse. In London they never think of carrying heavy goods in single horse carriages. I cannot help thinking it would be in such crowded thoroughfares much more convenient to divide their loads, and less destructive to the pavement, and the houses at each side, which the enormous weights that are borne along cannot but shake. It is however not the custom—a dray or waggon has generally three or four horses in a line, and such horses!—on they move, with solemn step and slow, and with such a strain whenever they come to a little acclivity, as if they could draw the

round world after them, had they only a morsel of standing room—an extraneous rock from which to pull. How the wheels crush and pulverise all that they come upon, under their three or four tons weight! Some years ago a man committed suicide by lying down with his head in the line of one of these loaded waggon wheels. Of course it became a flat thin cake of bone and brains in an instant. I doubt not the man had looked on at the tremendous crushing effect of the wheels, until he became affected as those are who look down into awful depths, and are immediately seized with a mysterious and almost uncontrollable inclination to spring into them.

This slowness and magnitude seems to me to belong to all business matters in London. If you go into a banking house where millions are deposited, they detain you while they enter down in a book the number of every note they may have to pay you. If you pass into the narrow lanes which lead to Watling-street and Thames-street, and Tower-street, from the great thoroughfare towards the East, you will see names on the doors which you know to be those of the greatest merchants in the world, but here there is no more sign of life, than if all the inmates of these houses were asleep. As you proceed into Thames-street, and towards the wharfs, more stir and bustle become apparent, but even there, you see the great loads being leisurely piled up, and the ponderous cranes send forth a slow shriek from strained pulleys, as though they were tortured with the weights which they gradually heave from off the ground to be borne away by the waggons. But the waggons are the fellows: they in the city, who have to deliver goods at warehouses, and I suppose to keep some sort of account of them, have a slight touch of civilization, and though they would certainly walk over you if you did not step out of their way, while they are engaged in earnest ejaculations of *gee wup* to their more accomplished quadrupeds, yet they do seem to have some notion that the world was not created merely as a highway for waggons. Not so the six foot machine of begrimed flesh and muscle, who loads and unleads a coal waggon, and *accompanies* the horses, (I do not say *conducts*—for undoubtedly the horse

is the more intellectual animal) to the place where the coals are to be deposited. I think there can be no doubt that these men suppose the earth and the business thereof, to be concerned in coals and nothing else. To convey coals from the Thames' wharfs by a long dreadful looking slope, to the main street, and thence to bring them to certain houses, and ram them down through a hole in the flagged way, is what they are for ever doing—and we can hardly divest ourselves of the idea that they are machines that have been from the beginning of time and will be to the end thereof, still conveying coals. You never see coals in a waggon, without seeing them, but no inhabitant of the upper earth hath seen them, except in company with coal-sacks either full or empty. They no doubt suppose that beer comes by nature, and that cold meat grows in the boiled beef shops. In the morning you see these fellows stop with their waggons—I mean both horses and men, if men they should be called, and they begin to eat. The horses have nose-bags with oats—the men will have a huge hunch of bread under one arm—the hand of which said arm grasps the bony end of a lump of cold beef or mutton, and the other

hand wields a knife, with which the biped saws the flesh into quantities. Having despatched the food—which though three or four be together, they do just as silently as the horses at their oats, they obtain from the public house, at the door of which the horses know it is right they should stop, a pot of beer each, which being dashed down after the solids, away goes the whole party of quadrupeds and bipeds, to fetch another load as before.

It makes me laugh to think how a Frenchman would stare to see such a company as this. The monstrous horses—the great strength and the great quietness that he would see displayed together—the coals, which he hardly knoweth, except by report, and above all the grimy muscular monsters devouring as much solid meat, out in the open air, as *Monsieur* would stew into some sort of make-believe meat pottage, for half a regiment. Such things ought to astound him, but his vanity would support him—he would take snuff, and explain how much better they managed these matters in France. With what beautiful energy Burns contrasts the Frenchman's feeding and ours.

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nleve a nit ;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit.

But mark the rustic haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walic nieve a blade,
He'll make it whistle
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned
Like taps o' thrissle.

But while our beef and beer-fed population have prodigiously the advantage in the *physique* over the Frenchman, *Monsieur* may with good reason plume himself upon his superior civilization. The Frenchman has a pride in being polite and accommodating, the Englishman, except under the influence of some strong emotion, has a pride in being as unaccommodating and as annoying as he possibly can be. A waggoner would not budge one inch from his exact route to avoid crushing a cabriolet to pieces ; “ that's their look-

out,” and as *they* cannot injure *him*, he pushes on in the pride of a four-horse waggon weight and power. I remark that men on coach boxes, and boys in taxed carts, always drive as if they wished to go over persons who happen to be upon the causeway ; they call out certainly, which generally has the effect of frightening and bewildering the person called to, but on they dash, and will not turn twelve inches to the right hand or to the left ; they are on their own side of the road, and that is all the *law* commands ; that being com-

plied with, they may indulge themselves in giving you all the annoyance they can. If a coach, or any other wheeled carriage has to stop, the drivers commonly draw up just across the place swept for foot passengers, and leave you to pick your way round them in the mud, though to drive one yard further would be no inconvenience to them and would save the dirtying of hundreds of pedestrians. If a man in a coffee-room sees you very impatient for the newspaper, he will take care to read it twice over, and then turn it over and over again, to see if there be any paragraph he can bear to read a third time. At last when he can make no further excuse for keeping it, he flings it to you, as if he wished he could knock you down with it. If you go a little late into the pit, and find it difficult to get a seat, you may be sure that whenever you cast your eyes upon a little bit of room, the person next it will begin to spread his legs, and swell out his body, so as to fill it up, and shut out hope of accommodation. If your pocket is picked, and you are so simple as to mention the circumstance to any one but a police-man, whose business it is to listen to you, you will certainly be ridiculed and sneered at for not having taken better care: ten to one but you will be told the thief "served you right, when he saw you were such a spoon." But if you chance to fall in the gutter, and do not so nearly kill yourself as to create a sensation of a serious nature, you will be sure to be saluted with peals of laughter, as if the mortification and loss of being rolled in mud were the funniest thing in the world. As to hackney-coach and cabmen, if you are not both cheated and abused on every occasion of employing either one or the other, you may consider yourself fortunate. There are exceptions, but generally more than what is lawfully due is demanded, and if the demand is not complied with, the man takes his revenge in the most insulting abuse. If you are a novice you perhaps summon the offender, and you may possibly get satisfaction, but it is as likely, that in addition to losing your time, you will be hooted by attendant ruffians at the police office, browbeaten by the magistrate, and dismissed with mortification and defeat. The English are the least passionate and the surliest in the world, but they are little inclined

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to ill nature, or sarcasm in general conversation, and though they display so much surliness to those they do not know, they treat with great civility all those with whom they are acquainted, and acrimony or even vehemence in conversation, or disputes among friends, is rare.

The migrating habits of the English are proverbial, but now, instead of individual wanderings, they go forth in shoals, and of every rank and degree. Since the era of steam boats and rail roads, every citizen even, or, at all events his children, have gone to foreign parts. They who have never troubled themselves to see the fifteenth part of London, are not content without having seen France; nor is it any wonder that they should seek this little bit of distinction (for that is the real moving motive) since the thing is so easy, and so rapidly accomplished. They talk of the number of steam boats in the Clyde and the Mersey, but the Thames is the place, after all, to see the wondrous effects of this great invention. The vexed waters have no peace for the beating and splashing of paddles—the line of the river is known from afar by the stream of smoke above it. Upon one holiday, a public fast or thanksgiving I believe it was, it was computed that thirty thousand people left London in steam boats; this multitude, for the most part, went down only some twenty miles and returned in the evening, or the next morning; but even this amount of travel was in former times of rare occurrence—it is only steam boats that have made it habitual. From March to November several thousands go down the river every Sunday, and disperse themselves one knows not where; for though the boats are crowded beyond all possibility of comfort, except to those to whom a crowd is diversion, as soon as they land they disappear into some convenient place for eating, and drinking, and waiting till the boat is ready for the crowd, and the crowd ready for the boat to go back again. The greater number of these Sunday travellers seem working trades people, who sally forth with the whole family of wife and children for a day's pleasuring. I have noted that a London mechanic, once he is married, never thinks of taking any amusement beyond a pot of beer at the public-house, without having

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his wife and children with him. One special reason for this is, that the wives would not permit it to be otherwise; the term "my missus," by which a cockney craftsman commonly designates his wife, is not a mere fashion of speech, but for the most part a true description of the authoritative relation in what the good woman stands to her husband.

But if the new facilities for seeing the world, which we owe to the march of intellect and of steam, have given to the working people of the metropolis an acquaintance with the river ruralities of Northfleet and Gravesend, which previously they never dreamed of, and have made the summer sea-side retreats of Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs, almost London suburbs for the middle classes, they have not been less influential in giving foreign experience to our wealthier Cits, who cannot withstand the certainty of getting from the Tower to Calais in twelve hours with no trouble at all, and eating and drinking the whole day long if they choose to pay for it. The extent of intercourse with the Continent at present is quite marvellous, not only in amount but in the description of people who go, because, according to their calculation, a certain amount of amusement is *due* to them, and the draft may as well be honoured in France, as any where else, besides the gratification of *having it to say* at all future dinners or tea-drinking, "I remember when I was in France they did so and so."

When one speaks now in England of the progressive laxity of morals, and the absence of that general indignation which formerly was in all ranks sure to follow upon detected delinquency, the usual mode of excusing for the change, is by a reference to our increased intercourse with the Conti-

ment. I am of opinion that, notwithstanding the generality of this statement, it is pretty near the truth. "What every one says must be false," is a good general rule, but it has, of course, its exceptions, and this I hold to be one of them. In France there is not only a much more habitual violation of the higher moralities than even yet is usual among us; but what is much worse, as regards its effects upon temporary residents, there is an absence of public shame and reproach, which has a gloss of amiableness about it, and which seems to make society so much more free and easy, that our good English in a short time begin to look upon their useful scruples as a sort of prejudice which it is laudable to cast off. Then, when they come home they deem it to be a sort of genteel philosophy to be indifferent about that which calls up a blush of embarrassment or anger in their untravelled neighbours. "Bless your soul, they never mind these things in France," is frequently a remark that prevents that lively horror of impropriety which is one of the best *habitual* safeguards of virtue. The gaiety too, the devotion to dress, and the very little *devotion* of any better description—the habit of living so much out of their own houses, which exists among the French people—the passion for amusement and display—all tend to injure the home-living, and what our neighbours call the *triste* habits of us English. *Triste* let them be, they are more worthy of rational accountable creatures, who are favoured by Providence, with a knowledge of the dignity of thought, and the excellence of virtue, than the unfeeling smartness and gaiety of the French, the character of whose nation is thus expressively summed up by Wordsworth—

"Perpetual emptiness, unceasing change,
And equally a want of books and men."

It must however be confessed that it is only upon the young, and chiefly upon those who have received some, but not serious education, that foreign customs are likely to act so injuriously. Your old citizen is too tough an animal, and your young one frequently too stupid, to be impressed by any thing. The one *will* not, the other *cannot*, except with almost infinite repetition,

gather any new ideas. And yet these people travel, because they are at a certain period of the year restless. Mr. Moore, who is much more successful when he travels in search of caricature, than when he pretends to travel in search of a religion, has given some very lively sketches of Cockney ubiquity. *Ex. gr.*

" And is there then no earthly place
Where we can rest in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face
Popping up near to break the vision?
Mid northern lakes, mid southern vines,
Unholy Cits we're doomed to meet:
Nor highest Alps, nor Appenines,
Are sacred from Threadneedle-street.

If up the Simplons path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear—
As—" Baddish news from Change, my dear—
" The Funds—(pshaw, curse this ugly hill)—
" Are lowering fast—(what, higher still?)—
" And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—
" Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal Loudon haunts us still."

The frequenters of "Change Alley" must certainly cut a queer figure on the Alps, and the inhabitants of Lombard-street find even Lombardy a place most uncomfortably deficient in roast beef. I doubt if any one—even a smirking, chattering citizen of Paris, is so little likely to take lessons of any kind from nature. Our citizens are as

bad in this regard as that gross rover, Peter Bell, whose life and adventures by Wordsworth, have been laughed at by those whose souls are as dull as that of Peter himself is described to have been. Peter drew no instruction from the book that was open to him, day and night, in his wanderings.

" He roved among the hills and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day:
But Nature *ne'er* could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain through every changing year
Did Nature lead him as before;
*A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—
But it was nothing more.*

At noon, when by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
*The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky."*

Peter's heart however was a rock, which when duly smitten, gushed forth in remorse and pity, and became good, but your fat-hearted and fat-headed men are hopeless. They are the *fruges consumere nati*, and nothing else, and of such quality are too, too many of our youthful citizens.

But I have dwelt so long upon the city and the speculations (not in merchandize) belonging thereunto, that I almost feel a little Cheapsidish myself,

so hie we back to the west end, before I say my adieu, and put my letter in the post-office. At this end of the town there is positively nothing at present, but faded and fatiguing politics, against which I have already protested. Even the Opera is shut up. The *real* last night, for they had (injudiciously) another last night after Pasta was gone, was beyond question the finest thing I ever listened to, although I have heard Sontag and Pasta sing together in the

Tancredi. Pasta took extraordinary pains in the *Semiramide*, &c. on her last night, partly, I suppose, because she wished to leave an impression, and not less because she was singing with Malibran, who may be looked upon as her rival in genius, although it is of a different kind. Malibran's exquisite sensibility adapts itself to almost every range of character; it is in the deeper passions only that Pasta transcends, but in the delineations of those she is incomparably great. Pasta's voice is a lava-tide of music and majesty—irresistible—overwhelming. Malibran's runs through all the variety of more subduing and captivating beauty. Her energy is beautifully feminine—that of Pasta is almost terrifically grand. We regard Pasta with astonishment and admiration. Malibran delights us with the extatic notes of joy, or the tender

warblings of pathos. Pasta's voice can be likened to nothing but some wonderful instrument combining power with extraordinary brilliancy and melody: of Malibran one might say that her voice reminds us of the rich sweetness of the nightingale and the fresh gladness of the lark. But I have done. Pasta is gone, and made her graceful adieu to a rapturously applauding audience, with, I believe, no artificial earnestness of expression. She was really affected, though an actress. Malibran is still here, and I may have some other opportunity of mentioning her again. Meantime good bye—and with kindest reminiscences to all at the chateau, regard me thy ever affectionate friend and cousin,

H. R.

To Charles O'Brien, Esq.

LINES FROM JOB.

“Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his light.”—Chap. xxv. Verse 5.

When clear and calm at midnight's hour
The moon in glory streams,
When heaven and earth confess her pow'r
And brighten in her beams.

While shining mid the shades of night
Though widely spreads her ray—
When placed within Jehovah's light,
She fades in heaven away.

The stars that burn so pure and bright
For mortal eyes to see,
In God's unstained and cloudless sight
Lose all their purity.

How then shall man be justified
Before his God secure?
How shall the worm his eyes abide
One moment clean and pure?

IOTA.

A TRIP TO THE FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA.

The river Bogotá, so called from traversing the great plain, on which the city of that name, the capital of New Granada, stands, precipitates itself at one leap from the temperate climate of the plain, down to the warm lands in the neighbourhood of La Mesa, famous for being the market for sugar and molasses, whence the capital is supplied. The measurement of the height of the Fall differs from 600 to 900 feet in the accounts given of it by different travellers; perhaps the mean (700 feet) may be about its real height. The Western side of the plain of Bogotá is bounded by hills, on passing which there is a rapid and precipitous fall to the vallies below; so much so, that in a short space of two or three hours' ride one descends from a climate of 62° where the usual crops are wheat, barley, and potatoes, to that of 85°, the lands of the plantation and sugar cane. It is on this side of the plain that the river finds its way to the edge of the precipice over which it tumbles into the extraordinary gulph, or abyss of Tequendama, and passing out at a narrow opening, waters the valley below La Mesa, and ultimately joins the river Magdalena on its way through Llano Grande.

One of our friends who was about to return to Europe, and who had not seen the *Salto* (as the fall is generally termed by the natives) proposed that we should form a party and go the following day. Having made our arrangements over night we were early on the road. We had had about a week's dry weather after a long season of wet, and a crust had formed on the surface of our unpaved road, that rose elastic to the horses' tread and made their work easy, as we cantered along towards the village of Suacha. Although the sun was up, yet the air was cool and bracing, and there was a cheerfulness in the aspect of nature, both animate, and inanimate, that made us sing as we journeyed on our way—even the taciturn Indian saluted us with an unusual spirit of

cheerfulness, and showed such a set of teeth as might have been the envy of any one as he pronounced his "*Buenos dias tenga su merced.*"

In about a couple of hours we arrived at the village of Suacha where we intended breakfasting, and having procured some barley and maize for our horses, proceeded to enquire what our landlady Donna Chipa Madero could give us to eat. Being somewhat acquainted with the lady's humour, we made our approaches in such a way as to make as favourable an impression as possible, and had the good luck to find her in (early as it was in the day) even *the melting mood*; one might have supposed she was soliloquizing like Hamlet, and that her desires were about to be fulfilled that "This, too—too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew." For of solidity she possessed some fourteen or fifteen stone weight, and truly there did appear unequivocal signs of its resolving itself into a dew, large drops of which already appeared rising on her nut-brown phiz. The mood was propitious for us, however, and orders were given immediately to prepare lots of fried mutton, pork, and eggs, and to have plenty of chocolate for los Senores Yngleses. During the time that two Indian wenches were executing Donna Chipa's directions (which she gave with the air of a queen, as she sat enthroned in the ample arm chair) I was trying to leave such an impression as might be of use to me on some future occasion, but what was my astonishment when I next visited the house to find myself refused admittance; on enquiring I found that the cause of such treatment arose from the reports spread by some of the ignorant and fanatical priests, that the earthquakes which visited that country in 1826, were as a punishment for the people's having admitted into the country, and associating with the freemasons and heretical Englishmen. A shock of one of the earthquakes had thrown down the church and the wall surrounding the

square a few days before my visit, and Donna Chipa's being the largest house of the village, almost all the saints and church furniture had been sent there on their disinterment, and of course we could not be admitted into such saintly company. My companion on that occasion was in a rather delicate state of health, and was obliged to lie on his cloak in the open yard. As there was no remedy, I had to resort to threats, and going into the shop, took what I wanted for breakfast, and then made them cook it whether they liked it or not. When we had once got our breakfast, we came to an amicable arrangement, through the medium of a slight extra charge, which settled all complaints on their side.

In visiting the Fall, a great deal depends on seeing it at a favourable hour; and from experience I had found that about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, when the sun was just rising above the surrounding wood, and his rays shot in an oblique direction through the spray, was the time that all its beauties were seen to the greatest advantage. We therefore hurried along the plain to Canoas, where we crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and struck off in nearly a direct line towards the Fall. Immediately after passing the river, we began to ascend by a broken and rugged path, over a bare and bleak hill, for a distance of two or three miles. The monotony of the plain, and treeless, uninteresting hill we were crossing, was most agreeably contrasted with the view that broke upon us on reaching the top, which we found to be the ridge of the chain that surrounds the plain of Bogotá, separating it from the warm lands. To the left of where we stood, the side of the mountain towards the hot climate was covered with the richest and most luxuriant forest, from the dark masses of which huge heaps of rocks rose in the most picturesque and fantastic shapes—many of them like great castles and fortresses; so like, that the imagination was led captive, and the senses almost deceived by them; others irregular and shapeless, but adding to the grandeur of the scene. Far down in front roared the waterfall, the noise of which swelled and sunk on our ears as the wind carried it past us in unsteady gusts, and we could see the columns of spray

rising perpendicularly in a thick white cloud for an instant, which rolled up the face of the forest, and gradually separating into thin light vapours, was whirled over the ridge, and dissipated by the keen air of the plain. In the distance we could distinguish, through the openings of the hills below, the "Llano Grande," or *great plain*, on which the sun's rays fell in such a flood of light, that it looked like the sea, bounding the horizon, and melting into and blending with the firmament.

The path by which we were to descend wound round the hill to our right, and through a wood of flowering shrubs and trees, that in their native wildness rivalled the richest shrubberies of European culture. The road was good and smooth, but a mere path, without stones or gravel. Sometimes we might have fancied ourselves in a land having the advantage of care and labour in preserving it in good order. About half way down the hill, we came to a house, where we left our horses, and proceeded on foot, as the road became too steep to ride with comfort. As we ascended we found the air grow gradually warmer, and the wood thicker and of larger growth, until we got into a forest of oak trees, the acorns from which covered the ground. Farther on we met with more flowering plants; among others, one called by the natives "Uba," (or grape,) although in nothing resembling the vine, in leaf or blossom, but the fruit, when ripe, is round and smooth like a grape, and very palatable: the blossom is an elongated bell, opening abruptly at the mouth, of a beautiful red colour, and semi-transparent, massive appearance, like as if made of wax. There was a vast variety of beautiful convolvulists, and a plant that bears its flowers (bright scarlet) in clusters as large as one's hat, giving a very gay appearance to the woods.

The noise of the Falls had been becoming more distinct as we advanced, or gained positions where there was less obstruction to the sound, and from its distinctness we were led often to think it must be quite close at hand, when we were still a good way from it. Just before one comes to the point of view, the road is very steep and difficult, being merely holes in the rock in which to rest the feet. From the distinct view in which one hears

the rushing of the waters, you know you must be near; but the first view breaks on one quite suddenly. On coming to a flat rock, we found we were on the verge of the precipice. On our left the river came bubbling and boiling over its rocky bed, fighting its way through the openings of the hills until it reaches the ledge on which we stood, then, awed as it were at the frightful leap it is about to take, it seems to hang for an instant in glassy stillness, then bounds down the precipice, and striking on a projecting rock, about forty feet below, is at once dashed into a torrent of foam, which rolls down the remainder of the whole height in tumbling clouds of spray, which being met by the condensed air, continually forced down by the weight of water, rushes up again, and splits and divides it into the most minute particles, acting on the outer and less heavy part of the body of water, so as to make it shoot out in jets of spray in a horizontal direction like squibs or rockets, or, if I might use the expression, like a succession of water comets. Near the bottom the view grows more and more indistinct, from the particles of spray being more separated, until it nearly fills the whole of the chasm with a thick mist.

A flat rock on the edge of the precipice, and part of that forming the bed of the river, overhangs the chasm, and gives footing to the spectator, and as he stands to look into the abyss below him, while the river rushes past his feet, and pours itself into the depth apparently immeasurable, he will in all probability experience the same sensation that I did, when I thought, that, the rock on which I stood, and the woods above and around me, had all begun to move with the stream, and were just hanging (as the water seemed to do,) on the edge, ere we would be all swallowed up together. It was not until I had made a repeated effort to shake off this feeling, and assure myself that I was on the firm rock, that I could calmly look on this sublime scene the first time.

The river still showed traces of the wet weather, as the bed was full from bank to bank, so that we had the good fortune to see a rather unusually large body of water in the most favourable season.

The sun having risen above the top of the surrounding wood in great brilliancy, sent his searching rays to the very bottom of the fall, and now and then the compressed air would rush up towards the top, carrying every thing before it, and leave us a momentary glimpse of the course of the river below, and of the opening through which it escaped into the low lands of the "Tierra Calienti," where we could distinguish the stately palm, and broad-leaved plantain tree, marking a difference of 15 or 20 degrees of heat between where they grew and where we stood. Whether it was owing to the height we were above the bed of the river at the bottom of the fall, or that a great proportion of the body of water must have been dissipated in spray and mist, or perhaps from both causes, seen from the top, the stream below certainly seems very inconsiderable in comparison to what it is on reaching the brink of the fall.

The abyss into which the water falls is of an oval form, the banks being of nearly an equal height all round, the river falling over at one end of the oval, and escaping through an opening at the other. From where we stood, (the very verge of the cataract,) we had a front view of the opposite bank, which from the regular position of the strata and stones, and its being almost perfectly perpendicular, from within about 50 feet of the bottom (that it sloped in a little) it had all the appearance of a work of art; one could have imagined it the work of a race of giants, so correctly horizontal are the layers of stone, like mason work. From the top of this wall (on a level with the river) the ground sloped back until it reached the summit of the highest ridge and was thickly covered with wood, but of a stunted and gnarled growth, so different from that on the side where we stood as to set us to conjecture what could cause the difference. It appeared to me to arise from the form of the bank on which we were. Its brow hangs over nearly from half way up, forming a curve which gives a direction to the condensed air and spray as it forces its way up, and throws it all over to the opposite side. This current of cold damp air acting continually on the trees, stunts their growth, and nature provides them with

a coat of moss and lichen, which gives them the wintry appearance they have.

The only other point of view from which the Fall is usually seen is about fifty yards farther along the bank of the same side of the oval, where there is a little gnarled tree, whose roots are warped into the fissures of the rock, and the stem leans out over the precipice. By allowing one's self to recline against this tree, the head is brought fairly over the brink, and you not only have nearly a front view of the fall, but you can see the full height of the precipice on which you stood in your first position. To those whose nerves are strong enough to look on this sight without being disagreeably affected in the head, the grandeur of their situation can scarcely be surpassed; however, the sensation many people have on looking from a great height is rather disagreeable, and most people content themselves with what they can see without the assistance of the little tree.

While we stood here we saw a pair of Macaws making their way up from their native climate (the warm lands below) by traversing the oval space from side to side, rising gradually through the clouds of spray and mist, until emerging from the heaviest part of it, the sun-beams fell upon them for an instant, exhibiting the dazzling colours of their plumage, that almost outvied the glories of the many rainbows that were painted on each burst of vapour as they were whirled up from the bottom in endless succession.

To say nothing of the novelty of the situation to an European, standing as he does surrounded by the productions of even a cold climate, looking down on those that distinguish the tropic, from the regions of the oak, he can distinguish the green patches of sugar cane, the cocoa-nut tree, and the broad leaved banana. There is one circumstance with regard to the Falls of Tequendama, which says more for their wondrous beauties than all that I could say or write of them, there has not been a solitary instance of any traveller, however fond of making little of that which others praise, and in spite of all they may have heard of them, did not acknowledge that imagination was outdone in the reality. As an instance of this feeling I may mention a circumstance which occurred with myself. I had been trying to describe the Falls to a Scotchman who was about to visit them. After doing my best to convey some idea of the impression the sight had made on me, he told me (in an excess of that love of country, or nationality, common to his countrymen) that he had seen the Trosachs in Scotland, and he had made up his mind, that there could not be anything to surpass them in beauty and grandeur. On his return I asked him how Tequendama bore the comparison with the Trosachs. "Oo man!" said he, "I'm ashamed o' myself—I'm raelly ashamed." What were your feelings," said I, "when you came in sight of the Falls?" "I felt," said he, "that I should kneel down and worship my maker in thanksgiving and praise."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Turkey and its Resources; by David Urquhart, Esq. 8vo. London, 1833.

It was formerly a complaint that the East, particularly that part of it under the dominion of the Turks, was but scantily explored and but little known. At an early period, indeed, this region was an object of intense interest, when religious enthusiasm gave a stimulus to curiosity, and the Crusaders who set out to rescue the holy sepulchre from the infidels, drew after them the eyes and feelings of the civilized western world; and subsequently, when the Turks, bursting into Europe, boasted that they would feed their horses with oats on the altar of St. Peter's at Rome, and plant the crescent over the cross on the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, they naturally excited the fears and attracted the attention of all Christendom. But when these events were passed away,—when mankind were convinced of the utter folly of those “who strayed so far, to seek in Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven;” and when the wandering Turks became a fixed people in Europe, their restless ardour subsided, and the empire settled into an immense mass of quiet ignorance and contented despotism; no one cared about them, and their name would perhaps have become extinct in England, had it not been kept alive by the commercial enterprises of that opulent and respectable class of the community, the Turkey merchants. Accordingly we find that almost the whole of the information communicated about the country to the English public, for 200 years, was collected by their chaplains and physicians resident in Smyrna, Aleppo, and Constantinople. From the year 1629 to 1824, twenty-one persons, officers on their Oriental establishments, published various accounts of the Ottoman Empire, and during that time, not more than five or six who were not connected with it. To this many causes contributed; the infrequency of intercourse between distant countries, except on mercantile speculations; the difficulty and insecurity of travelling; the indisposition of men to leave home; the want of ardour in the pursuit of information; but above all, the little interest excited by the people themselves, were so many barriers to knowledge, that except from

those persons of intelligence whose business or duty obliged them to become resident in the country, no account was obtained, as no one else cared about its concerns.

But in these latter days times and things are changed, and we are changed with them. The spirit of enterprise that led travellers to Timbuctoo would not be likely to make them overlook Constantinople; and even if things had remained as heretofore, and no alteration had taken place in the Turkish empire, modern research would have explored it. But when in addition to this, a vast revolution has been effected, and the torpid ignorance even of the Turk, has been roused into intellectual exertion, when the maxim of *dans l'orient on ne change jamais* has been reversed, and alterations and improvements have taken place in a few years that had not happened, and could not be expected formerly in as many centuries, it is no wonder that travellers flock to this now interesting country, and that every year should present us with new works on the subject. In one of our late numbers we reviewed two, and we are this moment presented with another.

Mr. Urquhart is an author of a different stamp from Mr. Slade. He looks at things with a steady eye of mercantile intelligence, and takes a view of them which the volatile sailor was incapable of. He visited Turkey more than once, and was astonished at the rapidity of improvement which he every where observed, after a short absence. He left the country with little hope of seeing it tranquilized, or even the Turkish rule prolonged; but on his return he reviewed almost every portion of it, he says, and “was perfectly amazed at the incredible change that had taken place.” It was then he set himself down to consider how the improvement had been effected, and how the Sultan could attach to himself the Greek and Raja population, the proofs of which attachment met him at every turn; it was then he saw “the value of the elementary municipal institutions which had been introduced, and the facilities for political organization which they afforded.”

Among these he mentions the substitution of a property tax for exactions, legal or

illegal, by which the people were relieved from the robbery of all classes of government officers, from the grievous oppression of forced labour, and from the conack, a thing like our barbarous coigne and livery,* furnishing officers and soldiers with lodging and board under the pretext for which every oppression has practised on the property and family of the unresisting peasant. All the servants of the government were now paid by the treasury, and provided for themselves. The capitani, pashas, beys, agas, muzzelmans, with their rapacious train of chonashes, cavaches, gramatikis, &c. &c. who were little better than the poor inhabitants of towns than banditti, were swept away, and replaced by a police composed of regular officers; and instead of those swarms of useless and oppressive functionaries, the principal villages were occupied by small detachments of regular troops, having a fixed pay, and being restrained from demanding a single para from the inhabitants, who were themselves to collect the taxes, and pay them over to the chief collector of the province. Those who had travelled through Turkey a few years ago, and had witnessed the intolerable grievances here corrected, will be at no loss to account for the attachment of the poor people to the humane and enlightened government that effected the change, and rescued them from the hands of those grasping publicans.

Among the minor points of improvement were several, which, trifling as they may appear, were formerly matters of most serious importance to the Turks, who thought that to change any usage, however absurd, would be sacrilege, and deserved to be punished with as much severity. An anecdote of this kind is recorded by a French writer. The houses of the Jews are all painted lead colour, and they were prohibited under the severest penalties from using any other without express permission. A Jew had rendered some service to Sultan Selim, and obtained from the good natured monarch, by way of recompense, permission to paint his house what colour he pleased. His successor and assassin, Mustapha, a true disciple of the janissaries, who would admit of no innovation, was sailing down the Bosphorus, and was attracted by a fresh painted house among its dingy neighbours. On enquiring whose it was, he was filled with rage when he learned

it belonged to a Jew, who was immediately called before him. The trembling culprit, when charged with the crime, declared in his vindication that he had obtained permission from Sultan Selim. "But you have not from me," said Mustapha; and he ordered the Jew to be hung out of the window of his painted house, and all his property to be confiscated. This distinction had extended to every thing. Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Turks were separated by an impassable barrier of particular marks,—the colour of their slippers, the shape of their turbans, and other trifles, which it was a high crime to neglect. On his return to Constantinople in 1832, our author was agreeably surprised to find these silly and injurious marks of discrimination removed, and the wall of separation which kept the several classes of subjects apart from each other completely pulled down. The Greeks wore yellow slippers and turbans like the Turks, and generally adopted what colours they pleased; and the approximation of all classes into which the nation had been divided was so near, that he heard a Christian Raja say, "We shall soon sup with the Turks in Lent, and they will dine with us in Ramadan."

But a much more important concession had been made in favour of the Christians. Formerly the greatest difficulty had been thrown in the way of building or repairing their churches, and even a stone could not be added or removed without permission and the severest exactions. Instances of this are noticed by many persons. Dr. Walsh, the Chaplain at Constantinople mentions one. It was the wish of Lord Strangford to re-erect the tomb of our first Ambassador, Sir E. Barton, which had fallen into a dilapidated state, and in searching for the stone with the inscription, Dr. Walsh found, in an inverted position filling up a space in the wall over the door of a monastery in the island of Chalké. He was about to remove it, but was stopped by the alarmed Caloyers, who told him it could not be stirred without a firman from the Sultan and at a heavy expense. Lord Strangford left Constantinople before the permission was obtained, and the tomb-stone of the Ambassador, we believe, still remains turned upside down in the wall of a Greek monastery. Another instance still more absurd is mentioned by the Rev. Mr.

* But the most wicked and mischievous custom of all others was that of coigne and livery, which consisted in taking men's meat, horse meat, and money, at the will and pleasure of the soldier.—DAVID.

Leeves, Agent to the Bible Society in the east. A poor Greek Priest of his acquaintance longed to refresh his little cell with a coat of whitewash, but was afraid of the consequence. At length his fear of the plague, then raging, overcame that of the Turkish authorities, and he ventured privately to correct the foul air of his apartment with a little fresh lime. This came to the ear of a Turk, his neighbour, who went in one day under pretence of paying him a visit, and purposely sat down with his back against the wall. The fresh lime left a mark on the sleeve of his benish, and he immediately charged the poor priest with his offence, for which he narrowly escaped the bastinado by an amende of several hundred piasters, which his flock raised for him. These oppressive exactions are now it appears actually repealed. Mr. Urquhart met many deputies returning from Constantinople with firmans for repairing and erecting religious edifices wherever it was necessary, and the Grand Vizir himself had subscribed 80,000 piasters towards the building a large and fine church at Monastir. A persecuting Turk of the old school who saw this toleration with a jaundiced eye, asked the Greeks, scoffingly, "Why don't you add four minarets to it?" From these and similar facts it has naturally resulted that the Sultan, with whom they all originated, has become very popular, particularly with his Raija Subjects.

When he first mounted the throne he was surrounded with enemies among his own subjects. But the Mamalukes were destroyed, the Afghans chastised, Bagdat and Widdin submitted to his authority, and the keys of the Holy City which the Wahabees had seized were restored and laid at his feet, and the Hadgees returned as usual to the metropolis, to enjoy the reputation and comfort of having visited the tomb of the prophet. The Turks then declared "the Sultan is fortunate," a quality which, with them as well as the Romans, was a high recommendation. When he reduced the Deré Beys to the rank and level of other subjects, the mass of the people who generally rejoice in the punishment of their oppressors, saw the destruction of their power with no less gratification than amazement, and added another gradation of eulogium, affirming that "the Sultan has a head." But when the extirpation of the Janissaries occurred, it fell like a thunderbolt on the nation. "The Sultan then appeared in the cha-

racter of an avenging angel; with the most extraordinary good fortune seemed combined in him the utmost fertility of resources, sternness of purpose, and sanguinarity of disposition. So far his character was only calculated to strike terror; but when this ruthless executioner was seen entering the cot of the peasant, enquiring into his condition, asking for plans for its amelioration, subscribing for the erection of schools and churches, is it to be wondered at that he become the object of idolatry of the Greek and Christian population." We think not, nor of all classes of his Turkish subjects whose good opinions are worth having. "It is a fact," said our author, "that formerly I do not recollect ever having heard a Greek peasant speak of a Turk, when he could get an opportunity of addressing me privately, but to express his hatred, contempt, or horror. In 1832 I passed the higher and lower Albania, &c., and seldom have I heard a Christian peasant speak of the Sultan or Grand Vizir, without saying, "May God take ten years of our lives to add to his." Is it possible that there are any Christians who do not sympathize with their brethren, and feel a similar sentiment of esteem and respect for this enlightened and noble Turk.

Among the lesser traits of his disposition our author mentions one highly characteristic of him and some of his people. The mineral resources of Turkey are very great, and the Sultan takes great interest in exploring and improving them, as he does in agriculture and manufactures. Our author visited at his request the supposed coal mine in Thrace, which he was anxious to make available for his steam engines, and sent home many mineralogical specimens of the rocks in the vicinity for the Sultan's inspection. Some of the attendants deeming such vulgar looking stones unworthy of the august presence, threw them away: but the Sultan sent immediately to have the lost specimens searched for and replaced, and orders were despatched to the mines to have others forwarded to Constantinople.—When our author was leaving that city in 1830, he was informed by the then favourite that they should be sent for analyzing to England, but he never heard of them after. This speaks volumes for the difficulties the Sultan has to encounter even in trifles from the apathy and ignorance of those about him; and the almost hopeless task of improving a people among whom the highest classes are still so bas-

barous as to despise and reject everything, however useful, if it be not recommended by show and glitter.

It would not come within our limits to detail the present plans and resources of the Turkish empire as given by our author, who thinks with us that a regeneration of the country has been effected which will develop those resources greatly to the benefit of English commerce, if we avail ourselves properly of them. With respect to the facilities of communication on which the success of commerce so much depends, we shall mention one speculation as interesting as it will be extraordinary. The present mouth of the Danube is now in possession of the Russians, who may exclude, by a Ukase, any vessels but their own from its navigation; but the Hungarian merchants talk of opening the ancient mouth into the Euxine from Ramovata to Kustendge, which is now choked up. This would at once leave a free passage to all nations through Bulgaria, a Turkish territory, and abridge the distance by cutting off a circuitous rout of 250 miles by the present channel. Veins of coal have been found on its banks, and a steam-boat already established. It is said to be also intended to open a communication between the Rhine and the Danube from their nearest navigable points. If this be effected a steam boat may leave England, proceed up one river and down the other, and arrive at Trebisond, the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, by penetrating and sailing through the heart of Europe; and as the distance would be about 40 degrees or 2000 miles, a steam boat proceeding at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, might perform this most interesting journey in a fortnight. This may be added to the projects of cutting through the Isthmuses of Darien and Suez; and however chimerical they might have appeared some time ago, they are not at all improbable in an enterprising age, which has already effected things almost incredible, and still adopts for its motto—

“Nil actum reputans dum quid super-
esset agendum.”

The Young Man's Own Book. A Manual of Politeness, Intellectual Improvement, and Moral Deportment. T. T. and J. Tegg, London; R. Griffin and Co. Glasgow; Edlins Brothers, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin, 1833.

We seldom see such a mass of useful instructions as are contained in the small volume before us. Nor are these instructions merely speculative, or the result of individual experience, (which must

always be insufficient to establish general rules of conduct;) they are the effect of repeated observations on the scenes of human life, confirmed by writers of such undoubted authority as must necessarily remove all hesitation in adopting them as sound practical principles. Error on any point is confessedly dangerous; but to those who are aware of the difficulties of overcoming habits once formed, it will appear to be so to a very considerable degree, should any thing of an erroneous tendency be suffered to creep in among maxims intended to form the manners of youth. There are some writers on the subject of the present work, who admit hypocrisy as a handmaid of politeness. Such a system is justly exploded from the Manual; it directs us to the manner in which we may become whatever it is fit that we should appear to be. There is scarcely a situation in which a young man can be placed, that does not come under some of these admirable observations, and there are many little points throughout, with the knowledge of which no one can dispense—almost impossible to be discerned in the busy scenes of life. Upon the whole, we do not know a more suitable work to put into the hands of a young man at that hazardous crisis—his entering into society, or upon the world in general.

Medalla Condiliorum Magnae Britanniae et Hiberniae ab an 446 ad an 1543, operâ et scrutinio Ricardi Hart Freebyteri, A.B. T.C.D. D. Parker Oxoniae; D. Deighton, Cantabrigiae; Rivington, Londini, et W. Curry, Dublini, 1833.

We acknowledge, that we are prejudiced in favour of any work concerning the antiquities of Ireland, and concerning the antiquities of her church, before she was debased by the thralldom and superstitions of Popery. But however on other occasions such a feeling may be censured, it will undoubtedly be merged by the learned reader in his approbation of the design and contents of the present work. A knowledge of the important matter which it embraces, farther than what could be gleaned from occasional extracts, few could be at the trouble or expense of acquiring. While it lay scattered in ponderous tomes, and these not few in number; it would remain as secure from perusal as the Papal authorized translation of the Bible, with notes, in the twenty-three volumes, folio! The work commences with a concise account of the origin of Christianity in Britain, and fully supplies a refutation to the common assertion, that it was introduced by Augustine, the Legate of Pope Gregory,

at the end of the sixth century. From the testimony of Tertullian, Origin, Theodoret, and Nicephorus, it is shown that the Apostles or their disciples arrived in Britain during the first century. Gildas, the most ancient British writer, born A.D. 493, who has merited the appellation of "Sapiens," distinctly asserts, that the Christian faith dawned in Britain at the end of the reign of Tiberius. At the first council of Arles, as appears from the subscriptions, there were *three British Bishops* and *many* at the council of Arimini (A.D. 359.) Might not some of the English bishops have passed over into Ireland, especially in the time of persecution? But it is admitted even by Dr. Lanigan, (Vide his Eccles. Hist. of Ireland) that the testimony of some, at least, of the above writers, applies equally to Ireland. And we find farther proof from the volume before us, that Ireland received a knowledge of Christianity from a different source than that of Rome. "Circa ann. 664. Synodus Pharensis convocatur in oppido quod nunc Whitby vocannus (in Littore Eboracensi) ubi *acerrime contenditur inter Anglorum, et Scotorum episcopos de ritu celebrandi Paschatis, de Tonsurâ et aliis rebus ecclesiasticis.* Rex Osivi tandem convictus assensus est *Anglis, qui celebrabant Pascha more Romanorum.*" This difference about the time of keeping Easter, which is well known to have been a subject of dispute between the Eastern and Western Churches, would rather prove that the Christianity of Ireland was derived from the former source; and, indeed, at this very council the authority of St. John and of the Eastern Church was urged in defence of their method of keeping Easter. It may be necessary to remark, especially as most part of the present work is written in Latin, that the Irish were originally called *Scoti*, and no writer till about the 11th century ever gives the name of *Scotia* to Scotland.

There follows a succinct view of the history of the Church of England—a particular discussion of the power of the Pope—an account of the clergy—their revenues, tithes, &c. And here it may be remarked (if the remark at the present day can be of any use) that the usual account of the *original* fourfold division of tithes is unfounded—viz. one part for the bishop, another for the clergy, another for the poor, and another for repairing churches; for, observes the writer of this useful work, "*de hac quadrupartitâ divisione ne verbum quidem reperio in Chartâ*

Æthelwulf Regis, vel in conciliis antiquis Britannicis." Surely, such suggestions as these cannot fail to recommend a work, especially if the prevalent spirit for novelty can be extended to a *guide* through the labyrinth of antiquity, which is certainly as novel as it is necessary at the present day.

Farther, if we wish to trace the innovations of Popery in these kingdoms, this Enchiridion either fully exposes them, or by an ample collection of references, supplies us at once with an opportunity of doing so. To select a few instances out of the many that occur in the remaining parts of the work. The celibacy of the clergy was not enforced in the year 1236, for we find a custom prevailing at that time, of the son succeeding to his father in a benefice; and by the 16th Constitut. Legatinarum, Domini Othonis, it was merely forbidden, "*Ne filius in ecclesia patri succedat.*" As to transubstantiation, there is a very remarkable canon of Ælfric, (page 33,) from which it appears that the partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was considered in precisely the same view as it is at present by the Church of England. "*In ecclesia ne vel fabulari licet aut loqui, domus enim est orationis: nec in eâ quisquam bibat aut indebitè edat, cum sit illis sanctificata qui ibidem corpus Domini in fide manducaverunt.*" As to the worship of images, it is asserted that Augustine brought over with him to England the image of Christ: but admitting the fact, the very words of Bede are, he carried it "*pro vexillo,*" and not for the purpose of worship. Various authorities are adduced, which all tend to shew that before the second Council of Nice there were no traces of image worship. Connected with this subject is the Romish division of the Decalogue, and their uniting the first and second commandments. On this point we shall take another curious and very remarkable extract from the "*Medulla Conciliorum.*" "*In præfatione ad leges Ecclesiast. Alwredi Regis, incipitur cum Decalogo, et ut Nicæno secundo Concilio nihil in Scriptura dissonum audiat, Præceptum secundum de sculptilibus non adorandis e Decalogo subtrahitur; sed ut Decimus resarciatur numerus, in decimo loco scriptum est.—Deos aureos et argenteos ne facito; restitunt igitur mancum et in loco indebito, et nihil de sculptili usurant. Hodierni vero Romanenses decimum præceptum in duo dividunt et est. Non concupisces domum proximi tui in loco nonario, et non desiderabis uxorem vel res ipsius, pro decimo præcepto.*"

This seems something like a proof of the poet's assertion, (if we substitute the light of *revelation* for that of *nature*)—

'Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.'

We shall now leave the work to the reader's perusal—assured that he can come to no other conclusion than that the author has supplied a great want in that part of church history in which we are most nearly interested.

A Discourse on the Sufferings of our Saviour, by Charles Doyne Sillery, author of an Essay on the Creation of the Universe, &c. &c.—Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes. 1833.

This is a little volume laying claim to no originality, except that of a very useful design—namely, to form a connected view of the most awful and deeply interesting period of our Lord's history—his hours of aggravated anguish. Minutely tracing the sinless sufferer from the garden of Gethsemane to the Cross of Calvary, and dwelling upon the latter agonizing scene, the author supplies from the varied sources of antiquity the additional circumstances of ignominy and suffering which are implied, but not expressly recorded or explained, in the Gospel narra-

tive. The impression which such a concentration is calculated to make, and especially upon the minds of youth (for whom it is chiefly intended,) may be estimated from the interest, the untiring interest with which this part of the sacred records is attended to, even as represented by a single Evangelist. What must be the effect of the combined accounts of all the Evangelists elucidated by the designs of Providence, and the customary punishments of the time, by which man intended to exhibit the deadliest hatred towards the Lord of Life. Nor does the author suffer the valuable tendency of this treatise to be *perverted* into mere sympathy—or, if this be the course in which our affections *naturally* move at such a description, by practically applying our Lord's tender admonition, "Weep not for me, weep for yourselves,"—he turns aside our sorrow to the *cause* of his suffering, and endeavours to substitute a more useful feeling—that of self concern—and this in language, which, whether it is more distinguished by intrinsic beauty, or by the spirit of piety which pervades it, we leave the reader to decide.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

G. C. has been received, and Saul Inkhogg.

Literary Reform; Adventures in South America, No. III.; Heroic Elegies, No. II.; Modern Poetics; My Uncle's Story; Advena; shall appear in the ensuing month; also Notes of a Tourist in the Holy Land. We shall avail ourselves of Clarissa's ingenious devices in due season, and shall be happy to hear further from the same source.

A. M. B. in our next, and Sigma.

We shall at all times be happy to be supplied with able translations from the Ancient Classics; we beg to acknowledge having received the English version of a chorus from the Choephora, by J. G. which shows some good taste and fair promise of future improvement, but its faults are too numerous to admit of its being inserted. For instance, "Crete's bijouterie," we opine is not the *very* happiest turn for lines 612-13 of the original.

We are obliged for the kind wishes and laudable intentions of De Burgos, and look forward with gratitude to his future more successful inspiration.

The "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" is, on the whole, but indifferently accomplished; it gives but a very imperfect idea of the "Retreat," which the lines were intended, we presume, to celebrate, and which, if we believe its conductor, was neither hurried nor hobbling.

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GOETHE'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.—No. 1. FAUST.

Mephistopheles. Daran erkenn' ich den gelehrten Herrn !
Was ihr nicht tastet, steht euch meilenfern ;
Was ihr nicht fasst, das fehlt euch ganz und gar ;
Was ihr nicht rechnet, glaubt ihr sei nicht wahr ;
Was ihr nicht wägt, hat für euch kein Gewicht ;
Was ihr nicht münzt, das, meint ihr, gelte nicht.
FAUST Vol. II. page 16.

Was schiert mich der Berliner Bann,
Geschmäckler—Pfaffenwesen !
Und wer mich nicht verstehen kann,
Der lerne besser lesen !

GOETHE.

THE first part of Faust* has kept readers, critics, and translators busy for nearly half a century ; almost since its first appearance it is acknowledged to be the masterwork of the master-mind of our age, and none but such as Mephistopheles alludes to in our motto,—none but such as ridiculed Shakespeare and Milton,—in short, none but the curs that bark at the moon, ever have attempted seriously to oppose the general opinion of all those whose opinion is worth regard. The first part, however, left the work in an unfinished state ; not only the prologue in Heaven, but the whole tendency and the close of that volume made all its admirers anxiously look forward to its continuation and final accomplishment. But, in this respect, the difficulties appeared such, that it was much doubted whether Goethe ever would be able to finish it,—or if he really did so, whether the end would not in-

jure the commencement, especially as the author was becoming an old man, and the vigour of youth could be expected from him no longer. In 1828, however, there appeared a fragment, "*The Helena*," and at the end of the last year the whole of the second part was published in the first livraison of his posthumous works, now amounting to ten volumes. We received it only a few weeks ago, but after perusing it carefully, our admiration of the author has, if possible, still increased, and we feel bound to exclaim, "*a master ! aye, and every inch a master !*" The traces of old age are by no means visible in this new production of the veteran-poet, but it presents still many more difficulties than the former volume. Goethe's works altogether court a *second*, and even a *third* reading ; the first part of Faust *many*, and, as the sequel will show, the second part twice as many as the first, whilst, at the same time,

* The first part was written between 1769 and 1775, and published in 1790.
VOL. II.

every new perusal will afford a new source of delight.

How many difficulties the *first* part presents, may easily be seen from the numerous German and foreign commentators, and still more so from the different foreign versions. The *first* English translation, by *Mr. Anster*,

appeared partly in *Blackwood*, 1820; it is very spirited, and highly distinguished by elegance in form and diction; the lyrical parts are full of rich melody, and not only as translations, but as poetic productions, do honour to the writer. That single song of Margaret's—

“ My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I have lost it, and lost it
For evermore !”

is worth more than all the later English translations together. Mr. Anster was, however, at the time when that translation appeared, but imperfectly acquainted with the German language, and had to make his way with grammar and dictionary. Though this appears by no means on the face of his graceful and easy verses, yet it accounts for some mistaken passages which the author has long since corrected in his manuscript whose publication he unfortunately still withholds from the English friends of Goethe. The next translation made its appearance, we think, two years later; it is that of Lord Francis Leveson Gower. His Lordship was, we have no hesitation in saying, but ill qualified for such an undertaking; his knowledge of the language, as his production sufficiently shows, was *very* indifferent, and, moreover, he evidently had studied neither the original itself nor its commentators sufficiently, to enter into the spirit of the work; he does not catch the sarcasm, the fine irony which pervade so many scenes, and even of plain passages a great number are totally mistaken. To say the least, in addition to this, his Lordship has frequently found it convenient to leave out, not only important words, but even whole clauses, by which means the connexion between the ideas is often completely destroyed. Goethe himself, it is well known, was sorely annoyed by this production, and used to call it “*Faust Travesti*,” so that, with all respect for his Lordship's other qualities, we cannot help ascribing a degree of reputation, unaccountable on any other ground, to the name and the title of the author, which, however, can afford but little compensation for the injury done to Goethe. At the same time, we feel bound to say, that there are

in this version *some* passages which, if published by themselves, as extracts, would have deserved our praise, and on this account, we would by no means wish to be so hard upon his Lordship as the last translator, Mr. Hayward, has been, whose long preface contains a very minute exposure of Lord Leveson Gower's errors, whilst it does not say one word in his favour, or even in extenuation of his mistakes. Men should be very cautious, and pause, before they expose all the *minutiae* of others' failures, lest they might draw the very same animadversions upon themselves with interest, if they engage in a similar undertaking. From a retaliation of this sort Mr. Hayward possesses no immunity; his translation, as our readers are aware, is in prose, and though naturally much of the poetic beauty and spirit *must* be lost in such a version, yet we think it capable of a far higher degree of perfection than is exhibited in his performance. Mr. Hayward had to contend neither with metre nor rhyme, like his noble predecessor, and, therefore, could have kept much closer to the literal meaning of the words without offending against the genius of the English language. In his version there are very numerous mistakes which easily might have been avoided, but, on an average, they consist more in single words and lines, than whole passages. We do not believe Mr. Hayward to be a great German scholar, and, therefore, we give him credit for the vast pains he must have taken in constantly searching Bayley-Fahrenkrüger's, and other dictionaries, but having had so very able assistance as that of *Mrs. Austin* and *W. Schlegel*, we are induced to think that he ought to have given us something better, especially after having criticised all other translators in such

a severe and minute manner. His greatest merit, perhaps, consists in having compared all the German and foreign commentators and translators, and this comparison has enabled him to give numerous notes and explanations, which, for the most part, are good and correct, affording valuable assistance to the student of the original. In some instances, especially where he refers to local customs or academical practices, he is misinformed, but this we think very excusable in a foreigner who, in such cases, of necessity, must rely upon hearsay evidence. If our space permitted it, we would, not indeed for the sake of exposure, but as a friendly correction, point out many parts where his work might be greatly improved; but as it is, we give him credit both for what he has done, and what he meant to do. The very undertaking deserves praise, and the greater, the more laborious the work must have been to him;—far from discouraging him, Mr. Hayward has our best wishes, but we would advise him to revise his work with the greatest care and accuracy, and to build its reputation rather upon its own merits, than upon an inquisitorial censure of others.

Shelley has translated merely the Prologue in Heaven and the Walpurgisnight;* these fragments are excellent, and, to dwell on no other cause

of regret, it is deeply to be lamented, that the career of this poet closed too early to enable him to translate the entire work. Upon the whole, justice obliges us to say, that Mr. Anster's translation, even in the *unrevised* shape in which we have it before us, stands still unrivalled, and we, therefore, shall in the sequel, now and then quote from it in preference to other versions.

As, however, the *first* part of *Faust* has baffled critics and translators so much, we greatly doubt whether the *second* soon will be laid, even in a merely *tolerable* form, before the English reader;—at all events we would advise translators to pause and to delay, until critic pioneers have somewhat cleared and paved the way. But even if a faithful translation should appear, we doubt whether it would be popular in this country. The English taste is not yet ripe for it;—this volume is so full of deep allegories, and contains so many allusions to the fine arts, which require an *intimacy* with them that does not yet exist in England. The fine arts are not yet living here, not yet naturalized, but mere passing strangers, gazed at and admired for fashion's sake, displayed with great *éclat* by many, valued for their own sake by few, really loved—loved with heart and soul, by hardly any; and yet it is but too true what Schiller says:—

“Der allein besitzt die Musen,
Der sie trägt im warmen Busen.”

Goethe had borne the plan of this *second* part for a long time in his mind, “as an inward tale of wonder,” but only executed, from time to time, such portions, as peculiarly attracted him at the moment. “On this account,” he says himself, “it could not be so fragmentary as the first; Reason has more claims upon it, and if it contains problems enough, (inasmuch as, like the history of man, the last solved problem ever produces a new one to solve,) it will, nevertheless, please those who understand by a gesture, a wink, a slight indication. They will find in it more than I could give.”† These lines of the author himself throw some light upon the path

which the reader has to take through this labyrinth “of all that can be said and sung.” The whole, from beginning to end, may be regarded as a grand Phantasmagoria, in which almost every scene and every character has a deep allegorical meaning, which, at a mere hasty perusal, will remain obscure, and even impenetrable. But the reflecting reader constantly is reminded of some hidden treasure; caprices keep him ever and anon on the alert; whenever he catches a glimpse, it is cheering enough to spur him onward, and to excite him to renewed study and repeated examination, till at every step a new light breaks in upon him. Like a

* See his posthumous poems.

† See Goethe's Letter to Meyer, dated Weimar, July 20th, 1831.

wanderer, in the first dawn of the morning, he begins to descry the majestic outlines of a brilliant landscape, until by degrees the sun rises higher, and illuminates to his boundless delight, rocks, cataracts, oak-forests, and orange-groves, silvery lakes and golden streams, palaces and cottages—whilst, at the same time, he perceives here and there, caves and recesses which still require the additional light of a torch not at hand—but where he is led to expect the descent into rich diamond mines. Such is the true picture of this volume, but we must repeat it—the dull, the ignorant, the material, the coarse reader will find it “a book with seven seals.” He who clings to the clay he is made of, who cannot raise himself into those ideal spheres where all is life, and all is soul and spirit,—he may study Cobbet's writings on the *Mangelwurzel*, or perhaps, if he be a little more refined, Lady Morgan's *France*, but surely not this volume of Faust.

To enable our readers to form a just estimate of the second part, it will be necessary previously to examine the main features of the first, which, at the same time, will afford us an opportunity of stating our views regarding some passages which hitherto have been understood little or not at all.—The scene opens with the Prologue in Heaven, where the Lord holds a colloquy with Mephistopheles, the idea of which is taken from the conference of the Almighty with Satan in Job. Various accusations have been preferred against this Prologue, whose depth has been little fathomed by the plaintiff-saints ; but it would be out of place here, either to refute their ill-founded charges, or, in vindication of the author, to comment upon the whole scene,—and, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to giving merely the passage relating immediately to Faust himself. We quote it from Shelley.

The Lord. Have you no more to say ? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain ?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth ?

Mephistopheles. No, Lord ! I find all there, as ever, bad at best,
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow ;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

The Lord. Knowest thou Faust ?

Meph. The Doctor ?

The Lord. Aye ; my servant Faust.

Meph. In truth
He serves you in a fashion quite his own ;
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth,
His aspirations bear him on so far,
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears,
Yet all things far, and all things near are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

The Lord. Though now he serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day ;
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

Meph. What will you bet ?—Now I am sure of winning—
Only, observe, you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

The Lord.

As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden—man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

Meph.

Thanks,
And that is all I ask; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat—I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

The Lord. Be it! it is permitted thee. ' Draw thou
His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.

From the last lines it is quite evident that the poet from the beginning contemplated to send Faust ultimately to heaven, and we really wonder how it ever could have been supposed in Germany, as well as in this country, that the drama was concluded with the *first part*, and that Faust was triumphantly carried to hell by the successful Tempter.

Before we enter upon the play itself we must say a few words in reference to the character of Mephistopheles, and the manner in which Goethe has represented him. The *idea* of the Devil was unknown to the ancient classic writers; it was left to the Christian poets to form and to shape it after the biblical outlines. The deepest inquiry into Diabolism has been made by a Calabrian Friar, whose work on the Nature of the Devils* was once in no small repute, and is perhaps even now the best manual of Pandæmonium; yet amongst all our modern poets there are comparatively few who have attempted fully to delineate and to execute this character. *Milton's* Satan, certainly, is the most perfect, and also the most *noble* conception of this nature, that heretofore existed, but in the very terms of praise its fault and failure is pointed out. Satan, in *Paradise Lost*, is a fallen Angel, who, even *after* his fall, preserves numerous traces of what he *was* once, of a Spirit of Light; he still wavers between the wicked and the sublime, but this very wavering is not

consistent with the character of the Arch-fiend. Goethe's Mephistopheles is a Devil of a different nature, and *his* is, beyond doubt, the most successful representation of this character that hitherto has been produced, for Lord Byron's compositions of this nature can, at most, be considered but as happy imitations, coloured by his own genius. Mephistopheles appears neither arrayed in the terrors of Pandæmonium, nor clothed in the attributes of Gothic antiquity,—we perceive neither fire nor brimstone, we see neither horns nor tails, nor even the cloven foot—nay, he himself informs us, in the witch-scene, that the march of intellect has extended even to him, and induced him to lay those suspicious appendages aside, in order to be "a gentleman like other gentlemen." Yet *without* all those terrors he is far more terrible and dangerous than any of his diabolic predecessors, for *his* is the natural and inherent deformity of utter wickedness. The sublime, the good, the beautiful, and the true are totally beyond his conception; love, piety, and virtue are to him vapours arising from the heated human brain; but the bad, the ridiculous, the absurd, the inconsistent, the false, he describes at first glance, and immediately applies it to his own purposes and arguments. His quick vision and shrewd intellect is accompanied by the sharpest sarcasm, a weapon which he wields with a most dexterous hand, and without which, we might almost say, he

* Io. Laurentii Ananizæ Tabernatis, *Theologi, de Natura Dæmonum Libri IV.* 1581.

would be nothing. The same progress of civilization that has induced him to part with his cloven foot, also seems to have initiated him in the modern sciences, and in sceptic philosophy Voltaire is a school-boy to him. He doubts every thing, believes in nothing, coolly despises all things human and divine, and sneers constantly, not only at them, but even at himself and his witchcraft, at the very moment when he employs

it. He *denies*; in fact we might call him the negative principle; he can create nothing positive, produce no harmony, nor conceive any, but exerts all his ingenuity and wit to find fault with and undo every thing that *is*. Thus he appears in his conference with the Lord, and again in his dialogue with Faust, where, when questioned by the latter, he gives his own character thus:—

I am the spirit who *denies* for ever,
And rightly too, for all that grows into existence
Is worthy of destruction; therefore better
Were it, that nothing should take birth.
Thus then all what you call sin and ruin,
And in short all man deems evil,
Is my peculiar element.*

At the same time he knows "the great and the little world," and has the manners of "a gentleman," nay, even wants the witch to call him "Monsieur le Baron," and the easy tact with which he manages himself under all circumstances would do honour even to Monsieur de Talleyrand.

Of a widely different cast is the character of Faust, who represents the *Spirit of Activity and Endeavour*. He is a man of extraordinary mind, has left the common ways of men, and followed his own path. Led on by ardent and true desire of knowledge, he has dived into all the depths of science, and at last arrived at the boundaries of human wisdom. But he will not stop there, he searches into the mysteries of nature, the secrets of creation, and here his inquiries are baffled; at every

step he finds that his wisdom is but folly, that he knows nothing. All his hopes have been directed to higher regions; in seeking the way to them he has sacrificed every worldly enjoyment, all earthly happiness, and now—standing at the entrance of those realms—he finds the gates closed upon him; the stars, by which he has been steering his long laborious course, have faded, and he finds himself in the dark; the same active desire agitates his mind, but he has no light to guide him onward. The world has lost its charms for him, his strength is wasted away in vain, and desolation and despair come over him. A few lines of his soliloquy in the commencement of the play may serve as an illustration, and at the same time bear testimony to Mr. Anster's† powers as a translator.

TIME—Night.

SCENE—A high arched narrow Gothic Chamber.

FAUST at his desk, appears restless.

Faust. "Alas! I have explored
"Philosophy, and law, and medicine,
"And over deep divinity have pored,
"Studying with ardent and laborious zeal—
"And here I am at last, a very fool,
"With useless learning cursed,
"No wiser than at first!

* Upon our editorial honour, Mr. Mephistopheles is a true Whig. If he be one of the *Privy Council* we don't wonder at the Church Spoliation Bill.—A. P.

† All extracts quoted from Mr. Anster's translation, we have thought proper to mark with inverted commas; where we have found it necessary to alter words or passages, our alterations are printed in *Italics*.

" They call me doctor—and I lead
 " These ten years past, my pupil's creed,
 " Winding, by dextrous words, with ease
 " Their opinions as I please!
 " And now to feel, that nothing can be known!
 " This is a thought that burns into my heart;
 " I have been more acute than all those triflers,
 " Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
 " I solved each doubt; paused at no difficulty,
 " And would not yield a point to Hell or Devil!
 " And now to feel that nothing can be known;
 " This drives all comfort from my mind—
 " Whate'er I knew, or thought! I knew,
 " Seems now unmeaning or untrue!
 " Unhappy, ignorant, and blind,
 " I cannot hope to teach mankind!
 " — Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
 " Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
 " Without one joy that earth can give—
 " What dog such life would deign to live?
 " Therefore, with patient toil severe,
 " To magic have I long applied,
 " In hopes from spirits' lips to hear
 " Some certain clue my thoughts to guide,
 " Some truth to others unrevealed,
 " Some mystery from mankind sealed:
 " And cease to teach, with shame of heart,
 " Things of which I know no part;
 " And see the secrets of the earth,
 " The seeds of beings ere their birth—
 " Thus end at once this vexing fever
 " Of words, mere words, repeated ever."
 * * * * *

In these lines Goethe has not only given us the principal features of Faust's character, but also pointed out the side from which Mephistopheles will have to attack him.

After such reflections, our hero approaches the mysterious volume of Nostradamus, and *this* is the moment when Mephistopheles begins to hover around him, and invisibly commences his agency,—a circumstance which, strange to say, has been entirely overlooked by all the commentators, notwithstanding two distinct passages* in the sequel of the play, which leave no doubt about it. Faust opens the book, and beholds the magic sign of Microcos-

mus, *the Spirit of Light*. He feels its effect, but the spirit himself is of too ethereal a substance and passes by unseen. More congenial is *Microcosmus, the Spirit of the Earth*, who makes his appearance in a red flame, but merely to mock and to humble the Doctor. For as soon as he has recovered from his first astonishment, and in his pride dares to call himself the spirit's equal, *Microcosmus* unfolds his entire form, and, as *Falk* will have it, the concentrated essence of earth, and sea, and storm, and earthquake, of Newton, Mozart, Apelles, lion, tiger, and all animate and inanimate beings that the earth contains,—and answers—

" In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
 " Hither and thither,
 " Over and under,

* Mephist. in a later scene says, "I should like myself to know such a gentleman, would call him Mr. *Microcosmus*"—and again, in the same scene, "and yet a certain person (meaning Faust) did not drink a certain brown juice (poison) in that night."

"Wend I and wander—
 "Birth and the grave—
 "A limitless ocean,
 "Where the restless wave
 "Undulates ever—
 "Under and over
 "Their toiling strife
 "I mingle and hover,
 "The spirit of life,
 "I *work* at the *rustling* loom of time*
 "As I weave the living mantle of God.

Faust replies : "Spirit whose presence circles the wide earth,
 "How near akin to thine feel I my nature!"

This affords the spirit a fit ous mortal into dust, and with the handle to humble the presumptu- words :

"Man, thou art like those beings which thy mind
 "Can image, not like me !

He disappears, and leaves Faust to confusion, and to the humiliating consciousness of his own weakness and insignificance. That this spirit is but an agent of Mephistopheles, there can be no doubt, but the Tempter is not yet satisfied with the produced impression, and to complete his disgust sends him at this very moment his *Famulus*, that dry book-worm, who is the perfect image of a German student of divinity, fond of all the drudgery of reading without any higher or nobler aim ; his sole felicity he finds in his old books and parchments ; poring over them day and night, he scrapes together all

the knowledge he can, but without any real advantage to others, or elevating influence upon his own mind. In this country, we think we might compare him either, as Mr. Anster does, to the M.P. for Oldham, lecturing on taste (!), or to a Maynooth student, poor, clownish, and assuming a certain air of gravity and disdain of all pleasures, however innocent, which others reasonably allow themselves,—in fact, he is the essence of a grammarian. Attired in a night-cap and a dressing-gown, this fellow enters, with a lamp in his hand, and humbly addresses his master :

"Forgive me, Sir, but I thought you were declaiming ;
 "You have been reciting some Greek play, no doubt,
 "I wish to improve myself in this same art.—
 "'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
 "An actor might give lessons to a parson.

What a contrast between the longed-for association with lofty spirits, and this troublesome flat intruder ! Its effect upon Faust's mind cannot be doubtful ;—when after a short dialogue of this nature, the *Famulus* leaves his master to his own reflections ; unsatisfied thirst for knowledge, mortified pride, the humiliating consciousness of infinite distance subsisting between those spirits, whom he had fancied

himself equal to, and the sphere he finds himself in, begin to prey upon him with increasing violence, and disgust him with life ;—thus he determines on putting an end to his existence. But the moment the fatal phial approaches his lips, the solemn old Easter-hymn is heard, calling back early impressions ; his better feelings are awakened, his heart begins to open.

* Mr. A. has it, "Hear the murmuring loom of time unawed."

“ Christ is from the grave arisen !
 “ Joy to mortals weak and weary,
 “ Held by earth in thralldom dreary !
 “ He hath burst the grave’s stern portals ;
 “ He is risen, joy to mortals ! ”

Here is offered to Faust what might have given peace to his soul, and reconciled him to himself and his fate ;—but the impression made by the glorious message of the angels, is not strong enough to overcome the unhallowed direction of his mind. The author on this ground has been accused of disregarding *Christianity and religion* altogether,—how absurd ! The fact, however, is this, Goethe disliked discussions and arguments, not only on politics, but also on religion,—yet whenever he introduces subjects of a sacred nature, it is in such a manner as to leave no doubt on the mind of a reflecting reader respecting the profound reverence he pays to all that is holy. That Mephistopheles sneers at religion, and even at the Deity, is in the very nature of the Devil’s character, but look at the hymns of the Angels in the prologue, compare the whole Easter-hymn, or even the scene between Faust and Margaret, and let any one point out there a single trace of irreverence. With regard to our hero, the poet has given here and there some hints scattered through the play from which we may collect, that he is *not* an infidel by any means ; he does not doubt the great truths of either natural or revealed religion, never permits himself to join in the sneers of Mephistopheles, but always speaks with a reverential awe of his Creator and of the Saviour. He is a man of kindly feelings and an affectionate heart, he is not an immoral character,—even after ruining Margaret and killing her brother, he cannot be considered so. Suffering under the influence of his hellish companion, he has sinned, but is not wicked ; we pity him, for, as the Lord says in the prologue, “ A good man, even in his darkest longings, is well aware of the right way.” His religion, however, wants activity and energy,—

but of this we shall have to say more in our comments on the conclusion of the second volume ; we now return to his bent of mind, to stir and to search into hidden spheres and the mysteries of creation. Faust, “ more acute than all those triflers,” will not be satisfied to analyze the plant, to count its leaves and bells, to examine its fibres and roots, but he wants to know the springs of its growth,—he would be able to *create* the plant himself. The spirit and desire of creation is rooted deep in the soul of man ; every one wants to create, or at least to form something or another ; the very children are busy in attempts at creating. But, how does it happen that most people, in this respect, as well as in their search for knowledge, and in all spiritual endeavours, are early and easily satisfied ? This the author explains by means of the following scene before the city-gate, out of which the inhabitants of all ages and classes stream in various directions to enjoy their holiday, it being Easter-Sunday. In the different modes, in which they attain their object, the finest irony of the poet is visible, though perhaps not altogether to the eyes of a foreigner. Amongst the motley crowd, Faust and his Famulus also make their appearance ; the Doctor is hailed by the grateful country-people, who well remember his humane exertions during a plague,—but while the rest enjoy nature and themselves, Faust envies those who are able to find happiness in so limited a sphere, and his mind turns sad. Wagner’s endeavours to soothe his feelings and to raise his depressed spirits are vain. Faust, on the summit of a hill, contemplating the evening landscape, gives way to his sentiments, and concludes with those fine lines :

Oh ! to the spirit’s flight
 How feebly faint the wings of matter are !
 Still in the bosom is an innate feeling
 That ever onward, upward presses us,
 When over us in blue space lost
 The lark is chanting his thrilling hymn,
 And far beyond pine-clad crag

The eagle is floating on outspread wing,*
And over the vallies and over the lakes
The crane to his home is hastening.

Mephistopheles, who has hitherto invisibly watched him, now thinks fit to approach the Doctor in a visible form, in the shape of a black water-dog. There is a popular superstition in Germany, and, we believe, also in this country that the devil frequently assumes the shape of a *black dog*, an appearance which, therefore, at evening after sunset, and, especially, at night, is deemed of suspicious character; yet Mephistopheles seems to have some other reasons why he introduces himself exactly in this way. We, however,

pass over the manner in which they make acquaintance—only beg to call the attention of our readers to Faust's attempt at translating St. John's Gospel, to the circumstances under which, and the state of mind in which it is made—facts accounting for its failure—and at once proceed to the passage where the pact is concluded, which we necessarily must transcribe at full length. Mephistopheles proposes to show the world and its pleasures to Faust, on the following conditions:

Meph. "I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
"To run, and rest not at thy beck and bidding,
"And when we meet again in yonder place,
"*There*, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

Faust. "*That yonder place* gives me but small concern;
"When thou hast first scattered this world to atoms,
"There may be others then, for aught I care.
"All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
"And this sun shines upon my miseries!
"What may hereafter happen—of these things
"I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
"If man, in future life, still hates and loves;
"If in those spheres there be, as well as here,
"Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
"Debasement and superiority!"

Meph. "With feelings, such as these, you well may venture.

.
"I'll give thee things that man hath never seen."

Faust. "What canst thou give, poor miserable devil?
"Thinks't thou that man's proud soul—his struggling thoughts
"And high desires—have ever been conceived
"By such as thou art? Wretch! what canst thou give?
"But thou hast food which satisfieth not,
"And thou hast the red gold, that restlessly
"Like quicksilver glides from the grasping hand—
"And play, at which none ever yet hath won,
"And beauty, a fair form, that while she leans

* Wordsworth has introduced this idea in his *Excursion* Canto 4th.

"The soul ascends
Towards her native firmament of heaven.
When the fresh eagle in the month of May
Up-borne at evening on replenished wing
This shaded valley leaves."

a passage which, if not borrowed from Goethe, exhibits a striking coincidence of thought.

"Upon my trusting heart, with winning eyes
 "Will woo another; and thou can'st display
 "High honours, objects of divine ambition,
 "That, like the meteor, vanish into nothing!
 "Shew me the fruit, that rots, before 'tis gathered,
 "The trees that ev'ry day are clothed in new green."

This last passage has puzzled the commentators very much, and hitherto, as far as we know, all their attempts at explanation have been abortive. The whole difficulty is in the two last lines—"Shew me the fruit, that rots before it is gathered, and the trees that every day clothe themselves in new green." The train of ideas is however simply this:—Mephistopheles offers his treasures, and Faust replies, Wretch, what are thy treasures? poor, empty perishable things; but all I want of you is to show me "the fruit," &c. &c. Our readers will observe that a fruit whilst on the tree is fresh and inviting, but as soon as it is taken off, it commences to grow stale, till at last it rots, and becomes uneatable and disgusting; the meaning of the line therefore is: *show*

me the fruit which perishes in its full freshness and attractiveness—before it becomes stale, or, show me the pleasure which perishes before we grow tired of it, and look upon it as stale fruit. The following line now contains a sort of explanation: show me the trees which every day put forth new green, and therefore continually please and invite the eye with new freshness. Thus the meaning of the whole passage is—all you have to offer, are vain perishable things, which can afford me no real enjoyment, nor do I require that of you, but give me a perpetual change, constantly something new; that is all I want you for. That our explanation is correct, is quite plain from the dialogue that follows:

Mephist. I do not shrink from thy demand—with gifts
 And treasures such as these can I supply thee,
But, my good friend, the time comes too
When something dainty will invite us to REPOSE.

or literally, "there also will come a time when you will wish to enjoy something that is good, in REPOSE," and of course no longer desire only a constant varied *show* of inviting fruits unattended by actual enjoyment. We have been induced to dwell longer upon this passage than we first intended, but as this is the very point which Mephisto-

pheles means to nail him down with, we were obliged to enlarge upon it. The second part will show this still more clearly, and therefore we beg our readers will bear in mind the following reply of Faust, which none of the translators have given to our satisfaction. We give it literally:

*If ever satisfied I lie down on a lazy-bed,
 Let my career be at an end;
 Canst, ever flattering, thou deceive me,
 That with myself I shall be pleased,
 Canst thou delude me with enjoyment,
 Let that day be my last!
 Be this our bargain!*

Meph.

Done!

Faust. IF E'ER I TO THE MOMENT SAY,
 O STAY! THOU ART SO FAIR!
 Then you may throw me into fetters,
 Then willingly I do consent to perish!
 Then may the death-bell peal!
 Then you are of your service freed,—
 The clock may stand, its hand may drop,
 Then time is past for me!

Meph. Consider 't well, we won't forget it!

The rest of the first volume needs less explanation, and therefore we shall pass hastily over it, but advise our readers to pay some attention to Mephistopheles' instruction to the young student, whom we shall meet again as a "*very clever fellow*" upon whom the "*good counsels*" have not been thrown away. The Devil's opinion on the four Faculties, certainly is most interesting, and its sarcasm and satire has not escaped even Lord L. Gower. Both gentlemen now go on their travels, not exactly by the mail, but by *steam*, though not on a *railroad*. Mephistopheles merely inflates his mantle with a little gas, and by this conveyance they take Mr. Green's road through the air. Their first excursion is to a carouse in Auerbach's cellar, a celebrated wine vault at Leipzig, to which the "*Shades*" of Dublin with their genteel company are a mere nothing. This bout, however, is so little to Faust's taste, that his cloven-footed companion has all the fun to himself. Their next trip is to the witch's kitchen, where Faust first is disgusted with the insipid chat of the cat-apes, a species of long-tailed monkeys, till at last the old lady herself arrives and treats him with a little cordial of her own manufacture, by means of which he and his appetites are instantly restored to the full vigour and keenness of youth.*

This is done to prepare him for the following scene, in which he meets Margaret who is destined by Mephistopheles to be the victim of Faust's passions which the witch's draught has contributed to excite. This character—certainly one of Goethe's finest creations—is of that simple, pure beauty, which is its own interpreter. We *feel* for her the moment Faust with his satanic companion draws near her; she *attracts* us in the first garden-scene—we *love* her at the spinning-wheel—we *admire* her in the second garden-scene; and when at last her ruin is accomplished, it is so much under the influence of the dark powers of Mephistopheles, and all the circumstances connected with her and Faust are such, that we cannot bring ourselves to reproach her, but are affected by the

deepest sympathy, and hardly know whom we are to pity most, Faust or her. But even after her fall, she has a strong hold which will not let her sink—a powerful anchor, which will not betray her trust, and must, we feel certain, secure her ultimate salvation. From the beginning to the end she is represented as a religious girl. The first time Faust accosts her, she comes from *church* and, as Mephistopheles says, from *confessing her innocence*. Her dialogue with Faust, on the subject of his *faith*, shows how firmly she *believes*. After her ruin the deep emotion of her prayer to the Virgin, the *Mother of Sorrows*—inimitable as it is, shows that she is a sinner, but, certainly a most penitent one—and in the end, in the agony of her distracted mind, her last words contain the most fervent prayer, so that, even if it was not announced by "*a voice from above*," we would, in spite of Mephistopheles' ambiguous expression, have no doubt as to her being saved.

After having seduced the girl he loved, Faust, led on by his satanic companion, kills her brother; but this murder is committed under such circumstances, that our commiseration hardly would allow us to pronounce him guilty; all feelings towards him are however overmastered by the detestation, which causes the blood to freeze in our veins at the cold, fiend-like malice with which Mephistopheles manages the affair. To escape from the police, or rather, we think, to drown the rising tortures of his conscience, he is now hurried to the Bocksberg to celebrate the orgies of the famous Walpurgis-night, the great May-feast of demons and witches. Here every inch is haunted ground, not only to the doctor, but also to us; under every face we meet, there lurks a character whom we have already met somewhere before;—in every saying there is a *covered* satire, a hidden sarcastic allusion to some one of our contemporary "*wizards*." We are seized by a whirlwind, and wheel with Faust, the *ignis fatuus*, the witches, and the proctophantasmist in the wildest dance over unrooted trees and rocks, over

* We have been applied to by several of our friends to let them into the secret, where this old dame lives, but we are determined not to gratify their inquisitive curiosity, especially as we intend shortly to take a dram there ourselves.

chasms and precipices, till at last we grow so completely bewildered, that we quite forget the unhappy Margaret, till we meet with a form that somewhat resembles her, and then we ask what has become of her? Poor unhappy girl! The sleeping draught was poison brewed by Mephistopheles—her mother is killed—her child she has drowned in despair—she is in prison—the executioner is whetting his axe. Gloomier than “the gloomy day” is Faust’s soul: he now learns the fate of the unhappy

girl which Mephistopheles hitherto has concealed from him. Remorse and despair mingle with disgust and rage against his base, treacherous companion; but he will, at least, save her from the death that is preparing for her. Aided by witchcraft, he enters the prison; she knows him not, her reason has left her; when at last she half recognizes him, her distracted mind drives him to despair—he entreats her to follow him, but to no purpose: and at last appears

Mephistopheles (at the door.)

“ Away, or you are lost ;
 “ This trembling and delay and idle chattering,
 “ Will be your ruin; hence or you are lost ;
 “ My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
 “ Of the gray morning.

Margaret. “ What shape is that which rises from the earth?
 “ ’Tis he, ’tis he! oh send him from this place ;
 “ What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?”
 “ Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
 “ He comes for me.

Faust. “ Oh, thou shalt live, my love !

Margaret. “ Upon the judgment-throne of God I call ;
 “ On God I call in humble supplication.

Mephistopheles (to Faust.)

“ Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

Margaret. “ Father of Heaven, have mercy on thy child!
 “ Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
 “ Henry, I grieve to think upon thy doom!

Meph. “ *She is judged.*

Voice from above, “ *She is saved.*

Meph. to Faust. “ *Along with me !*

A voice (from within dying away.) “ Henry! Henry!

Here closes the first part. Faust has now, as we have seen, been hurried from one sensual pleasure to another, has been urged on to commit two horrible crimes; but with all that Mephistopheles has gained nothing as yet, indeed he must have become *convinced*—if the Denier can be so—that these

low sensualities and even a Walpurgis-night are not capable of ensnaring Faust; if not, and we suspect so, the whole is but a well-planned scheme to prepare him by the “little world” of this volume for the “great world” in the next.* Faust himself has all along strictly verified the words of the Lord

* *Faust.* Whither are we to go now?

Meph. Whither you please. We shall see the *little*, and afterwards the *great* world.

in the prologue, that "a good man in his darkest longings is well aware of the right path," nay we are almost inclined to think him improved; his association with Mephistopheles, certainly has not lowered his noble feelings, and the deeper insight which he has gained into nature, has had a rather salutary effect upon him, and at the same time increased his abhorrence and disgust with his companion; but we shall spare our remarks for the conclusion, and now proceed to the second volume.

After the horrors of the last scenes, Faust with his feeling heart, must be supposed to be in a dreadful state of mental agony and bodily weariness. The ruin and the horrible end of Margaret—his beloved Margaret, the murder of her

brother, utter disgust with his demoniac ally, must again awaken the sharpest feeling of all his other miseries. This, however, would be little suited to Mephistopheles' plans, and therefore the past must be expunged from his memory. How this is done, our readers will see by the opening scene of the second part, which we give at full length in a sort of translation, which we honestly confess, we are far from being satisfied with; if it has any merit at all, it must be derived from our anxious endeavours to render Goethe's words into English as literally as possible; to imitate his melodious language and graceful elegance is far beyond our powers.

FIRST ACT.

Lovely scenery. *Faust* bedded upon flowery turf, tired, restless, endeavouring to sleep—Twilight—a circle of spirits floating, graceful little forms.

Ariel.

(Song accompanied by Æolian harps)

When the vernal rain of blossoms
Sinks down floating over all,
When the rich fields' verdant blessing
Smiles upon all sons of earth,
Little fays, in spirit-might,
Hasten where they may bring aid;
Be he holy, be he wicked—
For th' unhappy man they grieve.

In airy circles hovering o'er this head,
Be here, ye noble Elves! your art display'd!
The awful struggle of the heart appease,
Avert the bitter arrows of remorse,
And gently of past horrors ease his breast.
Four are the pauses of nocturnal time;
Now without tarrying fill them kindly up!
First lay his head upon the cooling pillow,
Then bathe him in the dew from *Lethe's* stream;
Relaxed are soon his cramp-benumbed limbs,
When fresh'ning rest renews him for the day.
Cheerily fulfil elves' fairest duty,
And give him back again to hallowed light!

Chorus.

(One, two, and many, alternately and together.)

When the tepid breezes swell
Round the green-embroidered plain,
Fragrant sweetness, misty veils
Twilight in her train brings down.
Soft she whispers placid peace,
Rocks the heart to childlike rest,
While to his o'erwearied eyes
Close the portals of the day.

Night already has sunk down,
 Hallowed star is joined to star ;
 Greater lights and smaller sparks
 Glitter near and glance afar ;
 Glitter mirror'd in the lake,
 Glance on high thro' azure night ;
 Of deepest rest the bliss to seal
 Luna's brightest splendour reigns.

Now extinguished are the hours ;
 Disappeared have pain and joy ;
 Blissful foretaste ! health approaches !
 Gladsome trust the day's new aspect—
 Vallies green and swelling hills
 Thicken into shady bowers,
 And in whispering silver waves
 Tow'rd the harvest streams the grain.

Wish thy wishes to attain,
 Yonder orient lustre mark !
 Lightly only art thou bound,
 Sleep's a shell, so cast it from thee !
 Pause not, bravely venture onward
 When the crowd resolveless strays,
 The noble spirit all things can achieve,
 Who clearly sees, and instant grasps in act.

(A tremendous noise announces the approach of the sun.)

Ariel. Harken ! Hark ! the storm of hours !
 Sounding to the spirit's ears,
 Now the new day takes his birth.
 Mountain-gates are creaking, clashing,
 Phœbus' wheels come rolling, rattling ;
 What a din the light us brings !
 Trumpets sounding, bugles clanging,
 Eyes are dazzled, ears are stunned !
 Flee what fairies may not hear,
 Slip into the flowers' bells,
 Deeper, deeper, seeking stillness
 In the rocks, beneath the leaves,—
 Let it strike, its rays are deafening.

(Disappear.)

Faust. Life's pulses beat again with freshening quickness
 Mildly to greet the young ætherial dawn,
 Thou too, O earth, know'st nature's faithful care,
 And breathe'st new refreshed below my feet ;
 Encircling me already with delight,
 Thou wak'st within me vigorous resolve
 To strive for ever unremittingly,
 Onward to being's most exalted sphere.—
 In dawning gleam now lies the world disclosed,
 The wood resounds with thousand-voiced life,
 Within,—without the vale, mist-wreaths are moving ;
 But clearness sinks from heaven into the depths,
 And boughs and branches, in fresh life, sprout forth
 From fragrant chasms where they have slept immersed ;
 And changing tints successive dye the ground
 Where leaf and blossom drip with trembling pearls ;
 The scene around me grows a Paradise.

Now raise thy eyes!—the mountains' giant-peaks
Announce already the most solemn hour;
They early may enjoy th' eternal light
Which later here descends to our abodes.
Now on the Alpine meads in greenness sunk,
Is shed new brilliance and distinctness new,
And downward, step by step, his beams advance;—
He cometh forth!—and oh! already dazzled
I turn away with agonized eyes.

—Thus too it is, when longing hope at last
Its highest wish confiding has approached,
And finds fulfilment's winged gates thrown wide,
Behold! from those eternal halls of brightness
Excess of flame breaks forth—we stand confounded—
The torch of life we wished to light,—but now
A sea of fire involves us—limitless!—
Is't love?—or hate? that glowing winds around us
Alternating with pains and joys immense,
Till back to earth we turn our eyes, and long
To hide us in the veil of earliest youth.—

Then let the sun behind me be enthroned;—
The cataract that thunders through the cliffs,
I gaze upon with transport ever-growing.
From fall to fall the torrent rushes down,
In thousand, thousand streams its flood diffusing,
And hurling foam on foam, up to the skies.
But lo! how glorious from this storm arising
Expands its arch the variegated bow's*
Changeful stability, that now so bright,
So sharply marked, now into air dissolving,
Diffuses fragrant, cooling showers around.
Ponder thereon, and see with vision clear,
This many-dyed reflection shows us—Life!

The last two lines evidently contain an allusion to the sequel of the play. Mephistopheles now takes his fellow-traveller to see "the great world," and introduces him to no less a place than the Imperial Court, where the next scene is laid. The State-council in the throne-room are awaiting the Emperor—trumpets sound—courtiers of all ranks enter, splendidly dressed, and His Majesty mounts the throne. This Emperor certainly is a *German Emperor* of Faust's time, but what particular

Cæsar can be meant we are at a loss to divine; and Goethe himself certainly would laugh in his sleeve, "had he not, long since, given over laughing,"—if we were to attempt a Yankee, "I guess." But no matter—he is *The Emperor*, and moreover, if we are not mistaken, represents the *Man of the World*. The Astrologer's station is on his right, but perceiving the place at his left unoccupied, His Majesty immediately addresses his subjects:—

* To those of our readers who have been at Schaffhausen, and beheld the falls of the Rhine from the scaffold built into the cataract on the foot of the hill of Castle Laufen—this image will not appear strange. If a dry powdery mass is thrown down from an eminence, the dust, into which it is broken when it reaches the bottom, will rebound in proportion to the height and violence of the fall. Water does precisely the same, and rises dispersed into the smallest particles, which, at sunshine, and even at moonlight, produce a perfect rainbow.

I greet my faithful lieges dear,
 From near and far assembled here ;
 The *Sage* beside me standing I behold,
 But where the *Fool*, I am not told.

This gentleman, it appears, has been carried out "drunk," probably by some contrivance of Mephistopheles who immediately steps forward in his place, kneels down on the steps of the throne, and proposes a riddle to his Majesty. Riddles, however, he is told, are for the Council, not for the Monarch who only wants a *fool*, and, the place being vacant, the Devil is at once installed into office. The Emperor is but little inclined to trouble himself with state affairs, but as his Ministers say it *must* be so, he opens the *séance*. The *Chancellor* complains like a Secretary for Ireland, of the opposition and open defiance offered to the law. The *Secretary at War* gives a sad account of the want of discipline in the army, and his hirelings seem to be very much like *Dom Pedro's* Tothill-fields gentry, for says he—

The mercenary grows impatient,
 Tumultuously demands his pay,*
 And—did we owe him nothing more—
 To-morrow he would run away.

Next comes the Right Honourable —and his finances in as bad a state as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and my lord Althorp, we give our warrant that he has his complaints in as good

Who may upon his allies count?
 The subsidies which they have promised,
 Pipe-water like—they don't come in.
 Ah Sire! and, in thy wide domains,
 With whom does property now rest?
 Where'er I look, a *new* man keeps the house,
 And *independent* he will live ;
 But we must silently look on :
 So many rights we've yielded up,
 That now to nothing we a right can claim!
 And *parties* too, as they are called,
 None now-a-days can reckon on.

Each scratches, scrapes and gathers,
 And nothing fills *our* empty coffers.

Indeed the "*nervi rerum gerendarum*" seem to be very scarce in all departments, but his Imperial Majesty's cooks and butlers do not trouble their heads about such trifles, waste more than ever, and leave the unfortunate Marshal of the Household to join in the general lamentation. The Emperor sadly puzzled, considers a little, then turns to his new fool and asks whether he too has not his complaints. To the general astonishment Mephistopheles answers in the negative, and expresses his surprise, that amidst so much pomp and splendour anything should be wanting; "however," says he—

Where is the place that's free from all complaint,
 Each has his wants, but here the *cash* is needed.
 True, from this floor you cannot gather it,
 Yet wisdom knows to raise what deepest lies.
 In mountain veins and under mouldering walls

* Sartorius et Crew.

There's gold uncoined and coined in plenty stored,
And if you ask, who is to bring it out?
Of gifted man the *nature* and the *mind*.

Chancellor. *Nature* and *mind*,—thus one speaks not to *Christians* ;
Therefore we fix *the stake* for Atheists,
Because such words are highly dangerous.
Nature is naught but *sin*, and *mind* is *Devil*,
And both these fostering hatch between them *Doubt*
Their child, that vile deformed hermaphrodite.
Not so with us ; *two* races only have
Sprung up in these our Emp'ror's ancient realms,
And *they* with dignity support his throne.
These worthies are the *Priests* and *Nobles*,
Most firmly they withstand all roaring tempests,
And take the Church and State for their reward.
The vulgar spirit of perverted minds
'Gainst them in daring opposition rises :
It is the heretics, the sorcerers,
Vile wretches ruining both town and country.
Those you want now with jests and impudence
To smuggle into these exalted circles.
In a corrupted heart you do rejoice,
For, near relations are *they* to the fool.

Mephistopheles. Hereby I know the *learned* gentleman !
What you don't touch, is miles away from you ;
What you don't grasp, is wanting altogether ;
What you don't reckon, think you, is not true ;
What you don't weigh, that has no weight for you ;
What you don't coin, that, say you, cannot pass.

Emperor. All this, Sir fool, will not supply our wants ;
What wouldst thou with thy Lenten-sermon here ?
Enough of this eternal *how* and *if* !
Money we want, well then procure it now.

Fool Mephistopheles is by no means posed by this demand, but immediately develops his plan. During foreign inroads and wars, he says, in old times immense treasures have been buried in the ground, where they lie still ; the ground is the Emperor's, *ergo* these riches unquestionably are his too, and he has a right to "make them rise from the dead." These arguments draw forth several keen remarks from the dignitaries of the state ; the astrologer in very *Delphic* language, approves of the plan, and the Emperor at last de-

clares himself ready to lay aside his sceptre and sword, and immediately to make the earth give back this Tantalian wealth, if, what the fool says, be true, or, if not, to send him to—hell. The astrologer, however, proposes, that they should first enjoy the pleasures of the carnival, and then merrily begin the work. This perfectly coincides with the imperial taste and wish ; trumpets sound, and *excunt omnes*, save Mephistopheles, who concludes the scene with a sneer :

How *luck* and *merit* link together,
The fools are never thinking of ;
And if they had the *sage's* stone,
'Twould be the stone without the sage.

Now follows a mask, got up by the Emperor. Mummeries, in general, present gay and frolicsome scenes, but this

masquerade is the most irregular and extravagant, yet also the most pleasing we ever witnessed. But, as in every assembly of this kind, no person should appear without supporting some character, however hidden and disguised, Goethe has taken care that this regulation should be in full force at these Imperial Almacks. Flower-girls, Olive-branches, Flower-wreaths, Rosebuds, Gardeners, Mother and Daughter, Fishermen, Bird-catchers, Wood-hewers, Policinelli, Parasites, a Drunkard, Poets of different sorts, the Graces, the Parcae, the Furies, Fear, Hope, Prudence, Zoilothersites, Plutus with his Charioteer-boy, Babbling Women, Avarice, Pan, Fauns, Satyrs, Gnomes, Giants, &c., all vie with each other, in most beautiful verses, to excite our curiosity to the question, who are they?—Nay, they even give us now and then, a friendly nod, as if they were old acquaintances—and the more we look at their figures and gestures, the longer we listen to their

speeches, the more convinced we become, that “we have known them before,” till at last we discover them in their disguise, and shake hands with them. Many of those friends are, however, of such a sylph-like nature, that we must gather up all our activity to catch them. These allegories are, at the same time, richly interwoven with satire, which makes the masks the more interesting. To attempt, however, any thing like an analysis of this long scene, (37 pages) would be far beyond the limits of a periodical; we, therefore, content ourselves with giving merely its commencement, and hope our readers will recognize the flower-girls, especially as they give the hint themselves.

(The stage changes into an extensive saloon, with side-apartments, decorated for a masquerade; and the different groups are ushered in by the herald, who opens the scene.)

The Herald.

Think not that you're in German territories
Of Devils,—Fools,—and Spectre-dances;
A cheerful feast is waiting you;
Our Lord has on his march to Rome,
For *his* advantage and *your* pleasure,
The lofty Alpine tops surmounted,
And gained himself a lovely realm;
The Emperor, to holy toe
First kneeling, craved the right to power,
And when he went to fetch his crown,
He brought with him this *cap* of ours.
Now we are all and each new-born,
And ev'ry man of world and tact
Pleased pulls it over head and ears.
A mad-brain'd fool it shows him forth,
But under it he's wise with cunning.—

I see already, how the crowd
Here wavering part, there trusting pair;
On pressing Chorus follows Chorus.
So come and go with cheerful step!
For with its hundred thousand farces
The world continues, after all,
Naught but a single big-sized fool.

Flower-Girls.

(Song, accompanied by Mandolins.)

From the pleasant vallies yonder,
With the Emperor come we,
To the regions where we wander
Bringing our own Italy.

Glistening o'er our dusky tresses
Are roses from no common bowers,
Silken threads and silver-laces
Blossom into mimic flowers.

Our is a delightful duty,
 Waking at our touch appear
 Buds of more than Nature's beauty,
 Flowers that blossom through the year.

Fragments of all colours blended,
 Intertwined with happiest art,
 Worthless each—yet all how splendid!
 Winning the surrendered heart.

Sylphlike in our shape and stature,
 Graceful—gay as our own flowers—
 Women we—our *Art* is Nature—
Beauty—Nature—Art are ours!

The music of these verses, in the original, is so delightful, that we almost fancy we see this group of lovely Italian girls dancing before us with all the fascinating grace of Taglioni. The Emperor at last makes his appearance, as the Great Pan, (*see note*) surrounded by Fauns, Satyrs, and Nymphs, and receives a deputation of the Gnomes, who offer the treasures of their mountains. The whole breaks up with a general blaze involving the Great Pan and his attendants. Faust, as Plutus, in the end appeases those magic flames with his staff, and the scene closes.

The next scene is in a pleasure-garden of the Emperors, where the court, ladies and gentlemen, are assembled. Faust and Mephistopheles kneel before the Emperor, who is delighted with the mask, and thanks

Faust for the entertainment which has given him so much pleasure. His eulogies are suddenly interrupted by the Marshal of the Household, the Commander-in-chief, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, breathless, enter one after another with the joyful tidings, that they suddenly have been relieved from all their embarrassments. This agreeable change has been wrought by the creation of an odd sort of paper money, bills, promising payment in the name of His Majesty, as soon as the hidden treasures indicated by Mephistopheles shall have been brought to light from their concealment. As these notes are not likely to find their way to England, we beg to furnish our readers with a true copy of the one produced by the Imperial Chancellor.

Let it be known to all whom it concerns,
 This paper here is worth a thousand crowns;
 As their security and safest pledge a countless wealth
 Lies hidden, buried in the Emperor's lands,
 And care is taken that the precious store
 Immediately be raised as compensation.

These bills do not fail to have the most wonderful effects upon the people, who are almost maddened with delight. The butchers, bakers, publicans, and even tailors, drink the Imperial health in brimful goblets, and the country represents one great scene of mirth and joy. Mephistopheles, in his usual caustic way, immediately comments upon the convenience and merits of such slips of paper; but the Monarch himself, pleased by this unexpected accession of a wealth, as endless as imagination, hastens to bestow favours upon his courtiers, on condition of their stating what use they mean to make of

their respective portions. This draws forth some humour in their replies which are full of satire and irony.

The next scene is in a dark gallery, whither Faust has drawn Mephistopheles, to obtain from him the means of exhibiting "*Helen and Paris*" before the Emperor to whom he is pledged to produce both in distinct forms. Mephistopheles, at first, raises some difficulties, and declares he has nothing to do with the pagans, *they have a hell of their own*. There is however, he says, one way of attaining his object, by descending to the *Mothers—Goddesses*

“ Enthroned in lofty solitude,
Where neither space nor time is found.”

To guide him on his way to their mysterious abode, Mephistopheles gives him a key of peculiar magic powers, and informs him, that he will find them in the deepest abyss by the light of a glowing tripod. The danger is great, but by promptly following Mephistopheles' directions he will succeed in evoking the lady with her paramour. Faust first shudders on hearing the name of “the Mothers,” then takes heart to venture on the dangerous journey, and, assuming a commanding attitude, he stamps the ground and sinks away, whilst Mephistopheles expresses his doubts whether he ever will return.

Next we find Mephistopheles in the brilliantly illuminated saloons of the

palace where the Emperor, Prince, and Courtiers are anxiously waiting for the spirit-scene. *En attendant*, the gallant Devil cares a blonde beauty of freckles, a brunette of a lame foot, and a third lady is obliged to him for a charcoal philtre, which is to bring her faithless lover back to his duty. Meanwhile the lights have become dim, the court adjourns to the knightly hall, where preparations have been made for Faust's exhibition. The astrologer mounts the proscenium, and Mephistopheles takes his station in the prompter's box. Faust at last rises on the other side of the proscenium, and his appearance is thus announced by the astrologer :—

In priestly robe and wreath a man of wonder,
Who now achieves what fearless he began !
A tripod rises with him from the deep
That sweetly breathes of myrrh and frankincense.
Now he prepares to bless his work sublime,
And stars propitious point his future way.

Faust (with solemn grandeur.)

To you I call, ye Mothers ! who enthroned
In boundless space, dwell still in solitude—
Yet social. Around your heads are floating
The forms of life, tho' moving, *without* life.
Whatever *was* once, in its fullest lustre,
It moveth there, for it *will* be eternal.
And ye distribute it, all-ruling Powers !
To Day's bright canopy, to Night's dark vaults.
One part the lovely dance of life is whirling—
The bold Magician searches-out the rest,
And fearlessly in rich display exhibits
The wondrous prize that each is longing for.

Astrologer. Hardly the glowing key does touch the censer,
When instantly a thick mist veils the space ;
It glides in softly, undulates like clouds,
Dilated—clasped—contracted—parted—paired.
And now behold a spirit's master-piece !
Their walk makes music as they move along,
From airy tunes flows an ideal charm,
And whilst they march, all grows a melody ;
The column-shaft, the very triglyph thrills,
Aye—I believe that all the *temple* sings.
The vapours lower, and from the subtle gauze
A beauteous youth steps forth to music's time.
Here ends my office—*name* him need I not,
For who would fail to know the lov'ly *Paris*.

First Lady. Oh! what a splendour of youth's budding strength!

Second Lady. Fresh like an apricot, and full of juice!

Third Lady. The delicately traced sweet swelling lips!

Fourth Lady. Fain wouldst thou sip, I ween, at such a goblet?

Fifth Lady. He's very handsome, though not elegant.

Sixth Lady. He well might be a little more adroit.

First Knight. The shepherd-fellow I can trace throughout,
But nothing of the Prince or courtly bearing.

Second Knight. Ho! well! half-naked he looks smart enough,
But we should wait to see him first in armour.

Lady. He seats himself,—how softly pleasingly!

Knight. You fain would take a fancy to his lap?

Another Lady. He bends his arm so graceful o'er his head.

Chamberlain. What boorishness! that's not to be allowed!

Lady. Ye gentlemen must carp at ev'ry thing.

Chamberlain. To stretch himself before His Majesty!

Lady. He only acts, and thinks he's quite alone.

Chamberlain. The play itself should here be *comme il faut*.

Lady. Sleep softly overcomes the lovely youth.

Chamberlain. He soon will snore—no more than *natural*.

Young Lady (transported)
What scent is sweetly mingling with the air,
That to my deepest heart so fresh'ning sinks.

An old one. In truth, a breath deep penetrates my soul,—
It comes from him.

The oldest. It is the bloom of growth
That, like Ambrosia, in the youth prepared,
Is atmospherically shed around.

HELEN (coming forth.)—
Meph. There she is then! for this one I have peace;
She's pretty, true! but suits *my* fancy not.

Astrologer. This once, there's nothing more for me to do,
I must confess it as a gentleman.
The fair one comes, oh! had I tongues of fire!—
Since ever, much of beauty has been sung—
On whom she *smiles*, he's raised beyond his being,
Who calls her all his own, he were too blest.

Faust. Have I still eyes? Is beauty's fount poured out
 In fullest streams before my inmost soul?
 My walk, with terrors fraught, brings blissfullest gain.
How worthless was, how undisclosed the world!
What is it now since my initiation?
 Now first worth longing for,—true,—solid,—lasting!—
 Strait may the breath of life abandon me,
 If e'er from thee my being grows estranged,
 The lovely form that once transported me,*
 And bless'd me in the magic mirror's guile,
 Was but a frothy portrait of such beauty.
 To thee, to thee I offer each emotion
 Of all my strength, and all my deepest passion,
 To thee desire, love—adoration—madness.

Mephistopheles (from the Prompter's box.)
 The deuce! collect yourself, and mind your part.

An old Lady. She's tall,—well formed, only the head too small.

A younger one. Look at her foot! it could not be more clumsy.

Diplomatist. Princesses of this kind have I beheld,—
 From head to foot I think her beautiful.

Courtier. With shy and gentle step she nears the sleeper.

Lady. How ugly seen near youthful purity!

Poet. Her beauty sheds a lustre over him.

Lady. Endymion's and Luna's perfect picture!

Poet. Quite right; the Goddess seemeth to descend,
 She's leaning over him to drink his breath;
 Blest youth!—a kiss!—the measure now is full.

Duenna. So publicly! that's really too bad!

Faust. A fearful favour to the youth!

Mephistopheles. Hush! silence!—
 Why can't you let the phantom have its way.

Courtier. She steals away, light-footed;—now he wakes!

Lady. Again she looks around! I thought as much.

Courtier. He seems amazed! he wonders at the scene.

Lady. To her it is no wonder what she sees.

Courtier. With dignity she turns around to him.

Lady. Oh! I perceive she's giving him a lesson;
 In cases of that sort all men are dull—
 Perhaps he fancies too, that he's the first.

* See Vol I. the scene in the witch's kitchen.

Knight. Don't slander her! Majestic! elegant!

Lady. The Courtesan! that's vulgar really.

Page. Indeed, I'd like full well to take his place!

Courtier. Who could escape from such enticing toil?

Lady. The jewel, I faith, has passed through many hands,
The gilding too is tolerably worn.

Another. From ten years old she's been a good-for-nothing!

Knight. Each takes the best that chance may offer him!
I'd cling to such a lovely residue.

A Man of Learning. I see her plainly; yet I'm free to own,
It's doubtful whether she the *right* one be.
Her presence easily leads the eyes astray,
I hold, before all things, to what is *written*.
There then I read, that, in particular,
She greatly charmed the gray-beards all of Troy;
And as it seems to *me*, that quite agrees,
I am not young, and yet I'm charmed with her.

Astrologer. No longer boy,—a hero, manly, bold,
He embraces her who hardly can resist.
With vig'rous arm he raises her on high—
T'elope with her perhaps?

Faust (to the image of Paris.)

Thou insolent!

Thou dar'st! thou hear'st not! hold, that is too much!

Mephistopheles. And yet, that ghost-farce all you make yourself.

Astrologer. But *one* word more! since I have seen the whole,
I call the piece the Rape of Helena.

Faust. What rape! am I for nothing at this place?
Is not that very key still in my hand,
That through the horrors of deep solitudes
Has hither guided me to steady ground?
Here do I *stand*; here is reality!
From hence the spirit may with spirits combat,
And for himself the double-realm prepare.
Far as she *was*, how can she nearer *be*.
I rescue her, and she is doubly mine.
On then!—and ye, ye mothers! must comply!—
Who once has known her, dare not part from her.

Astrologer. What art thou doing, Faust?—With violence
He seizes her, the form's already troubled.—
What now! The key he turns towards the youth,—
He touches him!—Woe! woe to us!—Now! now!

(Explosion. Faust lies on the ground. The spirits vanish into vapour.)

Meph. (who takes Faust on his shoulders,)
There now it is! with fools one's self to burden
Will even bring the devil to disgrace.

(Darkness—tumult.)

Here the first act closes. We thought it necessary to give the greater part of its last scene, not merely on account of the humour in the remarks made upon Paris and Helen by the different characters, but especially because it contains Faust's first meeting with Helen, who takes a prominent part in the sequel of the play. It is she, *the representative of Beauty*, who works his purification, and therefore some attention should be paid to the circumstances under which he beholds her *first* in the magic mirror (see the witch scene in vol. I.) and *now*, as *summoned* from those regions, where, beyond all space and time, every thing dwells that

is eternal. It is not less characteristic, that notwithstanding the dim and imperfect light, the "*clair-obscur*," in which he beholds her on the stage, the inherent rays of beauty pierce his heart's core. Enraptured he sees the world change its aspect, and feels he cannot exist without her; henceforth his whole energy has only *one* direction, that of following the trace of Helen. How different is the impression made upon Mephistopheles! She is pretty, but "does not suit his taste;" for we have already said, he is blind to all that is beautiful, and thus do not wonder at his calling Faust a fool to fall in love with a *spectre*.

SONG.

"Perdurat non empta fides, nec pectora merces
Alligat."

CLAUDIAN.

When the warm tide of passion is chill'd round the heart,
And the flow'rs of life's morning decay;
When the sunshine of youth, as our pleasures depart,
Is fast fading in darkness away.

When loveless and cold the dull moments now glide,
Which to transport and love we once gave;
And each feeling that ruffles the dark sluggish tide,
Will but drift us more fast to the grave.

Oh! then let one feeling, when others have flown,
Shed a beam o'er my fast freezing heart;
Let friendship still warm my chill bosom and lone,
Nor leave me when joy must depart.

Yes, friend of my youth, the fond wish shall be mine,
On thy bosom to heave my last sigh;
'Twill cheer me to think, when in death I recline,
I shall live in thy heart though I die.

IOTA.

LE DRAGON ROUGE.

In days of old, when Edward Longshanks* ruled this realm, the communication between England and the Continent was chiefly maintained by a small galley, plying weekly between Dover and Calais; it was called "*Le Dragon Rouge*," from an indescribable figure carved upon its bow, and was navigated by a surly Fleming, named Gilles Vandergueht, who generally made it a point to quarrel with every one of his passengers, in the course of the brief voyage.

Dover was, at the period I have mentioned, but a petty village; a few oldfashioned houses, some groups of fishermen's cottages huddled irregularly together, a dock nearly choaked with mud, and a rude pier composed of unhewn granite blocks, were its most prominent features: it possessed neither assembly rooms nor circulating libraries, neither hotels nor bathing machines—nevertheless it boasted a governor and a castle, a prison and a convent, and a corporation consisting of a mayor and three bailiffs, all undoubted evidences of an advanced stage of civilization.

The jeteé of Calais, long and narrow then, as it is now, was crowded with lounging knights and men at arms, belonging to the English, anxious, "*pour passer le temps*," to witness the departure of the passage-boat for Dover. In the nineteenth century people walk daily to the same place, for the same purpose.

The "*Dragon Rouge*," attached by a heavy iron chain to the extremity of the pier, was about to be unmoored, the spaces, fore and aft, were nearly filled with passengers, the rowers were seated on their benches, and the large square sail, which had been set to catch the favorable breeze, hung loosely in heavy folds upon the mast—it

was evening, and the rays of the setting sun flashed brightly across the waste of waters—the castle and chalky cliffs of Dover were dimly discernible, as though they were pillowed in the clouds.

Nevertheless, the master still hesitated to cast off the chain, he blew long and repeated blasts upon the horn that was suspended at his side, vainly the impatient passengers cried out—

"What wait we, Sir captain?—will you never put off?" &c.

When the patience of the voyagers had been tolerably well exercised, a man suddenly sprang from the pier upon the poop, sorely discomposing a group of seven fashionable individuals, the occupants of that place of honour; these, upon the arrival of the stranger, eagerly hastened to take possession of the seats, and, with a spirit of selfishness worthy of a later period, so arranged matters, as to deprive him of any participation in the comforts of the afterpart of the galley.

Of these obliging personages, there were four who boasted the highest blood in Normandy—first, there was a handsome young cavalier, with two splendid stag-hounds at his feet, wearing, but not so as to conceal his long ringlets, a plumed velvet cap, sparkling with jewels,—clanking his gilded spurs, twisting his gracefully turned moustaches, and regarding the male portion of his companions with disdainful glances. Then there was a noble damsel, with a falcon upon her wrist, beautiful, haughty, and reserved—holding converse with none, save her mother, and an ecclesiastic of high rank, the Abbot of some wealthy monastery.

Near to these, and yet seated somewhat apart from them, enveloped in an ample cloak, reclined the bulky form

* Deceived by the soubriquet "*Longshanks*," sundry lithographers and engravers have depicted our Edward with a pair of elongated, attenuated supporters, most moving to behold, the appellation is in truth but a corruption of "*longs champs*," an allusion to his extensive conquests, as the surname *Sansterre*, was affixed to his predecessor John, for an opposite reason. Edward was an exceedingly well-built fellow, and, by all accounts, a most unpleasant customer to meet with in a "*row*."

of a citizen of London ; self-conceited was he, and purse-proud, yet not ill-natured withal, he gazed with a glistening eye, upon two heavy bags, filled with gold pieces, which his serving man, armed to the teeth, had just placed by his side.

The sixth passenger was a man of science, a professor of the University of Oxford, he was accompanied by his clerk, who took charge of his superior's books, and writing materials.

When the stranger, looking round, perceived that the seats upon the quarter deck were occupied, he advanced towards the forepart of the galley in order to seek one there.

The passengers in that quarter of the vessel were poor people of the very humblest class, they beheld the stranger coming towards them, and made room for him with goodnatured alacrity—he smiled, and thanked them by a gesture full of dignity, taking his seat between an ancient man at arms, and a youthful peasant girl, the mother of the infant which she carried—the party on the quarter deck laughed scornfully.

The appearance of the stranger was, in truth, not calculated to inspire much respect—he was a tall, black-haired, dark-visaged person, wore a plain tunic of brown camelot, with a cap of the same material, and bore neither sword, purse, nor jewel, to give him any claim to mingle with gentles of high degree.

Behind him were an old peasant and his son, a youth of about sixteen years.

Then, supported by some coils of cable, rested a poor aged creature, ragged, wrinkled and meagre, a very type of poverty and wretchedness ; one of the rowers, an old mariner, had known her in better days, when she was young, rich, and beautiful—at his intercession the master had granted her free passage.

"Thanks! good Gaspard," murmured the unhappy woman, "I will offer two aves and a credo for thee, for this."

The master having now cast loose the chain that had hitherto retained the vessel, commanded the seamen to shove her off, while he took the management of the helm—her keel grated through the coarse, gritty sand. She glided from the pier with a free wind and a flowing sail, and dashed gallantly through the rippling waves, which were still glittering in the evening ray.

While the trim boat was holding on

her rapid course, her careless crew lay stretched along the thwarts, or bending over the gunwale, gazed listlessly upon the sparkling foam that bubbled at her side, at times, their hoarse, but not unmusical voices were uplifted in some old vesper hymn, and all on board in silence seemed to recognize the hour of prayer.

The evening was now considerably advanced, and darkness was rapidly closing in, the motion of the bark was becoming unsteady, and the breeze swept in fitful gusts athwart the channel.—

"Out with your oars men, and pull for your lives," shouted the master, as he stood by the helm—the sky overhead looks as black as hell, and the sea, I can feel it with the rudder, bubbles and foams like a seething cauldron.

The sailors, taking in the sail, now flapping wildly in the trough of the sea, plied their long heavy oars, with strong and measured strokes, the vessel, under the new impulse, moved more rapidly than before, and dashing steadily through the waters, which now began to heave and swell, occasionally shipped a sea, most grievous to the poor passengers at the bow.

The "Beau monde," seated on the poop, beheld the new arrangement with pleasure—they were not aware of any danger, for the address of the master, couched in sea-terms, they did not understand—they admired the athletic forms, the sunburnt countenances, the sparkling eyes, and the muscular arms of the rowers, as they pulled in concert, but far from compassionating their fatigue, their painful and laborious efforts—they did but laugh, as they pointed out to each other the thousand grotesque lines that hardship had traced upon the labour-distorted countenances of the mariners.

On the other hand, the soldier and the peasants gazed upon the sailors, with that species of compassion, which men who have experienced the rude shocks, and feverish fatigues incidental to a life of labour, must feel for those who are similarly circumstanced ; accustomed, moreover, to live in the open air, they were acquainted with the aspect of the heavens, and comprehended in some degree the peril they were in.

"If we get safe to shore," said the soldier shaking his head, "it will be, that the Virgin has taken us all into

her especial keeping. Saw ye ever such a night?"

And he pointed to windward, whence dense masses of vapour were rolling slowly towards them. A heavy murmuring sound seemed to rise from the troubled deep, dark clouds drifted furiously athwart the murky sky, and the western horizon, alone apparent in the general obscurity, looked as though it were deeply tinted with blood; then came a squall bearing a sea before it, that threatened to engulf the barque.

"Stand by men, and rest upon your oars!" shouted the master.

The galley, borne up by a prodigious wave, seemed to descend into the very depths of the sea.

"We are lost!" shrieked the party at the stern, now suddenly alive to their danger.

"Not yet," coolly responded the gruff Fleming.

"The Schipper was right in making you lie upon your oars," observed the stranger to Gaspard; "that sea would have swamped us, had we attempted to pull through it."

There was a momentary calm, a slight intermission of the tempest—the voyagers with pale countenances and trembling limbs, looked round them for a moment.

"I envy that stupid citizen," said the Professor to his clerk, "he has no more conception of the danger he is in, than a dog; and he will die," added he, "like a dog, without agony."

"My child—my poor infant! who will save my child?" shrieked the wretched mother.

"Holy mother of mercy, who dwellest at Caen!" groaned the corpulent citizen, as he knelt upon his money-bags, "I promise thee a thousand pounds of wax to make thee a taper, if thou wilt deliver me from this!"

"Absurdity!" interrupted the Professor, "I will prove to thee, that the Virgin is no more at Caen than she is in this boat; for, first draw a right line from Caen to the boat, then construct an equilateral triangle, whose base shall—"

"Damn your nonsensical mummeries!" exclaimed the enraged master, "bestir yourselves, and assist in baling out this water; and you, ye

lubberly schelms!" added he, addressing the sailors, "pull away lustily; since we have got a moment's respite, in the Devil's name let us take advantage of it—'tis not the first wild night we have spent together upon this paltry strait."

"Can it be that the saints will leave us to perish with those miserable wretches yonder?" asked the proud young lady of the cavalier.

"Not so, noble lady," replied the knight, who, to do him justice, had shown no sign of fear, "not so," and he drew closer to his companion, "I can swim, breathe not a word of it, trust yourself to me, and I will bear you safely to land; but mark me," and he lowered his tone, "I can save but you."

The young lady drew back and looked upon her mother; the latter had fallen upon her knees, and was begging absolution of the Abbot, who regarded her not.

"Alas!" continued the knight, who understood the expression of his fair companion's countenance, "if it is the will of heaven, that your mother be taken from us, it is our duty to submit; she is, doubtless, well prepared for the awful change, and," he sneered as he spoke, "it will be a happy one for her, and for me also," muttered he; for the prodigal adventurer, had long cast a wistful eye upon the Countess D'Estotteville's broad lands and fair daughter.

The young damsel and the cavalier remained together conversing in a low tone.

The Abbot bestowed his benediction upon the waves, and commanded them to be calm, although he had neither faith nor hope that they would become so; far from attempting to console his despairing companions, his thoughts did but run upon his riches, and his luxuries, his hounds, horses, mistresses, retainers, and demesnes;—the darkness of the night prevented his reading the richly ornamented breviary, which he nevertheless continued to hold in his hands.

"Ah! Master Gaspard," sobbed the poor old woman, "are they not happy at the other end of the ship to have a priest so near to them?—a holy man! they will all have absolution of their sins. Oh! if I could but hear the

voice of a priest, saying to me, 'thy sins shall be forgiven thee,' I would die comfortably."

"I went a pilgrimage once, to our Lady of Loretto," replied Gaspard, and I think that ought to serve my turn."

The gale now began to blow with redoubled violence, dashing whole floods of water into the vessel, tearing the oars from the wearied hands of the despairing seamen, compelling the hapless passengers to cling to their seats, to avoid being washed over board by the overwhelming seas—the galley creaking, and straining at every joint, seemed ready to go to pieces.

"She has not the slightest chance of living through this weather," observed the stranger to the soldier.

The old man at arms imitated the coolness and imperturbability of his unknown companion, whether he died upon the seas or upon the highway, mattered very little to him.

Disabled by the loss of the oars, and incapable any longer of obeying her helm, the barque was exposed to the unmitigated buffetings of the waves, from which the skill of the pilot had hitherto, in some degree, protected her; her timbers began to gape and open at the seams—the water rushed in at a hundred crevices—the hour of dissolution seemed rapidly approaching,

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell."

It was an impressive scene; the deck of that small ship.

At one extremity stood the representatives of riches, pride, science, debauchery, crime, an epitome of society such as art, intellect, education, and civilization have made—a brief abstract of the world and its followers—there struggled the hope, faint and trembling, with the doubt fearful and mysterious; thrice arose the wild and frantic cry—the despairing, though muttered execration—there reigned in triumphant deformity the undisguised passion of fear. There, but a short space apart, stood the commander of the vessel, a plain, untaught man, rude and illiterate, yet with something lofty, even god-like in his bearing, fearing nothing, hoping nothing, standing by his helm, giving orders to his men—wrestling, as it were, with the tempest to the very last.

Then, at the other extremity, a group

of wretched paupers: a female with an infant in her arms, doubly helpless; a soldier crippled by his wounds, his maimed body the sole recompense of a life of hardship and peril, a morsel of black bread was a luxury to him, a draught of beer or sour wine, a present happiness; then two peasants, creatures of the soil they tilled, very incarnations of fatigue and labour; the stranger—the seamen—the aged woman—neither cry nor complaint escaped from any of them, as they silently awaited the destruction of the ship.

"It is quite evident," said the stranger, who was aware that the land could not be very far off, "it is quite evident that the barque cannot float another minute—to remain here to be sucked down by the vortex would be absurd. What say you, Sir Schipper," added he, raising his voice, "shall we jump overboard, and take the chance of getting ashore with the tide?"

But the master heard him not.

"Well," said he, as he sprang from the vessel's side, "I shall at least escape the clumsy grasp of that thick-skulled Fleming, if he should happen to sink."

The four sailors were the only persons on board who had resolution enough to follow his example.

While the swimmers were buffeting the waves, borne onwards through the surf by the flowing tide, the shrieks and cries of the despairing passengers rang in their ears. Worn out, dripping, bruised, and faint, they succeeded at length in reaching dry land; they were too happy in availing themselves of the shelter of a hovel, which its owner, a fisherman, had hospitably opened to them.

The remainder of the night continued wild and tempestuous; towards morning the gale became less violent, and the sun rose vividly upon the ocean; yet, although the storm had passed away, the waves still chafed, and broke into sheets of white foam against the projecting cliffs.

Wearied and spirit-shaken by the disasters of the preceding night, the stranger strolled pensively towards the beech, meditating upon the fate of his luckless fellow-voyages; to his infinite surprize he beheld a figure emerge from one of the fishermen's

gown eat it, which he recognised at once the features of the redoubtable master of "Le Dragon Rouge."

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the astonished stranger, Meinherr Vander-gueht, how came you hither?"

"How came I hither?" growled the Fleming, "why, in the fiend's name.

How should I come? in my galley to be sure. When you and those four other heavy lubbers leaped over board, the tide floated her in like a cork; if you will but turn your stupid head the other way, you will see her riding in the port."

J. C.

INDIAN POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

[The late Dr. Edward Walsh, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, was directed by government to introduce and spread vaccination among the native Indian tribes of Canada; and to this end he penetrated the interior of the country, and established himself for some time as a resident among them. Here he was diligent to observe and note down the existing usages of these now almost extinct people, and collected a mass of curious information from which he proposed to write a history of the country; but his professional avocations always interfered, and he never carried his design into execution. His MSS. have come into my hands, and I propose to send you occasionally such portions of it as may be interesting to your readers. For the present I enclose a specimen of Indian poetry, translated by him nearly literally from the Nada-wossi War Song of a girl of that nation. Of all the Canadian Indians, that of the Nada-wossies is the fiercest as well as the most numerous and original.]

Hark! the war song—the shouting—I hear the shrill sound,
They raise the red tomahawk out of the ground;
In the van of the battle my warrior must go,
Like the blood-thirsting Panther he'll steal on his foe.

Yet with love his bold heart is still beating for me,
With a feeling like mine which death only can sever;
In kindness it flows as the sweet sugar-tree,
And akin to the aspen it trembles for ever.

Z.

AN EXCURSION IN THE COUNTY OF CAVAN.

KILMORE PALACE—CRUM CASTLE—THE REV. MR. MARTIN—PLURALITIES—
KILIGAR—NEW BOARD OF EDUCATION—LORD FARNHAM—RUSTIC FETE
CHAMPETRE.

I arrived here on —, and am happy to say, that as yet my excursion has more than realized my expectations. The County of Cavan possesses much more of romantic beauty than I had supposed. The best idea that I can convey of it will be formed, by imagining a congregation of inverted teacups and saucers, separated at small intervals upon an undulating surface, and covered with a green sward, the spaces between in most instances being filled by fine sheets of water, and the summits, in many, covered, and the sides clothed by fine plantations. You may judge of the capabilities of a country like this; and it is gratifying to perceive, that the gentry have not been slow to take advantage of them; as, in several places, it is easy to see, that nature has scarcely done more for them, than they have done, and are doing for nature.

My first drive was to the Bishop's residence at Kilmore. The old house is condemned, and a new one being erected. The interest was, you may believe, profound, with which I traversed a mansion consecrated by the residence of Bedell, where the room which he used to occupy, and the garden which he loved to tread, as he went forth, like the patriarch, to meditate at even-tide, are still fondly exhibited. The house is plain and spacious, with more of comfort than pretension; and, what I am persuaded must have endeared it to Bedell, immediately connected with the cathedral, into which the bishop and his family may enter by a private door. This house is now condemned; and a new palace is rising at a short distance, and on the sloping ground which commands the rich prospect of the demesne of Lord Farnham. It is one of the most admirably contrived, and the best put together pieces of architecture I ever saw. It will, I have no doubt, when entirely finished, exhibit the very perfection of elegance, solidity, and convenience. I could not

but think, that it was strangely contrasted with the present fortunes of the church, which, unless the providence of God should counteract the malice and the ignorance of man, would seem to be as unstable and precarious, as this admirable structure is likely to be durable. The present bishop has been, I believe, three and thirty years upon the bench; and although at present a hale old man, it is not in the course of nature that he should continue in existence very many years. The proverb that "one man builds and another inhabits," will, in all probability, be fulfilled in his case, if, indeed, it may not be taken in a more extensive latitude, and exemplified, under the auspices of a reformed parliament, by shameless and sacrilegious secularization.

But "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Let us not aggravate the pressure of actual suffering by desponding anticipations. Here, at least, the wisdom of God, and the beauty of nature, is before us and around us, and let that, for the present, prevail to obliterate from our thoughts the wickedness and the folly of the government, and the madness of the people.

On Saturday, the morning being remarkably fine, my friend — prevailed on me, without any great difficulty, to visit Crum, upon the border of the County of Fermanagh, through a country rich in fertile beauty; indeed, so much so, that it would be scarcely possible to erect a house any where which would not possess advantages of prospect and scenery of no ordinary kind. We passed through Killeshandra, which is finely situated upon the margin of an extensive lake, and overlooked by the mansion and the richly wooded, and beautifully cultivated grounds of Castle Hamilton. Having called on the way at the glebe of the zealous and excellent Mr. Saunderson, the rector of the adjoining parish of Kildallen, we proceeded towards Belurbet, but into which, after the view we

had of it, I would not have entered for the world. I never yet saw anything which so perfectly realised the vision of "a romantic town," as the glimpse we caught of this hanging village, which is built upon a sloping hill, surmounted by a venerable church, and interspersed with trees and gardens. There was an air of Arcadian elegance and simplicity, combined with indications of more than pastoral comfort and intelligence, which, I fear, would not stand the test of a more minute enquiry; and I was well content, for once, to suffer fancies to predominate over realities, and did not, by encountering any actual exhibition of Irish misery, or Irish filth, which must, I take it for granted, have been obtruded upon me had I gone into the town, seek to disturb the pleasing imaginings which were elicited by the sights and sounds of rustic nature.

We were now within four miles of our destination; and he must, indeed, be dead of soul and sullen of heart who could pass through such a country without being soothed and delighted. Crum is situated upon the banks of Lough Ern, and commands advantages of wood and water that are almost unrivalled. Upon arriving at it, the spacious lake spread before us, the venerable ruin of the old castle, which, in former generations, was a very strongly fortified place, came out boldly on the opposite side, and the rising towers of the new and splendid edifice, which is at present being erected, were just beginning to be visible upon the eminence a little beyond it. Boats were scattered over the lake, which was enlivened by the gay parties whom the fineness of the day and the splendour of the scenery had drawn abroad, and altogether, to one who can so rarely enjoy the advantage of such an excursion as myself, the panoramic spectacle now inexpressibly delightful.

I have always remarked that the manners and character of the peasantry inhabiting such a place are determined by those of the proprietor. We met the promptest and the kindest attention from every one about the demesne. The boatmen most good-naturedly conveyed us from place to place, and the superintendant of the works, an intelligent Scotchman, most obligingly afforded us every facility for viewing and examining the new building. It

will, when finished, be a most splendid pile. The situation is both sheltered and commanding; and the view, from the higher rooms, will be one of the richest and most extensive that can be conceived. But, I am not sure that, take it altogether, I would not prefer the situation of the old castle. It adjoins the lake, which must at one time have reflected its massy bastions, and is, I think, more than compensated for any superiority of prospect which the other possesses, by its closer neighbourhood with this splendid inland sea, and the umbrageous magnificence with which it is surrounded. But, possibly, old associations are not without their influence in determining my preference. In taste as well as in principle I fear I am an incorrigible Tory, and cherish, it may be, a most unenlightened partiality for "the wisdom of our ancestors."

The new building is in what is called the Elizabethan style of architecture, and combines elegance with grandeur. To me, however, I will confess, the contrast was too strong to be pleasing between the light and almost aerial trellice work of one story, and the strong and rough solidity of another. It is like an opera dancer on the shoulders of a man in armour. And the contrast becomes even ludicrous when the huge blocks of unchiselled stone, compacted into an adamantine front, begin to surmount the slender and graceful portion of the building, which would seem formed less for support than for embellishment. Two opposite styles of building appear to be playing leap-frog. You will observe that my objection is not to the execution of this splendid pile, which indeed, seems admirable, but to the order of the architecture itself, which to me appears unnatural. It is as it were, the *transit stage* of the Gothic passing into the Grecian, combining some features of both without the character of either.

I endeavoured to account for the different effect produced on the mind by the scenery as we beheld it from the old castle and from the new. In the former case the venerable ruin seemed to claim kindred with primeval nature. It was, as it were, incorporated with, and part and parcel of the scene. The lake was united to it in loving sisterhood, and had there been a mountain in the

immediate neighbourhood, it would have almost suggested the idea of "shake hands, brother." In the latter, the new castle seems finely raised above the scene, drawing back, as it were, from too great familiarity, and regarding wood, and lake, and even the venerable ruin, of which it commands an excellent view, only as they were ancillary to its own grandeur. I need not say how much more in accordance with my feelings the first mentioned effect was than the last. In the one case, we behold the work of man iden-

tifying itself with the works of God, and only claiming attention as it conspired with the natural beauties to give interest and dignity to the landscape. In the other case we behold human art rather too ostentatiously exercising its sovereignty over nature, and the very splendour of this majestic edifice imprints a character of vassalage upon all around it, which seems to say they were created for its adornment, and are only valuable in as much as they reflect

"To proud self-love its own complacency."

I must not forget to mention a venerable yew tree which is one of the greatest curiosities of the place. I almost fear to say how old it is; but it must have seen many hundred years. Its branches are supported by wooden pillars, and extend on all sides to a circumference of two hundred and twenty-five feet. It appears in perfect health, and will, I trust, long continue to repay by its grateful shade the hundreds who are annually attracted to behold it.

The possessor of this noble property is not to be envied. It has pleased the gracious Being, by whom the goods and ills of life are scattered with such an impartial hand, to visit him with one of the most afflicting maladies to which human nature is subject. His nephew and heir, Mr. Creighton, at present superintends the estates; and there is reason to believe that they could scarcely have fallen into better hands. He appears to be a person strongly under the influence of christian convictions, and is, I understand,

actually about to make a provision out of his private means for the moral and religious improvement of the people. I shall only say "macte virtute tuâ puer." Assuredly he will have his reward.

The day continued fine to the close, and I do not know that I ever passed one more entirely to my mind. The friend by whom I was accompanied served to heighten my enjoyment. He possesses a noble, as well as a highly gifted and richly cultivated mind, and entered into the spirit of the scene with an ardour that owned the influence of nature. We conversed, or were silent, just as it listed us. Our topics, you may be sure, were not of dogs or horses, not of Pasta or Taglioni, but the deepest and the highest that can concern human creatures, either in this world or in the world to come. We thus combined instruction with amusement, and, while we appeared only intent upon present pleasure, contrived in the sweet language of Professor Wilson, to lay up a store

"Of memories and precious thoughts,
That will not die, and cannot be destroyed."*

I know you will be desirous to hear something of the moral and religious state of the parish of Killeshandra. It has of late come into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Martin, late a Fellow of our University, and I am happy to be able to say, that he who was so eminent amongst his brethren in science has become a strenuous evangelizer. There

were few better men in his way than the late Dr. Hales. In learning he had scarcely an equal, if, indeed, he had any at all; and his child-like simplicity as well as goodness of heart reminded all who knew him of the Vicar of Wakefield. But he was more fitted for the closet than the pulpit; for the professor's chair, than for the ordinary routine of

* I cannot verify my quotation at present, and am not certain that the above lines are not Wordsworth's.

parochial duty. He lived, in truth, in the past, and for the future; and if *the concerns of the present*, both in his own case and that of his parish, were neglected, it was a neglect which enabled him to confer a lasting benefit upon the church, and for which he will be regarded with reverence by a distant posterity.

Killeshandra is a very extensive parish. You may imagine how extensive, when I tell you it consists of twenty-five square miles. The Protestants are numerous, but, it so happens, that the parts where they congregate most are least furnished with facilities of enabling them to hear divine service. Indeed, in some places, the sound of the preacher's voice had not been heard for many years; and the only instances in which the poor people had any opportunity of seeing "how beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings" was, when some dissenting missionary appeared, who, in general, contrived to infuse into them as much of hatred to the church, as of attachment to the gospel. All this is now changed; Mr. Martin is zealous, in season and out of season, in the discharge of his sacred duties. He has established, in those neglected places, a regular service and a lecture, to which the people come in great numbers. I had the good fortune to hear him last Sunday address a congregation of from two to three hundred in one of the school-houses of Lord Farnham, with great effect; his discourse was evidently a continuation of one which he delivered on the former Sunday; and his humble auditors, to whose capacities he most happily accommodated himself upon one of the highest themes that can occupy the human mind, listened to him with that intense earnestness which fervent sincerity never fails to produce, and which fully proved how deeply he had contrived to engage their hearts, and convince their understandings. He announced at the close of the service, that he would attend again on Tuesday evening. I did not, you may be sure, fail to be a second time his auditor, and seldom was my attention more richly repaid. He began by catechising the children, which he did with a simplicity and impressiveness that could not fail to interest, as well as to instruct them; and not *them* only, but the grown persons—the *aged* children,

who had never had the same early advantages, but who now, with greedy ears, imbibed the words of eternal life. Thus, he circulates through his parish, contriving, either in person or by his curates, to preach the gospel to every creature committed to his charge, setting forth, both in his life and actions, "the true and lively word," and doing what in him lies, that those for whom he is responsible shall not only hear, but feel it.

If our establishment were thus upheld, it would be almost as popular as it would be useful. Ask, in any part of this parish, who is the most useful gentleman—who could least be spared, and they will tell you with one accord "the Rector." His time, his talents, and his property, are all employed in doing good. If the church were subverted, and its property confiscated, the gentry might, perhaps, be enriched to some small amount, by sharing its possessions; but who amongst them would represent the zeal, the learning, or the ability of the admirable man to whom I have alluded, or stand forth in the discharge of his Christian duty as the rich man's counsellor, and the poor man's friend?

But a good clergyman is scarcely a greater blessing, than a bad, or even an indifferent one is a curse. The church suffers more reproach, where the interests of religion are badly attended to, than even where they are entirely neglected. Pluralities are a great evil. I never saw the practical mischief resulting from them so strongly exemplified as since I have come here. The same individual is Rector both of Cavan and of Belturbet; and although both these towns are furnished with able and zealous curates, it may be easily conceived that there are many occasions upon which the presence of a well endowed incumbent, would be desirable; nor is it at all to be wondered at that the people pay with reluctance a large sum of money, which ought to be employed in the promotion of Christian knowledge and piety, but a single shilling of which is not spent amongst themselves. In this case the Rector is an absentee from *both* his parishes; and this is not the less to be deplored because he is a truly good and amiable man, whose heart is in his sacred calling, but whose circumstances are such that he cannot appear.

The parish of Killigar is another instance of the evils of non-residence. The Rector is a pluralist, and it is only perhaps charitable to suppose, that the inconveniences arising from his absence in one place, may be compensated by the advantages of his presence in another. But in the latter case the evil is mitigated by the Christian zeal and benevolence of Mr. Godley and his admirable lady, whose lives could hardly be more devoted to religion if they had been regularly consecrated to its service. If I wished to exemplify the blessings arising from the constant presence of a Christian country gentleman upon his own estate, I could not desire any better opportunity than is here afforded. The cottages are all of a superior description, and remarkable for their cleanliness and neatness. The peasantry are sober, frugal, and industrious; no revolting vice, no squalid poverty is to be found amongst them; and their manners, without the slightest departure from rustic simplicity, exhibit much of the blandness and courtesy which are generally found amongst sincere professors of the gospel. Mr. Godley has, out of his own means, built a Church, which he intends, I believe, to endow. For the present he has provided a residence for, and pays a salary to, a clergyman, who is both intelligent and active, and who cordially co-operates with the curate of the parish in every good word and work, by which its spiritual interests may be promoted.

Our first visit in this parish was to Mrs. Godley's school-room. We found the excellent lady there, superintending the education of a numerous assemblage of clean and well dressed children, whose manners and attainments reflect credit upon their instructors. It was impossible to see the delight with which she prosecuted her benevolent labour, without perceiving that even in this world "she has her reward." Little reason have those who are thus occupied to sigh after the festivities of "Almack's." Theirs are pleasures which the world can neither give nor take away,—they are building up their immortal being, and experiencing the richest recompence upon earth, even while they are "laying up treasures in heaven." Mrs. Godley is a sister of Robert Daly, and was brought up in the neighbourhood of Belview, in the

County of Wicklow. This made what I saw on the present occasion more interesting to me, as exhibiting, in some sort, an exemplification of the manner in which human excellence, under the influence of divine grace, has a tendency to propagate its kind. I could not but believe that what Mrs. Godley early saw of the "alms deeds and good works" of the orphan's mother, Mrs. Peter La Touche, was not without its effect in forming her character, and that the County of Cavan is at present indebted to what was then exhibited in the County of Wicklow.

An instance was mentioned to me yesterday, by which it would appear that, in this part of the country, the New Board of Education is doing mischief. In the parish of Kildallen there was an excellent school, under the superintendence of the clergymen of the Established Church, which Roman Catholic children attended in great numbers, and to which even the Roman Catholic priest subscribed. Of course the Holy Scriptures were not placed under any interdict, nor was any objection made to the free use of them by the children. But when the New Board issued its prospectus, the priest naturally thought that it would be better *for him* to have a school under their auspices, and he applied to Mr. Saunderson, the rector, to join him in an application to that effect. Mr. Saunderson declined, stating his reasons for so doing with equal strength and mildness. But, in a country like this, his popish reverence could not be at a loss to find those who, without any great solicitude either for education or religion, were willing to come forward at his call, and *lend their names* to a representation by which he not unreasonably calculated that his end would be answered. His memorial, accordingly, was forwarded to "The Board," accompanied by one from Mr. Saunderson, stating that the representation contained in it was unfounded, and shewing, by reference to a map of the parish, which was also sent up, that the school which was already in existence, and which, up to that moment, the Roman Catholic children freely attended, was abundantly sufficient for the moral and intellectual wants of the people. The Board replied by asking him, *whether that school was conducted according to their rules?* a school which existed before

they were a Board, and which, of course, must have been furnished with regulations before their Rules were in existence! The answer was, as must have been anticipated, in the negative; and the Board lost no time in complying with the requisition of the priest. A new school-house is now being erected; the Roman Catholic children have ceased to attend the old one. Mr. Sanderson has been denounced from the altar as an intolerant bigot. Where there was union, there is division; where there was cordiality and concord, there is heart-burning and strife. And this blessed education project, which has upon its surface the plausible appearance of being calculated to soften religious animosities, has only had, in this as well as in other cases, the effect of creating them where they did not exist, and confirming them where they were rapidly expiring.

Before I conclude, I must make two or three observations which suggested themselves to me most forcibly, while exploring, with my friends, the many beauties of Farnham demesne.

The residence of our nobility and gentry, when they are really what they ought to be, is a blessing which can hardly be too highly valued in Ireland. Of this we have the most convincing proofs, both negative and positive; as well from the misery, both physical and moral, which is the consequence of their absence or their neglect, as from the effects produced by their judicious beneficence and their good example.

Of the latter, this part of the country is blessed with a remarkable instance, in the person of Lord Farnham. He literally seems to consider himself but as the steward of his great possessions, which are employed in promoting the comfort and happiness of all around him. He has built school-houses at various places upon his extensive estates, which are attended by the children of the peasantry in great numbers. The education which they receive is solid and useful, and, although the Holy Scriptures are read, the Roman Catholics attend without scruple. The truth is, in this part of the country they breathe a Protestant atmosphere, and it would be difficult for the most devoted adherent to Popery to keep them altogether benighted.

One part of the system which is here adopted pleased me greatly. It is customary at this time of the year to give the children who attend the school, a fete champetre, to which they look forward with great joy, and which I am sure must have a considerable effect in promoting the regularity of their attendance. I was fortunate enough to witness one of these exhibitions yesterday. The children belonging to the school-houses of Derrilane and Portlongfield, in number about four hundred, were assembled upon the grounds of Miss Godley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Killegar. They were preceded by a band which played some excellent music, and, as it is an object of pride with the parents that they should be well dressed, most of them were neatly attired, and the eye was not in any instance offended by the squalidness and filth which is unhappily but too often characteristic of the children of our peasantry. But what chiefly gratified me was the happiness and delight which was expressed in their little countenances. There they were, Protestants and Roman Catholics, without religious distinction, enjoying the blessings of Providence. Surely, thought I, the only system which can truly promote the glory of God, is that which thus promotes peace upon earth, and good will amongst men. There they were, the children of Irish peasants, not ground down and persecuted by ruthless and overbearing task-masters, but sunning themselves in the beneficence of kind and generous protectors. Is it possible that those who are thus considered must not grow up with a love and a reverence for their benefactors, which must not only knit the upper and the lower classes, by the reciprocal bond of kindness and gratitude, but also to a considerable extent, abate the religious and political animosities by which the people are divided? Such, at least, were the thoughts which passed through my mind, and which made me bless in my heart the generous nobleman, to whose parental care of his tenantry the present scene of rustic festivity was to be attributed; and heartily did I wish that the frequenters of Crockfords or Newmarket could witness what I beheld, if haply they might be made to feel how much more delightful, even humanly speaking, would be such an employment of their

wealth and time, that those frivolous, if not criminal pursuits, upon which the one is so often abused and the other wasted. We might then, with some prospect of success, say to them, "go, and do thou likewise." Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were present—the former, in the absence of Lord Farnham, acted as butler, and was sedulous in his attendance upon the children. The fare was excellent, bread and cold mutton in abundance, after which a good substantial pudding made its appearance, to which, you may be sure, the little ones did ample justice. They were then dismissed, the boys in one direction, the girls in another, to amuse themselves through the beautiful grounds. And when they were tired with play, tea was provided for them. It was, altogether, a scene to feast the heart of a philanthropist; nor is it possible to conceive the system general throughout the country without anticipating the happiest results.

But Lord Farnham is a Tory;—of course, an enemy to the people. Thus it is that he proves his enmity. There are other noblemen and gentlemen not very distant from him, who are Whigs, and therefore friends to the people. Glad would I be that their advocates had an opportunity of contrasting their estates, their tenantry, and their conduct with his, and thus judging of the tree by its fruits. In one case they would see profligacy, squalidness, and misery; on the other, cheerfulness, morality, and contentment.

The Church, in this part of the country, is ably supported. I do not mean politically, (although in that sense it has some strong friends,) but morally and intellectually, by the excellent and able men who have devoted themselves to its service. I recognized some individuals of ample fortune, and very considerable collegiate celebrity, who have resolutely turned from the most tempting worldly prospects, and embraced the cause of their persecuted Church, with an ardour proportioned to its wants and its danger. I believe you knew Carson;—he is a nephew of Wagget, the Recorder of Cork. He was, when in college, the most distinguished man in his class, and he is here in season and out of season, preaching the Gospel, and voluntarily relinquishing every distinction but that of a good and faithful servant of his Divine Master. "Is it possible," some one said to me, "that a church so administered should be doomed to fall?" My answer was, "When the Lord wishes to disseminate his holy religion, he does not choose damaged seed. Look across the Atlantic, and you will almost hear a voice saying, *'come and help us.'*"

But I must conclude, unless I mean, (which I do not,) to make my excursion as fatiguing to others as it was agreeable to myself. Farewell—if you are tempted by any thing that I have said, to ruralize for a few weeks in the County of Cavan, I promise you that you will not be disappointed.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo."

If the present times be chargeable with increase of crime, it will be admitted that there is a striking change in the grade and character of the criminals—a certain order of things has made state offences infrequent. Enactments against treason are now a dead letter in the statute book. The headsman's axe rusts in the armoury of the town. "Noble Lords," and "Gentlemen of ancient descent" seldom appear at the bar of justice—and rarer still, does capital punishment fall upon any, removed by birth and fortune from the lowlier classes of the community.

That this change is attributable to any reformation in the principles of the upper ranks, would be a very questionable inference. In our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honor, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals—and as the well-being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, *one* will be remembered with lively regret.—For no crime were there more apologists—for no punishment more general sympathy—and while his sentence was accordant to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished

himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusileers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st Regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted—unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the Theatre, where the officers had patronized a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that every thing was fair."

The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent, replied "Yes—it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment—and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risque a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint—he occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned through the court, was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the

contrast offered to the artist's pencil!—In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and, while on every countenance beside, a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs—but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given—and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save to him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and consequently, the Irish Government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to

allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the King.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the Queen's feet, and implore her commiseration. To cross the channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvass was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell enquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh God! he will be lost," she murmured—"Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across or perish. "It is madness," said the old man, "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen were unshaken. The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the main-sail set, and after a passage as remarkable

for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain——seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless—"Shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs.——urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip. "Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and"—The convict put his hand upon her mouth—"Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her 'good night,' he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution, the Chaplain slept in his

room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken, and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step, and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and

the same men he led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bayonet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment seat, and when the board descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "They laid him in his father's grave."

THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT IN IRELAND.

Notwithstanding the above title, we can, with sincerity, affirm, that our thoughts are more earnestly fixed upon the perils which menace the public weal, than on the prospects, or even privations of the Established Church. The case of our ecclesiastical institution we are disposed to regard, rather as it serves to indicate the unsound and disordered estate of civil affairs, than for the power which, in times of less perplexity, it would have to engage and absorb attention. We are far from denying that the Church, in its own right, may justly demand a degree of consideration such as in this age of reform no public interest is so fortunate as to obtain; but, claims which, in a season of tranquillity, would receive universal acknowledgment, are but inadequately appreciated, when apprehension of coming evil quickens the sense of personal interest, and we but consult for the mode in which many a reader will peruse the observations here submitted for his censure or approval, when we profess, that the evils by which the Church is oppressed, we regard only as symptoms of the disease by which the constitution of society is dangerously affected.

The Church of England, in Ireland, is to be viewed under two aspects, as ministering religious services, and as occupying a part of which the hierarchy and priesthood of the Church of Rome, must naturally desire possession. The reflection is sufficiently obvious, that wherever a dissenting body is numerous, the revenues of an Established Church may become an object of contention; but in Ireland the nature of the opposition to be expected by the establishment is such as imparts a peculiar character to what would otherwise be a very common-place observation. Dissenters of other descriptions would cover the Church, as an object "which doth offend their eye;" Roman Catholics would remove it, because it is an obstacle to the attainment of their wishes. We speak here not what may

be the sentiments of individuals, but what is known to be the genius of a system. Many Roman Catholics may labour to overthrow the Established Church, without the desire to set up another; but all who are acquainted with the principles of the Church of Rome, who know what are the obligations by which her priests and bishops are solemnly bound, should be aware, that the exaltation of their order *must* be the great object of their lives, and that even to gratify their malice in the persecution of Protestant ministers, must be regarded as no more than an accessory and an accident in the accomplishment of those higher purposes, to which they should esteem themselves devoted.

It is, therefore, of moment, in considering the affairs of the Church of Ireland, to distinguish between the hostility by which it has been so perseveringly assailed, and that unavowed, but yet clearly discernible purpose, to which the angry passions of the populace have been rendered instrumental. Nor let it be for a moment imagined, that this is a case in which only ecclesiastical interests are concerned. If a proposition, whether the Church of England or of Rome should be established in Ireland, were to be submitted to the deliberations of a grave assembly, in whose sentence, grounded on principles of eternal truth, a people were disposed peaceably to acquiesce, there are, unhappily, too many, who would hold themselves indifferent to the manner in which the question was decided; but, if five millions of an inflamed people break in to take a part in the consultations, to learn that their discontent is accounted a presumption that they have been wronged, and to find their atrocities admitted as an unanswerable argument in their favour, the most indifferent to what are regarded spiritual concerns, may begin to apprehend, that discontent, so favoured, may soon challenge ampler indulgence, and that arguments so ap-

proved, may be advanced in furtherance of a cause, wherein even the wise in this generation may think their interests involved. Here is matter which should cause a prudent man to become wary. It is not merely what church shall gather in the tithe of Irish produce, but whether interests of universally acknowledged importance, may not suffer from the arguments by which Rome promotes her cause; whether, in a word, the prostration of the English Church is not the preliminary to the rejection of English authority—whether, after a successful invasion of ecclesiastical property, the muniments which guard lay possessions, acquired by what must be termed recent confiscation, are likely to be respected.

There are some who imagine, that the diversity of tenure under which lay and clerical properties are held, discountenances the notion, that both are exposed to a common danger. The Church was endowed, they say, for certain purposes which it has not promoted, and even supposing that, in consequence of its failing to serve the ends for which it was designed, effectual protection were withdrawn from its possessions, such desertion ought never be dreaded, as furnishing a precedent which should be found detrimental to the security of properties acquired by individual exertion, and granted for individual advantage. It should, however, be borne in mind, that not the distinctions which interested parties imagine, but those which public acts recognize, affix upon precedent the characters which render it formidable. If the legislative assemblies of Great Britain had grounded their late proceedings on principles which affirmed, that the Church in Ireland was undeserving of protection, all who were careless of ecclesiastical interests, might comfort themselves by a persuasion that, as yet, their rights were uninvaded; but if laws were made, not because they were esteemed wise and good, but simply because popular violence demanded them, then it is not the maxims of legislation, but the clamours of a discontented people which should teach prudent men what they are to apprehend from that course of experiment, of which the Church is likely to become the first victim.

Before we advert to the menaces

and the disorders, which have of late directed the course of public affairs, it will not be without its use to institute a comparison between the spirit evinced by the legislature in former days, and that by which, in our time, it seems animated. We will not contrast Whig liberality with the severe rule of Toryism—we will compare the sentiments of one most honoured in the annals of “liberal” renown, with the conduct recently pursued towards the Church in Ireland, by that distinguished senator’s successors.

In the year 1787, the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, in the Irish House of Commons, moved a resolution to the following effect—“That, if it shall appear at the commencement of the next Session of Parliament, that public tranquillity has been restored in those parts of the kingdom that have been lately disturbed, and due obedience paid to the laws, this House will take into consideration the subject of tithes, and endeavour to form some plan for the honourable support of the clergy, and the ease of the people.” That Mr. Grattan was not likely to be influenced by love or respect for the Church Establishment of this country, will readily be admitted by all who have read the history of his times; that, in his hostility to the Church, he was frequently hurried beyond the bounds of sober and honourable discretion, is well known to those who have taken the trouble to compare the distinguished orator’s vehement invectives against clerical rapacity, with the less eloquent, but more authentic and exact statements and details, which, wherever he ventured on a direct and specific accusation put him to rebuke, if not to silence; his animosity, however, though indiscreet, was not blind, and he would not gratify it at the expense of exposing institutions, of whose value he was sensible, to increasing danger. It seems to have been regarded as a maxim by constitutional statesmen of all parties, admitted by Mr. Grattan as fully as by the Tory Lord Castlereagh, that when combinations have been formed to withstand and bear down law by open violence, concessions are full of peril, and that even “to support any political change, or countenance any redress of political grievances in such a state of things, would

be to hold out a premium at once to further insurrection.* The justice of the principle is admitted in Mr. Grattan's resolution, which demands, as a pre-requisite to any inquiry into the alleged grievances of the Irish people, that they shall have submitted themselves to the authority of the laws. This order of proceeding is now inverted. *Because* the people are disobedient, committees are appointed, not for the purpose of strengthening law, that it may put insurrection down, but to countenance a dismayed cabinet in discreditable, and therefore impolitic concessions; parliaments are solicited to give powers by which popular violence shall be controuled, and are expected to grant, only on an understanding, that violence shall be successful, and when a minister of the crown, heated, perhaps, by some recollection of his youth, hazards the expression of a resolve to uphold the majesty of law, he is soon recalled to himself, and to the knowledge that such sentiments do not suit "the age," and has the mortification to disavow "as sound and fury signifying nothing" whatever in his discourses may have savoured of that olden time, when British senators were "the nobles of the earth."

In all this, there is assuredly much to instruct and warn the proprietary, especially the landed proprietary, in Ireland. They have had experience of various insurrectionary movements, against the evil consequences of which they have been protected; they have, in the principles avowed with equal clearness by Mr. Grattan and Lord Londonderry, information as to the policy which rendered them unsuccessful; they learn that a directly opposite policy is now adopted, and prudence would warn them to enquire sometimes whether *they* may not, as well as the persecuted clergy, become obnoxious to popular discontent; and to determine beforehand what they ought to do, should they, in accordance with modern maxims, be put out of the protection of the laws.

Possessions, lay and clerical, are not in Ireland, held by tenures so broadly discriminated as the superficial are forward to describe them. The whole territory of Ireland may be con-

sidered of recent confiscation; the whole was bestowed not capriciously, nor even from considerations solely retrospective, but with a view to advantages which were expected from the exertions of the new proprietary. Upon the lay possessors was bestowed dominion over the soil; on the clerical, certain portions of land, and a tithe of the produce. The sovereign was not without expectation of an adequate return from those who held the land, as well as from the order to which tithes were made payable. The end of the grant in each instance, so far as temporal interests were concerned, was that the blessings of order and civilization should be diffused over a country to which they had been unknown, and to convert into love the enmity by which Ireland was long influenced in her conduct towards the nation, which had conquered but not subdued her. The blessings of civilization have not been widely distributed—enmity towards England has not been converted into love—so much is certain; but whether the failure has been owing to lay or clerical incapacity or misconduct, cannot be known until both have been made the subject of careful and impartial enquiry. In the absence of such inquisition, and during the usurpation of a maxim by which the great principle of British justice has been dethroned, and which visits upon the objects of uncorroborated accusation the consequences of convicted guilt, the landed interest, as it is called in Ireland, should be vigilant to see how far it is involved in the fortunes of the Church, and how it may best prepare to meet or avert from itself the calamity with which the Church is threatened. There is a peculiarity in the reasoning favoured by the adversaries of the Established Church, and boldly put forth by the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, the great Coryphæus of the opposition, which ought not to pass unobserved. His accusations against the tithe system are almost exclusively launched against its injustice. Complaint of its oppressiveness has ceased. Formerly it was the approved practice to attribute the poverty of the Irish peasant to the operation of a system which, with ruthless and iniqui-

* Speech of Lord Londonderry, Session 1822.

tous oppression, ground him to the dust. The tithe-composition act and some eloquent assertors of the truth, exposed the falsehood of such imputations. Now the point of attack is altered. It is in his feelings the prelate's client is aggrieved; his sense of justice is outraged by an exaction such as tithe. Whence is this? The exaction is not new. He had received or stipulated for his land with the knowledge, that he should pay it. How comes it that he shall account it unjust to have the conditions of tenancy observed. If, in late days, it were whispered, that the teaching of his priests warped his sense of justice, the cry of bigotry would be uplifted, and ignorance or folly would be considered the best excuse that could be offered for one who dared to inculcate, in the offences of a rustic population, so pure, and loyal, and disinterested a body as the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland—a body to whose exertions we are mainly indebted for that species of Hibernian tranquillity which favours genius and enterprize more than either peace and war, partaking in the properties of Homer's Mist, which was "better for the thief than night." But now, when it is openly declared of his "subjects," by a Roman Catholic prelate, that, against tithe their will, not their poverty, rebels; when he declares that it was because the people of Ireland "understood the Gospel dispensation," because they are too rational, too acute, "that they would not submit to an unjust imposition"—when he declares that "they have always been at war with it," and expresses his "trust in God that they will never cheerfully submit"—when, although he acknowledges that his countrymen have failings, he eulogises that "gem-like virtue, justice, which no darkness can obscure," attributes "to this fine quality their hatred of tithe," prays "that it may be lasting as their love of justice," and conjures them to use every resource of their wit and ingenuity in resisting so deavouring an impost, (vid. late Pastoral,) when these are aspirations, instructions, and prayers which a Roman Catholic prelate thinks it consistent with his oath of allegiance to make public, perhaps it would not be accounted very inexcusable if we ventured to surmise, that the justice in which Canons, and Councils, and Confessionals school the

members of the Church of Rome, "gem-like" though it be, is not the same virtue, nor of its kind, which the institutions, and the understandings, and the hearts of English Protestants uphold and venerate.

And yet, the peasantry, who are declared thus hostile to tithe, have been taught from their earliest years to regard it with veneration. We could extract numerous passages from Roman Catholic books of elementary instruction, as well as from those works to which the learned refer, as possessing higher authority, tending to show how carefully reverence for the command to pay "tithes to their pastors" has been inculcated on all members of the Church of Rome. We abstain from quotation, because passages such as we could adduce, have become, of late, familiar to the public mind, and content ourselves with stating that payment of tithe, as "a commandment of the Church," obligatory, on pain of mortal sin, is ordered in books of all prices and all sizes, from the tiny tablet, which is called Dr. O'Reilly's Catechism, up to the more ambitious octavo, which bears the name of Hornihold and the imprimatur of Dr. Troy, and to the still more venerable authority of that Manual for the Roman Catholic Clergy, (as it has been styled,) the Decrees and Ordinances of the Œcumenical Council of Trent.

How is the hostility against the abstract principle of paying tithe fostered by the Roman Catholic Bishop, to be reconciled with the religion he professes? The Council of Trent has assumed *the doctrine*, that tithes are due to God, as well as enjoined the discipline that His ministers shall receive them. How can this declaration be interpreted, so as to grant an indulgence for such exhortations as have of late days issued forth in the form of pastoral advice, to the white-feet and black-feet, and those various tribes by whom illegal justice is said to be administered in Ireland. For our parts, we confess that the conduct of those who profess themselves obedient children in the Church of Rome, and who, nevertheless, condemn the principle of tithe, appears to be wholly inexplicable, except on one supposition, namely, that their public professions are the apparent parts of a system in other respects, as to its means and end, carefully con-

sealed. Are we asked, do we doubt the candour of Dr. Doyle's professions? We answer by a question, what professions are we supposed to impugn? Those tendered with an oath to the Committee of the House of Lords, or those recommended with a benediction to the piety of the black-feet. We are not ashamed to say, that we have not the gift of reconciling Dr. Doyle's testimony with his pastorals or pamphlets, nor do we think it unwise to reject altogether the authority of statements, marked and invalidated by contradictions and caprice; and to interpret what is ambiguous in the conduct of the enterprising divine, by the principles of a church which he, as well as her other ministers, boasts to be unchangeable. When we have adopted this rule of explanation, our difficulty is at an end. There are two purposes to be effected—property is to be wrested from the Church of England, it is to be transferred to the Church of Rome. The operations for effecting these purposes are, of course, various, and there may be harmony, although not unison, between the high invectives of Dr. Doyle against the system of tithe, and the running bass accompaniment of councils and catechisms, to “pay tithes to your pastors.” It certainly might be said, that, after his frequent renunciations of all claim to this property, it would be unbecoming in him hereafter to enforce it. We would ask, what is unbecoming in an agitator? Is he not an individual who imagines the use of language to be, not that it shall bring conviction, but that it shall awaken discontent? In such a cause, no imputation of falsehood sticks. Even if it did, why should not Rome avail herself of services which may seem discreditable to him by whom they are rendered? Why should she not benefit by Dr. Doyle, as Luther said, a better system did by Henry, whom he describes as the postillion of the Reformation, hurrying along in the dirtiest ways, and covered all over with the mire through which he was splashing? But let no friend of episcopacy be alarmed. The “*Titular*” of Kildare has made provisions for his defence. He has adopted, it is said, in his schools, a catechism from which the

suspicious term has been discharged. He teaches, “to pay pastors their *dues*.” This neutral phrase is equally well adapted to the present day and to the times which are coming. It does not now justify, it will hereafter prevent all unkindly cavil. He has not taught us to know exactly what these dues are now, but he has taught us to anticipate what they may be. *The pastors dues are what diocesan synods shall pronounce them.* If circumstances warrant them in decreeing a tithe, is not Dr. Doyle at liberty to assent to the regulation. “From what sources,” he was asked,* “do the parochial clergy derive their income?” He answered, “From contributions by their flocks, which are called voluntary, but which are settled by statute or usage; bishops can hold diocesan synods, and make rules which, in the practice of the church are called statutes.” Again, it was inquired, “Is the amount of these offerings settled by statute? The answer is. “It is not uniform at all; it cannot be, because there must be a proportion between what is received and the ability of the person who gives it—but the usage is different. I believe in every diocese in Ireland there is a maximum of such contribution.” It is not unreasonable to anticipate, that if these diocesan synods shall sit when tithe has been disengaged from its present sacrilegious misappropriation, they will find many a cogent reason for substituting the uniform and accommodating principle, that every member of the church shall pay a tenth of his income or his gains, for the complex and often irritating “statutes” under which the revenues of the Church of Rome in Ireland are now collected.† The principle of tithe, it may be said, by its own merit worked its way through many obstacles, through much odium, the private interests of men opposing it, and no valid ecclesiastical sanction in its favour, by which gain-sayers might be convinced. Now that it has been recognized as a law of the church, guarded by an anathema, proclaimed in a council which,‡ “in respect of doctrines,” as the Maynooth class-book testifies, “is, as it were, the compendium of all former synods, and in respect of discipline may justly be

* Lords Com. March 21, 1825.

† Ibid.

‡ Tractatus de Ecclesia, &c.

termed *the Manual of the Priesthood*—it will have many advantages when it is recommended to a docile people. If adopted, it will relieve them from unequal and vexatious impositions—it will gratify their pride—it will be, as the payers will soon understand, a deduction from the landlords' rent—it will afford perhaps means to enlarge the number of ecclesiastics, and so may be returned in the form of a provision for the son or brother of him who pays ; it will thus find auxiliaries where in old time it had perhaps opposition to expect, and may, without any extraordinary exertion or success, be recognized as the law of revenue for the Church of Rome in Ireland.

Would an arrangement of this kind be impolitic? Would it be unwise to give the Roman Catholic people an endowment, inasmuch as the Church of England has not succeeded in adding numerous proselytes to her congregation? We do not abandon our assurance that soon this reproach will be taken away. We believe that, besides the number who profess themselves of the Church of England, there are multitudes of similar belief, who as yet have not cast off the livery of the Church of Rome. But admitting that a change was more distant than we believe it to be, would it be wise to endow the Church of Rome with the possessions rent from a Scriptural establishment. We know that there are many who promise that by such a compromise we could purchase tranquillity ; but, we remember too well, we have already yielded to such delusions, and are now reaping the storm. This is because you did not pay the full price, and you therefore rather excited than appeased. But what is the full price? Almost every acre in Ireland is property of late confiscation—how shall we be assured that there be not in this, matter of further and more extravagant demand—how shall we sound the depths or measure the extent of that passion for independence, of which the manifestations have become unambiguous and so very alarming? If the discontent of the Irish people and the declamations of their priests have no more important object than that which is presented in the exaction of tithe, there are many, we have no doubt, who would recommend compliance.

with their wishes ; but, if the tithe system be only one point of attack, and if there are desires yet latent, and waiting for their turn to appear, the most indifferent to the interests of the protestant Church, who feels anxious for the public good, may hesitate how far it would be prudent to dishearten the friends of England, encourage those who hate her name, by unnecessary, and therefore criminal concession. "Think you," said the Rev. Mr. M'Lowrey, at the Carlow Bible discussion, in the year 1824, "Think you the history of that oppression which the poor Irish suffered from your ancestors, is forgotten by her children? Think you that the descendants of those who deprived them of their literature, are those qualified to recommend themselves to them as teachers—those who hunted their priests, and burned their books, from whom they will consent to receive religion or education? Think you these circumstances are forgotten by the people? Oh no! no!—Well, well do they recollect them. Their fathers took care to hand down the bloody memorandum to their children ; and you—you are the people who seek to become their teachers. Those very children—the children of those men whom your ancestors robbed and butchered, were taught from their infancy to lip the name of Sassenach, and with that name was combined, in their youthful imaginations, every thing that was cruel, bloody, and oppressive ; every thing wicked in intention and bad in execution. The times are altered under our present government, and the portion of freedom we enjoy, gives token of the dawn of approaching liberty. The late change in the management of affairs, would induce us, poor Catholics, to forgive much of our former persecutions—to draw a veil over centuries of persecution, oppression, and misrule, and to cast our bitter reminiscences into the current of oblivion. However near Catholics and Protestants may seem to be drawn, however closely they may appear to be united, the bond of amity does not exist, nor can there ever be perfect confidence between them. The embers of the old grudge still exist, and the Bible has been brought forward as the most effective instrument for fanning them into a flame. Why do

those people interfere with the poor Catholics? Think ye not they recognise in the Protestant Clergymen the representatives of those men who killed or robbed their ancestors? They do—they do. **A WORD TO THE WISE WILL BE ENOUGH.** Leave the people to select their own religion. Sir, I conclude. I have discharged my duty to my religion as a minister, and to my country as a man."

But, these words of passion were spoken before the great Act of Conciliation had been enrolled among our Statutes. The feeling which now disturbs the people of Ireland is no more than the sectarian rivalry which should naturally have been anticipated. Let this feeling be soothed and all will yet be well. This, we believe some have thought, and with such professions we fear some have disguised their real sentiments. We strongly apprehend that the indifference (or worse) of the lay gentry, in many instances, explains the rapidity of the organization by which the demand for tithe was defeated. The landlords did not make known the principle of that impost, show that it was in reality from their rents it was deducted, and cause the tenant to understand, that, if he expected favour and protection, he must fulfil the conditions of his contract. We by no means design to pass a sweeping censure on the landed aristocracy of Ireland, but we are too thoroughly convinced that some among them rather fomented the discontent which they should have endeavoured to remove, some, who magnified the distinction between property lay and ecclesiastic, and vainly imagined that they could, by this unhappy policy, divert from their own possessions the passions which they let loose upon their spiritual instructors. The policy is not more unworthy than unlikely to prove successful. The disturbers, who have had assistance from the gentry in their struggle against parsons, will soon show, that the grievances they endure from the gentry themselves are not unregarded. We have quoted from the speech of a Rev. Gentleman who shared in a bible discussion at Carlow in 1824. We shall now quote from an equally impassioned divine who professed sentiments of a no less instructive character in September 1831, at what is termed

"A Meeting of the Landholders of the county Carlow." Thus discourses the Rev. James Maher—"Oh! Mr. Chairman, these subletting hard-hearted lords of the soil, have done more in the unholy cause of exciting discontent, and producing miseries than all the Captain Rocks that ever visited unfortunate Ireland. (Loud cheers.) Let me tell the oligarchy, the oppressors of the poor, the unjust magistrate or juror, who screens the murderer, that he shall himself stand convicted of that crime, not indeed before an earthly tribunal, but in the presence of the Almighty and everlasting God. As to the oppressors of the poor—the mighty ones who take from the weak and defenceless the means of subsistence, they are murderers in the strictest sense of the word. For, shall he be called a murderer who causes a single death, and he not a murderer who causes thousands to suffer and die? and that too to gratify his ambition, his avarice, or revenge. Speaking of them, the Psalmist says, 'they have slain the widow and the orphan, and murdered the fatherless.' To incur the guilt of murder, it is not necessary that we kill with our own hands. To connive at unjust killing, not to punish the deed if we have the power; to screen the murderer, makes us participators in his crime. The punishment due to the murderer was pronounced upon Ahab (3d book of Kings) by the lips of the Prophet. Although he did not kill Naboth, nor did he instigate directly any body to kill him; he merely, when Naboth was dead, suffered the deed to remain unpunished and took possession of his vineyard. 'Hast thou slain,' says the Prophet, 'and also taken possession?' Thus saith the Lord, in the place wherein the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth, they shall lick thy blood also." Here is fair warning to any landlord who will dare to expel a refractory tenant from his estate. He becomes a murderer "in the strictest sense of the word," and is given to understand that ten thousand men are instructed by their priest in what, by divine appointment, is the murderer's portion. Doctor Doyle put a bridle on his lips for ten years rather than teach his people to separate their moral from their legal duties. Does he appear to have visited censure upon the

Rev. James Maher? We know not.* But it is not necessary to multiply extracts of this character. Ere now it has been made evident, that in the warfare waged against Irish property the landlord as well as the tithe receiver must look for opposition. For a time he was caressed, because his assistance was wanted. Without him the designs against the church establishment could not succeed, and therefore he was flattered, and where his integrity was not proof, stimulated by hopes that he should participate in the spoil which was expected. This was surely not in love to the Sassenach usurper. It is not from hearts infested by such remembrances as Mr. M'Swiney has described, he could rationally hope respect or affection. "If he has not,"† said Doctor Doyle, speaking of himself, "inherited from his ancestors more property than most of the clergy of the establishment, it was owing to the operation of the penal laws, *so late as in the life-time* of his father, for even then these laws were sending some of

the best blood of Ireland to join, as Swift well expressed it, the ranks of coal-porters." Should the English landlord think that, by lending himself to the factious excesses of those, it may be, from whom he withholds the real object of their agitation, he shall be secure against aggression? No! If they caress him it is because as yet they want his services. "For, being cannibals," says the Eastern Story, "they fattened them that they might eat them." It was truly mournful, at no distant period, to witness the degree to which the incendiaries of Ireland had been successful; to see the Protestants there, reduced to that last extremity, when discord separates those who could be formidable only when united, to see the Protestant Clergy and the gentry of their creed exchanging jealous and angry recognitions, hemmed in by enemies on every side, and like the captives of the barbarian conqueror, gratifying the ferocious hordes which encompassed them, with mutual assaults and recriminations. What an assembly

* At this Carlow meeting another Rev. Gentleman delivered an oration well worthy of being noticed. We extract a passage, in which he indulges in a strain of ridicule which appears to have been well understood and highly relished by his audience, although to us it may seem to require some note of explanation:—

"But, Mr. Chairman, mark the insultingly magisterial vigilance of a certain Grand Jury. (Ha, ha, ha!) On pretence of dreading the manufacture of pikes, they summon all the blacksmiths of the country to appear in the court-house; they institute a public investigation into their characters; they make all the above-said blacksmith gentry take the oath of allegiance (as the blacksmiths expressed it) down on the *nail*, and then, forsooth, they grant licences to these unoffending poor tradesmen to pursue their avocations. This farce was got up and performed, as you are all aware, amid the scorn, the derision, and the contemptuous railing of every man, woman, and child in the country. It was said that every licensed blacksmith (ha, ha, ha,) should have a log about his neck, by way of rendering him harmless. (Ha, ha, ha!) Come, let us give one universal laugh at the comical act of logging blacksmiths. (Here the whole assembly burst out into a tremendous fit of laughter.) Let us give another louder laugh. (Here the laugh of the multitude became terrific.) Let us give a third laugh ten times louder still. (A third time the ten thousand vociferated one stupendous laugh, which actually shook the ground on which they stood.) I am glad you have given these mighty laughs. They are the exact suitable expressions to point out your contempt of the blacksmith humbug. As well might they summon at this moment all the pump-sinkers, and all the quarry-blasters, and make them take the oath of allegiance (ha, ha, ha!) for fear they might conspire to blow up the earth. (Ha, ha, ha!) Oh! the blacksmith investigation is really comical, and rather a good thing in its way, inasmuch as it gives a fine illustration of the hyper-sapient wisdom of our rulers—in fact, the country should be delighted, inasmuch as this proceeding has caused more merriment among the lower and higher classes than any judicial act hitherto published in Ireland. (Ha, ha, ha!)"

Was this laughter occasioned by the thought that the blacksmiths of Carlow or Kildare could be suspected of forging pikes, or at the simplicity of the Magistrates who imagined that oaths could bind them?

† Defence by J. K. L. p. 64.

was that wherein they exhibited! What a band encircled that disgusting gladiatorship, where a terrified gentry dared only to strike against their church, and a dispirited and forsaken clergy looked round for aid which man dared not offer, and met not even the encouragement of a sympathising countenance! and what a crowd of gazers—what gratified malice—when England thus drew the sword upon herself, and feasted a brutal adversary with the spectacle of that last degradation!

A better prospect seemed for a time to open upon us. The Protestants of Ireland had been aroused—they became to a considerable extent united, and if we do not grossly miscalculate the moment of that moral courage which has ever characterised them in peril, they would not have fallen an easy prey to their enemies. There was however, and there still is much neutral Protestantism which would no more unite with the principles which are called "loyalty" than it would enrol itself in the ranks of agitation. To this body we would respectfully but—had we the power, forcibly recommend, that they seriously bethink them of the danger, surely, and it may be, rapidly approaching, and determine how they will meet it. If their bias be to the Protestant side let them take care that, hereafter they bear not a reproach from having weakened it. Let them see that they be not confounded with the promoters of plans which they disapprove, and, however

they may hesitate as to the assuming Orange ensigns, let them make a stand for Protestantism. If their inclinations be different, they should count the cost at which they would indulge them. The Sassenach may propitiate his national enemy, but not, surely, while retaining possessions which keep animosity alive. If he would win his cordial regard he must become divested of the broad lands (if he have them) which he holds by no title of modern justice, least spoils of slaughtered kindred—some "*cingula Pallantis pueri*" enflame a relenting enemy into ungovernable wrath, and warn him against the guilt of mercy.

Our warning is spoken—and, altho' our argument has been rather suggested than fully developed, it is sufficiently plain for all to whom we could hope to bring conviction. In the story of the Church the landed aristocracy, may see their own perils predicted. Because the clergy of Ireland had not opportunity or power to defend themselves, their rights have been violated and their injuries are unredressed. By *their* sufferings the protestant gentry should be taught, that modern justice "disdains the lowly, combats for the strong," and that, if they would secure its alliance, they should not lose a moment in taking counsel with each other, and revolving how best to meet **THE COMING CRISIS.** *They are a colony in a hostile country, and if not closely and effectually united—THEY ARE LOST.*

TO HERO'S TORCH.

Love's bright interpreter, Love's signal brand,
Wav'd nightly by a fair and trembling hand,
Jove should have rais'd thee where the glittering stars
Spangle Olympus with their diamond spars,
And, gem-like as thy radiance wandered wide,
Named thee "the Star of fond Leander's bride,"
Thus o'er the gloom that grief too often spreads
Round passion's votary, Hope frequent sheds
Her bland and brilliant beams, and oft beguiles
Pain of its stings, exchanging tears for smiles.
Rock'd on the billows of a stormy world,
Bless we the beacon-light by love unfur'd,
And like Leander skim the swelling wave,
When beauty beckons, and love burns to save.

CRISIS OF WATERLOO.

MAJOR GAWLER'S REPLY TO SIR HUSSEY VIVIAN.

"Ecce iterum Crispinus!" Major Gawler is in the field again! Whether in "these piping times of peace" he is likely to come off with the same flying colours, with which the distinguished regiment to which he belongs has so often come off on other occasions, the reader will be better enabled to decide, after he has concluded the perusal of the present paper. But, that he is an adventurous man, and that any failure he may experience is not to be attributed to a lack of that daring courage, which has so often led our gallant soldiery to attempt, and even to accomplish what appeared to be impossibilities, will not, we think, be denied by any one who has read the plain and unvarnished statement of Sir Hussey Vivian, to which the Major's letter professes to be an answer.

The matter in debate possesses not a little of historical interest; and, as it regards the reputation of the two brigades, one of which Sir Hussey commanded, and to the other, of which Major Gawler belonged, a correct decision respecting it is highly important. Our readers will bear in mind, that we assumed no other character than that of unbiassed arbitrators between these gallant officers, and that we suffered each of them to tell his own story in the fullest manner in his own words. That our opinion was not equivocal as to the side upon which the truth lay, very clearly appeared, while we are utterly unconscious of having offered a single observation which might not have been anticipated by the reader. Indeed, in our anxiety to do perfect justice, we were not without a feeling of respect and regard for one who bears a commission in a regiment, the services of which may well be a source of national pride; and decisive as was the overthrow which the Major experienced, we were desirous that his fall should be as easy as possible, that the reputation of the corps should

cover the indiscretion of the man, and that, if he did not reap any new harvest of glory from the novel species of warfare in which he so rashly volunteered to engage, his discomfiture should not be attended by any painful humiliation.

But the Major disdains our protection. He will not permit us to save him from himself. He has published a reply to Sir Hussey Vivian, in which the reiteration of the claims of his gallant regiment is strangely contrasted with admissions of the utter incorrectness of his first statement. As no indiscretion, or even discourtesy, on his part shall disturb us from our propriety, or induce us to assume any other character than that of impartial observers, we deem it right to put our readers distinctly in possession of those points, upon which Major Gawler is at variance with himself, as such variance, may and must form an important element in estimating the value of his opinion, upon those points where he still continues at variance with his distinguished correspondent.

He has, in his present letter, given an entirely different account of the part of the battle to which his narrative is confined, from that which appeared in his first publication. He represents the sixth brigade as charging both *from* a position *different* from that which he had assigned to them before, and *upon* a portion of the enemy *different* from that against whom he had imagined their force was directed. He acknowledges also, that in the position given in his map to Grant's and Vandeleur's brigade, he was wrong. "In the description," he says, "of the period considered by me as the *close* of the action, you have proved incorrectness with regard to the precise character of the charges of your brigade, and the precise line of its advance, including the, to a small extent, erroneous statement of its "just appearing upon the summit."

We quote this passage merely for the purpose of showing, how far the

Major is discredited by himself, as we are not disposed to place a great deal more confidence in his present, than in his former version of the engagement. We now proceed to adduce an instance in which he is discredited, as to a most material fact, by an eyewitness, whose authority will scarcely be disputed.

Major Gawler states, that the charge, in which such marvels were accomplished by the 52nd, was supported by the 71st, and that the latter was the red regiment, the approach of which towards a French square encouraged Sir Hussey to make his third charge, in which the gallant Major Howard fell. This is a most important point, and its correctness or incorrectness must go far, indeed, towards confirming or discrediting Major Gawler's statement. Sir Thomas Reynell on that day commanded the 71st, and the correspondence which has taken place between Major Gawler and Sir Hussey Vivian has drawn from him a letter, in which the movement of the 71st is described with a soldier-like and circumstantial accuracy which leaves nothing to be desired. The reader shall judge for himself.

"From having commanded the 71st," observes Sir Thomas, "from the commencement to the close of the eventful day of Waterloo, and not having for a moment quitted its ranks, it may be presumed that no other person can speak with so much correctness as I can, as to the part it performed during the battle.

"After the deployment from square, the 71st moved in line, the right wing to the front, the left wing to the rear, forming a third and fourth rank. We passed Hougomont obliquely, throwing the right shoulders a little forward, as stated by the author of 'The Crisis,' and experienced some loss in the companies nearest to the orchard-hedge, from the fire of the tirailleurs posted there. We had in view, at the bottom of the declivity, two columns of the enemy's infantry; and my object, and I believe the object of every officer and soldier in the corps, was to come in contact with those columns, but they

did not wait our approach, or afford us an opportunity of attacking them.

"I can positively assert, that from the time the 71st commenced this forward movement, it never halted, but maintained a steady advance upon the only enemy in front, until it reached the village of Caillon, against the walls of which were deposited a considerable quantity of arms, as if abandoned by the enemy's two columns. It was becoming dark at this period; and after securing the village of Caillon, we retired to a field to the right of it, where we bivouacked for the night, near to our friends the 52nd.

"I do not recollect to have seen in our advance any body of men, cavalry or infantry, to our front, but the two columns of the enemy; nor do I know that there was any on our flank more advanced than we were. I can well imagine, that the movement of the 71st, conducted, as I trust it was, in a steady soldier-like manner, must have afforded a very decided and important support to the troops acting on our left, who approximated closer to the point of the enemy's final attack.

"I have no desire whatever to attract notice to the services of the 71st regiment in the battle of Waterloo, firmly believing, that every battalion and corps of the British army engaged did the duty assigned to it fully as well; but I confess I have every wish to remove the possibility of its being supposed, that at any moment the regiment could have hesitated to attack an enemy opposed to it; and I only hope that this plain statement of facts, will convince the readers of your valuable journal, that 'the regiment in red,' alluded to in Sir Hussey Vivian's reply, was not the 71st light infantry."*

All this is so decidedly opposed to Major Gawler's view of the matter—indeed it so completely overthrows his statement, that while he cannot deny, he is yet most loath to admit it to be correct. He says, that if any regiment in red was seen, as was described, in pursuit of a square of the old guard, near the road which falls into the Chausee to Genappe on its right side,

* Letter of Sir Thomas Reynell to the Editor of the United Service Journal, No. 57, page 542.

"it could have been no other than the 71st." Now, that "a regiment in red" was so seen is admitted, and, indeed, asserted on all sides. Major Gawler has stated it in "The Crisis;" Sir Hussey Vivian has stated it in his reply; so that, with respect to that point, there can be no manner of doubt. What then would the Major infer? That *that* regiment was the 71st? But that is positively denied by Sir Thomas Reynell, who commanded the 71st on that day, and who was never, for a moment, separated from them, from the commencement to the close of the engagement. That Sir Thomas Reynell is no authority upon the subject? If the Colonel of a regiment is not to be deemed authority for what takes place in his presence, and in consequence of his orders, we do not know who is; *certainly not a subaltern in another regiment*. What then is to be inferred? That Sir Thomas Reynell has stated a deliberate falsehood? Major Gawler does not go quite so far as that; for he says, in a note, "I need scarcely observe, that I am sure Sir Thomas Reynell would not, knowingly, make an incorrect statement; that, however, which he has given, appears so much at variance with my account of the achievements of the 71st in the close, that I have been compelled to meet it fully, in order, if possible, to elicit information which may enable me to see through the difficulty. While differing as to the achievements, however, it must be remembered, that Sir Thomas corroborates to the full my account of the movements of the 71st." To elicit information to enable him to see through the difficulty? The difficulty of what? Of believing Sir Thomas Reynell? The Major does not expressly say that, but he almost says it; for, as to the only other difficulty which could be contemplated, namely, that of reconciling the substantial truth of Sir Thomas's statement with his own, the variance is too decided and essential not to set at defiance all the plausibilities of explanation. No: if the Major be right, Sir Thomas must be decidedly wrong; and if Sir Thomas be right, the Major must be decidedly wrong. And allowing them both to be equally men of honour and veracity, when the one speaks of facts, of which he had personal knowledge, and the other of what he only knew by report, it is not

difficult to determine to whom we should give the preference; nor do we believe that any such difficulty as that by which the worthy Major seems to be so much embarrassed, could have for one moment presented itself to the mind of any other man of honour or probity in the British army.

That a square of the old guard occupied a position such as has been described, and that they were charged by Sir Hussey Vivian and a portion of the 10th, and assailed at the same time by the musketry of "a regiment in red," whose fire was somewhat injurious to friends as well as foes, may be considered as absolutely certain;—the only question is as to *the time when*. It was *not* when Sir Thomas Reynell was passing by that way, in pursuit of the routed columns which he mentions. So far Major Gawler's account is completely discredited; and as he himself avers that no regiment, unless by accident, "would have left an enemy's square behind it," it remains that the charge of Sir Hussey must have taken place *before* Sir Thomas Reynell arrived at the ground occupied by the old guard, and *that it must, in consequence, have preceded the advance of the 52d, whose movement up to that point was protected by the 71st*. Viewed in this light, every thing is plain. The charges of the sixth brigade preceded the advance of the infantry, and, in fact, cleared the way before them; and our gallant cavalry remain in full possession of the laurels which they won upon that glorious day, and their right to which was never before disputed. It will be recollected that this was the *third* of Sir Hussey's charges; so that if *that* was made *before* Adam's brigade came up, the others must have been made *considerably before* their arrival upon that part of the theatre of combat.

Major Gawler very properly observes, that there is no difference between him and Sir Thomas Reynell as to the *movements* of the 71st, however they may appear to differ as to the *achievements* of that corps; and if Sir Thomas did not meet the French square in the position which the Major describes, it could only be because that formidable body had been previously dislodged by the charge of cavalry.

"You have yourself declared," observes Major Gawler, "that the charges

of your brigade were *subsequent* to the events which I have marked as the crisis." Where has Sir Hussey made such a declaration? Certainly not in his letter to Major Gawler, to which alone that officer could refer. Sir Hussey there very properly confines himself to such facts as passed under his own eye; and not having seen any thing of the 52d during the period to which Major Gawler refers, he merely observes, that with the account of its achievements he has nothing to do, except to correct what appeared to him to be an error in distance. Does that afford the Major any ground for stating that Sir Hussey *admits* that the imperial guard were routed by Adam's brigade alone, and without the co-operation of any other troops, *before* he came on with his cavalry? In truth, had Sir Hussey implicitly assented to such a statement, he would, we think, be chargeable with conspiring to deprive THE GUARDS of much of the credit to which they are entitled. *They* were most directly opposed to the attacking columns; and, unless fame be a liar, *they repulsed them five several times*. The lateral movement of the 52d must have taken place *after the last repulse*, when the enemy were not only checked in their advance, but shaken, and either in a state or upon the point of dispersion. Whether it took place or not before the first of Sir Hussey's charges, we have as yet no accurate means of judging. It was, we believe, both judicious and effective; but we do not believe it to have been quite decisive of the fortune of the day. The infantry, (including, of course, the guards,) no doubt nobly repelled the attacks of the enemy upon our position; but as little can it be doubted that our cavalry led the advance against theirs, and that the sixth brigade were *the foremost* in that advance, is, we think, equally evident, any thing contained in the Major's pamphlet "to the contrary notwithstanding."

The Major calls the last repulse, before the advance took place, "the crisis." Why it should be so called, rather than any former repulse, we cannot very plainly see. The battle consisted in a series of attacks, which were successively repelled; and one of the circumstances which gave peculiar importance to the last repulse was, that

it was almost coincident with the arrival of the Prussians, whose coming up, at that critical moment, determined the Duke to order the advance, when we, in our turn, became the assailants. Had our attack upon their position been as unsuccessful as theirs upon our position, might they not still have been the victors? They had, indeed, been severely checked. Their repulse by the Guards and the 52d, even supposing the cavalry to have had no concern in it, was, no doubt, a heavy blow. But it was not a *finishing stroke*. The French might still have "come to time," and the issue of the contest must still be uncertain. But, when Vivian's brigade advanced, and carried consternation into their ranks—when their cuirassiers were beaten back, and their artillery taken; when even their solid squares could not withstand the impetuous onset of the British troops, then it was that hope forsook the French, that a panic seized their ranks, and that they recognised in the prowess of their conquerors the prostration of their glory.

But all this the Major puts aside, and continues to extract from Sir Hussey's words a kind of admission of the substantial correctness of his own statement; a statement which would, as the reader sees, completely obliterate every trace of the brilliant services of the Guards. But nothing, manifestly, can be more unfair. The Major makes certain allegations respecting the achievements of his own regiment. To this, Sir Hussey, in substance, says, "I know nothing *personally* of those achievements, and, as my present narrative shall be confined to such facts as fell under my own eye, I leave your statement as I find it, to stand or fall upon its own merits." We appeal to our readers whether such is not the obvious meaning of Sir Hussey's language? And if it be, by what strange infatuation was the Major led to believe that his gallant correspondent was to be considered as assenting to and confirming a statement to which, as far as *the exclusive* merit of the 52nd is concerned, he only did not give a positive contradiction? But thus it is the Major reasons;—thus it is that he misapprehends the meaning of a passage, the real import of which was so obvious that the man might run who read it. And if he can be thus mistaken respect-

ing what is so very plain, especially when he had such ample time for consideration, there is no great stretch of presumption in assuming that he *may* have been mistaken respecting what occurred in the hurry and tumult of battle;* and we may, therefore, set aside his statement without impugning his veracity. The Major did not intend deliberately to misrepresent Sir Hussey Vivian; he has, nevertheless, most unfortunately misconceived him. Neither did he intend to misrepresent what had occurred on the memorable day of Waterloo; but, his proved inaccuracy respecting a matter that was far less liable to misconception, furnishes anything rather than a ground of confidence for the absolute correctness of his representations. So that, in laying claim to Sir Hussey as an evidence in his favour, he goes farther than even Sir Hussey went to discredit himself.

There is another statement in the Major's letter respecting which he seems to have laboured under a similar misconception. He is naturally desirous to establish that the advance of the 52d and 71st preceded that of the sixth brigade. "My conclusion," he says, "proceeds from a principle which in itself you will not dispute:—that when two bodies, moving at different rates on direct lines from the same point, arrive at the same moment at a distant point, two things are inevitable, that the quickest was the last to commence its movement, and that it never passed the slowest on the way. The 10th and the 71st started from the same point, the summit of the British position. Their lines of advance were nearly direct. The 10th moving either at the walk or trot until it formed to charge, and at the gallop when it charged, must have averaged on the whole a much more rapid rate of progress than the 71st; and yet, *by your own evidence*, at the same distant point, half a mile from that from which they started, *the 10th and 71st arrived together.*" Now would not the reader suppose, from this

statement, that Sir Hussey Vivian *had asserted* the fact which is the foundation of the Major's argument? Assuredly he would. Major Gawler puts it forward *upon his evidence*; and those who only know the Major's side of the story must be under the impression that Sir Hussey is a voucher for the correctness of this representation. How will they be surprised when they learn that such is not the case; that Sir Hussey *does not state* that the 10th and 71st met at the point alluded to in front of the French square, *but, on the contrary, that he found the 10th under the fire of that square, and was undecided whether he would order it to retreat, or lead it to the charge, when he was induced to adopt the latter alternative by the appearance of "a regiment in red," which he heard and believed was not the 71st, and which we have now absolute certainty could not have been that gallant corps?* What will the reader think when he learns this? Sir Hussey is represented as stating the very direct contrary of that which he maintains, and this most extraordinary misrepresentation of his meaning is made the basis of an argument which is intended to militate against his fair pretensions! This is so very startling that we do not think it fair to tax the credulity of our readers by requiring them to believe that the fact is so merely upon our own averment. We will therefore give the passage which has been so much mistaken, in Sir Hussey's own words. He had before described the charge of the 10th, and also that of the 18th, both of which were completely successful. On returning from the latter, "I ordered," he observes, "the regiment to form, and went myself for the purpose of bringing on the 1st German Hussars, which corps I had left in reserve. I had with me only an orderly dragoon, and two other men of the 18th. My Brigade Major had been severely wounded in the last attack, and my aides-de-camp had been despatched

* "It is more difficult," the Major justly observes, "to determine, with accuracy, the events of the crisis and close of an action, than those of any other portion. In the early stages, corps and formations are distinct and regular, and the minds and bodies of those present fresh and acute for observation; but towards the close of a protracted contest, divisions, brigades, and regiments become frequently inverted and intermingled, their motions are often irregular, and individuals, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, are each intent only on his own small surrounding circle."

with orders. I found Major Howard, with a small body of the 10th, which he had collected, formed within a short distance of a French square, from the fire of which he had been losing men fast: almost at the moment of my arrival, a very fine and gallant young soldier, Lieutenant Gunning, was killed. I observed to Major Howard, that we had one of two things to do, either to retire a little out of fire, or to attack; and, at that moment, seeing a regiment in red advancing on my left, and calculating on its immediately charging the face and angle of the square next to it, I ordered the 10th to advance and charge on the angle and face to which we were opposed. This was instantly executed with the greatest determination. The men of the 10th charged home to the bayonets of the enemy, and a fierce conflict ensued, which continued for some minutes. The regiment of infantry, instead, however, of charging as I had expected, halted, and as you have stated, opened a heavy fire, which occasioned some loss to the 10th, and to stop which I sent an officer to them, who returned informing me that it was a regiment of the Hanoverian legion." Such is Sir Hussey's statement; a statement from which it clearly appears that both the 10th and 18th had made two charges, *and that the tenth were for some time collected in front of that French square, from the fire of which they were suffering considerable loss, when a regiment came up which was ascertained not to be the 71st; and yet, Major Gawler represents him as saying that the 10th and the 71st met at that point in pursuit of a retreating square, and thus puts such a construction upon his words as makes him appear to bear false witness against himself!* This is very strange. We do not attempt to account for it. The Major would not knowingly make an incorrect representation of the opinions of a brother officer; and yet, such, in effect, has been the consequence of his inaccurate conception of the meaning of Sir Hussey Vivian, whose authority he adduces in corroboration of a position which that authority overthrows, and whose evidence he cites in favour of a statement which that evidence proves to be unfounded! We shall only say, Major Gawler's mind must be strangely constituted, and that in no case where

the matter is important, and where he himself is the only witness, could we place implicit confidence in his asseverations.

It is generally understood that, as soon as Sir Hussey Vivian prepared his reply to the statement contained in "The Crisis," he submitted it in manuscript to Major Gawler, who might, if he pleased, have published it in connection with that statement; and that it was only in consequence of his having declined so to do, it was sent for insertion to the United Service Journal. This was candid and honourable on Sir Hussey's part, and savoured of the frankness and courtesy which is the best preservative against the bad spirit, which is sometimes unconsciously engendered in the course of a controversial correspondence. It has not, we are sorry to say, been met upon Major Gawler's part by any similar return. *He did not communicate to Sir Hussey the manuscript of his reply, nor was the latter distinguished individual made aware of that reply, until the United Service Journal made it known to the whole world!* What may have been his motive for such a proceeding, it concerns not us to inquire. We do not wish to call it by any hard name; but, undoubtedly, it is not what we should have expected from a gentleman bearing his Majesty's commission, and wearing the cloth of a British soldier. Be this as it may, however, we should not have alluded to it if it had not occurred to us that he is himself the sufferer in this instance by his departure from the usages of literary warfare, and that, had he done by Sir Hussey as Sir Hussey did by him, an opportunity would have been afforded him of correcting in manuscript those glaring inaccuracies with which his rejoinder is chargeable, and which, we have little doubt, will lead some, and not a few, to be as distrustful of the integrity of his heart, as we profess ourselves to be of the correctness of his views or the soundness of his understanding.

Had the Major, as he was bound to do, submitted to Sir Hussey the reply in manuscript, as soon as the latter had glanced at the passages *which represented him as admitting* what must be considered as one of the principal points respecting which they are at issue, he would have immediately informed the Major of his mistake; he would in all

probability, have told him, that, however scrupulously he forbore to offer any comment upon what the Major vouches for as an eye-witness, he must not be considered as expressing any such assent as might be construed into corroboration; and thus Major Gawler would have had an opportunity of correcting the very erroneous impression which seems to have been made upon him by Sir Hussey's words, before the appearance of his letter in print, and of directing his attention to the *real difficulties* of his case, from which, by Sir Hussey's *supposed* admissions, his mind seems to have been diverted. As the matter stands at present, his situation is very different indeed; and there are many to whom he will appear in the suspicious character of an individual who, for his own purposes, misrepresents the words of a candid and honourable adversary, (words which must seem to plain minds utterly incapable of the construction which he puts upon them,) and this in a manner so unceremonious—so little after the example of the course which had been pursued towards *him*, and in such pointed disregard of the courtesies of controversy, that Sir Hussey may feel himself fairly dispensed from any further notice of one, whose mode of proceeding in the present instance is as uncivil as his opinions are erroneous.*

We must not, however, do Major Gawler the injustice of supposing, that he entertains any doubt respecting the correctness of such statements of matters of fact, as Sir Hussey makes from his own knowledge. "The accuracy," he says, "of your account of the movements and charges of your brigade, allowing for those minor misconceptions, from which, under such circumstances, no man can be surely exempt, I will not presume to question; no one then present can have a better, and few so good a claim to correctness on those points as yourself." This is as it should be; nor can there be any objection to what he says further on, "while admitting, almost without a doubt, the correctness of facts, I must dispute, to a great extent the justice"

(*justness*) "of your inferences." If Sir Hussey has reasoned wrong, he is, undoubtedly, entitled to correct him. Now, one of the matters of fact, for which we think Sir Hussey entitled to credit, is the precise position of his brigade when the final effort was made by the French army. That position he thus describes, "Lord Uxbridge had himself led my brigade from the left, (where it had suffered but little, having been exposed only to a cannonade and a distant fire of musketry,) and posted it immediately on the crest of the position, to the right of the road to Genappe, where the 10th and 18th hussars formed into line, and the 1st German hussars in reserve, the left of the 18th touching nearly to the high road. This will give an accurate notion of the ground we occupied, and which, on the plan attached to your statement, I should consider as being on a line with, and *immediately behind* that you have assigned to the Brunswickers, and extending to the right towards Hougomont." When the orders to advance were given, Sir Hussey wheeled half squadrons to the right, and moving a short distance parallel to the position, again wheeled the leading half squadrons to the left, and moved perpendicularly to the front. From this time his movements were constantly in advance; and a small body of cavalry which passed across his front, and were fired on, through mistake, by the 52nd, strongly, to our minds, corroborates his statement, that his squadrons were at that time in a line with that regiment. But, be this *inference* as it may, Major Gawler has no right to question *the fact*, unless he either withdraws the credit which he has accorded to Sir Hussey for such statements as he made from personal knowledge, or maintains that he was himself incorrect in the position which he assigned to the 52nd. We have the statement of one officer for the position of one corps, that of the other, for the position of the other corps; and if we allow to each equal credit, we must come to the conclusion that, at the time alluded to, they must have been almost in line. But no, says Major Gawler, that cannot be, because

* It is right to state explicitly, that we have no authority for presuming, that Major Gawler did not send his last letter in manuscript to Sir Hussey, beyond that of public rumour. Such, however, we believe to be *the fact*.

it militates against my favourite conclusion. We humbly submit, that that can be no reason at all for discrediting Sir Hussey, while it does afford some little ground for presuming that the Major's favourite position may not be on the true one.

The cavalry that passed across the fronts of both the corps, furnishes, the Major says, no proof of their relative position; because, in the first place, it is not absolutely certain that they were the same body, and in the next place there is no proof that, having passed the 52nd, they did not incline strongly to the rear. Why no; strong as probabilities may be upon such a subject, what the Major says is, at least, possible; and if Sir Hussey merely *inferred* the position of his corps relatively to that of the 52nd, from the incident alluded to, neither he nor his readers could be certain that he might not be mistaken. But he *knew* his own position from personal knowledge, and that of the 52nd from Major Gawler's report; and he merely alludes to the circumstance above mentioned, as furnishing a very unsuspicious and incidental corroboration of his statement. "But," says the Major, "should it happen that an officer of the party were to come forward and say that it was the same in both cases, and that, after passing the 52nd, it *did* move parallel to the front of the position, these assertions would not in the slightest degree *shake the facts* that the 10th did not reach the square of the old guard half a mile from the summit of the position, sooner than the 71st, and that the main body of the brigade only arrived at the farm of Rosomme, half a mile further, about the same time with the 52nd." Indeed! This is very extraordinary! Does Major Gawler mean deliberately to set aside the evidence of the Colonel of the 71st, who unequivocally declares that that regiment did not come up with or see the square alluded to, and which was charged by the tenth? And does he mean to undervalue the authority of Sir Hussey Vivian, who states, that "the red regiment," which was *not* the 71st, did not come up with the square until the tenth had suffered considerably from its fire? These are *the facts* of the case; and any inferences which are at variance with them must be erroneous.

It is not correct to say, as the Major does in the passage last quoted, that the sixth brigade, and the 52nd *met about the same time* at the farm of Rosomme. Sir Hussey states, that, before the 52nd made their appearance, "the 18th, in their pursuit after the charge, had nearly reached the point here mentioned, and had met with some of the advanced cavalry on the road," when, he fears, mistakes occurred, and a conflict took place in the dark between the Prussians and the English. This must have occupied some minutes at least; and it was not until after he had halted, and reformed his brigade, that he was told the Duke of Wellington was on his left; so that, admitting the 52nd to have arrived at the same time *with the Duke*, which is Major Gawler's case, their arrival was *preceded* by that of the sixth brigade; how far, it is not for us to say; but far enough, at all events, to disprove that *complete coincidence in point of time*, upon which the Major's reasoning is entirely founded.

We have now done with this subject. The reader will, perhaps, be of opinion that we have bestowed upon it too much attention. We are not, however, sorry that the particular claims advanced by Major Gawler should have been put forward at a time when they may be so truly estimated, and that they have not been deferred until the death of some of the principal actors would have rendered it impossible to come to any satisfactory conclusion. It is, indeed, most fortunate, that Sir Thomas Reynell is alive to contradict what had been so erroneously stated respecting the 71st; and that Sir Hussey Vivian is alive to give that interesting and graphical account of the movements of his brigade, which will be a guide to the future historian. The gallant officer who has provoked this discussion, has also performed a valuable service; and while we dissent from his views, and deny his conclusions, we are not the less sensible that we owe to his statement the information by which we have been enabled to form a sounder judgment for ourselves. We are glad also that we have had the opportunity which he has afforded us of forming an opinion of the correctness of his own representations. He has been compelled to make admissions which essentially alter the

character of his first statement, and give an entirely different version of the battle, in all that relates to the final movements and achievements of the sixth brigade. The whole question now resolves itself into a question of time; and unless he could speak as confidently of the moment when Sir Hussey put his squadrons in motion as he does of the right-shoulder forward movement of the 52d, he could say nothing that would be decisive. As to his "inferences," he cannot, we believe, call himself "*an eye witness*" of them; if he does, he must possess a very peculiar faculty of vision—a kind of logical second sight;—so that, unless he is pleased to communicate his secret, the *military seer* of the 52d must remain in the *sole* enjoyment of those dazzling visions which he has conjured up, and under the influence of which he seems to experience a species of ravishment, similar to that of Bottom when he got into Fairy Land.

That the 52d behaved on this with the same coolness and gallantry which distinguished them on every other occasion, we cannot for a moment doubt; but neither can we for a moment doubt that, up to the period when Sir Hussey made his gallant charges, the battle was undecided. The impression also is strong upon our minds, that had these charges not succeeded, the battle might have been decided the other way; for had our squadrons and our battalions been forced and overwhelmed by the French in this great and final onset, the Prussians never could have enabled us to recover the lost ground, and they must have shared in our defeat, instead of contributing to complete our victory. These points being settled, when we look to the precise

time when, as well as the precise manner in which the charges were made, it is impossible to withhold from Sir Hussey the credit of coolness and judgment at that critical moment, fully equal to the ardour and courage with which he animated his brave men to the onset. Had he followed Lord Uxbridge's suggestion, the charge might have been made too soon, and our strength might have been spent before it could be brought to bear with effect upon the enemy. Even the Duke's more cautious suggestion must be considered discouraging, for, not to charge until he thought that by so doing he could break the enemy's squares, amounted almost to an interdiction. Indeed, Major Gawler's "*Crisis*" is partly written to prove the exceedingly hazardous nature of such an attempt, and that the cases are very rare where it does not bring ruin upon the assailants. But Sir Hussey judged more wisely. He waited until the precise moment when it was apparent that the French were advancing in force, and having prepared his men by the animating words which we mentioned in a former number, he led them on, with an impetuosity against which the collected might of the legions of France could oppose but a brief and vain resistance. This he did three several times, he himself being on each occasion foremost in danger; and the result was, a victory, in its consequences the most complete of any to be found in the records of history, a victory of which we are, perhaps, saying the utmost when we say, that it was the fitting termination of such a war—the Corinthian capital, as it were upon the proudest column of England's glory.

"DRAMATIC SCENES FROM REAL LIFE."*

The present age is so prolific in the production of authors, so prodigal in the outpourings of literary labour, that, we protest upon our critical reputation, we find it almost impossible to keep pace with them. It would require powers and perseverance of no common order, merely to keep a registry of the names of those who are daily springing up amongst us, to note their births,—aye and deaths too, a thing of scarce less rare occurrence, without stopping to write a line upon their nativities or an inscription on their tombstones. Happily for us, however, the merits of many of them are of a description that excuses us from taking any notice of their existence, and we are thereby left somewhat less encumbered for the consideration of those more fortunate few, who, by their present talent or former notoriety, are entitled to the honour of contemporary notice.

Not many years have elapsed since LADY MORGAN was last before the eyes of the public. We well remember the occasion, and, though we did not then exist in our present mysterious and impalpable nature, not having at the time cast off the slough of our corporeal individuality, to endure ourselves in the awful plurality of our editorial metempsychosis—we have been studying of late in her ladyship's school of metaphysics—though we were, we say, then only an eminently gifted literary individual, yet did we, upon the perusal of that signal performance, feel fully contented with the measure of mundane information which her Ladyship was pleased to mete unto us, and but little inclined to expect, far less to desire a repetition of the infliction. We have, however, been disappointed. Her Ladyship having consumed the fame which the *Book of the Boudoir* had acquired for her—and though the quality of that provision was somewhat questionable, its quantity was beyond

all doubt very considerable—feels her hunger for notoriety again becoming urgent, and accordingly she very naturally seeks to appease so troublesome a sensation. How then is this appetite to be gratified? The preface to the pages before us contains a valuable and highly interesting exposition of the perplexities in which her Ladyship is so unhappily involved, and furnishes us at the same time with her melancholy cogitations on the distressing occasion, and her various plans for extricating herself from her difficulties.

"The public," she candidly informs us, "refuses its attention to literary claimants, whose pretensions are not either founded on utility or backed by the brilliancy or brevity of their appeals."

Now, her Ladyship's discretion and good sense are too excellent in themselves, and have been too often well directed by the suggestions of the public; her knowledge of her own powers is too intimate—too unobscured by egotism, to permit her attempting the former course. What then is to be done in this dilemma? Why, to try the latter, by all means—yes, vive la Bagatelle!—be brief and brilliant, the overpowering glories—the astounding philosophy of the "*Book of the Boudoir*" are yet dazzling our eyes and ringing in our ears, and the "Dramatic Scenes" will surprise us in our weakness, and overpower our energies ere we can have time to rally them for resistance. Let us now follow the authoress in her train of desponding reflections upon the hardships of her position.

"The Candidates," she continues, "therefore, for cotemporary notoriety must seek it by other means than the pathways, *battus et rébattus*, of book making, and book selling. They must, if they can, obtain cards for a royal breakfast at Sion, or a fête at Chiswick; or, if this fail, they must try the

* *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life*, by Lady Morgan, in two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street, 1833.

Sunday mart of the Zoological Gardens; and by staring the eagle out of countenance, or joining the bear in a *tete-a-tete*, out-dressing the maccaws, or out-chattering the monkies, insure the desired *qu'en dira-t-on*, the object of their frivolous labours."

Accordingly we must suppose that her ladyship having made trial of, and failed in many of those notable and sapient schemes for acquiring notoriety, for attracting to herself the attention of those who are, unfortunately for her, either warned by her former flippancies, or unexcited by her past extravagancies, being unable "to obtain cards for a royal breakfast at Sion, or a *fête* at Chiswick;" and finding, no doubt, "the eagle at the Sunday mart of the Zoological Gardens to possess as bold a front, as unabashed and dazzling an eye as herself, and discovering that even the worthy sober Bruin is quite competent to sustain his part in a "*tete-a-tete*," as a grave philosopher, a professor of unintelligible jargon and maudlin metaphysics with as much edification and far less danger to his auditory than his fair opponent, she has been driven as a last hope, to attempt "out-dressing the maccaws," in all the motley garniture with which she has tricked out these two volumes, and undoubtedly she has succeeded to admiration in "out-chattering the monkies," till

their very jaw bones must have grown weak in despairing emulation of her "frivolous labours." We cannot ourselves vouch for the truth of the assurance that "this homely thing may be read running or dancing, like a puff on a dead wall, or a sentiment on a French fan," being too portly in person, and too much attached to the heaven of our easy chair, to attempt either foolery; but we can without difficulty give unbounded credence to the fact, feeling certain that a lankier body or lighter heels than our own would be coerced either to run away in consternation, or dance in the extacies of rage and desperation, ere he had waded through the pages of this unintelligible production.

For ourselves, however, as we said before, we are given to the enjoyment of our ease, and deem that the grandeur and poetic effect gained by an indulgence of "*splendida bilis*," but poorly compensate us for the loss of our digestion. Besides we have to do with one of the fairer portion of creation, and would willingly, if it be possible to do so, preserve our temper and exhibit our politeness. We therefore much prefer to engage her ladyship after her own piquant, discursive, dramatic, "*liveable, give and take*," harum scarum, and agreeable manner, being of opinion with the Roman satirist:—

"Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res."

Her ladyship is an adept in Latinity, so we shall make no apology for our quotation.

"It is no easy matter," quoth her ladyship, in the commencement of her labours, "to write up or down to the present state of British literature." We are inclined to acquiesce most fully in the former portion of her observation, and taking for granted, on her own showing, the correctness of the latter, we joyfully offer her our most sincere congratulations on the happy achievement of so arduous an undertaking. She has indeed done more—she has written *below* the level to which our literature has heretofore descended, and may claim for herself, without fear of dispute, the honor of fixing the zero in the scale of literary composition, beneath which, we imagine, no hand will

be found sufficiently venturesome to add one mark of graduation.

Feeling, moreover, as her ladyship informs us, that "there is no legitimate literature, as there is no legitimate drama," she proceeds in the volumes before us, with the laudable design of endeavouring to perpetuate the degradation of both, and by uniting them together, with all the insulting mockery that might preside over the marriage of worn out beggars, she ushers into the world this literary monster, combining the feebleness and faults of both parents, without inheriting the vigour, the dignity, or the inspiration of either. The dramatic scenes are accordingly not prose run mad, as has been the fate of many an unhappy piece of prose in its time, but prose, torn limb from limb, narration disjointed and inter-

sected by an eternal recurrence of stage direction, time, place, scenery, and copious explanation of characters that are too feebly formed to develop themselves, and frequently too ambiguous and elliptical in their expressions not to require elucidation. Thus by a bold and dexterous *coup de main*, the authoress has adopted a mode of composition wherein she has most fortunately disencumbered herself of all the old-fashioned and uneasy trammels of the drama, she has sent the unities to take care of themselves, left the characters to say as much or as little as they find convenient, and to contribute as much to the completion of the action, or the development of the plot, as her ladyship may think proper, while man and woman, saint and sinner, cat and dog, play their parts in a manner that would bewilder sober reason, and drive criticism to its wit's end.

We will now present to our readers as briefly as possible, for we do not desire to dwell very long upon the matter, an outline of the subjects contained in these volumes, and occasionally to offer them such portions of the work itself, as may be necessary for the establishment of our remarks upon it. The first volume, and part of the second, is occupied with an Irish tragedy, entitled "Manor Sackville," many of whose characters, and much of the plot may be found in some of her ladyship's earlier compositions, as well as those of our other national writers. We would willingly give the *dramatis personæ* in her own words; but unfortunately she has found it indispensably necessary to the understanding of them in the story, to append to the name of each individual so minute and extensive an explication of their birth, parentage, and education, motives, feelings, and dispositions, that it would be totally out of our power to transfer to our own the contents of seven of her closest printed pages.

Mr. Henry Lumley Sackville, an English gentleman, who has acquired a large estate in Ireland, by right of his wife, Lady Emily, comes over to visit it in company with the latter, her sister, a led captain or two, and the usual accompaniments of French waiting-maids, and insolent domestics.—They arrive at the manor, which is si-

tuated in the neighbourhood of the villages of Mogherow, New-Town, Mount Sackville, and Sally Noggin, "heavens! what a name." The first, a thorough-bred dirty Irish hamlet, "swarming with pigs, beggars, and children;" the latter possessed by "new light sectarians," who, though they have improved the external appearance in point of cleanliness and prosperity, yet it is strongly insinuated "that all within does not exactly correspond." The squire, according to the preliminary flourish with which her ladyship heralds his approach, "is liberal, enlightened, and philanthropic;" and doubtless she intended that the gentleman when left to act and speak for himself, should have supported so imposing an announcement; but he unfortunately displays himself to be surprisingly ignorant of the genius, the moral and political feelings of those with whom he associates. His liberality is displayed chiefly by a hatred to Protestantism and its professors, which he is at little pains to conceal; his philanthropy is throughout sufficiently inefficacious, contenting itself with delivering wholesale homilies on visionary amelioration and political truisms, and he is, on the whole, fortunate enough during his short sojourn, to unite in his own person the animosities of all parties, and the open violence of two factions. Lady Emily, under cover of "a joyous and happy temperament," and *naïveté*, says and does a great many things that are very silly, very rude, and very careless of the feelings of her acquaintances. Poor Mrs. Quigley, the housekeeper, is very well conducted and natural, and we leave her with much pleasure to the consolations of her cat, Mungo, the only friend she possesses, if we except Jerry Galbraith.

We must, however, pause for a moment, ere we dismiss *this* portrait that her ladyship has drawn of an Irish magistrate. If by the delineation of an ignorant, wretched, low-minded squireen—a being who is as vulgar in sentiment and language—as replete with low cunning and fawning baseness as the hind that he crushes beneath him, her ladyship intended to depict to the eyes of an English reader the character of an Irish magistrate, we wish her joy of her successful effort, feeling convinced that it is but a shaftless satire

on a respectable and honorable body of men, and that the caricature is too extravagant to excite aught but disgust.

The following dialogue, vol. 1, p. 8, between Mrs. Quigley and Jerry Galbraith will be the best elucidation of our remark :—

“Mr. Galbraith—God save all here! Is the coast clear Mrs. Quigley?”

Mrs. Quigley—Och! the Lord be praised. Is it you, Mr. Galbraith, are come at last? Well, it's time for you: better late nor never! Come in, Sir, I wouldn't have wet the tay, if I'd thought you'd have come at all, at all, but I gave you up entirely.

During this apostrophe Mrs. Quigley assists in disrobing Mr. Galbraith.

Mr. Galbraith—Thank you, ma'am, thank you. I beg your pardon. I'll just lave my surtout outside if you plaze. * * * * Take care, ma'am, if you plaze, thim two little travelling companions is mighty touch and go sort of gentlemen. * * * * I'll engage Judy has good care of me in regard of a bit of fire in my own little gloryhole.

The Magistrate sits down to breakfast, and having remarked that “grief is dry,” demands “a thimble-full of brandy” in his “tay,” and gradually breaks to his friend the death of his spouse.

“Shure, ma'am, the late Mrs. Galbraith is dead and buried in Mogherow churchyard.—Aye, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Quigley expresses her surprise, and *his Worship* proceeds in his detail :—

“All of a sudden, ma'am—just as if you would say a drop of punch went the wrong way.—She made a wry face, and dropped as if she was shot, upon the floor. And so, ma'am, as it plazed the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, to take my poor woman to himself, I conveyed her to her last home this morning, on my way here, and she was launched, I may say, into eternity, in the church-yard of Mogherow, at ten o'clock this morning.”

Mr. Galbraith, in addition to being one of the quorum, is agent, or we would rather imagine from his deportment throughout, steward to Mr. Sackville, and the *justice* is naturally and laudably employed in conspiring with his crony, Mrs. Quigley, to render his *master's* residence disagreeable and in-

convenient, and to frighten away the enlightened and philanthropic landlord with stale stories of Irish *diablerie*.

The housekeeper having recounted the vast delight of the ladies at the novelty of living in an Irish Castle, Rack-rent, the man of warrants sagaciously intimates the propriety of starving them from their stronghold.

“But in regard of the dinner—all the French cooks in the world cannot serve a good one, with bad maitairials, and nothing to cook them in; for I take it for granted (*silly*) you didn't lave an ould stew-pan in the place?”

“Mrs. Quigley demolishes his hopes on the starvation scheme by the assurance that the “quality” came provided not only with edibles but also a complete *cuisine* “a whole cart of coppers from Dublin.” Jerry rich in expedients responds,

“But they can't roof the house, nor stop the rat-holes nor make tight the windows and doors, all in a month or six weeks, and for the ould furniture, some of it since King William's time of glorious memory, and before.”

Another failure—“the ould furniture” was hugely admired. The magistrate essays once more.

“But I hope ma'am you hurried all the Captain's Frenchified new things into the Castle wing and shut it up as if it was saled with wax.”

To his extreme gratification he learns the lady has done her part as well as any *justice* could have acquitted himself.

“Very good ma'am, and then the *rat* in the *bar* in the library which Mr. Sackville wrote to have ready for his own sitting room.

Ye conservators of Ireland's peace! Ye “trusty and well beloved” of your sovereign! hear this and be silent. Know that you are only the Dogberries of your own times, that this female Conrade doth “not suspect your place,” that she doth “not suspect your years—” that she hath written ye down asses.

Grant us patience ye powers of philosophy! A magistrate of the 19th century plotting with a wretched menial, the pitiful, dishonorable contrivance of frightening a family, with a philosopher at its head, by the efficacy of a *rat in a box*. Yet this is what her Ladyship has the hardihood to offer to the world as a “scene from real life,” to which it bears about as much resem-

blance as the fêtes of the Knights of the round-table with King Arthur and his excalibur at the head of them, do to the Battle of Waterloo; or the drunken Latin *chansons à boire* of Walter de Mapes to the sacred songs of Bishop Heber. There is however something more in the *rat* affair than we were at first inclined to believe, and it gives us fresh occasion to admire the ingenuity of her ladyship in the conception and execution of a piece of stage effect quite superior to the skeleton hunt in *Der Freischütz* or the pigs and dogs so successfully introduced in the Christmas pantomimes. Lady Emily having "gently led her husband to the door and put him out," Vol. 1. page 81, engages in a solemn conference with Mr. Galbraith "*solus cum sola*" on the sober, sensible proposition,—by the way too, quite in accordance with "real life—" of clothing the Irish papists in the costume of the peasantry of Campagna, and finding a most complying colleague in the said Jerry, continues, page 88.

"Well then that is settled. I'll show you the model dress. All the materials must be Irish you know. Only consider what good it *will* do! I don't know yet how many thousand yards of stuff and cloth it will take; but I believe there is nothing like encouraging the Irish manufacture.

Mr. Galbraith—Sorrow a thing my leedy, oh, the manufactures are the thing!

Lady Emily—Especially the Irish tabinets; and I have been thinking as the *corsage* takes such a very little bit, that we might treat the women to a *corsage* of Irish poplin, if you have no objection.

Mr. Galbraith—Not the *laste* in *loif* my leedy"—how *true* to the *loif* is this delineation of an Irish *magistrate*, "whatever you plaze.

Lady Emily—Well then; say a red *corsage*, laced with green."—However, we will not pursue this twiddle-twaddle, as her Ladyship's style has been somewhere emphatically denominated, through the remaining pages, but hasten to unfold the conspiracy concocted between Jerry, Dame Quigly, and the *rat*. The former of the trio remarks to Lady Emily, page 93, that, "the tinants and cottiers and spalpeens" whom she charitably meditates to invest with the classic drapery of Italy, "would think no more of shoot-

ing me from behind *an* hedge." An expression which the organs of an Irishman never compassed since the days of Milesius—"than your Ladyship's beautiful little Frinch poodle there, would think of killing the rot he's watching in that hole.

Lady Emily—(*frightened and starting up*) Oh Mr. Galbraith! you don't say there are rats in this room? There is nothing in the world I am so much afraid of as rats; they are my favourite aversion.

Mr. Galbraith—(*cautiously, his eyes still fixed on the box*.) Don't be afraid, my leedy; sorrow much they shew themselves in the day, though the place is ate up alive with them, from garret to scullery, what do you think of them impudent thieves drawing the bed from under Mistress Quigley the other night, though she keeps that big black cat of hers always near her, like a watch-dog. (*Lady Emily moves timidly towards the door*.) Stay now, my lady, don't stir if you plaze, stay where you are—keep near to the table, madam.

The plot now thickens, all is prepared for the grand *dénouement*. Jerry Galbraith as Jack Pudding, proceeds to put the whole machinery in motion—and her ladyship interrupts the text to describe the *scrimmage* in two consumptive looking columns of Italics. Thus, hey, presto!

"He," the said Jerry "rises with caution and appears to watch something in movement. Lady Emily springs up on the table. Galbraith throws his hat at the box which upsets, and an enormous rat bounces out. Lady Emily screams violently. Galbraith shouts and claps his hand, and Bijou, barking loudly, gives chase. The rat shews great sport. Lady Emily becomes almost hysterical. Galbraith gets frightened. Bijou is outrageous. The rat escapes through a hole in the wainscot. Bijou stands at fault. Lady Emily now laughs violently. Galbraith leans against the bookcase wiping his face, and unconscious that his *coiffure au naturel* has escaped from its moorings, in the course of the chase. Bijou, with mischievous looks in his bright little eyes, has carried the wig under the table, where he is busy dressing it after *his* most approved fashion. At this point, the door opens. A group, alarmed by the previous noise, rush in;—Lady Julia in the full

dress of Lady Isabella Sackville, Lord Fitzroy, and Clarence Herbert in the cut velvet suits, bag-wigs and swords of Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville, and Justine following with an antique dress on her arm for Lady Emily. A general burst of loud, vociferous and continued laughter; Galbraith alone preserving his gravity, as he fans himself with his hat.

Lady Emily (*still on the table, and holding her sides, and quite exhaustingly laughing*).—Oh, I shall die of it! I shall indeed. Look at Lord Fitzroy's face—ha! ha! ha! ha! Do, somebody help me to get down.

Lord Fitzroy (*assisting her to descend, addresses her in a theatrical and formal manner*).—Oh! my Harriot Byron, have I indeed been so fortunate as to arrive in time to rescue you? Speak, loveliest of your sex!

Ladies Emily and Julia—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lord Fitzroy (*turning upon Mr. Galbraith, and placing his hand on his sword*).—Sir Hargrave Pollexfen! you are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad manner—(*shakes his wig till the powder falls out*.)

Mr. Galbraith—Och! is it me, Sir?

Lord Fitzroy—Yes, you Sir.

Clarence Herbert (*taking snuff affectedly*).—May I perish, if I understand this adventure.

May we perish, nay, "suffer salvation body and soul," if we be not in much the same predicament. This *may* be all very admirable and genuine wit, and the perfection "of real life;" but until we know something more of the former, and something less of the latter, than we are inclined to imagine we do at present, we must rest contented with considering it to resemble rather a dramatic scene in the cells of bedlam, if the keepers could be mad enough to permit its enactment.

We have further occasion to admire the fidelity and truth of her Ladyship's delineations in the character of the "Honourable and Reverend Doctor Polypus," in which she has combined as much unintellectual, luxurious obesity, unchristian feeling, heartless oppression, and disgusting cant, as were ever *single* found in any; and we feel no hesitation in asserting, could never have been *united* in the very worst minister of the Protestant religion. "Of Archdeacon Grindall" we shall

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say nothing, seeing that throughout the performance he says nothing for himself; but we cannot avoid deprecating the very bad taste which the authoress has displayed in attaching, more especially at the present conjuncture, to a pastor of any Christian persuasion, a name that is calculated to suggest to our minds the qualities of a griping, oppressive, and unchristian man.

The two last mentioned characters, together with their wives, are introduced to our notice on the occasion of a visit which they pay to the newly-arrived family of the lord of the manor, while at the same time, the whole congregation of "saints" are outpoured from the tabernacles of Sally Noggin, and thereby brought into collision with the former in the drawing-room of the manor, for the purpose, doubtless, of affording us a true description of the religious warfare between the saintly and the episcopalian parties, and enabling her Ladyship to wax, by turns, witty, profound, political and polemical. Happily too for her, she has the marshalling and arming of both belligerent forces at her own disposal; and accordingly, by supplying each with nothing but blank cartridges—stupid trite common-place, assertions that are ill-founded, and cannot be supported (vol. i. p. 146.) and argumentation without cogency,—she is able to come down with astonishing vigour and efficacy on all parties—a rollicking, self-satisfied, vulgar Irish priest included—and deliver her own opinions in the person of the philanthropic Sackville to the confusion of the combatants, and the edification of the Sackville party, who have been present during the disputation, nay, knelt down to prayer in the masquerading mummery of cavaliers and pifferaros, and the garb of their soberer ancestors.

There is nothing which we admire more ardently in her Ladyship than the capaciousness of her genius, and the universality of her information; the volumes before us afford every where striking illustrations of the omnipotence of her talents. The fact is, that nothing comes amiss to her Ladyship; from the purring eloquence of Mungo the cat, to the scarce less instructive flippancies of Lady Emily—from the stupid and ignorant prejudices of an Irish justice of the peace, to the sagacious conceptions, the profound

and enlightened political discourses of the English philanthropist, to use her own expressions, "from the philosophy of the stable to the philosophy of the man." In a word, the "Dramatic Scenes" are a treatise "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," which might drive the ghost of Bacon to burn the "Novum Organum" and blow out his brains in desperation.

It is a pleasant thing, and a good withal, to learn wisdom from woman; and we have, we care not who knows it, on all occasions, since the hour we first wrote ourselves man, even to these our days of "the sear and yellow leaf," preferred gathering the honey of philosophy that drops from the playful lips of the fair to that which trickles down the grisly beard of the sages of the other sex. Let us, therefore, sit at the feet of her Ladyship while she lectures—no matter on what subject—let us take it as it comes.

Vol. i. p. 141, She thus delivers herself upon the culture and discipline of horses with a depth of observation, a facility and propriety of expression, that convince us that she has devoted no less time to the study of the *manège* than she has to many other branches of knowledge that come as naturally within her sphere.

Mr. O'Callaghan, the Roman Catholic curate—a Father Tom Maguire in his way—replies in the following words to Mr. Sackville, correcting him for the injudicious application of the term 'vicious' to a wild colt that had thrown him in the morning.

"Not vicious, Mr. Sackville, but spirited; spirit is often mistaken for vice in man and beast—in this country especially. But I think, Sir, I could take the shine out of that beautiful high-bred little animal: for an animal may be high-bred in his own race"—an excellent and sagacious remark this last, by the way—"colt as well as Curragh favourite."

Here follows an undergrowl from Mr. Polypus; and Clarence Herbert, the proprietor of the "Shiner" throws in his oar.

"You are quite right, Sir, but it is a doctrine not sufficiently known. You may breed up to any point."

We cannot deny ourselves the gratification of stopping a moment to lift up our voice in admiration of this most

learned and fair breeder, though we confess we cannot sufficiently appreciate the *délicatesse* with which she conveys her information. To resume, however, Mr. Herbert continues,

"Have you read Mr. Karkeeth, of Truro, on the education of horses?"

Mr. O'Callaghan. "The Veterinarian," I take it in, Sir, I have just got the last number from London—a capital work. The philosophy of the stable might often be applied to the philosophy of man. He recommends—that's Mr. Karkeeth—three modes of educating the horse—punishment, reward, and emulation; but above all, he recommends gentle means to coercive. He'd have made a capital legislator for Ireland—that's in the *ould times*—he deprecates a horse of spirit and mettle being deprived of his food."

Leave we now the stable; and having shaken the dust from our feet and the odour from our clothes, let us follow our instructress into the school of science, and learn at the same time wit and logic from her observations. Mark, then, how skilfully, and at the same time with what ease and pleasantry her Ladyship confounds the schemes and overturns the labours of a certain silly society for the conversion of the Jews.

"I beg pardon, madam," says Mr. Sackville, vol. i. p. 184, in reply to "the honourable and reverend Mrs. Polypus's" request, that Lady Emily will become a member of the above mentioned society: "I beg pardon, madam, but you must excuse her; she is bound in Christian humility not to interfere with the conversion of the Jews. That which the Messiah did not effect when he was among them, my little wife has not the temerity to attempt."

What admirable premises! What unanswerable argument! What conclusive deduction!

"*Δὲν τοῦ ἐνὶ καὶ τοῦ γὰρ ἀνθρώπου*," said the mighty master of mechanism, "Grant me but a resting-place for my foot, and I will shake the world from its foundations." Her Ladyship is a moral Archimedes of more astounding powers. Allow her a chink, even though it be only large enough to admit the point of her *needle*, and mark the effects of the logical leverage! Powers of dialectics! "she makes me no more ado," but heaves me up the

souls and bodies of thousands of unconverted and unconvertible Jews, and hurls them into perdition. It is truly awful, we speak it in terror and dismay, to see the predicament in which her Ladyship's learning has placed those "circumcised dogs." Yes, we see it all—it is all up with them—it is as plain as a pike-staff, and woe be unto the Jews that they did not read her argument some eighteen hundred years ago. We pity them from our soul, and protest in the sincerity of our heart, we would be contented to *lend* her to them *for ever*, "*tam carum caput*" though she be, that she might lead them to a due conviction of their prospect of utter damnation.

We are too well aware of its importance not to feel deeply indebted to her Ladyship for this new light, and shall gratefully proceed to apply her principles where they infallibly lead to, namely, to arrest the progress of arts and sciences, and to induce mankind to sit down inactively under the apprehension that it would be an impious temerity to attempt any scheme, however grand, any improvement however beneficial, because it was not projected or accomplished, even at the creation of the world.

Ere we dismiss this topic from our consideration, we would, for a few moments, divest ourselves of the feeling of worldly levity with which the perusal of her Ladyship's flippancies have, not unnaturally inspired us, to address her in the words of sobriety and reverence that the subject demands, upon the unscriptural view which she has taken of the conversion of the Jews. We cannot avoid expressing our fears that she has paid but little attention, or given but slight credence to the numerous and remarkable announcements of the inspired and prophetic writers, some of whom predict the accomplishment of this most interesting event with a certainty and clearness that cannot be mistaken. Before thus rashly and unadvisedly flinging in the face of a reflecting and a christian community, as her own sentiments—and we are con-

strained to consider them as her own when she puts them into the mouth of a character denominated, "enlightened and philanthropic"—an opinion not more remarkable for the ignorance upon which it is based, than the levity with which it is expressed, had her Ladyship paused to consider the evidences which the scriptures afford, the important lessons which the history of the religious world furnishes, had she investigated the prophecies with the aid of the light which chronology and arithmetical computation throw upon them, and perceived the striking coincidence and corroboration of each,* she would, we trust, have treated the subject—if indeed she would have introduced it into *such* a book as this—with far different language and feelings. We recommend her in future to remember that the Deity works not often immediately and visibly, but by secondary causes, and that it is in no wise inconsistent with the general scheme of Providence to depute to apparently unworthy agents the accomplishment of great events.

But, to resume our *labours*, let us again turn to the pages of this variegated production, and we shall be speedily convinced that the Authoress is as profound and eloquent in politics as we have already found her to be witty and argumentative in religion, well read and *knowing* in horse-breeding. Speaking of the cabal of the Corn Exchange, or as her Ladyship denominates it—*poetically* of course we take it—"the land-mark of Irish pride and virtue, the Catholic Association." She breaks out in the following strain of high-flown eulogium. Vol. 1. 244.

"Gracious heaven! it makes one's gall rise, to hear that glorious assembly (embodied for the best and wisest purposes, with motives so clearly defined, so deeply felt, and so wisely, and so perseveringly acted upon, till it wrung its triumph from its oldest and bitterest enemies) thus mingled up with every gathering of the idle and the ignorant, the meddling and the mischievous. For my part, I never mention the term Ca-

* See Mede's Works, Book IV. Epis. 14, p. 761, Epis. 17. also Book V. chap. 2, Faber's View of the Prophecies relative to the restoration of Israel and Judah, Prelim. Statement, sec. 2. p. 25-108. And a Sermon preached by the same author "On the Conversion of the Jews to the True Faith of Christ," at the parish church of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, 18th April, 1822.

tholic Association without feeling inclined to pay it bodily homage. If to the Volunteers of '82 we owe national independence and a free trade, to the Association we are indebted for our religious freedom and a reformed parliament, with all the promised blessings which must eventually come along with it, even in spite of the exertions now making to avert them. The Catholic Association struggled openly with its open enemies—the enemies alike of every civil, every religious right, and it commanded the sympathies of all mankind."

Excellent! "all the promised blessings which must eventually come along with it." She means no doubt the multiplied mischiefs that we have already in *enjoyment* and the numberless others that we have in prospect—"the sympathies of *all* mankind!"—But it is just as it should be: the empyric in literature becomes a blunderer in politics; we could wish the Cat: Ass: of blessed memory no nobler laureate, and we trust that its fame may be as long lived and honourable as the pages in which it is embalmed.

To be unremitting in censure is as hateful to our feelings as it is wearying to our minds. The critic is placed in a scarcely less uncomfortable predicament than the object of his criticism: There is no respite from the lash for either. We have accordingly been looking out anxiously for some resting place where we may at least pause from our animadversions, if we cannot regale ourselves in commendation. Gladly, therefore, do we avail ourselves of the opportunity which some *few* pages of this story present us, to speak in terms that are more in consonance with the kindly feelings of our nature.

The last scene but one which contains the *denouement* of "Manor Sackville"—the last being little else than a sort of stupid affair serving the place of chorus to despatch any hum-drum matters that had been left undisposed of—is upon the whole the best wrought in the story; but it is still very deficient in dramatic effect, and the attention is so everlastingly distracted in its attempts to fix itself upon the incidents by the constantly recurring breaks (which, adopting the language of the drama, we may be allowed to call stage directions or rather scene painting) unfortunately containing too much of the

story to be omitted, that the force which the scene would otherwise possess is considerably weakened. It wants the energy and concentration of expression and feeling which the eminent Author of the O'Hara Tales has so powerfully exhibited in his painting of the passions—that power to stir within us those agitating sympathies, those solemn emotions that enable his scenes to sink deep into our hearts, and to cling to our recollections long after the pages that have awakened them are withdrawn from our eyes. We shall, however, present our readers with a portion of the scene in question and permit them to judge for themselves. Mr. Sackville and Galbraith having been waylaid by a party of insurgents on their return at night along a mountainous road to the Manor; the latter is murdered and the assassins drag the former to the neighbouring cloisters of Kilmally. Sackville perceives that their intention is to murder him as they had the unfortunate magistrate, and he supplicates in turn, Corney Brian and his wife, Honor, that his life may be spared. Finding his entreaties fruitless he continues:

"At least, then, give me a moment to say a few words, to enter on an explanation in which you, Brian, are deeply concerned; and then one moment, (*his voice falters*) for my wife, my child—I beg it. (*They halt opposite the stone altar. The moonlight, which falls on it, shows it to be stained with blood.*)

Brian (*in an agitated voice*) "Mr. Sackville, I'd give my own poor life to believe that you are not a traitor, and the worst of traitors. Look—look at that old althar, Sir, it has been called, time immemorial, the traitor's stone. But, that is a long story; and many a bloody traitor did penance on that althar, Mr. Sackville; the last not more than an hour back, one Tim Reynolds, a notorious informer in the service of the magistrate Galbraith, whose blood is on the bushes there. We did *his* commission for him; and there he lies behind Oonah's new-made grave. Now Mr. Sackville he was a poor ignorant menial, and a villain born. But what would you think, Sir, of a gentleman, and the greatest and richest of gentlemen, one that did every thing, Mr. Sackville, in a grand style; not one mane, dirty trick in him; but all grand and great, and winning the hearts of

the country, so that not a boy in the barony but was ready to surrender him his arms, aye or his life, if it would serve him. And what do you think, Sir, of *this che shim* of a gentleman coming to the condemned cell of a convicted cratur, innocently convicted of the charge laid to him, by that very Tim Reynolds? The gentleman worming his little saicrets out of him, and preventing him making his escape, which he, could do, with the help of that poor woman there, (and did, praise God!) and promising him a pardon from the Lord Lifenant; and when he had done all this, with the face of an angel—selling him to the dirty spalpeen magistrates and orangemen who thirsted for his blood; and so driv him once more to the mountains. Now, Mr. Sackville if you were to choose a place to settle a little business with such a great gentleman as that, what fitter could you take him to, than this ould stone althar, with the bones of a traitor below, and the blood of a perjured informer above.

Honor (*shaking back her dark locks, and looking fiercely at Sackville.*) It's thrue for him; and if my childer have a father this night, no thanks to you: for you sould us, you and your fine lady, intirely. Ye raal deceiver (*she raises her pike.*)

Mr. Sackville (*putting back her arm.*) One moment, in the name of God. On whose authority do you speak? Who told you that I betrayed you? How do you know that I sold you?

Bryan (*furiously.*) Every how. Mr. M'Dermot, a thrue patriot knew it. Mr. M'Gab, sub-sheriff Jones's clerk, had a hint of it; and Honor here, who was scouring the country, heard it, both from Orange and Green.

Mr. Sackville (*solemnly.*) As I hope for salvation, 'tis all false! There is not one word of truth in the black and infamous calumny, invented by your enemies and mine.

Brian (*in an undecided tone.*) I want to take no man's life without raison; 'bove all, a benefactor's, if such there be in the wide world. But where was the repraive, Sir,—where was the pardon. The day came on, the gallows was getting ready, and you prevented my escape; (*puts his hand to his eyes*) but the pardon never came, (*after a moment's pause.*) There is no time to lose. (*raises his musket*) So now a prayer to

God that made you, and a word for the woman that owns you. Honor will take that: and then (*hesitatingly. Mr. Sackville draws up.*) For I'm bound, Sir. There's thim in the heather and thim in the kiln that waits to hear the voice of this little piece from the mountain echoes. I'm book-sworn Mr. Sackville—die you must, now, and here.

Mr. Sackville (*in suppressed agony.*) Great God! great God! and in the view, too, of my own home!

Brian (*furiously.*) Had I been hung at the new jail, Mr. Sackville, it would have been within view of the blue smoke of my own cabin, and innocently too; for I deceived no man; I was bad enough, Christ pardon me, but I was no traitor. You bid me not move a step, for my pardon should come. Honor's eyes there strained blood looking for it from the high places; but the pardon niver came. Had I oncet seen it, though I was to have been hung the day after—

Mr. Sackville (*with a flash of sudden recollection.*) The pardon! seen it! great God! If that will do! (*draws out the paper from his bosom*) Here, here—here is the pardon. See, you can see by this light the seal. It was sent to sir Job, three days back, but was detained in his office. It was on that account that, contrary to many warnings not to leave my own house, I went to sir Job's this morning. There is the pardon; and here, Honor, this was for you from my wife. It contains money to take you and your husband to America, if you did not prefer to come and work at Manor Sackville. (*Honor seizes and opens the packet: it contains bank notes. Brien opens the pardon. His musket drops on the stone pavement, and goes off, with endless echoes. He falls at Mr. Sackville's feet, Honor drops her pike, throws her arms around him and holds him in silent emotion.*)

So much for "Manor Sackville." We shall not pursue the scene or the story any further; we have, to speak in sober and sad truth, toiled through its heavy pages with less interest—pleasure is quite out of the question—than we had previously conceived so much print and paper could have by any possibility excited.

What the precise object of her ladyship may have been in a political point of view—if indeed she had any precise

object—we do not pretend to understand. “*Davus non Œdipus sum.*” But we are quite certain that the evident tendency and probably premeditated design of the whole is to satirise the higher and intelligent ranks of society; to caricature and misrepresent the decencies of morality; and to vilify and bring into contempt the protestant religion by exhibiting in the character of one of its ministers a portraiture so extravagant, so distorted, and so utterly devoid of all resemblance that it can only exist as a monument of the perversion of vision that studied, or the unskilfulness of the hand that delineated it.

Let us now turn our attention to the next essay. “The Easter Recess,” is, strange to say, even worse than the former—it is a pert, petulant, extravagant, silly satire on the manners and occupations of the higher classes of society in England, totally undeserving of a moment’s notice, were it not for some exquisite specimens of her ladyship’s own feelings contained within it. But where “it will doubtless be asked,” during all this time is the chief character of all her ladyship’s performances? Where is the warm, the melting, the angelic Ida of Athens—the wonder-working and Proteus-like Molly Macgullucuddy—the subtle and sagacious Miss O’Halloran? Where is she, the admired of all eyes, the attraction of all hearts? Will she not make her appearance before our longing vision? Will she not regale us with her tender aspirations, her wise and politic observations, her sublimated philosophy, her profound and luminous metaphysics? Or shall these “dramatic scenes,” in which she has disencumbered herself of all the proprieties of narrative to violate all the unities of the drama, still add another and last defect to its former ones, and be the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted.” Patience, good reader, we too have shared all your uneasiness, so shall we participate in your gratification. With uncontrollable anxiety did we await the Avatar—with trembling earnestness did we scan each of the *dramatis personæ* of “Manor Sackville” as they successively made their appearance. Nay with intense and breathless emotion we watched the manœuvres and entered into the suspicions of the “frinch poodle,” and credulously hoped that her ladyship would have issued forth from beneath the rat box in some

quaint device, some antique masking mummery—patience, however—she will be here anon, we have found her—she is no other than “Mrs. O’Neil, a *notabilité*,” an Irish authoress, or, as she has described herself with singular modesty and truth in a dialogue, (vol. 2. p. 47.) which bears such a close and painful resemblance to the state of our own feelings at present that it well might have brought tears into our eyes——

“Mr. Wilson—I suppose it is that amusing Mrs. O’Neale that is keeping them so late at table to day. Who is she?”

Mr. Burton—Oh, the woman that writes the books. I wish she was at the devil now with her stories.”

Thus she has, with great good taste and propriety, reserved a place for herself amongst the fashionable personages “of the Easter Recess,” and, as may be anticipated, her wit and sense and learning make a prodigious and brilliant display, when thrown out from the dark, dull, flat ground-work of——just the rest of the whole world.

Having thus fairly and uncontroversially got her ladyship in *propria persona* before our eyes, we will proceed to offer some observations on a few of those opinions and sentiments which she has thus publicly promulgated as her own.

Feeling no doubt fully sensible of the very pert and petulant spirit that is every where predominant through these volumes, she offers the following clever and spirited apology or rather justification of herself.

A very sensible young gentleman, being somewhat puzzled by the mystification, and stupified by the clamour of a noisy harangue by Mrs. O’Neale, very justly reproves her by remarking (vol. 2. p. 117.) that “the thorough-bred never speak loud, and are never petulant,” to which the authoress replies with an air of admirable spirit and impatience, a dash of the “*iræ leonum vincla recusantur*,” or of the war horse in Homer.

“The thorough-bred horse is!” her ladyship being the thorough-bred horse, and all who will listen to her, asses—“Petulance, as you fine people call energy, comes of strong volitions; and strong volitions of superior structure.”

Bravo! Now this is what we call modest. Her ladyship’s logic stands thus in a simple syllogism. Certes I am petulant beyond all endurance.—But all petulant people are of strong

volitions and superior structure—*Ergo*—Let her look to the conclusion; we will not have the shame upon our heads of drawing it for her. But were they, the mighty children of genius, petulant—they, compared to whom Lady Morgan is but a chattering jay amidst the silvery-voiced cygnets, “argutos inter anser olores,” the divine Milton, “the poet blind yet bold,” the bland and meditative Cowper, the pious White and Wordsworth, and he who sleeps in deathless glory beneath the moonlight shadows of Dryburgh, the learned, the gentle, the matchless Scott? No—but they were doubtless without strong volitions, and unblessed with minds of superior structure.—Alas! alas! shall *she* then seek to reduce by her reasonings to such a predicament, the most illustrious spirits, in order to palliate the incurable defects of her own mental conformation.

Let her ladyship, however, ere she next boasts of such an accomplishment, consider, that petulance is as distinct from high-minded and enthusiastic earnestness, as impudence is from the assurance of conscious desert—they are both spurious counterfeits which will pass current only with fools.

Her ladyship thus speaks of herself (vol. 2, p. 115,) with a naïveté and candour that quite bewitches us:

“I have a sort of barrel-organ mind; wind it up, who may, forth comes the Gregorian chaunt, or the Irish lilt, as accident determines;—time, place, and persons all going for nothing.” To which her auditor, suspecting, it would seem, that the upper works of “this barrel-organ were not a little crazy,” aptly enough replies:

“That I suspect is the secret of your agreeability, and of—your indiscretion. Alas! that those barrel-organs should ever get out of order, move slowly, and stop! that the fire-fly mind of an high organization should become as dull and dreary as one of us!”

There is in these expressions, a felicity and natural grace, a clearness and intelligibility, that we can never sufficiently admire. How beautiful the language! how perfect the figure! how absolutely *harmonious*! It is poesy in its highest state of sublimation—the “disiecti membra poetæ”—transpose it as you will, it loses not one jot of its original simplicity and grandeur—“barrel-organ mind with a fire-fly organi-

zation!” Fore God we are “dazzled and drunk with” the “beauty” of the idea—a fire-fly in a barrel-organ!—Why it beats all to nothing the clumsy adaptation of waiting figures to the *bread-earners* of the wandering Italians. We confess, indeed, that ever since we read her ladyship’s “Book of the Boudoir,” we have entertained a wonderful partiality for every thing relating to “organization.” Can we ever forget with what learning and delicacy she handled the subject as connected with “wives and mothers?” And this, naturally enough, gives us occasion to compliment her ladyship on her proficiency in one more of the many branches of knowledge in which she is so deeply skilled. She seems, indeed, to be as ardent an admirer of metaphysics as ever; and, in the work before us, fails not to astonish the world with some interesting discoveries in that division of the science which appears to have always been her favorite study, we mean Anthroposophy.

In vol. 2, p. 222, she informs us in the clear and unequivocal language which should be ever the vehicle of important truths, that “man is a gregarious animal, and woman also; AND TO SQUEEZE AND BE SQUEEZED IS A FIRST LAW OF NATURE OR OF TON.”

This is beyond all comment: We dare not trust ourselves with a single observation, and we know not how far we shall be excusable in presenting it, in all its naked abomination, to the gaze of society. We shall content ourselves with merely adding, that the above affords a most complete elucidation of her ladyship’s remark, (vol. 2, p. 197) “that there is no such *fin* as philosophy, and enables us fully to appreciate the *nature* of her “strong volitions.”

We shall not trouble our readers with many more quotations from these “Dramatic Scenes;” indeed we have already quoted very largely from them; and though the passages, when compressed within the *honest* columns of an ordinary sized periodical, may not appear to be very extensive, yet can we safely assert, that we have extracted little, if any thing, short of twenty pages from the original.

That our readers may the more readily understand this apparently strange fact, we will now present them with sum total of one of the pages.

Page 157 of the 2d volume, besides five short lines of scenic direction, contains the following quantity of matter, which, we will stake our own polychronographic pen against her ladyship's two volumes—no trifling odds on our part, by the way—that we write within the compass of its value, *a farthing*, and read without our glasses when we have done so :

"Mr. Liston. Five to four the striker marks ! Lord John. Done ! Pounds ? Mr. Liston. Fives, if you will. Lord John. Done !"

But the reason for this is obvious enough, and we should be very dull not to perceive, and very ungallant not to admit, the excellent and very philosophical account of the affair given by the authoress. Her ladyship though she loves fame, loves not the trouble of seeking it through any of its more arduous approaches, and accordingly she offers the following ingenious and perfectly satisfactory excuse for her laziness :

"An easy chair," she says, vol. 2, p. 101, "is the sybil's tripod ; for when the body reposes, the mind is free to make its most gracious excursions. Attention is then undivided ; the spirits are concentrated ; and a pleasant woman sunk in her *fauteuil*, gives out her "*infinite deal of nothings*," with a more powerful effect on her auditors, than can be attained by the most finished coquet."

Now, my dear madam, while you are thus sitting in your "*fauteuil*," thus pregnant with "*an infinite deal of nothings*," we would ask you, in sad and sober earnestness, did you, when you meditated the perpetration of these

two volumes, imagine it would be the act of a Christian woman to demand yourself, or suffer your publisher to demand for them the enormous sum of one guinea ;—did not the thought strike you, as you looked at the proof sheets, that it would be scarcely honourable to pawn upon "a discerning public" such dreary deserts of blank, white, uncultivated paper, alike depressing to the spirits and hurtful to the eyes, with a little narrow shrivelled stream of type trickling through the centre, that did not always exhibit the usual properties of the liquid element *clearness* and *reflection* ?—Nay, nay, we will not press you to reply ; we anticipate the answer your candour would give us, and we must conclude that you had no worthier ambition than to bring out a large mass of paper, while your laziness could devise no more convenient method of complying with the impatient and frequent demands of the printer's Devil for "more copy." There is still another advantage in the deep margins, that her Ladyship may have possibly contemplated. She can get out the next edition in 18mo. without any alteration of the type—we have heard of such things in our day—and there is fortunately no page of errata to detect the manœuvre.

Another tale yet remains—but we are weary of her ladyship and her writings ; she has occupied us too long already, and after having disturbed our ease and almost demolished the placidity of even *our* good humour, she has the assurance to insult us with an essay on "Temper"—Temper !

"Preach it to mortals of a dust like *thine*—
We are not of thine order——."

IRELAND.—No. I.

To point out, to the best of our ability, the means of diminishing the mass of vice and misery which still degrades and desolates our country, to consider its capabilities and resources, together with the modes by which they may be turned to the best account, and to promote the general happiness by suggesting practical methods of improving the physical and social condition of our own people, are the great ends to which we shall briefly address ourselves in this and perhaps some subsequent papers, of a series, which may, we think, be fairly devoted to a topic at once so interesting and so vitally important. A lively writer, on a subject that needs all the enlivening, as well as the enlightenment, it will admit of, to relieve its inherent darkness and dullness, has said, with, at least as much vivacity as truth, that the proper business of every man in every hour is, "Political Economy." Men in these days, he ob-

serves, cannot contend for ever. The times are gone by with the feudal system (in Ireland, perhaps, we should rather date, *if at all*, from the Catholic question,) when the meat and drink of mankind was quarrelling and fighting. No doubt, the number is now small of those, who believe according to the antique form of political faith, so long devoutly inculcated in the esoteric doctrines, if not openly avowed in the outward professions, taught in the high places of the earth, that God has made the great bulk of mankind with saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and some few booted and spurred, to ride the rest, according to their own mere motion at caprice and pleasure. Nevertheless, though these vanities, and many other evils great and sore under the sun have passed away, and soberer notions have succeeded to the drunken wantonness of pride and power;* it must still be confessed both that the human being taken ab-

* Let us not, however, be for an instant misunderstood. We have not a spark of the Spencean philosophy in our composition. We are neither Rockites, nor Owenites, nor St. Simonians; and if any thick-skulled radical fancy for a moment, that he has found in us an advocate or admirer of the political doctrine of community of goods, and fingering other men's purses, he will find himself, as Joey Hume says in *his* moments of premeditated pecuniary enthusiasm, "most deucedly mistaken." "As to equality," says a dead bishop, that was a Whig, when Whigs were more respectable men than they are now, (and on such points we love to quote a Whig authority, for the instruction of the mobocracy whenever we can find a Saul among the prophets,) "as to equality, if by it be meant an equality of property or condition, there is no such thing, nor ever was there any such thing in any country since the world began. The Scripture tells us of Pharaoh and his princes in the time of Abraham, when he was forced by famine to go down to Egypt about 430 years after the flood. Abraham himself had at that period men servants and maid servants, and was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold. He and Lot had herdsmen and servants of various kinds, and they everywhere met with kings who had subjects and soldiers.

The inequality of property and condition, which some silly or bad people are so fond of railing against, existed in the very infancy of the world, and must, from the nature of things, continue to exist to the end of it.

Suppose a ship to be wrecked on an uninhabited island, and that all the officers perished, but that the common men and their wives were saved; there, if anywhere, we may meet with liberty, equality, and the rights of man. What think you would be the consequence? A state of equality, and with it of anarchy, might perhaps subsist for a day; but wisdom, courage, industry, economy, would presently introduce a superiority of some over others; and in order that each man might preserve for himself the cabin he had built, the ground he had tilled, or the fish he had taken, all would agree in the propriety of appointing some one, or more than one, amongst their

stratedly, is a creature so strange and often unaccountable in his actions, and the motives which influence his conduct, and still more that the *society* composed of an aggregate of such featherless articulating bipeds, is so exceedingly complicated a machine, that to repair its defects, or to improve its modes of operation, is a task which demands the utmost and ablest efforts of deliberate practical wisdom—a wisdom not to be imposed upon by plausible expedients, which, though when viewed under some one aspect they hold out a confident promise of improvement or relief, yet seen under another, or a more comprehensive view, may be perceived to be illusory, or even pernicious. “*Qui ad pauca respicit, de facili pronunciat,*” quoth the prince of ancient philosophers.* He that would raise his thoughts to a higher pitch, must not be so narrow-eyed, but take, as from a vantage-ground, a larger and more comprehensive view.

Now, we are far enough, heaven knows, from setting up for such long-sighted sages, or for playing Sir Oracle, at whose portentous lip-droppings, even barking curs must needs be charmed into sacred silence; but we have thought it needful, or expedient, to

premise thus much, in order that it may be quite distinctly understood, that we approach the task which has been set to us, not without due consciousness of its exceeding difficulty, and a becoming diffidence with respect to the conclusions, to which even we ourselves may happen to arrive in the course of our investigations.

Dr. Chalmers has insisted much, and, considered as a general question we think not erroneously, upon the folly of supposing, that the plain highway to the relief of the unprovided inhabitants of any state, is, first and principally, to find them employment. He deplores, in most pathetic terms, and at considerable length, the perverse, but prevalent delusion that the employment in which men are engaged, is the source of their maintenance; whereas every employment, except that of raising food, is only a channel through which men draw their maintenance from the hands of those, who buy the products of their labour. The whole of his very lengthy argument upon this subject is acknowledged to be resolvable into the veriest truism, namely, that a manufacture is creative of nothing beyond its own products; that it should be accredited only with the commodity

number to direct, govern, and protect the whole, by the common strength. Thus, the restriction of liberty, and the destruction of equality, and all the circumstances which shallow reasoners represent as grievances in society, and subversive of the rights of man, would, of necessity, be introduced. No one would be left at liberty to invade his neighbour's property; some would by skill and activity become rich, and they would be allowed to bequeath at their death, their wealth to their children; others would, by idleness and debauchery, remain poor, and having nothing to leave to their children, these, when grown up, would be under the necessity of maintaining themselves by working for their neighbours, till, by prudence and thrift they acquired enough to purchase property of their own, on which they might employ their labour. It is a general law, which God has established throughout the world, that riches and respect should attend prudence and diligence; and as all men are not equal in the faculties of either body or mind, by which riches or respect are acquired, a necessity of superiority and subordination springs from the very nature which God has given us.” Thus far, the Whig and liberal Bishop Watson. There's for you, *messieurs* disciples of the prophets of the mob, who teach, upon the principles of political justice, as interpreted by them, that the handling of Mr. Rothschild's purse should, in fairness, be turn and turn about, instead of being basely confined, as this privilege is at present, to Mr. Rothschild, jun. These weak and wicked promises of impossible advantages are merely meant to attract the working classes—the device of designing knaves, who lie, and cheat, and count the oboli. Any reasonable propositions for amending the condition of the poor, are what all good men are always eager to collect, and we do not despair of making some discoveries thereanent even ourselves, and helping to lead the people on to practical improvement, but it is not by idle, lying stories of any Utopian lubber-land paved with twelve-penny loaves, and peopled with roast pigs running about with a knife and fork in their buttocks, and crying “*Come eat me,*” that this or any other good thing can possibly be effected.

* *Aristoteles.*

which it furnishes to the market, and not with the wealth also which supplies the price of that commodity. It certainly cannot furnish society with both itself and its own equivalent; the latter must come from a distinct and different quarter. When Cornelius O'Hoolaghan, the Wicklow mountain broom-maker, cuts and binds the heath, he does not also, and in addition thereto, produce the penny which Dolly, the housemaid pays for the aforesaid broom in Sackville-street, Dublin. Yet the Doctor bitterly complains, that by confounding in theory those two things, which are so obviously distinct in fact, a false direction has been very generally given, not only to the sentimentalities of amiable, though ancient gentlewomen of either sex, but also to the imaginations of economists, and the policy of statesmen. Three years ago we should have thought it foul scorn to have classed these species in the same category, but time and the Doctor have taught us better. The so-called economists we have always looked upon as a muddy-brained as well as a hard-hearted generation; but, for the honour of kingdom-ruling humanity, *maugre* old Oxenstiern's adage, and our own too sad experience, we would still cling to the persuasion that statesmen should be elevated a grade higher in the scale of intellectual being. Though, after all, perhaps, this satirical rogue of a doctor of divinity does *not* speak slanders; and some fat-headed porkers of the Althorpean stye, may actually vie in density of skull with animals of the braying breed of Macculloch. Leaving these respectively, however, to wallow in their native mire, or browse upon their country's thistles, each after his kind, all undisturbed at present, let us proceed from the general theories of their vaunted science to the more particular consideration of the case of Ireland.

Now here amongst us, though it must be honestly confessed that we have been, and still are, in defiance of the abstract reasoning of Malthus, prone to increase and multiply after our hearts' imagination; yet, thanks to the *Solanum tuberosum*,* and some other trifling helps which that bountiful

Providence, in whom we so sturdily put our trust, has bestowed upon us, we have not yet, by a good many years' journey, reached that advanced stage in politico-economic polity, at which population treads close upon the heels of subsistence. On the contrary, the redundancy of human food above the consumption, if not above the wants of the people, has at least kept pace with the rapid growth of our population. Mr. Alexander Nimmo, the late government engineer for Ireland, a man whose great professional skill, sound judgment, and right feeling, conferred inestimable public benefits upon the country, observed, in his evidence upon the inland navigations of Ireland, that they are chiefly remarkable for being undertaken not to facilitate any existing trade, but chiefly to promote agriculture in the fertile districts of the interior, to create a trade where none had previously existed, and to furnish employment for the poor. The success in this way has been wonderful; and though the adventurers themselves have not yet been repaid, and perhaps never will, the benefit to the public, and to the landed property of the kingdom, has been great and manifest. The nation has been saved the payment of the bounty of a hundred thousand pounds a year for bringing corn to Dublin; for, in place of this being the case, that city has now become one of the first corn ports of Europe: and *Ireland in general, which half a century ago imported corn to the value of half a million sterling annually, has now a surplus produce in that article to the value of four millions per annum*, while the whole expenditure, whether in public or private works of navigation, even including the interest paid on loans, hardly amounted to three millions.

It is a curious fact, however, and speaks volumes as to the relative creature-comforts of the population of the two islands, that while Ireland is an exporting country to such an immense extent of agricultural produce, and England an importing one, the number of acres under cultivation in England is *more than double* the number under far far inferior cultivation in Ireland,

* Vulgo dict. *pot* 80.

although the population of England exceeds that of Ireland by little more one-third. At the time of the revolution, or the close of the seventeenth century, the wheat produced in England and Wales was estimated to amount to 1,750,000 quarters. At present it is calculated that there are in England and Wales 8,250,000 acres annually cropped with wheat, which at the ordinary average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarters per acre will yield about nine millions of quarters, and the supply is made up by importation to about 12,000,000 quarters of wheat, and 40,000,000 quarters of all other sorts of grain. Even since the year 1760 the consumption of wheat has, at the very least, trebled, and of butcher's meat quadrupled, an increase so much more rapid than that of the population as to afford tolerably conclusive proof of the improved condition of the people in respect of food. So recently as the middle of the last century, and even later, the agriculture of Scotland, now so justly famous over Europe, was in a far more backward and depressed state than that of Ireland is now. The tenants of the soil were in general destitute alike of capital and skill. Green crops were almost unknown, and wheat there was little or none. It is well known that the cultivation of wheat has increased in Scotland in more than a tenfold proportion even since the year 1780. At present there is scarcely a village in "braid Scotland" that has not its public baker. Aye! there's the rub. Sawnie, like a sensible 'cannie' chiel, as he is, grows his wheat and eats it too; but Paddy, the true *terre filius*, the mere *astriectus glebæ*, raises the corn only to "rise the rint," too happy if he can secure for the consolation of his own inwards a sufficient supply of the more modest potato.

Every observant person who traverses our island remarks upon the strange anomaly which everywhere stares one in the face, of land not half productive for want of sufficient cultivation, though crowded with labourers ill-fed for want of employment. In general it has been deemed a sufficient explanation of this acknowledged and crying evil, to observe that capital, the connecting link by which the labour should be brought to bear upon the land, is wanting. But the vague, general assertion of absolute want of

capital in Ireland is neither sufficient nor accurately true. It has been ascertained by the official returns, that the amount of accumulated Irish capital vested in Government securities and transferred from England to Ireland has, in the last seven years, exceeded twenty-one millions, or three millions a year. So far back as the year 1822 we find the Parliamentary Committee on the State of Ireland observing in their report that "The want of capital seems to be generally referred to as the principal cause of the reduced means of employing the people; and this complaint of want of capital is generally accompanied by a statement that capital might, in Ireland, be profitably invested. Assuming this position to be correct, your Committee were naturally led to inquire into the causes which impeded the investment of British capital in Ireland, if that investment could take place with profit. All the witnesses examined imputed this difficulty of inducing British Capitalists to invest their money in Ireland, to the disturbances which have unfortunately prevailed in that country, by which an impression to a considerable extent has been produced that *property is insecure* in those districts where disturbances have prevailed." *Viola* la chose. It is then, manifestly, not so much the want of *Capital*, either "British or Irish, for neither is deficient, as a want of that feeling of confidence and security without which no rational Capitalist will embark his property in any speculation, that is, in this respect, the bane of Ireland.

Amongst the numerous works on Ireland, with which the press has teemed of late, there is one by Charles Wye Williamson, Esq. upon inland navigation generally, and the river Shannon in particular, which has afforded us great satisfaction, by the clearness of its views, the soundness and accuracy of its information, and the tone of manly good sense which pervades all its statements. On this, and on all other accessible sources, public or private, we mean to draw freely whenever we can find any thing to throw light upon the great desideratum, of which we are in search, and at present we shall willingly avail ourselves of the lucid summary given by Mr. Williams of the leading features of the state of Ireland, considered in a

practical point of view. And these are, first, the population want employment; secondly, that employment can be supplied only by the pursuits of agriculture, internal trade, commerce, or manufactures; secondly, these cannot be promoted without the means of intercourse and interchange, and adequate facilities of transport; finally, these latter do not exist in Ireland. It may be laid down as an indisputable point, he adds, and it applies with peculiar force to an agricultural country, that whatever be the quality of the soil or the extent of its population, no matter what its natural products may be, without a facility of intercourse for persons and of interchange for produce and commodities, they avail nothing. They are the gold, but it is gold still buried in the mine. We need go into no refinements of political economy; we need search for no hidden causes of pauperism or turbulence—finding a region with a dense, unemployed population, wanting the necessary facilities of interchange for its labour, we may

conclude at once, that such a district cannot make any progress in industry or capital, or even in civilization. On the contrary, in proportion as its population increases (the means of intercourse remaining restricted as before,) will its evils likewise increase—the population remain poor; confined to the lowest description of sustenance; ignorant, easily excited, without industry or emulation, and degraded to the lowest scale of human beings.

Poets and philosophers, the profoundest masters of the springs of human action, though they do not treat expressly of rail-roads and ship-canal, and steam-boats, and inland navigations, like Mr. Williams, arrive at nearly the same general conclusions as he. “*Languescet alioqui industria,*” says Tacitus, “*intendetur socordia, si nullus ex se metus aut spes; et securi omnes aliena subsidia expectabant, sibi ignavi, nobis graves.*”* It is too true; the moral evil results from the physical one, and fellowship in degradation takes away the sense of shame—

For every thought of noblest origin
Is breathed upon by *hope's* perpetual breath.†

Hope is, not to speak it profanely, the salt of the earth; it is the preserving principle, without which the faculties of the individual stagnate and decay, and social bodies corrupt and go to dissolution. When hope leaves the mind, discontent enters it; and where that evil spirit is once in possession, it is not long before he taketh to him “seven other spirits more wicked than himself.” The harrow has gone over the ground, and they who sow disaffection, sedition, and insurrection, find it ready for the baneful seed. With what success these seeds are scattered by the apostles of evil and anarchy, who are never weary in ill-doing, every day and every night's

experience but too sadly proves. That system of government, or of social management, which produces the happiest moral effects upon the people, will be found also the most beneficial to the interest of the individual, and to the general weal. This is the basis, and the only true one, upon which the so-called science of political economy can ever be made to rest securely. But how is government to operate, or even to be instrumental in operating a moral change upon the people? We answer, chiefly through the agency of physical means. Of course we do not mean to overlook or undervalue in the least the importance of education properly conducted;‡ but we are at present chiefly

* Annal. l. 2.

† Wordsworth.

‡ “It is not,” as Dr Chalmers well observes, “scholarship alone, but scholarship impregnated with religion, that tells on the great mass of society. We have no faith in the efficacy of mechanics' institutes, or even of primary and elementary schools, for building up a virtuous and well conditioned peasantry, so long as they stand dissevered from the lessons of Christian piety. There is a charm ascribed to the scholastic system of Scotland; and the sanguine imagination is, that by importing its machinery into England and Ireland, it will work the same marvellous trans-

concerned with the discussion of the statistical part of the question; and when in this sense it is inquired how we should proceed to improve the condition of a country already possessing an adequate population, a productive soil, and a sufficiency of sea-ports and navigable rivers? Experience, as Mr. Williams very justly states, would reply, "Open it up; give it the first elements of internal trading, navigation, and other suitable means of transport, and *then* you may safely leave the rest to the unerring course of natural influences. Intersect the country with the means of interchange, and connect those means with the sea, or river-ports, and private interest will accomplish all that remains to be done. The great lines of intercourse being once established, the operations of trade and capital created from labour itself, (for what is capital but accumulated or performed labour?) will supply all the ramifications necessary and best suited to the wants and capabilities of the population and the soil."

Ireland possesses in her rich agri-

cultural soil and temperate climate alone, an inexhaustible source of occupation, comfort, and even wealth, to a far greater number than her present population, if the means of turning the natural resources of the land to advantage were adopted, so as not only to give a present stimulus and increased demand for labour, but to afford the means of permanent employment by throwing open new markets to the agricultural districts. The country is indeed most liberally endowed by nature, and impoverished only by mismanagement, or at least by the want of judicious care to foster and extend its natural resources. It might easily, and at a very moderate expense, be made a country of water communication throughout its whole length and breadth, by giving some small artificial assistance to the rivers and chains of lakes with which it so abounds, but, in point of fact, the means of intercourse, without which it is obviously impossible to afford permanent and profitable employment to the population, do not yet exist among us; we

formation there, on the character of their people that was experienced amongst ourselves. But it is forgotten that a *warm and earnest Christianity* was the animating spirit of all our peculiar institutions, for generations after they were framed; and that wanting this they can no more perform the function of moralizing the people, than skeletons can perform the functions, or put forth the faculties of living men. *The Scholastic is incorporated with the ecclesiastical system of Scotland; and that, not for the purposes of intolerance and exclusion, but for the purpose of sanctifying the education, and giving the Boyhood of our land with the lessons of the Bible.* The scholarship of mere letters, might to a certain extent, have diffused intelligence amongst the people; but it is mainly to the presence of the religious ingredients that the moral greatness of our peasantry is owing." We pray Messieurs, the Commissioners of the new Board of Education in Ireland, and all its abettors, to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the above paragraph, penned by, perhaps, the ablest and most eminent practical authority upon the subject, in Britain. Before concluding even the slight and imperfect notice of so important a topic, which the narrow limits of a footnote will permit, we wish to point the public attention to the mode adopted in England by our primitive reformers to dissipate the thick darkness which then and there, as now and here, brooded over the great body of the people. Each parish Clergyman, in the capacity of a catechist, was required to be the instructor of the poor and labouring classes in all things necessary for the great purposes of life. He was required to teach them diligently the church catechism, in which all things pertaining to faith, practice, prayer and doctrine are collected, in so short a summary, and so plainly set forth, that the weakness of no man's understanding could hinder altogether the knowledge, or excuse the utter ignorance of the things necessary to salvation. Wherever schools existed, for whatever class of society, the masters were to be examined, and if approved, licensed, by the Bishop of the diocese, that security might be had for their bringing up *all* children in sound doctrine, and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

At the close of the Seventeenth century the 'Society for promoting Christian Knowledge' appeared, as the great promoter of the education of the poor. It proceeded on one simple principle, that "the growth of vice and immorality is greatly owing to gross ignorance of the principles of the Christian religion." This evil,

have but two canals worth naming in the whole kingdom, and even these in far from flourishing circumstances, chiefly because they stand almost alone, instead of being, as they should, the grand viaducts of thousands of smaller tributary channels of communication. And even when there *are* navigable waters, we find them left unavailable and useless for want of the cheapest and most obvious requisites. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Nimmo in his evidence, "that upon the western coast of the broad waters of the Shannon, we have not a single landing place. This complaint was made to me last season, and upon examination I found it was a most desirable thing to make provision for landing places on both sides of the river. We have no quays, *nor roads to the water* at any part of the Shannon, except at the bridges. I should suppose that *four or five thousand pounds* will accomplish all that is wanting in making roads and landing places." This was in evidence before parliament in 1824—the witness was the government engineer,

a man of European reputation for professional skill and judgment—and yet for lack of four or five thousand pounds, this national work still remains unattempted! *Ex uno disce omnes.* Well may it be asked how can the statistical, any more than the social state of Ireland prosper under such a state of things? Who can wonder at a wretchedly imperfect mode of agriculture prevailing in a country where we find extensive districts covered with dense masses of inhabitants, almost without a road, and forced to carry their produce through bye-ways and bridle-paths over mountains upon horses' backs, in order to find a market at all? Even in the valley of the Shannon, though some money has been expended to improve the navigation of that most noble river; yet, by the oversight of neglecting to provide either piers, landing places, or side roads of approach, its waters still continue unavailable as a means of internal transit for farming produce. The deficiency of connecting roads between the river and the interior, is at once extraordi-

therefore, it laboured to diminish by encouraging schools, and promoting the circulation of useful and religious books. It appears by last year's report of the National School Society of England, that the number of children there receiving education under the superintendence of the clergy, and in the principles of the Established Church, considerably exceeds nine hundred thousand.

To us it appears that something not unlike the plan adopted by King Edward, and the early reformers, might be introduced here, under the not very dissimilar circumstances of Ireland, by prudent management, with excellent effect. The Church Catechism is really a most admirable epitome of the fundamentals of religion, and none who is well principled and thoroughly grounded in it, brief as it is, can possibly perish for lack of knowledge. Now with the exception of the latter part, relating to the Sacraments, which, we need scarcely inform our readers, was not in King Edward's catechism, nor added till the conference at Hampton Court in the time of James the First, we think, (at least the individual writer of this paper thinks, for he feels that he ought not to pledge the responsibility of the editorial *we*, to so debateable a point,) that the Roman Catholics might be brought to assent to general instruction in the creed, the commandments, our duty towards God and our neighbour, and the Lord's prayer, even in the very words of our book, on the plain broad ground of our common christianity; for as has been well remarked, the Roman Catholics do not reject any article of the Protestant faith, so much as believe both these and several others beside, which we cannot yield assent to, because we do not find them in Holy Scripture.

Popery is in an accommodating mood at present, and if the titled archbishop of Dublin would talk this matter over at the Council-board, with his Titular brother, something might be done. The only solid stumbling-block in the way of such an arrangement is, the enlargement of the Popish swallow that would be requisite in order to gulph down the Second Commandment whole and unutilated. But if it be put to Dr. Murray as a plain question of fact whether the ten Commandments are extant in the original Hebrew in the manner they are given in our brief catechism, or not? we do not see how he can evade or avoid the admission, and this granted he could not be so *illiberal* as to maintain a schism on so untenable a ground.

nary and disgraceful. In many cases where roads do run within a very few miles of the Shannon, the river itself still remains inaccessible from them for want of any public way across the narrow strip of country intervening; and thus whole districts are sealed up from any intercourse with the rest of the country, as if their seclusion were a public benefit.* In England there are twenty-two hundred miles of canals, and eighteen hundred miles of river navigation, besides rail-roads innumerable, and one hundred and twenty thousand miles of ordinary road. In Ireland there are two hundred and seventy miles of canal, and two hundred and twenty of river navigation, besides five miles of rail-road in preparation. The contrast is lamentable; for the surface of England, over which the above-named navigations are spread, is not greater in extent than the surface of our own island, being wholly south of Durham, and exclusive of the jutting peninsula of Devonshire and Cornwall. And all this too, be it remembered, is the work of the last three quarters of a century. Eighty years ago there was not a mile of canal in all England. The brief account given by Mr. Nimmo of the rise and progress of still-water navigation in that coun-

try, is so interesting and important, that we are sure our readers will willingly peruse it:—"At the commencement of the reign of George III., the system of inland navigation in England underwent a very remarkable change. Hitherto acts of parliament had been granted with reference to some particular river, the natural navigation of which it was meant to improve. Powers were therefore granted to deepen and straighten the channel; to make flashes; to overcome the shallows or rapids; to erect winches or capstans for hauling boats up the rapids, &c. and latterly to build pound locks for overcoming the ascents, especially at mill weirs: but it was usually stipulated not to leave the bed, or direct the river from the natural course, or draw water from it to the injury of the mills. Experience had, however, shown that navigations of this sort were liable to perpetual degradation. These difficulties suggested the propriety of leaving the natural bed, and led to the formation of a separate cut with pound locks. With this view, the proprietors of the Sankey navigation in Lancashire, who had obtained in 1755 an act for making Sankey Brook navigable from the Mersey river to near St. Helen's, determined, instead

* We have been much struck with the forcible lesson for the internal management of Ireland conveyed in the recent history of the Island of Sardinia, so similarly situated with respect to many of its statistical details. It may be interesting to the Irish antiquary to observe that Sardinia, like Ireland, was colonized from Iberia, and that to its Iberian colonists is distinctly traced the erection of numerous "*conical towers*, constructed of large cubic stones, whose sides fit each other without being fastened together by line or cement. The largest are from fifty to sixty feet in height. The interior is divided into three dark chambers, one above the other, a spiral staircase communicating between them. Under several of these structures, burying-places and subterraneous passages have been discovered. There are several hundreds of these curious monuments, between large and small, scattered over Sardinia." The similarity of these structures to the round towers of our own island will scarcely be disputed. The sojourn of the royal family (of the House of Savoy) in Sardinia, during their expulsion from Piedmont by the French, made its princes better acquainted with the wants of the inhabitants; and the reign of the late Charles Felix was marked by the particular care bestowed upon the affairs of the island. In 1820, an edict of Victor Emmanuel authorized the enclosure of common lands, which before extended over immense tracts of the island, and were nearly useless. Many of these wastes have now become the best cultivated estates, and several of the nobility, especially the Marquis of Villa Hermosa, have produced incalculable advantage, by setting the example of the most improved methods of agriculture on their own estates.

King Charles Felix directed, that in every commune (answering to our parish) there should be a school for the gratuitous instruction of the country people in reading, writing, arithmetic, *religious catechism*, and *the elements of agriculture*. Of three hundred and ninety-two villages, more than three hundred were already, in 1820, provided with such schools.

of working in the river, to make a separate cut along the same, which they accordingly effected in 1760.

About the same time, the Duke of Bridgewater, who had obtained an act for making Worsley brook navigable, from Worsley mill to the river Irwell, by which navigable river he proposed to transport the coals from his property to the manufacturing town of Manchester, conceived the idea of conveying an artificial canal through the dry land, across the river Irwell by an aqueduct, and thereby proceeding from the mines upon one level to the town. In the year 1760, the Duke obtained the first act, with adequate powers for the construction of a canal of this sort, that is, not in the direction of any stream, but crossing the course of rivers, brooks and roads, and intersecting the property of various individuals. The scheme at first met with much discredit, from the prejudice which then existed in favour of river navigation, and on account of the unprecedented expense and difficulty of constructing these necessary aqueducts, embankments, and other works, at that time new in England. But the Duke who was well acquainted with what had been performed in Holland, France and Italy, and found an able and ingenious practical assistant in Mr. James Brindley, and likewise a singularly sagacious and persevering agent in Mr. Gilbert, was not deterred from effecting his

bold design. The signal success of the Duke's projects opened the eyes of the whole nation to the vast advantages to be derived from artificial canals, or rather still-water navigation. Its extensions from the Mersey to the Trent, the Severn, and the Thames, were successively projected. These, and the rapid formation of joint-stock companies, of which above a hundred have been incorporated for works of this sort during the last reign, are evidence of the zeal with which these improvements were prosecuted. An incredible extent of these artificial canals has now been completed, that is to say, upwards of 2400 miles have been made in England, constituting a congeries of inland navigation not to be equalled in the world, and in the construction of which all sorts of difficulties have been experienced, and overcome by the talents and perseverance of an ingenious and industrious nation." Mr. Nimmo elsewhere adds, in his evidence before the Committee on Ireland, in 1824, that "the whole expenditure in England upon all those canals, and rivers improved, has amounted to thirty millions sterling. All the expenditure upon canals in Ireland, public and private, jobs and all together, has amounted to about three millions and a half." The inland navigations and other facilities of internal intercourse established in England in the last three quarters of a century, may

Upon this rousing of Sardinia from its long lethargy, the want of internal communication between the various parts of the island, began to be severely felt and complained of. A carriage road was therefore begun in 1823, which crossing the whole island in its length, south to north, from Cagliari, proceeds by Oristano near the western coast, and thence to Sassari, ending at Porto Torres, the northernmost point, where the mails and government despatches are landed from Genoa. The whole length of the road is about 145 miles: it was completed in 1829. About 6000 workmen were at times employed, and it cost the government four millions of francs, part of which was defrayed from the king's private purse. Besides the towns and villages scattered along its line, there are houses of refuge built in all the most solitary tracts, and in these houses keepers of the road reside. The people of the interior at once became anxious to establish, at their own expense, cross-roads in every direction to communicate with the main one. The *Stamenti*, or three estates of the kingdom, have also come forward with a grant of money for the purpose of effecting other high roads, leading from the central one to the eastern and western coasts. Two of these, one leading to Ogliastro, the other to Alghero, are now nearly completed.

The beneficial effects of these wise measures on the minds of the people, have already become apparent in the great decrease of crimes; most of which arose, as among all rude uncultivated people, from ignorance, violence, jealousy, and revenge. The annual number of murders had in 1828 diminished to one-half what they were ten years before. The population of Sardinia is somewhere about half a million, or rather more.

therefore well be assumed as one of the leading features and principal causes of her so amazingly increased commercial and agricultural prosperity. Of the possibility of extending similar advantages to Ireland, the Parliamentary committees appointed to inquire into the subject, have repeatedly given the very strongest assurances, and indeed common sense alone finds little difficulty in arriving at a like conclusion. The report of the last committee, after a detailed account, and the most conclusive proofs, of the valuable effect of the judicious and well-directed expenditure of public money in Scotland, and of small sums even in Ireland itself, proceeds to sum up the question in the following pregnant words:—"From these facts it appears to your committee that the following conclusions may be drawn:

1. That on an experience of fifteen years from 1802 to 1817, a system of public works appears to have been adopted in the Highlands of Scotland, which, according to the evidence of Mr. Telford, has improved the habits, excited the industry of the people, and has advanced the country 100 years.

2. That successive parliamentary committees in the years 1819, 1822, 1823, and 1829, have recommended the application of an analogous system in Ireland.

3. That public works have been carried on in Ireland since the year 1822, which though not conducted on any permanent or well-digested system, have, in all respects, confirmed the recommendation of these select committees, and supported the example given in Scotland.

4. That the effects produced by these public works appear to have been, extended cultivation, improved habits of industry, a better administration of justice, the re-establishment of peace and tranquillity in disturbed districts, a domestic colonization of a population *in excess in certain districts*, a diminution of illicit distillation, and a very considerable increase of revenue.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that your committee most strongly recommend to the House the *extended* application of a principle proved to be advantageous in so many important particulars." What could mortal men say more? And their conclusions are fully borne out by a voluminous mass of

most conclusive evidence, which they present upon the subject. On the single question of extending inland navigation, to which we have almost confined ourselves for this time, in order to bring our present speculations within a definite and narrow limit, they truly tell us that—"Much of very important and valuable evidence on the subject of the canals of Ireland will be found in the minutes. The effect of opening lines of inland navigation, when formed upon proper scientific principles, and executed with due economy, have been, by the concurrence of all testimony, the extension of *improved* agriculture, the drainage of considerable tracts of bog, the equalization of prices of fuel and potatoes in different districts, the diminishing the danger of scarcity in both of these necessities of life, and advancing the general improvement of the condition of the people, by the creation of a new, vigorous, and *continued* demand for labour. If the canals executed have not been profitable to the undertakers, the reason is stated to have been the want of skill and science which was shewn in their construction, the extravagant rate of expense, and the spirit of jobbing which then prevailed. Even independently of these considerations, your committee see abundant reasons to conclude that the application of the power of steam to the navigation of the Shannon, makes in itself a sufficient alteration in the case to render any failure in the canals in Ireland in former times, no reason for scepticism with regard to their probable extension in future. As an example of how much may be effected for a small sum, your committee refer to the evidence of Mr. Mullins, by which it appears that the completion of a short navigation, near the town of Boyle, at an expense of six thousand pounds, would open a line of water carriage into the interior of forty miles extent."

"On these grounds your committee consider the inland navigation of Ireland to come fairly within the scope of the principles they have laid down under the head of public works. It would appear that grand juries also may, with advantage, be allowed a power of presenting, if they shall think fit, in aid of the small piers and landing-places on the banks of navigable rivers." So far the committee, and so far so well. But

alas and alack-a-day! as Lord Brougham loves to exclaim in the House of Lords, what avail these high-sounding and fair-promising conclusions upon paper? The mountains rumble and the people run to gaze on their portentous bringing-forth, when behold! a ridiculous mouse is born. The government of the United Kingdom, in accordance with the earnest recommendations of a series of parliamentary committees, and in pursuance of the provisions of a legislative act for the relief of Ireland, has actually lent (upon unquestionable security, however, so that no risk of a national bankruptcy will, it is hoped, ensue,) the magnificent sum of nine thousand two hundred pounds sterling, for the joint purposes of promoting inland navigation, and building fishery piers. *Risum teneatis amici?* And yet, my boys, if you *do* laugh, it will scarcely be upon the principle by which old Cobbett accounted for the ministerial benches laughing at him when he exposed the jobbery and cheating of certain government proceedings in England—"Aye, aye," exclaimed the sturdy old bone-grubber, "honorable gentlemen can laugh, and no wonder; it's an old saying that those may laugh that win—they that pocket the money can enjoy the joke." This observation rather sobered the merriment of the Treasury bench; but seriously, this most lame and impotent conclusion of a solemn inquiry into the evils of Ireland and their remedies, is rather

too bad. An improvement in annual revenue alone was actually proved to have resulted from the small sums hitherto granted for public works in some of the distressed districts, far more than equivalent to the sum laid out, and, in acknowledgment of this great and salutary principle of relief, our paternal government lends "on unquestionable security," £9200 for improving the condition of eight millions of British subjects, while it votes away a *grant* of twenty millions, in order to place a handful of Blackamoors in some islands a little farther west, in a condition far superior to that of the most comfortable of the British peasantry! We wish our black brethren extremely well; but when we think upon how happy, prosperous, and revenue-yielding a people our own countrymen *might* have been made by the judicious application of one-half the sum devoted to a project in itself desirable indeed, but so crudely devised as to render its practicability or utility more than doubtful, we cannot but regret that the liberality of our present legislators and executive, has not been directed more soundly, and more in conformity with the ancient, but not on that account, in our eyes, less respectable, maxim; to be just before attempting to be generous.

For the present we have done. In a future paper we shall proceed to consider the duties of private individuals, of power and property, with respect to Ireland and the Irish people.

SONNETS, No. I.—NIGHT.

See, in the clear, cold welkin high-enthroned,
 The moon is glittering o'er the world below;
 And from their quivering leaves the poplars throw
 The paly flashes of her light around:
 The grey mists creep along the marshy ground
 Where the lone night-bird to her echo screams,
 While, fix'd and gazing on the midnight beams,
 The deep-voiced watch-dog bays at each faint sound—
 The sheep-bell tinkling in the wakeful fold,
 Or the low bleat with many a pause between,
 The deep, soft dash of moonlight waters rolled
 O'er the slow mill-wheel—while the mellowed scene
 Gleams in its silvery slumber, and the trees
 Scarce wave their lazy heads before the murmuring breeze.

LIFE IN AMERICA.*

We take it for granted that of the enormous multitude of our readers, ("we are eight millions!") a considerable fraction would be well pleased to become, by means of an hour's study of these pages, as well acquainted with how people look and live, in the United States of America, as if they had spent six months in wandering to and fro in these western regions. It is our present intention, with the aid of the excellent book now before us, to give them this opportunity. We had thoughts of a preliminary dissertation about the importance of a thorough knowledge of America, together with some extremely sage remarks upon the very violent prejudices by which both writers and readers concerning the United States are commonly possessed. We intended, moreover, for the purpose of shewing off our learning, to have mentioned, in a rapid way, all the books that have been written about America from Professor Robertson down to Mrs. Trollope, but in a violent fit of honesty and good nature, which has come over us, we have changed our mind, and determined to proceed without any nonsense whatever, to that which our most reasonable readers will find more pleasant and profitable, namely, a view of American realities, as they are exhibited in society.

A few words, however, before we begin, upon the book which is to be our guide upon this occasion. We do not think we exaggerate its merit when we say, that it is the best and fairest view of society and manners in America that has ever been published. The descriptive parts are admirable—far better in our judgment than the political disquisitions and the philosophical remarks with which *en passant* the author indulges us, and which will hugely please many, though we think them indifferent enough for a whig newspaper. The epithets "liberal" and "enlightened" occur, we think, about nine hundred and seventy three times, in the course of the two volumes, which we confess rather moved our bill, because the words

are for ever in the mouths of the shallow-pated. Of these, the author of Cyril Thornton, however, certainly, is not one, but we fear he is the "lame taste" in life tarred with the stick of *liberalism*; indeed he says he was considered as a sort of radical at home in Britain. We forgive him, however, for the sake of his acuteness in observing "men and manners," and wish him with all our heart a better way of thinking in matters political, and a more distinct method of expressing his thoughts, than belong to the "liberal and enlightened" as the cant goes, of the present generation. We would like his book better, though we would not *approve* it so much, if it were written with more *heartiness* and less cleverness than it is. His pen and ink drawings strike us at once as being admirable likenesses, and the light touches of satire are excellent; but zounds! he never gets into a passion, as he ought to do. He describes filthiness, and impertinence, and craft, and insolence, as though he were too fine a gentleman to be disturbed by these or any thing else, or too "liberal" to give way to indignation or disgust. An expression half of pity, half of contempt, is all that he affords to what is abominable, and he takes refuge on the first practicable opportunity, in a private room, napkins, silver forks, iced claret, and his own lofty contemplations, which on those occasions commonly wax benevolent to a fault. But after all, the book, as a source of sound information, is the more valuable from that cool, deliberate lightness, which agrees not with our nervous system. Had we been where our author was, and seen what he saw, we should have written something passionate which the world would have rejected as bad evidence. The most vigorous, and to our taste, one of the very best passages in the whole book is that in which he tells his friend Mr. Wolryche Whitmore, to whom the volumes are inscribed, the immediate motive for their publication. "When," says he, "I found the institutions and experi-

*Men and Manners in America, by the Author of Cyril Thornton. W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

ence of the United States deliberately quoted in the Reformed Parliament, as affording safe precedent for British legislation, and learned that the drivellers who uttered such nonsense, instead of encountering merited derision, were listened to with patience and approbation, by men as ignorant as themselves, I certainly did feel, that another work on America was yet wanted, and at once determined to undertake a task which inferior considerations would probably have induced me to decline."

What Captain Hamilton (the author of the work before us) has said of the political institutions of America, their tendency, and probable results, is of the highest interest, but in the present article, we do not mean to be politicians, but shewmen, so all ye that are impatient for information and criticism on the political condition of America, be-take yourselves to Captain Hamilton's volumes at once, and become more wise than half the members of Congress,—those who want a sight of society and its ways, may as well tarry a while with us, and study Captain Hamilton at their leisure, afterwards. In the meantime be it remembered that we are indebted to his observations for the knowledge of the facts which we shall endeavour to communicate.

A sea voyage being for the most part a sickening sort of business—a series of things disagreeable, or things detestable, we shall not throw up, or out, any thing upon the subject, but suppose you, worthy Sir, as Captain Hamilton was, in two and thirty days from his departure from Liverpool, safely landed at New York. The first botheration is of course with the Custom House people, and it seems with all the liberality of a Republican government, the regulations are even more vexatious than in our land of monarchical authority. You are first required to swear that the specification given of the contents of your boxes is true, and afterwards by way of making sure, the officers proceed to make a strict search. What the precise use of the oath is, in such a case, does not exactly appear, except that it gives Jonathan an opportunity of shewing how little confidence he places in your most solemn asseveration, or because it lays a trap for the damning of a man's soul, as well as the confiscation of his goods.

Our author thinks the appearance

of New York much like that of an English City, except for the number of blacks, and people of colour, that one encounters in the streets, but there are minute differences which the keen military eye of the Captain soon discovers, in the appearance of the people, and which he thus points out. "They are generally slender in person, somewhat alouching in gait, and without that openness of countenance, and erectness of deportment to which an English eye has been accustomed. Their utterance too is marked by a peculiar modulation, partaking of a snivel, and a drawl, which is by no means laudable on the score of euphony." There are few things that attract us more in man or woman than a pleasant voice, in so much that even our prayers were more delightful to us than usual, when we heard them read by Mr. Chapman of College, or Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan. The horror of a whole city of articulating men, discoursing in a voice half snivel, and half drawl, is quite too much for our nerves. We fainted on first reading these particulars, and it is with no slight effort that we write them down.

Another striking difference in the appearance of things, is the intermixture of strange varieties of houses of wood, and brick, adorned with all varieties of fancy colours. There is a want of consistency and compactness in the structure even of the better streets. There are some excellent houses in them all, but these frequently occur in alternation with mere hovels, and collections of rubbish which detract *materially* from the general effect. But our author is of opinion that the general aspect of New York is unquestionably pleasing. It is full even to overflow of business, and bustle, and crowded with a population devoting their whole energies to the arts of money getting. This is the impression on the first view, and experience confirms it. The announcements over many of the shop doors of the business carried on within, are purely American, that is to say, they are English words, with a signification that does not belong to these words in England, or applied in a way that appears ludicrous from being to us so totally unusual. Thus, "DRY GOOD STORE" signifies a shop for the sale of articles of linen, silk, or woollen. "FLOUR AND FEED STORE" and "OYSTER REFECTORY" are intelligible

though grotesque; so is "COFFIN WAREHOUSE," though rather frightful to one whose European experience has never extended to Cook-street in this good city. But as for the announcement of "HOLLOW WARE, SPIDERS, AND FIRE DOGS, which our author mentions, we can make nothing of it, and he says that it carries with it a certain dim and mystical sublimity, of which he shall not venture to divest it, by any attempt at explanation.

Many political placards, we are informed, appeared on the walls, but the contents of only one of them is vouchsafed to us by our text book, and an edifying specimen we must acknowledge it to be, of Republican gracefulness. It ran thus, JACKSON FOR EVER, GO THE WHOLE HOG. The latter expression bears an elegant allusion to an expression of the Pig Slayers of Virginia, and means going to the extreme length, or, "Radical Reform." The connection of this handsome expression, with the name of the most exalted personage in the United States, is equally flattering to that individual, and to the popular taste of the American people.

A breakfast at Bunker's Hotel, New York, appears to be a very substantial affair, and we would not advise any man to read it, while waiting for his modicum of thin toast, his single egg, and cup of tea, in our differently civilized metropolises of Dublin or London. In Edinburgh we happen to know, that they feed particularly well at breakfast. At Bunker's, we are told, that solid viands of all descriptions loaded the table, while in the occasional intervals were distributed dishes of rolls, toast, and cakes of buck-wheat, and Indian corn. The landlady sat at the head of the table distributing tea and coffee, and a group of negroes bustled about, attending to the many wants which were somewhat *vociferously* intruded on their attention. The Americans however are too philosophic to dwell upon the pleasures of the table. There is no loitering or lounging, no dipping into Newspapers at their hotel-breakfast, no intervals of repose in mastication, all is hurry, bustle, clamour, and voracity. Captain Hamilton is here somewhat particular in his description, and though a little nasty, it is so graphic, that we must go along with him. "The strenuous efforts of the company were of course soon rewarded with success.

Departures which had begun even before I took my place at the table, became every instant more numerous, and in a few minutes the apartment had become what Moore beautifully describes in one of his songs, 'a banquet hall deserted.' The appearance of the table, under such circumstances, was, by no means gracious, either to the eye, or to the fancy. It was strewn thickly with the *disjecta membra* of the entertainment. Here lay fragments of fish somewhat unpleasantly odoriferous, there the skeleton of a chicken, on the right a mustard pot upset, and the cloth *passim* defiled with stains of eggs, coffee, gravy, but I will not go on with the picture. One nasty custom however I must notice. Eggs, instead of being eaten from the shell, are poured into a wine glass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up, with butter, and condiment, the mixture according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off, like a liquid. The advantage gained by this unpleasant process, I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate, but I can speak from experience, to its sedative effect on the appetites of an unpractised beholder."

Swift, when looking out for a frivolous cause of war, in order to turn the reasons for warfare in general into ridicule, pitched upon a dispute, as to whether the little or the big end of an egg ought to be broken in order to devour its contents, and we are afraid that on this account any war touching the manner that eggs should be introduced to the mouths of egg-eaters, would be deemed ludicrous; but if it were not so, we would instantly petition the crown to send a fleet to New York to demand satisfaction for the outrage done to the world by such a beastly manner of eating or drinking eggs. The manner of despatching breakfast in a steamboat on the Hudson, transcends even that on land. In the boat each man seemed to *devour*, under the uncontrollable influence of some sudden hurricane of appetite, to which it would be difficult to find any parallel beyond the limits of the Zoological Gardens. A few minutes did the business. The clatter of knives and forks, loud as it was at first, speedily waxed faint and fainter—plates, dishes, cups, and saucers disappeared, as if by magic, and every thing connected with the meal became

so suddenly invisible, that but for *internal evidence* which the hardest sceptic could scarcely have ventured to discredit, the breakfast in the boat might have passed for one of those gorgeous, but unreal visions, which for a moment mock the eye of the dreamer, and then vanish into thin air.

But every thing in America is not so disgusting as the devouring of victuals by a mixed company, undoubtedly is. For example, Captain Hamilton assures us, that "the first impression made by an acquaintance with the *better order* of American gentlemen, is certainly very pleasing. There is a sort of republican plainness and simplicity in their address, quite in harmony with the institutions of their country. An American bows less than an Englishman; he deals less in mere conventional forms, and expressions of civility, he pays few or no compliments, makes no unmeaning or overstrained professions, but he takes you by the hand, with a cordiality which at once intimates that he is disposed to regard you as a friend. Of that *higher grace of manner*, inseparable perhaps from the artificial distinctions of European society, and of which even those most conscious of its hollowness, cannot always resist the attraction, few specimens are, of course, to be found in a country like the United States; but of this I am sure, that such a reception as I have experienced in New York, is far more gratifying to a stranger, than the farce of ceremony, however gracefully it may be performed."

There is a good deal in this extract which we cannot say we admire. We do not allude to the agreeable things, he says, of the Americans, whom we regard as a good-natured, shrewd people, though rather vain, and dogmatical, and unpolished for our taste; but there seems to be a sort of cringing to American prejudice in the hard words which are thrown out concerning European habits. Why talk of the "hollowness" of a "higher grace of manner," or the "farce" of ceremony, however gracefully performed? There is just as little hollowness in high manners as in low manners, and low manners are certainly more disagreeable, and when ceremonies are "gracefully performed," they are as little entitled to the blame

of being a *farce*, as blunt and pain-giving rudeness, is entitled to the praise of sincerity. We would also beg leave to suggest, with the greatest deference to the better experience of our author, that we are not in the habit of making "unmeaning," or "overstrained" professions in good society in this country, and that in order to allow due credit to the different manners of our worthy friends on the other side of the Atlantic, it is not necessary to throw discredit on the refinements of our own country.

We now come to a point of "delicate investigation," in which we may expect, that at least one half of our readers will take particular interest. We recollect the time when it was to ourselves a matter of no slight curiosity to learn how these blunt, money-seeking Americans, who are so fond of "going the whole hog" in political matters, were off for sweethearts and wives. What we had heard of their manners was, we thought, rather unfavourable to the formation of the gentler and more winning characteristics of female loveliness; but it little signifies what we thought—it is our present lot to look at them through Captain Hamilton's spectacles. With excellent tact he commences with a notice of the way the ladies dress, and after claiming for himself the high merit of being a judge in such matters, he decides very positively that the ladies of New York are well dressed, and "far from inelegant; "this last touch is something in the nature of "faint praise," but let that pass. He says their average height is less than that of his fair countrywomen (we do not know whether he refers exclusively to the Scotch) the cheek is without colour, and the figure sadly deficient in *en-bon-point*, but he adds, somewhat strangely, after this description, that with all these disadvantages he does not remember to have seen more beauty than he has met in New York. The features are generally finely moulded, and not unfrequently display a certain delightful harmony that reminds one of the "*Belle Donne* of St. Peter's, and the Pincian Mount." What a fine thing it is to have travelled! We have not the honor of being acquainted with the ladies of the Pincian Mount, but we should be willing to stake this Magazine, against any property, literary or landed, and

worth not less than five thousand a year, that we would match the broadway from our College gate to the Rotunda, against the broadway of New York, any day in the year from April to July, and carry away the prize for beauty, before any Jury of matrons and middle aged gentlemen, from Cherekee to China. But to proceed—these ladies who remind one of the *Belle Donne* of the Pincian Mount, are, it seems beautiful, in spite of their teeth, which the Captain says are generally by no means fine, and the lips want colour and fulness. The carriage however of these fair Americans he pronounces good. "It is neither French nor English, for they have the *good sense* to adopt the peculiarities of neither." We have heard from our youth upward, that there is reason in the roasting of eggs, and we are from observation satisfied, that there is sense in the darning of stockings, but we had thought that for the most part the carriage of ladies, in the boarding school sense, was more an affair of muscular habit, than of the understanding. The ladies of New York, our traveller assures us, certainly do not paddle along with the short steps and affected carriage of a Parisian belle (this is the French peculiarity) nor do they consider it becoming to walk the streets with the stride of a grenadier. (This *we suppose*, is intended for the English peculiarity, but, although not unused to England, we confess it has not come within the sphere of our observation when we have looked at ladies walking, which we always do when we have an opportunity.) The Captain is fond of flattering the ladies in groups of a townful at a time. He pays his gallantries neither to an individual, nor to the whole continent, but let him praise them by the city, and he is most enthusiastic. We have heard what he says of New York, now for Baltimore. The ladies there he tells us, are *remarkable* for personal attraction. He is not aware that in proportion to the number assembled, he has ever seen so much beauty as in the parties of Baltimore. The figure is perhaps deficient in height, but sylph-like and graceful, their features are generally regular and delicately modelled, and they are less remarkable than American ladies usually are, for the absence of a certain

fulness and grace of proportion, to which, from its rarity, one is led perhaps to attach somewhat too much value as an ingredient of beauty.

Presently after, he talks of American ladies in general, without reference to any particular place, and informs us that their figure "when past the first bloom of youth presents an aggregate of straight lines and corners, altogether ungraceful and inharmonious. There is an overweening proportion of bone, which occasionally protrudes in quarters where it certainly adds nothing to the general charms of the person. The result is perhaps, a certain tendency to *scragginess*, which I have no doubt to the eye of a young poet would be exceedingly annoying." O fie! Captain Hamilton, and pray how long may this "first bloom of youth" be calculated upon, by a man who might feel perhaps a little nervous in looking forward to the "scraggy" period? The Captain throws some light upon this subject in another place. "Unfortunately," he says, "beauty in this climate is not durable. Like the ghosts of Banquo's fated line, it comes like a shadow, and so departs, at one, or two-and-twenty, the bloom of an American lady is gone, and the *more substantial materials of beauty* follow soon after. At thirty the whole fabric is in decay, and nothing remains but the tradition of former conquests, and anticipations of the period, when her reign of triumph will be vicariously restored, in the person of her daughter." Scraggy after twenty two, and falling into decay at thirty! This is rather severe, and we recommend the Captain to make himself independent of the general smiles of the fair, before he goes back to America. Assuredly they will not hold him in honour or affection for this description.

The Broadway is the promenade of New York. It is a handsome street, with the buildings more picturesque than regular, as they range in variety, from the wooden cottage of one story, to the massive brick edifice of five or six. The sides are skirted by a row of poplars, which our author describes as stunted and miserable-looking and useless either for shade or ornament. Here are the most fashionable shops of the city, but even they are deficient in external decoration. After two

o'clock the footways are crowded with gaily-dressed ladies, but gentlemen are very scarce, as they are all busy in their "stores" or country houses; in the evening, the Captain says, *he is told* it is different, and that the business of gallantry goes on quite as hopefully as on our side of the water. This is consolatory.

The common dinner hour at New York is three o'clock. This, it appears, is a very important matter to attend to in the United States, particularly if you live in a hotel, for they fall-to precisely at the time appointed for "feed," and despatch the affair with equal velocity and completeness. If you are not in time, you are *too late* in the most decisive acceptance of the term; and as to any little supplement for your private accommodation, that is out of the question. You must eat with the company, and at the company's time, or go without. The language of our traveller is somewhat strong upon these points—he says, "the truth is, that instead of being free, a large proportion of the American people live in a state of the most degrading bondage. No liberty of tongue can compensate for the vassalage of stomach. In their own houses, *perhaps*, they may do as they please, though I much doubt whether any servants would consent to live in a family who adopted the barbarous innovation of dining at six o'clock, and breakfasting at eleven. But on the road, and in the hotels, they are assuredly any thing but freemen. Their hours of rest and refection are these dictated by Boniface, the most rigorous and iron-hearted of despots. And, surely, never was monarch blessed with more patient and obedient subjects! He feeds them in droves like cattle. He rings a bell, and they come like dogs at their master's whistle. He places before them what he thinks proper, and they swallow it without grumbling. His decrees are as those of fate, and the motto of his establishment is, "Submit or starve."

Disappointed hunger is very apt to turn *liberality* inside out; and we suspect our traveller must have written this, just after coming in with a stomach ready to devour the "whole hog," and finding himself ten minutes too late. He brings it in rather oddly, just after informing us of his establishment at the Tremont Hotel, Boston,

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which he lauds very much. He says it is admirably conducted, that "he enjoyed the blessing of rational liberty, had command of his own hours and motions; in short, could eat, drink, or sleep, at what time, in what manner, and on what substances he might prefer." It is stated in a note, that in the hotels in the greater cities, private apartments can generally be obtained; the charge for these is about as high as in London, and the privilege of separate meals is also to be paid for. In New York, our author says, that with nothing but an inferior bed-room, and living at the public table, the charge for himself and servant was eighteen dollars a-week. At Boston, with three excellent rooms, and the privilege of private meals, it amounted, including every thing except wine, to thirty-five. At Philadelphia he paid twenty-six dollars, at Baltimore twenty-eight, at Washington forty—the extent of accommodation being nearly equal in all. It is the invariable custom in the United States to charge by the day or week; and travellers are thus obliged to pay for meals whether they eat them or not. To a man who is considerably asked out, as Captain Hamilton was, this is rather a bore, but they'll know better in time.

To return to the three o'clock hotel dinner at New York. The waiting, or withdrawing room, is the *bar*, an apartment furnished with a counter, across which supplies of spirits and cigars are furnished, to all who desiderate such luxuries. This apartment is the *hanging-place* of the establishment; and in it, when the hour of dinner is at hand, the whole inmates of the hotel may be found collected. On the occasion which our traveller describes, the room was so full, that he found it difficult to get farther than the door. At length a bell sounded, and immediately a sudden rush took place towards the dining room, in which the Captain soon found himself, having been carried forward by the crowd. There was no reason for this hurry but the eagerness for food, as there was plenty of room for every one, and plenty to eat, though not altogether of the most tempting quality. The dressed dishes, we are told, were decidedly bad, and we can believe it, if the sauces were as described, little else than liquid grease. There were, however, so many dishes, that though some

were bad, enough were left of an eatable description. Our traveller says, that after several unsuccessful experiments, he did at last discover unobjectionable viands, and made as good a dinner as the ambition of an old campaigner could desire.

The same scene of gulping and swallowing as if for a wager, which had attracted his observation at breakfast, was repeated at dinner. There was little or no conversation. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork* his food down his gullet, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighbour. If a gentleman was asked for any part of the dish before him, he complied, but in a manner that showed a disagreeable office was imposed upon him. Instead of giving a slice, he loaded the plate presented to him with a solid wedge of meat. We suspect that most of his customers would have felt, and that very sensitively, that he used them ill, if he had done otherwise. Brandy-bottles were ranged at intervals along the table (in New York they do not pay 22s. 6d. a gallon duty on this creature-comfort) from which each guest helped himself as he thought proper. As the dinner *advanced*, the party rapidly diminished; before the second course, a considerable portion had taken their departure, and comparatively few waited the appearance of the desert. Though brandy was the *prevailing* beverage, there were many also who drank wine; but only three or four remained to drink after dinner, and they appeared to be English. Incredible as it may seem in any society on the civilization side of barbarism, where good food decently dressed is comeatable, it would appear from Captain Hamilton's account, that eating is treated by the many in the United States, not as an enjoyment, but a necessity—that it is endured, rather than delighted in, and rushed upon, not for the pleasure it affords, but to get rid of the pain of hunger. Our author at first attributed the extreme haste with which the operation of eating was gone through, to the demands of business upon the time of those who had a serious duty to their stomachs to fulfil, but he found this to be an erroneous theory for he observed that many of the most expeditious bolters of dinner spent several hours in smoking and

lounging at the bar afterwards. Amiable creatures!

At six o'clock there was tea and substantial; among the latter *raw hung-beef* cut in slices, which was unhesitatingly devoured by the *ladies*. At ten o'clock a supper of cold meat was laid upon the table, and remained until twelve, when eating closed for the day. Certainly, for people who appear to take no pleasure in eating, they seem to have quite enough of it; perhaps digestion proceeds quicker in those western regions. It should be kept in mind, that the mode of life here described, was not at any fifth-rate establishment, where vulgar devouring people, unlike the "better orders" might be supposed to congregate. It was at Bunker's Hotel, New York, where a gentleman paid for this sort of life with his servant, eighteen dollars a week, or something less than twelve shillings a day.

The dinner parties in private houses, though by no means so repulsive as that described in the hotel, do not seem to be of a very delightful description. Our author says the *formalities* of a New York dinner do not differ much from those of an English one; and he then adds, that, unfortunately, it is not the fashion in America to invite the fairer part of the creation to entertainments so gross and substantial, and it rarely happens that any ladies are present on such occasions, except those belonging to the family of the host. They are however admitted at tea-time, and thus have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the gentlemen.

It is the custom to assemble in a room, which is separated by folding-doors from the dining-room. The conversation then and there, as in all such ante-dinner assemblies, is, as our author very justly and naturally remarks, dull enough; but the folding-doors being thrown open, the weighty business of the evening, or afternoon, (for three o'clock is the hour) at once bursts upon the view. The account given by our author of this business is remarkably interesting: instead of finding, as at our table, nothing but soup and fish to begin with, the board groans, as the phrase is, under a mass of dishes closely ranged together in triple column. Plate, we are told, does

not contribute much to the splendour of the prospect, but there is enough for comfort, though not for display. The lady of the mansion is handed in form to her seat, and the entertainment begins; the domestics of all shades, from deep black to Nankeen colour, move rapidly about, and turtle and venison, ham and turkey, and other eatables, are demolished with remarkable velocity. The view of wine, women, and manners, which follows this description of dinner, in the work before us, is so very good, that it would be a sin either to withhold, or to abridge it, so here goes for rather a long extract:

"During soup and fish, and perhaps the first slice of the Hunch, conversation languishes, but a glass or two of Champagne soon operates as a corrective, the eyes of the young ladies (the young ladies of the house we must presume) become more brilliant, and those of elderly gentlemen acquire a certain benevolent twinkle, which indicates that for the time being, they are in charity with themselves, and all mankind.

"At length the first course is removed, and is succeeded by a whole wilderness of sweets. This, too, passes, for it is impossible alas! to eat for ever. Then come cheese and the dessert; then the departure of the ladies: and claret and Madeira for an hour or twain, are unquestioned lords of the ascendant.

"The latter is almost uniformly excellent. I have never drank any Madeira in Europe at all equalling what I have frequently met in the United States. *Gourmets* attribute this superiority partly to climate, but in a great measure to management. Madeira in this country is never kept as with us in a subterranean vault, where the temperature throughout the year is nearly equal. It is placed in the attics where it is exposed to the whole fervour of the summer's heat, and the severity of winter's cold. The effect on the flavour of the wine is certainly remarkable.

"The claret is generally good, but not better than in England; Port is used by the natives only as a medicine, and it is rarely produced at table, except in compliment to some English stranger, it being a settled canon here, as elsewhere, that every Englishman drinks port. I have never yet seen fine sherry, probably because that wine has not yet risen into esteem in the United States.

"The gentlemen in America pique themselves on their discrimination in wine, to a degree which is not common in England. The ladies have no sooner risen from table, than the business of wine-bibbing commences in good earnest. The servants still remain in the apartment, and supply fresh glasses to the guests as the successive bottles make their appearance. To each of these a history is attached, and the vintage, the date of importation, &c., are all duly detailed. Then come the criticisms of the company, and as each bottle produced contains wine of a different quality from its predecessor, there is no chance of the topic being exhausted. At length, having made the complete tour of the cellar, proceeding progressively from the commoner wines, to those of finest flavor, the party adjourns to the drawing-room, and after coffee, each guest takes his departure, without ceremony of any kind.

"It would be most ungrateful were I not to declare that I have frequently found these dinner parties extremely pleasant. I admit that there is a plainness and even bluntness in American manners, somewhat startling at first to a sophisticated European. Questions are asked with regard to our habits, family, pursuits, connexions, and opinions, which are never put in England, except in a witness box, after the ceremony of swearing on the four evangelists. But this is done with the most perfect *bonhomie*, and evidently without the smallest conception, that such examination can possibly be offensive to the patient. It is scarcely fair to judge one nation by the conversational standard of another, and travellers who are tolerant enough of the peculiarities of their continental neighbours, ought in justice, perhaps, to make more allowance than they have yet done, for those of brother Jonathan. Such questions, no doubt, would be sheer impertinence in an Englishman, because in putting them he could not but be aware, that he was violating the established courtesies of society. They are not so in an American, because he has been brought up with different ideas, and under a social *regime* more tolerant of individual curiosity, than is held in England to be compatible with good manners. Yet after all, it must be owned, that it is not always pleasant

to feel yourself the object of a scrutiny, often somewhat coarsely conducted, and generally too apparent to be mistaken. I do assert, however, that in no other country I have ever visited, are the charities of life so readily and so profusely opened to a stranger, as in the United States. In no other country will he receive attentions so perfectly disinterested and benevolent, and in none, when he seeks acquaintances, is it so probable, that he will find friends.

"It has been often said—indeed said so often as to have passed into a popular apothegm, that a strong prejudice against Englishmen exists in America. Looking back on the whole course of my experience in that country, I now declare that no assertion more utterly adverse to truth, was ever palmed by prejudice or ignorance, or vulgar credulity. That a prejudice exists, I admit; but instead of being *against* Englishmen, as compared with the natives of other countries, it is in *their* favour. The Americans do not weigh the merits of their foreign visitors in an equal balance. They are only too apt to throw their own partialities into the scale of the Englishman, and give it a preponderance to which the claims of the individual have probably no pretensions."

Good as all this undoubtedly is, and creditable no less to the temper than the talent of the writer; yet there seems to us a want of directness and distinctness in it, which is a little unsatisfactory. The desire to be *liberal* in sentiment seems to be struggling with the desire to tell the plain truth as to facts. It seems as if the writer felt he had been too severe in his narrative, then he makes up for it by a dash of praise, and then again, as if he felt this was *un peu trop fort*, he gives us another fact; and, at last, that he may be sure of being steady for the future, he lashes himself down with certain solemn and very general asseverations on the side of liberality, and gratitude, and good-will towards the people of the United States. After all, we are somewhat in doubt whether Jonathan behaves considerably worse than he ought, or quite as well as could be expected. This, we say, is our impression; but the extract is before our readers, and they may judge for themselves.

One of the first public places visited by our author in New York was the law courts. What he says of them is certainly not calculated to raise our estimation of American character. It is impossible that even Americans can doubt that there is a dignity and decency of manner, suitable and useful, in the administration of solemn duties; and their neglect of this in their legal tribunals can only be attributed to a coarse slovenliness, which is indulged in from other motives than a sense that it is right. Our traveller found two judges on the bench, and a jury in the box, in the act of trying a cause. Judges and barristers were without robes or external insignia of any kind, to conform with the solemn business they had in hand. They were dressed in garments of such colour and fashion as the taste of the individual might dictate. The witnesses seemed to give their evidence with indifference; and, as might be expected in such a court, without any apparent impression of the seriousness of what they were about. The first witness examined held the Bible in one hand, while he kept the other in his breeches pocket, and in giving his evidence stood lounging with his arm thrown over the bench.

Captain Hamilton, though he mentions these matters in a way that leaves no doubt upon the minds of his readers, that he thought them wrong, tells us presently, that the only *unpleasant* part of the spectacle—for he does not suppose that justice "could be administered in any country with greater substantial purity," was the incessant salivation going forward in all parts of the court. It seems that spitting is a favourite amusement in America; and on this occasion "Judges, counsel, jury, witnesses, officers, and audience, all contributed to augment the mass of abomination; and the floor around the table of the lawyers presented an appearance, on which, even now, the author finds it not *very pleasant* for the imagination to linger." It would be very odd if he did. He calls this administering justice with "substantial purity;" if he had said with slippery filth, it seems, according to his own description, that he would have been nearer the mark. From the first court he had gone into, he adjourned to the supreme court of the state, where he had the luck to see and hear a jury come into

court from the room where they had been deliberating, and deliver their verdict. Three-fourths of the jurymen were engaged in eating bread and cheese, and the foreman actually announced the verdict with his mouth full, ejecting the disjointed syllables during the intervals of mastication! This verdict, if it were ever so just, must have been mixed justice, and not "pure," for the justice and the cheese were spluttered out together. We never before felt so convinced of the propriety of our starvation-rule when juries have to deliberate; it maintains decorum, to say nothing of the sweet savour of the jury-room, the jury-box, and the court.

But the best of the joke is, that the Americans pretend to be very proud of their superiority over us in having the philosophy to dispense with our forms. A very clever lawyer, says our author, asked me "whether the sight of their courts had not cured me of my *John Bullish* predilection for robes, wigs, maces, and all the other trumpery and irrational devices for *imposing on weak minds*." How the American character shines out in this assumption of the *motive* for our judicial and professional costume! Captain Hamilton, it seems, very gravely argued the point with him, espousing the cause of wigs and gowns, and assures us that the argument was conducted by his opponent with the utmost *liberality and fairness*. Liberality and fiddlestick! What liberality is there in assuming that the grave habits preserved through respect for their antiquity, and their association with professional solemnity, are devices adopted to gull the weak-minded! Our author is undoubtedly too liberal in his attributions of liberality.

Our traveller cites another elegant and sensible question of the Americans, touching nearly the same point. It is a custom, he says, to ask, and generally with some triumph, whether an Englishman supposes there is wisdom in a wig, and whether a few pounds of horse-hair set on a judge's skull, and plastered with pomatum and powder, can be imagined to bring with it any increase of knowledge to the mind of the person whose cranium is thus disagreeably enveloped? We mention such questions as signs and tokens of the ill manners and childish conceit of

those who made them; but Captain Hamilton, in his book, argues the matter, and proves his case completely. No man was ever better entitled to put his Q. E. D. to the end of a demonstration than our author is to affix these conclusive letters to his vindication of the outward shows which add to the solemnity of our administration of justice.

It appears, however, that notwithstanding the profound wisdom of the legal worthies of New York, which actually enables them to pronounce that there is no intellectual capacity in a white wig or a black gown, the judges of the supreme court of the United States in the capitol at Washington, are so far behind these sages as to permit themselves to be robbed upon the bench. They wear black Geneva gowns, and, it is added, without a "notwithstanding," that the proceedings of the tribunal over which they preside, are conducted with a degree of propriety, both judicial and forensic, which leaves nothing to be desired. "I certainly witnessed," says our author, "none of those violations of public decency, which in the state courts are matters of ordinary occurrence. There was no lounging either at the bar or on the bench, nor was it apparently considered necessary to sink the gentleman in the lawyer, and assume a deportment in the discharge of professional duty which would not be tolerated in private society."

We have found Captain Hamilton so agreeable a companion in our journey with him through his book, that we have lingered longer over his descriptions than we intended, and we find that we must either meet him in another article, or make this a much longer one than we are in the habit of inditing. We shall chuse the former alternative, and we should hope that what our readers find in this, will not indispose them to give their attention to another paper on the peculiarities of American life. There is however one passage more, which ere we close for the present, we would wish, for the honour of "ould Ireland," to dilate a little upon.

Captain Hamilton travelled from New York to Providence, by the steam-boat, in which it appears he found the company rather too American even for his liberality. Nor do wonder at it, for the

cabin was very hot, and very crowded, and after the meal called *tea*, the odour of fish, onions, and grease, mingling with "the discarded breath of about a hundred passengers," made atmosphere any thing but delectable. Neither was the company of the most agreeable description. Our author ordered his writing materials, and began to manufacture M.S. If, he says, I wrote in bad humour, there was really some excuse for it. "Close to my right were two loud polemics engaged in fierce dispute on the Tariff Bill. On my left, was an elderly gentleman, without shoes or slippers, whose cough and expectoration were somewhat less melodious than the music of the spheres. In the berth immediately behind, lay a passenger, whose loud snoring proclaimed him as happy as a complete oblivion of all wordly cares could make him. Right opposite was a gentleman without breeches, who, before jumping into bed was detailing to a friend the particulars of a lucky hit he had just made, in a speculation in Train Oil. And beside me, at the table, sat a baptist clergyman reading *sotto voce*, a chapter of Ezekiel, and casting at the conclusion of each verse, a glance of furtive curiosity at my paper."

There is no part of Captain Hamilton's graphic book, half so graphic as his sketches of this steam-boat company. How well the cabin passengers are hit off, our readers have already seen. now for our countryman, the steward of the vessel.

"There was a fair breeze, and a smooth sea, and an Irish steward, who was particularly active in my behalf, and made my berth very comfortable, by the fraudulent abstraction of sundry pillows from those of my American neighbours. This he has done—he told my servant so—because I am *from the old country*, and yet one would suppose," (you do not understand the heart of an Irish peasant, Captain Hamilton) "that in such a man the claim of mere national affinity could have little influence. I talked a good deal with him about his former circumstances, and soon collected that, that what is called *living* in Ireland, is usually entitled *starving* in other countries. Though rather chary of confession, I gathered too, that the world was not his friend, nor the world's laws, and that he came to the United States to avoid a gaol,

and without a shilling in his pocket. The day on which he left Ireland, should be marked in his annals with a white stone. He now enjoys a comfortable situation—confesses he can save money; eats and drinks well, is encased in warm clothing; is troubled very little with the tax-gatherer, and not at all with the Tithe-proctor. And what is there in the countenance of an Englishman that it should excite in such a man, the feeling of benevolence and kindred? In his memory, one would suppose, the past would be linked only with suffering, while the present is undoubtedly associated with the experience of a thousand comforts, to which in his days of vassalage and Whiteboyism, his imagination never ventured to soar. Yet, believe the man, and he regrets having left home! He thinks he could have done as well in Ireland. He has no fault to find with America—it is a good country enough for a poor man. Whiskey is cheaper here, and so is bread and *mate*, but then his *ould* mother,—and his sisters—and Tim Regan, he would like to see them again, and please God, if ever he can afford it, *he will return, and have his bones laid in the same Churchyard with theirs.*"

Our country! oh! our country!—with all thy faults we love thee still. Still must our hearts soften at the recollection, that notwithstanding the hardships and sorrows that have hung upon the lot of her sons at home, that home is not forgotten when far away across the foaming main, but is still "green in the soul," even of the prosperous exile. We would not give this touch of feeling for all the excellent philosophy in Captain Hamilton's excellent book. But he reasons coldly on what he describes so well. Why should he feel surprise that the voice of one from the "ould country" touched the heart of the poor Irishman, and made him think of his mother, and his sisters, and his friends at home; and while the tide of affection worked strong within him, made him look upon the advantages of greater worldly prosperity as nothing? The man's heart was back again with all he loved in that season of life when love is strong—the home of his youth, rose again before him.

Our author says, "If Pat ever gets back to Ireland, I venture to prophecy, that his stay will not be long there.

At present his former privations are more than half-forgotten; but let him once again encounter them, and the difference between the country of his birth, and that of his adoption, will become more apparent than argument could now make it. On the whole, it was pleasing to observe that while time and distance obliterate the misfortunes of life, their tendency is to strengthen its charities."

All this is very rational; but the writer of it does not know how much more a poor Irishman's estimate of the things of this life is founded upon the feelings connected with them, than their *reasonable* advantages. Farewell

poor countryman, on the other side of the Atlantic, whose heart warms to those who speak in the tones of the "ould country." May the wish of that heart be accomplished. May you live to feel the embrace of your sisters and the warm welcome of your friend; and dearer; oh far dearer, than either—may you hear the voice of your *ould* mother once more, before you die, praying God to bless you. May your bones be laid beside the bones of your kindred, in the Churchyard that you remember so well, and may tears of affection fall upon the turf above your grave!

[On asking the beautiful and gifted Lady —— if a rich but disagreeable suitor, encouraged by her family, would be accepted by herself, she blushed, and with peculiar animation replied, "*Haud credo, dubito!*"]

"*Haud credo, dubito,*" she cried,
And o'er her cheek, vermillion dyed,
Went flitting like an eastern cloud,
The blush that told her piqued and proud.
I loved her for her pride and pique—
Her hurrying air, and changing check—
But most—and half I told her so—
I loved her for that *dubito!*

And sooth, since doubting first began,
No sceptic ever smiled on man,
More formed the coldest heart to fever,
And make him turn a true believer.
On me her conscious looks were bent—
To me her tingling ears were lent—
And when I named a name I know,
Archly she answered—" *dubito.*"

"Forbear the rest"—I see—I see—
It was—but it is not to be—"
In the dull pledge she bore no part
And back redeems her hand and heart.
That heart and hand are still her own—
No muttered rites have tied them down
To one with her free will they'll go,
Ask not his name—*Non dubito!*—

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THE HISTORY OF PIERCE BODKIN.

EXTRACTED FROM A MUTILATED AND ANTIQUE* MS. (IN BIB. LUNENS. FF. I. 32.)
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PART OF THE LOST ANNALS OF CARRICKFERGUS.

A pleasant jest there is, concerning what happened to a certain vain tailor in his youth who, coming to sojourn for a space in the household of our said Mayor, bred much perplexity to all therein; the substance whereof is this: our Juvenal of the lap-board being of a brisk and amorous complexion, light, jolly, frolicsome, and full of many pranks was so sought after to wakes and junkets, and there so jealously entertained of contending wenches, that shortly beginning to despise what was so well within his reach, (for it is a noted truth, that over-great familiarity breedeth contempt,) he must forsooth set himself to ponder on some means of turning his fair parts to worthier account.

"What!" he would cry, as he sat stitching his seam, "must I spend my vigorous prime, frisking with frowzy jades and bare-legged milk-maidens? Pierce Bodkin, man, rouse thyself! There is never a lady in the land hath gallant with a daintier leg than is thine own." With that he would jerk out his feet from underneath his hams as he sat, and stretch forth one leg over the table, "never a one of them all, Pierce, hath a purtier calf or a cleaner-turned ankle, yet walk they side by side with fair gentlewomen rustling in silks, and smelling all as though they were but newly taken out of lavenderd boxes. Ah! truly, they are fair sights to look at with their taffetas and linseys, their frills, and flounces; Oh, the loveliness of the silken hose upon their swelling insteps! Oh, the beauty of their chains and broaches! Oh, the fairness of a hat of velvet, how it setteth off the whiteness of young Mistress Ellen's forehead! Ah, Pierce, Pierce, I warrant thee she did cast an eye upon thee, as thou camest out of church last Sunday! but

wherefore talk? If thou hadst such a coat upon thy back as now lieth on thy knee, and which thine own hands have but now finished for that proud young puny popinjay, her cousin, Master Marmaduke Sendale; or such a waistcoat below it as this one of figured green silk, which the Squire Jones hath to-day sent thee for a mending of the lappet button-hole; aye, if thou hadst but such a pair of trunkhose on thy legs, as these that thou hast now completed for Humphry Drake, the porter; and sure the pity is to see such marvellous fine plush going on the shrunken limbs of that cripple. I say, Pierce, and thou hadst but workmanly justice done thy natural parts, fair Mistress Ellen would not pass thee by."

Thus would he sit, talking to himself underneath the little window of the garret wherein he lodged, till from constantly considering what a handsome figure he would make, if fitly apparelled, he came at last to be so filled with the desire of making good his notion of it, that on a certain day, having bolted his door and pinned an ancient rug across his skylight, he fairly cast his ragged garments beneath the table, and clad himself from head to heel in the very choicest of such vestments as he had on hand. Drawing on first, the aforesaid trunk-hose, which having been cut to fit the limbs of an old man and one who had never been of much lusty proportion, were truly somewhat of the tightest for so able bodied a roysterer; nevertheless with much hitching and pulling, he at length thrust himself into their embraces, and albeit he did feel so straightened that to bend his knees was a toil, yet so aptly did the stuff sit to his well proportioned calves, and so cleanly did it exhibit his thigh's bravery of muscle, (for Bodkin was, to say the truth, a fellow of marvellous

* The orthography has been modernized throughout by our transcriber.—Ed.

good aspect, for a tailor,) that notwithstanding the irksomeness, he could (he thought) have sat cross-legged in them for a month at a time. Next, buttoning on the aforesaid vest of green flowered silk (which being likewise cut to fit the Squire Jones, who was a very portly man, he had to contract to the measure of his own girth by use of the needle,) he completed his vestiture by doing on Young Master Marmaduke Sendale's laced coat; a very costly and lovely piece of workmanship.

Being thus daintily arrayed, thou mayest be assured, courteous reader, that our knight of the goose thought himself no whit inferior to Sir Amirald of Etruria, or him whom Rondelejo, the younger, testifies to have been the handsomest man in all the parts of Hungary. Thou mayest be well assured that a looking-glass would have been a right grateful present at that time, although the want thereof occasioned to Master Bodkin the irksomeness of putting his body into divers uncouth postures, thereby to catch a glimpse, now of his broad shoulders, and anon of the small declension of his back, or the stout swell of his sinewy haunches, yet was he enough assured by what little entered at the corners of his eyes, that one so straight, so tall, so well-limbed, and withal, so lusty and courageous, was of a surety designed by nature either for some high amorous adventure, or for some famous exploit in arms. Now while he stood meditating his noble destiny, there entered through a subtle passage of his brain the whole conceit and scheme apparent of a most adventurously resolute design, the which it was his sudden determination to put forthwith into practice, seeing that there was none just then within the castle who might play the spy or carry information of aught he might essay: for the worshipful the Mayor himself with that discreet gentlewoman his lady, attended by all their men-servants on horseback had gone in the great coach to be present at a grand marshalling of the troopers in the King's Castle; and the wenches of the household having liberty to go along with them, had put on their top-knots and one and all tripped after; so that beside our taylor, there was not in the castle of the Mayor a living soul excepting the one daughter of His Worship, fair Mistress Ellen, who, staying behind on plea

of an headache was reading in her garden.

And now issuing from his garret, behold our Vestiaris smiling and spruce as a bridegroom, with free and upright gesture, setting forth each foot as though he would say, "Pierce Bodkin, thou art the man," amorously glancing down past either shoulder at the rounded and buxom strength of his well graced limbs, and stopping ever and anon, to take a survey general of his whole shadow, as he bends his steps along the river side towards the bridge which crosseth the Goodburn over against the church of Saint Nicholas.

Now it must be understood that the castle of our mayor, being without the walls about the space of a mile wanting one quarter, and being built in the time of our last troubles, was, for safety's sake, placed so close upon the brink of the Goodburn, that none might pass it on the river side by reason of its flankers and buttresses projected into the water. Nevertheless in the centre, it was so far withdrawn from the margin of the river as to afford space between for a fair flower garden, wherein those of the place might have a secure retirement if pressed by danger in the front. Here, then, in this said pleasure plat, was the fair Mistress Ellen, the daughter of our aforesaid worshipful mayor, sitting in her bower of lilies and roses, reading with much delectable sorrow, a fair book of verses and romances lamentable, such as our olden chroniclers were sometimes wont to use their wit in setting down. And now, behold, as she raises her eyes heavy with weeping, lest, perchance, one of those pearls that were trembling on every eye-lash, should fall and sully the bright letters of gold and silver, (for it was, as I have heard from those who told me this history, a volume of curious device and rare beauty,) behold then, as she raises her tearful eyes, she is all at once aware of a gay cavalier (albeit his horse was not in sight,) advancing along the opposite side of the river, with such bearing and aspect as shortly put all her doleful imaginations to the rout, and caused her to stand for a time motionless, considering whether it might be the lord deputy, his nephew, the young Sir Thomas Perrott, coming to visit his noble kinsman, of the Castle of Joymount; or peradventure the

stout Lord Hamilton, with store of musicians from the Newtown in the Ards, or, it might be, as she had read in ancient histories, that some Tighearna, More of the mere Irishry, coming to cast down his gage, as of old, to the nobles of the pale. Thus did she stand pondering, until he had approached to such nearness, that she, being of a most sweet and modest disposition, was constrained to withdraw her eyes from farther gazing, and, with downcast countenance, to await what might be the issue of this strange adventure.

Now, then, while she stands, one hand sustaining the aforesaid volume, the other prettily entwined among the flowering roses, in maidenly timidity and coy expectation, behold so soon as such space of time had elapsed as might suffice to bring the stranger opposite to where she stood, she over the beating tumult of her bosom, heareth these words: "Marvel not, fair lady, that one of my seeming humble station, should dare with speech presumptuous to accost a maiden of thy high degree; for behold thou bearest in thy white hand that tale of Amiraldus and Narasicca, wherein is shewn how the seeming cowherd was a worthy knight.—Lovely Ellen! flower of the rock of Fergus! divinest lady, hear me. I am not what I seem. I am a gentleman in disguise. I am a gentleman born. I am come of the great Bodkins of Galway (now this was a notorious lie; for he was well known for the spurious son of the old Sheriff Spearpoint, and therefore folks called him as well Needlepoint as Bodkin). I am the youngest son of seven, (quoth he) all of whom were slain in the wars of Tartary, and mine uncle hath unjustly seized mine inheritance. Yet hearing of thy beauty, I have consented for a time to assume the garb and humble occupancy of a vile mechanical rascal, that I might, unexpected, gaze upon thy charms, oh, divinest and fairest of Dame Nature's works!" With that clapping one hand on his breast, and stretching forth his hat in the other over the stream, he fell to making vows and protestations no man knoweth how many or strange.

Fair Mistress Ellen meanwhile, turning from proud scornfulness and indignant amazement, albeit not without a certain shade of disappointment, to curiosity and tender pity, began in stately sort to rebuke him for his rash adven-

ture. "Master Bodkin," quoth she, "I understand not thy meaning. I pray thee make not more words with me. In truth it is unmaidenly in me so long to give ear to the words of a stranger; yet would I beseech thee to return to Galway," but fearing lest she had unwittingly offended the honorableness of his nature, she added,— "and to think no more, Master Bodkin, of one so unworthy as I." With that our springald casteth himself on his knees, (not without some straining of the plush,) and sweareth with great oaths, that never an emperor in Europe was fit to tie the strings of her shoes, and that, so help him God, and his lady, as he was a gentleman, he would with his body maintain the same against Turk or Pagan to the death; and so leaping to his feet, he bounced a yard into the air, as if by the mere potency of his fancy he thought himself about to rush upon the enemy. Fair Mistress Ellen being much moved by his courageous bearing, began in less severe wise to entreat him that he would a little moderate the fervency of his demeanour, lest, being heard, the report of his adventure might perchance come to the ears of her worshipful father; "for, fair Master Bodkin," quoth she, "I also know the cruelty of kindred." No sooner did bold Pierce hear himself called "fair Master Bodkin," than taking a run he made as if he would have leaped to her side; but she in terror, lest he should be drowned (for the river was a full perch across, and nothing less than two fathom deep), cast herself upon her knees before him, and, with hands uplifted, besought him not to undertake so fatal an exploit.— "Tut, my fair Ellen," cried he, "mine uncle, Sir Myles Bodkin, used to leap three and thirty feet upon a level; and here have I the vantage of the higher ground. Stand but one step aside, and I will be at thy feet forthwith." "Hark—hush!" cried fair Mistress Ellen, "methinks I hear the noise of the great coach returning from the castle of Joymount, to bear me to the feast which my Lord Chichester this day gives unto my worshipful father. Farewell, Master Bodkin, return to thine own country I entreat thee; and endeavour to forget that thou didst ever stand upon the bank of the Goodburn. Farewell, fair Master Bodkin; yet, thinkest thou that thou couldst leap

this river for the sake of that love whereof thou hast told me?" "Leap the Goodburn!" quoth Pierce, "I'd leap the Shannon at Galway for one kiss of thy lily hand." "Alas," quoth fair Mistress Ellen, "I cannot lead thee into farther danger; but if thou couldst leap into this garden one hour before the coming midnight, and conceal thee here till I return, I may, perchance, meet thee again, Master Bodkin, and hear the remaining passages of thy strange history." "Adorable goddess!" cried Pierce, almost beside himself for pride, "if the water were of fire I would leap it for thy sake! In thy fair garden I shall be, as the bell of Saint Nicholas tolleth the eleventh hour, or earth and heaven shall witness deeds of death! Adieu, fair Ellen, benign divinity, adieu!" So saying, with an heavy and tragical countenance, our taylor beheld his lady pass from the garden through a curious door of glass that led therefrom into her own chamber in the castle; and having a while gazed after her, took, with a great heart, his own departure.

So, having returned unseen to his garret, our adventurous fashioner layeth aside for a time his borrowed raiment, and clad once more in his ancient customary rags, sitteth all day long, cross-legged, over his seam, but putting, in sooth, more stitches into his thumbs than his broad cloth; for he could mind nothing only conning fine speeches and thinking what he would do when he should come to be son-in-law of the mayor. It hath been said that there is nothing so long but that it will end, (always saying what the doctors teach us concerning eternity,) and truly the day did pass accordingly, yet to Pierce's view it seemed at least as long as he would have ceased to finish a whole suit in the most complete fashion, with brodered button-holes, lappets, points, tags, flaps, gussets, and linings, (which Thomas of Coventry reports to be the seven points of tayloring,) and that was nothing less than eleven whole days from sunrise to sunset, as I have heard them who knew him, say. And here I speak not of the day of computation which ends at midnight, but of the passing of the light, which is in these northern countries somewhat after the disappearance of the sun; for no sooner had it fallen dusk than he began to dress himself again, and albeit the

trunk-hose, as aforesaid, were cut to fit a little man, and one of no bulk of limb, so that for him to sit with his legs bent in them was near to be intolerable, yet so great an impatience of delay had seized him, that he had them drawn on and completely trussed a full half hour before the clock had tolled ten, and was fairly dressed from head to heel, and passing along the river side towards the appointed spot as long before the time assigned. Now it was in the autumn, and, besides that it was cold and gusty, the night was somewhat obscure by reason of thick clouds over the moon; wherefore it behoved a man having to leap a broad river, to consider well of his ground and footing.—So, although determined to take the leap all as he had promised, (for he said the truth when he reported, that had the river been of flame he would have essayed it,) yet did not Pierce negligently, and with over great rashness refuse to make fitting preparation for an attempt which could not but smack of danger.

First then, he paceth along the brink of the river opposite to the garden, and stamping with his heel trieth the firmness of the bank; then stretched his neck over the water and considereth for a long time what a spring it would take to bear his weight such a distance; next steppeth back upon the turf some twenty paces that he may have a sufficient run, and in fine bracteth his middle with a tight drawn kerchief, claps down his hat upon his forehead, and putting up a prayer to good fortune takes his start. But suddenly feeling the constriction around his thighs and hams of the foresaid marvellous tight trunk hose, he all at once stayed himself in middle course, and beginneth to ponder on some means of giving his limbs a freer action. So casting aside the kerchief from his waist, he once more essayeth his purpose, but the laxness of the upper parts adding only to the stricter control of his lower garments he findeth that he doth but make a worse case of one ill enough already. Next trieth he the undoing of all his points and the loosening of the tapes that bound his ankles, yet still did he find such constraint upon his knee joints that the hope of crossing in such a plight did utterly leave him, for, every time he approached the river it seemed to grow wider and wider,

while the encreasing darkness of the night made him be more and more uncertain of this footing. Here thou art in a pleasant case, Pierce, "quoth he to himself;" thou must either get drowned by falling in, (fall thou must in these cursed hose,) or go back to thy garret without speaking to mistress Ellen, for the house will in short space be full of people and thou shalt have to speak in whispers if thou dost speak at all. Then what will she think of thee, Pierce, that toldest her thou couldest leap the Shannon at Galway?—"Tush" quoth he at length after pondering a while in silence, "she will not be here yet for an half hour or more, and what need I fear, when none can see me in the dark." So saying he sitteth down seemingly satisfied of his internal argument, and shortly showeth the nature of the unspoken conclusion by pulling off the trunk-hose altogether, and fairly pitching them over the river where they alight astride upon a lovely bush of roses. Having thus released his lower limbs, he now bethinks himself that in a case so perilous there were need for a free scope also to the arms; whereupon he taketh off likewise as well the laced coat aforesaid as the flowered vest of silk, and very cleanly heaveth them after.

Now then being light as a wild Indian, free, nimble and exulting in hope, he once again retires to his starting post, and, greatly fearing lest Mistress Ellen should perchance return before the hour appointed, and find his modest purpose of re-vestiture incomplete, loseth not a moment in putting himself unto his speed and once more running at this leap.

Alas, for the fickle spite of Fortune! an envious stone catcheth his foot and he falleth headlong, tumbling over by reason of his impetuous force, until at length his head doubling under his shoulder, he lieth for a good ten minutes well nigh dead. To him as he scrambleth to his feet, every thing seemeth in a whirling sort of tumult, for he is grievously staggered, and in small doubt, but that he hath bursten all the great sinews under his ear. Bethinking himself at last of his nakedness, he is seized with sore shame and sorrow, and smiting his palms together breaketh into remorseful lamentation in this wise, "Ah Pierce, Pierce, here art thou in a pretty case.

Thou and thy three and thirty feet upon a level, what wilt thou do now? Thy neck it well nigh broken Pierce, and as it seemeth thou hast lost thy clothes, and art in a fair way of being whipped for thieving. When wilt thou learn wisdom and give over vanity? when wilt thou cease lie-telling and cheating of damsels? but when and how Pierce wilt thou get thy hose and coat again? Thou knowest in thy heart that thou dardest not now so much as look at this river, for thy knees totter like an aged man's, and swim thou never could'st. Ah silly Pierce! what wilt thou say tomorrow to thy good customers when their clothes are here found in this young gentlewoman's garden, and what wilt thou say to fair mistress Ellen herself when she asketh thee why thou art not there in their stead? Ah, silly Pierce, 'tis like enough thou mayest have been born to die of the ague or the bastinado, but for carrying off gay damsels and playing the gentleman, Pierce Bodkin thou art *not* the man!" so saying he limpeth away, slowly, with much pain, and knowing neither whither to go, what to say, nor how in any thing to help himself.

A full hour after, the worshipful the mayor, that discreet gentlewoman, his Lady, and fair mistress Ellen are together returning in their great coach from the Castle of Joymount; "And what thinkest thou daughter of thy cousin Marmaduke?" quothe the mayor, "he hath a fair holding of lands from our corporation upon the Copeland water." "He hath the bearing of a born gentleman, surely" replied Mistress Ellen, her thoughts running all the while upon our taylor. "Nay," quothe her mother, "We will not say much of his features: but in sooth Nell, he hath taken a rare fancy to thee." "And yet," quothe his worship, "I would not think so well of it neither were it not that he is come of a good stock and one of our own kindred." "And hast thou then relations in Galway?" questioned Mistress Ellen still thinking of brave Pierce. "What does the child mean by talking of Galway?" quothe he. "I know not any in Galway; albeit I have heard that it is a fair town, not much inferior to our own, and inhabited by twelve of the ancientest families in all Ireland, the Skerretts, the Blakes, the Dalys,

the Bodkins," "which of them, I pray you, had his seven sons slain in the wars of Tartary?" Again questioned fair Mistress Ellen, still hanging on Pierce. "The poor child is dreaming, methinks," quoth that discreet gentlewoman, her mother, "her head hath been full of folly ever since she got these books of romances to read; and truly, I would marvel little if thou madest her in the end altogether silly by thy vain indulgencies."

Thereat, by good fortune, the coach stopping at the Castle gate, they alighted without further conference. Fair Mistress Ellen having in dutiful sort attended her parents to their chamber door, retired to her apartment, and carefully closing the door by which she entered, approached that opposite which, as before said, led into the pleasure-plat, and softly opening it, said, "Master Bodkin, art thou here?" Not receiving any answer, she stood in maidenly timidity and sweet discretion, till thinking that peradventure he might be awaiting her beside the river, she stepped forth at last upon the green walk of the garden, and cast her eyes all around in search of him. But him she saw not. Then with her fair hands putting aside the flowering shrubs, whose fragrance rose most sweet into the air of the night as they closed behind her, she sought with extreme diligence whether he might not be hidden among the roses, as frequently she had read of the god Cupid. At length her longing eyes cast round on all quarters, fell with a certain terrific amazement upon the garments, where they hung suspended among the bushes on the rivers bank. Motionless she stood for a space, marvelling what new adventure such strange sights might portend in her garden, till at length, summoning up a courage becoming a lady of her birth and high degree, she advanceth upon the raiment, and piece by piece taketh it down from the branches, whence, bearing it to a spot whereon the candle shone from her window, she bestoweth upon coat and vest a curious inspection, wondering to whom they might pertain, and not dreaming as yet of luckless Pierce; but when more narrowly looking at the hose, she had a while contemplated their form and texture, the wonder she had at first conceived was changed to terror and despair, for

she knew the plush of a fine murrey colour, and fainted away.

Fair Mistress Ellen, when at length she was aware of herself, started from the ground whereon she lay, and in a most sad plight rushed to the river's bank, calling upon the name of Master Bodkin, weeping and rending her hair.

Now, when twice or thrice she had gone the whole circuit of the bank, and had to all her doleful outcries received no word of answer, satisfied that all her fears were true, she returned, from what to her then seemed a fruitless labour; and gathering together the pieces of clothing, bore them with tears and lamentations numberless into her own chamber. Here, having opened a fragrant drawer of Indian wood, she taketh forth much sweet store of rare perfume, and covering the coat and vest with tender kisses (for the lower garments she had laid somewhat aside across the foot of her couch) she foldeth them very fairly, and scenteth them at every fold; then placing them underneath her pillow, layeth herself down upon her couch, and after the extinguishment of her taper, breaketh forth into the rueful lamentation here following. "Oh, cruel Fate, and thou remorseless Cupid, wherefore have I been made a mark whereat to shoot your bitterest darts? Woe is me that have had my lover for an hour, and must now have my sorrow for ever! But crueller his fate, to have but one short parley with his lady, and then to be sent, a-well-aday! down this swift torrent to the sounding sea, there to be a prey for ravening monsters and horrid whales! for, surely, thinking himself to be deceived by me, most hapless maiden, who have thus delayed my coming so long beyond the appointed hour, his high spirit hath been unable to brook the thought of such unworthiness, and he hath cast himself in his proud despair headlong into the deep river, leaving only these precious relics for a testimony of his constancy, and a reproach to me, the miserable cause of his woes. Oh, true and chivalrous! oh, bold and lovely Pierce! who didst not scorn to stoop from thy lofty station for the love of an humble maiden's beauty, and who now had sealed the testimony of that most true love with thy most precious life, why didst thou not rather fix thine affection

on some princess of the west, where the daughters of nobles had contended for thy hand? Oh would that thou hadst never heard of me! Would that thou hadst rather perished by the side of thy brave brothers, pierced by the javelin of some heroic duke upon a well-fought battle field of Tartary or Egypt! And for me, alas! it were better far to be along with thee in the rushing waters, than here to be left a lonely damsel among hard-hearted men, who will scoff at thy romantical heroism rather than honour thy self-sacrificing devotedness!"

At the thought whereof, she conceived so great an agony, that her grief could not longer be contained, but burst forth in that sort of long crowing and laughter unnatural, which the doctors do call "an hysteriæ;" and thus was that pitiable young gentlewoman afflicted with the double grief of unconquerable lamentation and fear, lest any of the household might overhear the same, and learn its doleful cause. Alas! her fears did prophesy the truth; for soon starting from the side of her worshipful husband, that discreet gentlewoman, the lady of the Mayor, arose, and taking up her light, came quickly to the chamber of her daughter, whom in such sort as hath been rehearsed she there discovered. Clapping her hands together for affright, she dropped the lamp which she had brought with her; and being thus left in darkness, could do nought for the recovery of her child, save only utter such screams of discreet potency, as shortly summoned from all parts of the household servants and attendants, with lights and torches in number so many, that they had it reported for certain the next day that the Mayor's house was that night illuminated. Be sure (courteous reader) that in the midst of such light and bustle, the trunk hose which lay across the foot of the coach, did not long escape the greedy eyes of the domestics; for Marian, the dairy wench, who had snatched a long wick from the kitchen lamp as she was passing, no sooner beheld them, they say, than snatching them up, she displayed them on high, passing the light to and fro, (lamentably greasing the new plush thereby) the better to exhibit their shape and aspect to that virtuous and discreet gentlewoman, her mistress. She at a glance, aware of the nature of

the objects, letting her daughter's head, which she had hitherto supported, fall from her hands to the ground, seized hold of them upon the instant, one in either hand, and rushed into the chamber of the worshipful the Mayor, her husband.

"Oh heavens, husband," quoth she, "here is my house dishonoured! here bath thy vile daughter admitted some man into her chamber!" "How say you," cried the Mayor, "fetch hither my long sword," and starting from bed, he laid hold of his weapon; but being heavy with wine, stood a good space with the scabbard between his knees, essaying to draw the blade that was now somewhat rusted, while that discreet gentlewoman, his lady, stood beside, and ceased not saying that this was no fault of hers, (she could tell him) that it all came of his own vain indulgency of books of romance to his daughter, and that she would turn the hussey (she would warrant him) forth upon the highway, that had brought dishonour on her mother's daughter. Now, the Mayor being a man of good blood and lineage, was moved to extreme rage; and when he had at last got out his sword, stepped forth upon the lobby, and calling before him his steward, Turlogh O'Bryan, flung the trunk hose at his head, and commanded him to bring the owner thereof before him within ten minutes, (he knew them to be of his own livery by the yellow binding) else would he lop off his head, like a rebellious dog's, as it was, (for Turlogh was a confirmed papist), and with that made the bright blade fly around him, till all who saw were terrified.

Now, then, while fair Mistress Ellen lieth speechless on her couch, with hot questions and shrewd guesses busy around her; and while that virtuous gentlewoman, her mother, sitteth by her own bed-side in her smock, ceaselessly lamenting the misfortune of her house; and while bold Pierce, the cause of all the turmoil, is shivering in his shirt behind a ditch over against the Castle gate, which he durst not enter; behold, the worshipful the Mayor with his long sword in his hand, hath gone into the great hall, and there standing on the lowest step of the stair, foaming at the mouth, and swearing horribly, awaiteth the destroyer of his daughter's peace.

And here, at length, entereth Turlogh O'Bryan, two able-bodied serving men aiding him to thrust in, half-naked, and in the extremity of terror, the whilom owner of the hose, the porter, Humphry Drake, whom, sleeping between his wife and two children, they have cruelly dragged from his bed. And now having hauled him into the middle of the floor, they fall back at either side, lest the sweeping sword should confound the miscreant with the guilty, and Humphry, unsupported, falls pale and trembling on his knees.

Now, it must be known that, besides being an old man and a cripple, this Drake was sorely disfigured with a running in his cheek; then, how so lovely a lady as his youthful daughter could but cast her eyes on such an object, not to speak of admitting him to her chamber, strikes her worshipful father with a certain divine astonishment, and he casteth the great sword from his hand upon the pavement with such a clang, that Humphry falleth flat, thinking himself run through the body. And before the echoes thereof had well died away among the long lobbies and stone passages of the Castle, behold that virtuous and much distressed gentlewoman, the worthy lady of the Mayor, rusheth in, in one hand displaying abroad the laced blue coat of Master Sendale, while in the other she grasped the crumpled waistcoat of the Squire. "Oh heavens, husband," quoth she, "here hath thy vile daughter admitted men into her chamber by twos and threes! Behold here the coat of that young profligate Marmaduke, which I have even now plucked forth from underneath her pillow, and see; it is my firm belief, if I were to die this minute, that this is the waistcoat your friend, the Squire, was wont to wear at the Castle balls. I always thought it. I have told you again and again, but you would take no heed of my advice. Vile villains! profligate knaves! if there be law in the country, I will have them hanged by the necks! if there be law in the country, I say, since none of the old honourable spirit need be looked for from thee; for thou, thou poor dullard, art unworthy to wear a sword by thy side, that standest still in the time of need, and avengest not the wrongs of thy wedded wife! Give me the sword if thou art afraid there-

of!" And so saying, with angry and scornful carriage she pusheth by her husband, who all the while was standing very fixedly contemplating the ground, and snatching up the sharp weapon, offers it, not as all expect at Humphry (who, dreading a second *pasado*, hath retreated into a far corner of the hall) but perversely, and with pernicious shrewdness, at her own breast. Her worshipful husband nevertheless, taking no note thereof, she layeth down the sword again in much great indignation, and betaketh herself once more to the chamber of fair Mistress Ellen.

But who cometh in now, wrapped in a blanket and girt about the middle with a rope of straw, his hands bound behind his back, his knees knocking one against the other, and cold sweat dropping from his nose and eyebrows? "Please your honorable worship," quoth Turlogh, "this is Bodkin the taylor, whom we have caught in his shirt behind the ditch over against the Castle gate. We have wrapped him in a blanket, so please your Worship, that my lady might not be scandalized, for his shirt is none of the best." For all this the Mayor returneth not one word, but gazeth at them all like a man in a dream. Then Humphry seeing that the Mayor did not speak, limps forth from his corner, and shaking his fist in Pierce's nose, "villain," quoth he, "what hast thou done with my trunk-hose of murrey coloured plush." "Friend Drake," quoth Pierce very softly, "I know not of thy hose except that they are with Master Sendale's coat, and the Squire's vest of green figured silk; upon my lapboard, as I suppose, where else would they be, I pray you; I have but stepped forth my masters to taste cool air, which is a custom I learned when in the hot countries beyond sea, and know not why you should do me this violence." "Why, thou villain," cries Humphry, "dost thou deny that thou hast been in thy young mistresses chamber, for suspicion whereof I have well nigh been put to the death?" "My young mistress's chamber!" quoth Pierce, "I know not even in what part of this Castle my young mistresses chamber is. Oh thou liar!" crieth Humphry, what sayest thou to this?" with that he catches up the trunk hose and holds them close to Pierce's face, "seest

thou these, thou knave, that none but thou hast had possession of for these three days past; here have they been found but now in my young lady's bed! how dost thou account for that? answer me, thou rogue, how dost thou account for that? and, villain, I say, how came they by all those spots of grease?"

Now, before Pierce could bethink himself of any lie monstrous enough for such a necessity; behold, that virtuous gentlewoman the lady of the Mayor cometh once more towards the hall, crying, "Oh heavens, husband, our daughter doth nothing but talk of a gentleman of good estate, who, being disguised for love of her, hath cast himself into the Goodburn, and is drowned, but his name she willesh not to make known." "Madam, madam," crieth Marian the dairy-wench, running after, "young Mistress Ellen sayeth he is a gentleman of Galway, the youngest son of seven, six of whom were slain in the wars of Tartary, that his uncle hath unjustly seized his inheritance and that his name is Bodkin—I pray God it be not the taylor!" With that Pierce fairly at his wit's end casteth himself upon his knees before the Mayor, and confesseth how the devil had tempted him to dress himself in fine clothes and play the gentleman; how he had deceived Mistress Ellen by telling her he was one of the Bodkins of Galway; how, for the pleasure of her company, he had agreed to leap the river into her garden, and how he was unable to perform the same by reason of the tightness of Humphry Drake's trunk-hose, praying humbly withal for forgiveness, and protesting that, by virtue of his baptism, there was not a more modest or virtuous young lady than Mistress Ellen in all the realm of Ireland.

Now was our taylor sorely beset on all sides, "rogue," "stitch-louse," and "ninth part of a man," were the civillest words in their mouths; and Marian laying hold of the laced coat by the sleeves, and beginning to lay its skirts about his head, was followed by Turlogh O'Bryan who took the Squire's vest in hand and they again by old Humphrey himself, who swinging the hose around his head and bringing them down on Pierce's back and shoulders made him jump so cleverly, that, bounden as he was, had he been led to the river's brink, it is thought he would have leaped it at the first start. Thus did they beat him round the hall, tumbling and flouncing through such a storm of cloth as hath hardly been seen on a washerwoman's lines of a blowing day. At last when all were out of breath, the Mayor (no longer in fear for the honour of his Lady's house) ordered that they should thrust him forth upon the highway, and having locked the gates should retire to their several beds. Accordingly with kicks and cuffs innumerable they tumbled him out of the hall, through the courtyard, and into the ditch over against the castle gate wherein he had been found. Then pitching out from the garret window his store of needles, shears and clippings, with his lap-board and the great goose, (which had narrowly missed beating out his brains,) they locked and bolted their doors and retiring to their places of rest, left our knight of the needle to go his way at his leisure; which he shortly did, some kind traveller having cut his cords, and took his journey towards Bellfast, where he afterwards thrrove exceedingly (having left off his vain follies,) as a master taylor in the Crown Entry.

THE REFORM MINISTRY, AND THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

As we happen to be in a candid humour, we may as well confess that on some subjects we are a little prejudiced, and liable to express ourselves warmly. In a matter of Algebra, or Political Economy, for example, our temper might get the advantage of us, and we might, peradventure, express ourselves with some heat, which the censorious would, perhaps, call violence. To make amends for this, however, we flatter ourselves that in questions of party politics, concerning the merits of Whigs and Tories, Radicals and Absolutists, we are the most remarkable example of moderation and impartiality, now extant among public writers. In examining the merits of political men, and political measures, we are as cool as a cucumber, and as mild as milk. Having premised thus much, we trust we shall be understood as uttering a calm, cautious, and well-considered opinion, when we declare that the present ministers who conduct the government of these kingdoms, are the most outrageously impudent set of quacks, that ever relied upon public credulity, and in that reliance succeeded in most extensively cheating the unwary. The most unblushing impostor that ever put off two pence worth of trash, by means of lying puffs, and advertisements, as ten shillings worth of the "cordial balm" of this, that, or the other, was but a faint type of these monstrous and utterly worthless puffers of themselves.

After a session of Parliament which, by all but universal consent, is held to be the most disgraceful on record—after a Parliamentary campaign, which for shufflings, contradictions, violations of express pledges and established principles, barrenness of talent, and blackguard behaviour, has exceeded all that could have been imagined by the bitterest cynic in existence—after a session in which months were spent in tedious, profitless, and disgusting babble, and a few weeks in huddling up the public business without any discussion at all; his Majesty's ministers wind up the affair with a speech from the throne,

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in which they go over *seriatim*, the stupidities and wrongs of which they had been guilty, and accompany each notice with a modicum of praise, which would have been fulsome had it come from others, but coming from themselves, is at once impudent and ludicrous. Nor were they content with this. Considering themselves mighty clever at a pamphlet, and confident in their powers of persuasion, they have prepared nine dozen of pages of self-commendation, which is to the king's speech, what a big soap bubble is, to the bit of nasty, slippery stuff before it is blown into the bubble form. The title of this pamphlet is the same that we have done its authors the honor to prefix to this article. It was our first intention to have given a review of it, but on looking it over for that purpose, we found that the only way we could deal fairly and decisively with it would be to quote paragraph after paragraph with the brief criticism upon each—"this is a lie." Now this might have seemed harsh, and since, to use the elegant language of the poet—

"Politeness an Irishman's trade is,"

we thought it better to avoid a course of remark so foreign to our usual habits, and the urbanity of our natural disposition. We propose, therefore, to touch with brevity upon some of the subjects which ministers pride themselves upon having mastered in Parliament; without taking the trouble of following the muddy course of their stupid eulogies of themselves, and when we have occasion to allude to their pamphlet, we shall take the liberty of indulging in a polite fiction, and call it the *modest manifesto*.

To classify all the balderdash which occupied the talking powers of ministers and members of Parliament during the long session now happily at an end, would be impossible, and not worth while, though it were easy. The matters of business meddled with, are thus classified by the *modest manifesto*—Ireland, Slavery, Finance, Bank Charter,

East India Charter, Trade, Law, Corporations, Scotland, Poor Laws, and Foreign Policy.

And first, of Ireland, with which the Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament made so brave and appropriate a beginning. After two years of the most abominable misrule, in which violence and atrocity were all but openly patronized, in which the law was left totally without support by the executive, and those who endeavoured to enforce the law, persecuted by the government for their pains, the Whigs found they had brought affairs to such a pass that they might venture to ask the Houses of Parliament for the absolute power and authority which it is the particular delight of all *liberals* to possess. The Whig leader of the House of Commons, whose perceptions are so dull that he is not himself conscious of the enormous effrontery of what he is continually saying and doing, had the modesty to give the following catalogue of the results of the policy of the government to which he belonged. In one year, says he, (the second year of the Whig government,) the following crimes have been perpetrated in Leinster:—Murders and attempts to murder, 163; robberies, 387; burglaries, 182; burnings, 194; houghing cattle, 70; other wilful and malicious injuries to property, 407; serious assaults, 744; illegal notices, 913. This edifying epitome of his own and his colleagues skill in governing Ireland, Lord Althorp had the modesty to read to the House, when asking for new powers of the most astounding description, and with similar modesty, the ministerial pamphleteer brings it forward in laying the groundwork for a dose of flattery to the present, by calumniating the late government. After having brought Ireland to this frightful state, these modest ministers, who, when in opposition, were always railing against what they called the severity of the Tory government of Ireland, demanded and obtained from Parliament, an enactment an hundred times more severe than the Tories had ever dreamed of—an enactment which gave to the government power to suspend all the most important liberties of British subjects in Ireland, wherever it thought

fit so to do. This the ministry had the modesty to ask from Parliament, and have now the modesty to boast of, as a most creditable achievement. They boast, too, of its admirable effects, of the terror which it inspired, and the tranquillity it produced. This is more modesty. It never strikes them, that the summer nights are not so convenient for the pastimes enumerated by Lord Althorp, as those of winter, nor that the Church being sacrificed in part, *the boys* are for the present satisfied; but winter is coming again, and the Established Church has still something to be robbed of, by the combined efforts of Whiteboy ruffianism, and a Whig government. We shall see whether the Marquis of Wellesley will venture to put the coercion act in force—we think that he dare not, whatever be the provocation—but time will tell.

After this followed the Church Robbery Bill, "by the courtesy of the House," termed the Church Reform Bill. The provisions of this bill having been so recently and so ably discussed in a periodical well known to most of our readers,* it would be useless to enter into any detail. Bills have also been passed with respect to Irish juries which meet the unanimous disapprobation of the judges of the land, whose integrity, learning, and experience, all must respect. Two commissions have been issued; one for inquiring into the state of Irish corporations, the other for inquiring into the state of the labouring classes. Mr. Roman Catholic Sergeant Perrin, is at the head of the former—a particularly appropriate judge of corporations, established for the support of the Protestant or English interest in Popish Ireland—the particularly *liberal* and logical Archbishop of Dublin, and (as the modest ministerial manifesto hath it,) the "Catholic Primate," are members of the latter. No doubt the gentry of Ireland must have great confidence in such commissioners! The boast as respects the legislation for Ireland is wound up by an allusion to the bill which insults and aggrieves the Irish clergy, while it supplies a partial remedy for the robbery inflicted upon them by the sacrifice of their lawful property, to the violence of the rabble

* The Christian Examiner.

and the cupidity of the occupiers of land. For all these things the ministers laud themselves most exceedingly! Are they not impudent quacks?

A very strong party in parliament, of whose sagacity and rational humanity, we regret we are unable to speak in terms of unqualified praise or unlimited confidence, having found it expedient to insist upon something being done with respect to West India slavery, the Whigs found it necessary to do something, in order to avoid being punished by adverse majorities in the House of Commons. Poor Lord Goderich could do nothing, and his sub., Lord Howick, proposed something which was sufficiently honest to expose the madness of the scheme, and it therefore could not be listened to. Both principal and sub. were therefore removed from the colonial office, and our *clever* friend, Mr. Stanley, appointed to the business, who in about three weeks (more Whig modesty!) came forward with a fully arranged plan for the ruin of the West India colonies of Great Britain, and for making the subjects of Great Britain at home, pay the owners of colonial property a something in lieu of that which was to be ruined. His plan was to make the slaves apprentices for twelve years, after which they were to be free; and to give a *loan* of fifteen millions to the planters as compensation for freeing their negroes, and thus rendering valueless their property. But this "gigantic subject, with vast commercial interests involved in its *development*" as the *modest manifesto* charmingly describes it, was so hastily settled by the minister, that he soon found it expedient to alter the term of apprenticeship to six years, and the loan of fifteen millions to a *gift* of twenty millions. The plan was and is evidently a mere guess at what was possible, not a judgment of what was right—it was a mere plunge in the dark; and owing to the prejudice of one part of the House of Commons, and the subserviency of the whole, the project, with all its monstrous imperfections on its head, became law. That it was right to take measures to put an end to slavery in the British dominions, we admit—that the method adopted was well-considered, no one can assert with even the resemblance of truth, that the plan submitted was wise, we deny. Even the

modest manifesto admits that it is merely *probable* that the supply of colonial produce we shall receive from our own colonies, after slave labour ceases, will be sufficient to prevent the *necessity* of resorting to the slave colonies of other nations for that produce; and it also admits, that to do this "would be a direct encouragement to that very system we are in the act of abolishing." Yet, for this doubtful probability we are to pay twenty millions of money!

The *modest manifesto* states, however, that "the principal *advantage* of the apprenticeship accrues to the negroes themselves. *They are, in fact, placed in a condition of greater comfort than that of the peasantry of any civilized nation.*"

Is it possible for impudent quackery to go beyond this? Here is a boast that the people of this country (including the peasantry) are to be compelled to pay twenty millions of money to place a set of barbarous Africans in a condition of *greater* comfort than our own peasantry. What reason is there in obliging our peasantry to pay for making the blacks in the West Indies more comfortable than they (the peasantry) are themselves? We admit that this statement is true—it is one of the very few truths in the pamphlet; but a truth more decisively conclusive of Whig injustice could not be brought forward; yet the *modest manifesto* issued by the king's ministers boasts of it! Are not these quacks stupid, as well as impudent?

With regard to finance, the Whigs, now that they hold the government, are anxious to put forward a fact which they themselves, when in opposition, were most studious to conceal from general observation. They were then continually holding forth on the practicability, as well as the necessity, of making reductions in so large an expenditure as fifty millions a year, but *now* they tell us it is ignorance or malevolence, or both, to talk of reductions in an expenditure of fifty millions, for of the fifty, thirty-five are for *fixed* charges; and it is only upon the remaining fifteen millions that economy can work. This is true, but none except Whigs could have the impudence to put forward the charge of ignorance and malevolence against those persons to whom they themselves industriously *taught* this error of which they

complain. The Whigs have certainly laid out less money in the ordinary business of government, than it is probable the Tories would have done had they continued in power; they have carried reduction of establishments farther than the Tories would have thought consistent with the safety and strength of the empire. They have, for instance, so cut down the navy, that instead of voting for it £5,594,955, as in 1890, they have for 1893 estimated the expense at no more than £4,658,134. We doubt very much that this is *wise* economy; and we have reason to know that in a thousand instances, the government has been guilty both of meanness and cruel injustice, in carrying what it calls economy into effect. We are glad to see extravagance put an end to in government departments, because, for the most part, it is the least worthy who get the benefit of the extravagance. The time has been when a great deal of public money was wasted on ignorant, insolent people, relations of lords, and the like, and a great deal too much of this goes on still; but the government ought not to be meanly economical; it should not neglect character for the sake of low prices, nor should it starve an important branch of the service in order to be able to boast of how little money was spent. Upon the whole matter, however, it is in financial economy that the Whigs have most cause to speak well of themselves. But their scheming costs more in a year than they would save in ten. During the past session, their absurd schemes have saddled the country with payments to the tune of between thirty and forty millions. Twenty millions at one blow to make the West Indian negroes more comfortable than any peasantry in Europe, and *a fortiori* much more comfortable than the peasantry of Ireland.

As to the new bank charter act, about which so prodigious a boast is made, we desire merely to remark, that the leading proprietors of the bank described the treatment they had received from the finance minister as nothing more or less than cheating of the most disgraceful kind; and men who are Whigs in politics were led publicly to declare, that for honesty and good faith in government dealings, they should cast back a longing lingering

look to the reign of the Tories. With regard to the new East India Company bill, we may say Ditto, Ditto. This measure was huddled through both Houses in such a way, that the public knows hardly any thing more about it than that it was consented to by the proprietors as an act of spoliation, against which they had no means of resistance. We believe it to be pregnant with the most frightfully dangerous consequences. Already wild speculations are on foot with regard to the trade to China, which will probably end in ruin to those who embark in them, and the affairs of India, no longer in the hands of "John Company," will probably fall into such a state as to cause, ere many years pass away, the formation of new States in the East, independent of the mother country.

The essay about trade in the *modest manifesto* resolves itself into a tirade upon the excellent policy of extending the "enlightened principles" of trade, which the Whigs are pleased so to term, because they are the principles adopted by them. We have much to say upon this subject; but this article is not intended for a dissertation, so we shall chuse another opportunity.

We are already weary and disgusted with travelling after the Whigs in all their details of their own exploits—it is a dirty business, and the nauseous odour of their incredible vanity, pervades every thing on which they lay their hands. The whole pamphlet we have been reading is rank with whiggism—faugh! we must turn away for a little fresh air.

Now we can turn to again, but only for a little, we just have a passage or two that we would wish to touch upon before we go. We learn from this *modest manifesto* that "*the present ministers are invested with the highest trust which it ever fell to the lot of man to execute.*" Now that is what we call a touch of the sublime. Only think good public, and don't laugh if you can help it, only think of Althorp the eloquent and acute, Johnny Russell, the vigorous and straight-forward, active Grant, amiable Palmerston, cool Stanley, ready Graham, with the group in the other house of equally brilliant worthies, and "remember they are invested with the highest trust that it ever fell to the lot of men to execute!" Is not

this rather *too* bad? what a prodigious puppy he must have been that could have written down a sentence combining such intense ignorance, with such exalted impertinence.

Throughout this *brochure* there are sundry sneers at William Pitt. God help the mindless conceited creatures who have written them. Who fills Pitt's place now, in the house of Commons? It is Althorp!! Hear it, O ye people—cattle-feeding, clause-expounding, cow-impounding Althorp, fills the place of Pitt, and his jackalls write a pamphlet to sneer at the great man in his grave! Their hoofs now stand in the foot-prints of that mighty man, and they, even they! affect to sneer at him—Oh ye gods!

These mighty pamphleteers are moreover of opinion that they saved the country, which the Duke of Wellington could not have saved had he remained minister. Nay, they are to

this effect most astoundingly eloquent, and alluringly metaphysical. "When," says this prodigious writer, "when in half the counties of England, the agricultural population were in arms, when barns and corn, ricks and thrashing machines were blazing—the clergy flying their homes, the magistrates capitulating with the rioters, and the farmers secretly or even openly, urging them on; it was in the midst of this storm that the Tories abandoned the helm, and having run the vessel among the breakers, called on the Whigs to tack and preserve her."

Ha! ha! ha! here is a pretty conglomeration of blazes and breakers—here is Whig eloquence, and Whig sense for you, most excellent public! We think the hint of all this must have been taken from a song written by an ingenious townsman of ours, which was in fashion some twenty years ago,

"First then, I did see,
Fire and water lighted,
Ghosts too grinned at me,
And we were all benighted."

But where did the Whigs lead us, by this *tacking* out of the storm of blazing barns, and corn and thrashing machines? Why into the blaze of burning Bristol, where the king's good subjects were roasted alive, churches and dwelling houses rifled and burned, women violated, the goals broken open, and the criminals let loose, the villains who did this horrid business, shouting the while, the watch-word of the king's Whig ministers, "*Reform*." There was more damage done in Bristol in thirty-six hours, all palpably the result of Whig encouragement of lawless violence throughout the land, than the agricultural disturbances, which were palpably *not* the result of any acts of the Duke of Wellington's government, would have produced, had they continued for twelve months. A pretty "*tack*" this was, truly!

But we have done—perhaps the Whigs are not without their sure game, though a dishonest one, in writing these monstrous extravagancies, which if they indeed believe them, they must be farther gone than the vain fool Malvolio, when he went cross-gartered

and wore yellow stockings. Certainly as *Maria* says of that most amusing gull, "No Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness," as they have set down in this *modest manifesto* of theirs, but they may calculate rightly upon the gullibility of the million, after all.

Lord Bacon says there is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore these faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are the most potent. Perhaps the Whigs may act upon this maxim, in sending forth such egregious trash.

And now to conclude pleasantly—it occurs to us that Paley has said that "moral government is any dispensation whose object is to influence the conduct of *reasonable creatures*"—but the Whigs know that the great majority of human creatures are *unreasonable*, and as their object is to influence the conduct of *the multitude*, the adopt they converse of Paley's rule, and make *their* government as *immoral* as possible.

RECENT CONFESSION OF THE DEVIL,

TO A

RENOWNED STATESMAN AND CONSCIENCE-KEEPER.

While at College in Edinburgh, I had the good fortune to enjoy the intimacy of one of the most eminent of my fellow-students; a gentleman of great learning and still greater wit, of much imagination and a strong natural tendency to hypochondria. He was by far the most distinguished youth of the University. His compositions were remarkable for strength of argument, clearness of expression, and an unusual display of extensive reading and general information. As a speaker, he was extremely eloquent; and when he rose in the course of our juvenile debates, the copious flow of his rich and varied language, the energy of his gesticulation, the intelligent flash of his keen grey eye, and above all the incessant anxious oscillations of his somewhat formidable nose, never failed to command the attention and elicit the applause of his audience. In Politics he was abstruse and vehement; but notwithstanding the great perspicuity of his diction, it was often extremely difficult to determine which side of the question he really intended to support. His friends attributed this circumstance to the difficulty of fathoming the extreme depth of his doctrines and following the empyrean flights of his soaring imagination; while his opponents considered it to be the result of a cautious and provident desire not to implicate himself either with one party or another, until he should be able to determine which was likely in after life to repay his partisanship in the best and most profitable manner.

It is now upwards of forty years since we separated, each to occupy the sphere in life which choice had pointed out. My friend was called to the English Bar, and I was ordained an humble pastor of the Scottish Church. Since then, until a recent accident brought us in contact, we have never met. In the seclusion of a retired

country-parish in Scotland, I have devoted myself entirely to the care of my flock, while he, in the bustle of the great metropolis, has pursued with aspiring zeal the arduous duties of his profession, and attained the highest honours with which British talent and British industry can be rewarded.

It was not long before his great abilities became known at the Bar. His table was covered with briefs; clients flocked to him from all quarters; he was invariably retained in every cause to which the slightest importance was attached. Meantime in politics he became the staunch and unflinching friend of what is termed Liberty and Equality. He declaimed upon the iniquity of Taxation; wrote pamphlets on the necessity of radical reform; told his countrymen that they were worse than slaves, and that if they would follow him he would direct them in the path to freedom. He became the God of the people's idolatry, and was elected a member of Parliament. In St. Stephens the torrent of his impetuous eloquence swept away before it the feeble opposition of many of his less powerful opponents. The reports of his speeches were eagerly read in every ale-house in the kingdom; and amid the fumes of tobacco and beer, his arguments were declared by his news-loving admirers to be totally unanswerable. He was looked up to as the man appointed by heaven to subvert the iniquitous coterie who had so long misgoverned the land, and to restore the blessings of freedom to a groaning and trampled nation. The very twitch of his formidable nose became the terror of Toryism. He laboured, he watched, he agitated, he spoke, he harangued; the wished for moment arrived; a Cabinet consisting of his friends and admirers were formed; the iron rule of an imperious Old Soldier was at an end, and my friend became a statesman.

The summit of his earthly ambition was attained,—and just in time. Neither the human mind nor the human frame are proof against the wasting effects of strenuous and unremitting exertion. Long and harassing debates, constant bending over his writing-table, late sittings in Parliament and the gaming-house, a perhaps overweening fondness for the pleasures of the social board, too frequent an indulgence in political fervour, turtle feasts and heavy suppers, together with deep, though perhaps necessary potations of wine and strong waters, had already undermined his otherwise masculine constitution, and deprived this wonderful man of more understanding than it generally falls to the lot of others to possess. As the vigour of his intellect declined, his natural tendency to hypochondria increased. In the silent hours of night, he gave himself entirely up to this propensity; and his perturbed imagination frequently peopled his solitary chamber with the most fantastic visions. Harassed by opposition and heated with wine, he would often return late from his duties in the Supreme House, and throwing himself at full length on his couch, hold familiar intercourse with spirits which his own fevered fancy had created, till worn out and exhausted, wearied nature sought refuge in sleep. The devil was his frequent visitant; and many and deep were the consultations which he held with the prince of darkness.

It chanced that some months ago, affairs of business summoned me to the metropolis. Naturally anxious to have an interview with the companion of my early youth, I wrote to inform him of my arrival in town, and to express my readiness to wait upon him at any time he thought proper to appoint. Next morning a powdered lackey delivered the following note at my lodgings:—"Lord ——— will be happy to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. ———. Being much occupied with business he begs that Mr. ——— will make it convenient to call upon him about an hour after midnight."

To a person of my regular habits, the hour was certainly unwonted, but I kept it punctually. The bell of St. Paul's was chiming one as the servant ushered me into his master's room. It was a lofty spacious apartment, gloomily lighted up by two flickering wax

candles. In a huge, well-stuffed easy chair, beside a large massive table covered with books, acts of parliament, and loose manuscripts, sat the object of my visit, his head declined upon his bosom, apparently in deep meditation. At his right hand was a small fly-table, on which stood a couple of empty wine decanters and a rummer glass. As I entered he rose to welcome me. Heavens! could this be the lively companion of my youth!—what a change was there! The small, keen, grey eye no longer flashed with intelligence; it was dim, glazed, and bloodshot. His cheeks were sunk and hollow, and saving here and there a bright streak of livid red, deadly pale. His meagre, emaciated frame was arrayed in a full court suit,—his breast ornamented with a glittering star;—on the ground beside him lay a large full-bottomed wig and black silk robe. He motioned me to a seat, and I was about to enter on some of the recollections of our early youth, when throwing himself back in his chair, and drawing his long shrivelled fingers through his scanty grizzled locks, he asked me in a hollow, monotonous voice, "if I was at all acquainted with the nature and habits of devils?"

The suddenness and extraordinary nature of the enquiry threw me completely off my guard, and as I did not immediately reply, he followed it up with another:

"Are you not a clergyman of the Church of Scotland?" I replied in the affirmative.

"So! then you *must* know a good deal about devils; and as I wish you to explain a circumstance that occurred to me recently, I beg you will give your utmost attention to what I have got to say.

"It may be now somewhat more than a week," continued he, "since I returned one night late from the business of the House, out of humour with myself, and vexed beyond description at the factious opposition of those cursed bishops. But I will bring them to their marrow-bones, the rascals, and that ere long! To be harassed and bearded at every turn by such a set of good-for-nothing fools, is beyond endurance!—After calming myself a little with a bottle of Beste's double distilled, I threw myself in my chair, and sunk into deep meditation. It was the

eve of my birth-day, and my thoughts wandered back to times long since gone by. What was natural, the idea of a cradle suggested that of a grave ; and I considered that as a man is born on the first day of his natal year, nothing is more likely than that he should die upon the last. I know not how it happens, Sir, but I never can think on death without at the same time thinking on the devil. The grizzly spectre king and the grim prince of darkness seemed to be dancing a fandango together round my chair. I confess that I trembled. I thought on the many trifling peccadilloes into which weakness or want of thought, but by no means any bad intention had from time to time betrayed me ; and fevered and nervous, I at length sank upon my knees to try if by any possibility I could also sink into prayer. Long as it is since I have been accustomed to this exercise, I fortunately recollected a Pater Noster which I had learned at school, and had just got over the first two words when I heard a slight rustling noise at my side, and a middle aged gentleman completely arrayed in a full black court suit such as my own, with a glimmering spangled star on his left breast, suddenly stood before me. At the first glance I recognized the dreaded individual ; but pretending ignorance, I asked to whom I was indebted for a visit at so unwonted an hour. Without the slightest embarrassment, and making a most polite courtier-like bow, the stranger replied that he had the honour to be a devil, and that conceiving from my bald head, canonical dress, and kneeling attitude, that I was a reverend father of the good Catholic Church, he had come to make confession, and obtain absolution for a few insignificant misdemeanours, " which, after all," continued he, " I may rather be said to have given into than committed."

" I perceive, Sir, you smile at the idea of a devil making confession ; but if you have studied as I have done, the legends of *Jacobus de Voragine* you will readily call to mind many precedents, especially one in which it was narrated, that when the devil appeared to the blessed Margaret, (undoubtedly with no pious purpose) she pummelled him so heartily about the head and shoulders, that he was fain to kneel down at her feet, and ac-

tually made forthwith an auricular confession. Indeed, it was in imitation of the conduct of the blessed lady on this occasion, that the ancient practice of torture, now unhappily gone into desuetude, was at first adopted ; and as a criminal lawyer, I know, that by beating or racking a culprit till half dead, as many elective sparks of truth may be elicited, as will be sufficient to lighten up and discover the whole affair, however mysterious. I was strongly inclined to have recourse to this mode of examination on a late royal trial ; but unfortunately the laws of this prejudiced land forbade it.

" I know not whether it was the effect of astonishment, or whether curiosity to hear the nature of the proposed confession prompted me, but I remained silent on my knees while the black apparelled gentleman thus proceeded :—

" I freely confess to you, most reverend father, that I am indeed a devil, although not one of the higher class, being merely the attendant genius of an irreproachable statesman, whom I am appointed to guide and advise in matters of importance. The faults which I have to confess to you are by no means either so flagrant or so numerous as those committed by some of my sainted relations. My good old grandmother, for example, from her seventh to her eighteen-hundredth year, caused (according to Voigt's calculation) nine million witches to be burned at the stake, and calcined to a dentifrice for her teeth ; a transaction, however, which she easily excused by her prejudice in favour of the female sex, ' who,' said she, ' are more cordially detested by women, especially old ones, than by any other of God's created beings.' Her husband, on his part, my respected grandfather, has in his time kindled the flame of one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three wars, and put the torch to a few million cities, merely, he said, to prevent a disagreeable freezing of the blood to which he is addicted. I, however, who am neither so old nor so high in dignity as these respected individuals, do not presume to act on so magnificent a scale. It is true, indeed, that through the agency of my irreproachable statesman, of whom I am the *Chevalier d'honneur et d'atour*, I have occasioned a little blood to be shed, and a few cities to be

burned (not to mention hay-ricks, corn-stacks, and farm-granges); but then this has been mostly done in the cause of liberty and equality, and the rights of the people; and I think I can now come to the confessional with that comfortable consciousness of innocence which you will admit a poor devil stands more in need of than any other person.

"I confess, most reverend father, that if I am to be permitted to retain my ancient title of 'The Father of Lies,' I have adopted my dear little irreproachable statesman as my chosen son and future heir. Indeed it is upon a principle of lies, taking the term in its most general acceptation, that most of our best concocted plans have been laid, and that the whole scope and tact of our liberty-politics hinges. By the discreet use of a little mild equivocation, we easily manage to hoodwink the good-natured confiding subjects of his majesty; and the blue vapour of falsehood which we raise from time to time in the course of our operations, is wafted gently through the land, and mistaken by the people for the incense smoke of uprightness. I would not, however, have you suppose from this that my statesman is naturally an enemy to truth. On the contrary, no one hates more cordially than he does any lies which others attempt to impose on him; and such is his extreme love of truths in the abstract, that he not only never parts with any of his own, but cannot be sufficiently supplied with those of other people. He may be said in this respect to resemble the Persian Prince Kamshadale, who from the sheer love of tobacco smoke, not only swallowed that of his own pipe, but caused his courtiers to blow theirs profusely about his ears for his own peculiar behoof, satisfaction, and enjoyment. I will not trouble you with a minute recital of all the lies which my irreproachable statesman and myself have from time to time invented and promulgated. Not to enter into a detailed classification, they may be divided generally into the two great branches of foreign and domestic, under the former of which are ranged all our lies relative to foreign countries, such as our recent ones regarding Spain and Portugal, and under the latter all such as refer more particularly to the snug little islands between the

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German and Atlantic oceans, which my worthy grandfather now begins to consider as his own peculiar domestic property. For the whole of these, to save your reverence's sacred time, as a complete enumeration would be endless, I wish your reverence to give me absolution in the lump, holding them *quasi numerati*.

"I further confess, with your reverence's favour, that I have tempted my irreproachable statesman to indulge a little more in avarice and the love of lucre than perhaps either he or I would find it easy to exculpate. But you are aware that prodigality and avarice may be said to be father and son—the one cannot exist without the other; and as I have found it necessary to entice my principal to drown care and conscience by indulging in a variety of expensive luxuries, and by frequenting my own little private establishments in St. James's, (which Crockford, or any of my other agents will tell you cannot be done without money), I have considered it no more than justice to allow him to appropriate any trifling sums, places, or pensions, that chanced to come in his way, when he could do so conveniently, and without being noticed. In ancient times, you are aware, it was customary for the devil to carry about in his own pocket the money with which he intended to reward his faithful subjects; but at present, as he is now no longer allowed to appear to his friends otherwise than in their own bodily form, he finds it necessary to reach them their pensions through means of their own bodily organs, namely, their hands. In this manner I confess that I have handed over to my worthy principal several valuable landed estates, a variety of posts, places, pensions, and sinecures, the reversions of several productive church livings, besides a quantity of different kinds of stock and investments in home and foreign securities. In the article of patronage, which you know is the slang phrase for bribery, I have been, perhaps, a little too bountiful; but when I inform you, that excepting indeed an infinitude of law and government appointments, the patronage which I have given him is mainly connected with the lands and livings of the accursed Protestant Church, I know you will readily excuse my liberality. With our own dear Catholic

establishment I have never allowed him to interfere. All appointments connected with it my grandfather keeps under his especial management ; and I may inform you, by the way, that my worthy relative at present entertains the most sanguine hopes of seeing his favourite religion firmly established in his newly-acquired Farm, the before-mentioned snug little islands. It is true that some antiquated Protestant bishops, and a most stubborn old rogue of a Soldier, (whom I may tell you in confidence I intended to immolate with my own hands eighteen years ago at Waterloo, had not my design been frustrated by the interference of a superior power) are strenuously opposed to this arrangement ; but they, in the course of nature, cannot be far from taking up their abode in heaven, and then the coast will be in a great measure clear.

I and my irreproachable statesman were not long in discovering the absurdity of Mr. Pope's maxim, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." On the contrary, we came to the conclusion that it was the safest of all possible means for effecting our purposes. We accordingly set about distributing cheap tracts and pamphlets, and penny magazines, and I know not what besides, most of which my little statesman carefully prepared with his own hand, I, of course, supplying the materials. We soon succeeded by means of these in stirring up a spirit of discontent and factious restlessness among the people ; but while we told them of the evils under which they laboured, we were artful enough to inform them at the same time that we would speedily earn their gratitude by working out their relief—a service, between ourselves, which was the more easily rendered, as none of the evils which we deprecated had any existence except in our own fertile imaginations. Among other things, we told them that they were themselves, properly speaking, the sovereign rulers of the land—that the king was nothing more than their servant, and that *we* were their viceroys. The greater proportion were not slow in believing this ; but as some factious individuals still continued to maintain the obsolete doctrine of kingly authority, we found it necessary to instigate the people to give a signal ocular demonstration of their

power, by massacring a few of their opponents, and burning some insignificant farm-houses and stacks of corn, together with a variety of towns, villages, and cities. This latter misdemeanour, however, I know your reverence will the more readily forgive, when I inform you, that among our other incremations, we nearly immolated one of those accursed old marplots, the Protestant bishops, completely destroying his house, garden, and all his other property. And here it is proper for me to apologize to your reverence for not having actually disposed of the persons of some of those disagreeable old fellows on the offering pile. I assure you that it is opportunity and not good-will that has failed us ; but my irreproachable statesman hopes soon to bring matters so far as to be able to regale your reverence and other peace-loving people with a practical fulfilment of the wish of our darling Diderot, "that the body of the last bishop might form an incense-pile on which to immolate the body of the last king."

"I further confess to you in confidence, much beloved Father, that however our external conduct may *appear* to contradict it, we have always considered the Rule of the Roman Law, which ordains the natural father to consider his children merely as goods and chattels (*Rex*), but by no means as persons, to be equally applicable to the People at large, they being neither more nor less than the children of the state. We have, therefore, been in the habit of treating them exactly in the same manner as we do the *Rex* or furniture of our house, which is there merely for *our* use, comfort, and convenience. Accordingly such of them as are handy and useful to us, no matter whether robbers, murderers or fire-raisers, we treasure, and protect, and garner up, as the apple of our eye ; but when we find any of them troublesome or incommodious, or in our way, we make no scruple of ridding the world of them under one pretext or another. Your reverence, I am satisfied, will readily sanction our proceedings in this respect ; for the more weighty the nature of the *contract social*, the rule of the Roman law must indubitably hold the stronger.

"I confess, moreover, most holy fa-

ther, that I and my irreproachable statesman have long been laying plots (hitherto unhappily abortive), totally to extirpate, by means of fire or sword, or poison, as may be found most convenient, the whole of our accursed sect or party who have long infested the land, bringing to nought the best designs both of my grandfather and myself, and are known by the name of Tories. This we have determined to do only after having experienced the utter impossibility of amending, reforming, or bringing them round to our own way of thinking; for if it be difficult to improve a single individual man, it is a thousand times more so to improve a whole body or set of men,—it being practicable indeed to bring the former into right tune by screwing him hard up like the string of a fiddle; but if it be desired to alter the tone of the other, there is nothing for it but melting them down in a mass and casting them over again like a bell. I trust your reverence will have no objections to grant me an indulgence or fore-absolution for this petty misdemeanour, to save me the trouble of confessing anew when it is committed.

“As to what regards the *conscience* of my irreproachable statesman, I confess that it has cost me very little trouble, as he himself has the same power over it that the stock-fish has over his stomach, being able to throw it up at pleasure, wash it in pure spring water, and then gulp it down again ready to be charged afresh. This he is in the habit of doing generally once every week; and after each operation he declares with an oath, that if he *should* happen to be damned in the long run he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he is to the full as innocent as most of his neighbours. And, indeed, if by “his neighbours” he means his colleagues in office, he is not, perhaps, very far wrong in this; for, to use a legal phrase, they are all of them “conjointly and severally actors and art and part.” With some of his other moral imperfections, however, I have found it much more difficult to deal. He has, for example, the misfortune to be afflicted in an extreme degree with what our arch-enemy, Lord Kames, would call “the sympathetic emotion of cowardice.” The veriest chicken on the dunghill is not more faint-hearted than he; and though like a craven

turkey cock, he can expand his tail, and set his stiffened wings, and bluster in a most deafening manner when he thinks there is no danger at hand, yet no sooner does any one even so much as lift his finger in a threatening posture, than he drops his crest, stoops his head, and makes the best of his way from the scene of action. I have often been sadly put about by this unaccountable weakness. Some time since, for example, I prevailed upon him to make an attack in Parliament on a great enemy of mine, a Mr. Secretary Canning; and as the House was full of his friends and adherents, he stepped forward boldly enough, and declared that that gentleman had been guilty of “a most flagrant act of tergiversation;” but no sooner did the secretary stand up in his place and exclaim, in a manly determined voice,—“I rise to say that that is false,”—than the courage of my friend suddenly oozed away, and though I stood at his elbow, and did all I could to spirit him on to a rejoinder, I found it was impossible to squeeze another word out of him during the whole evening. Such an exposé as this you may conceive to be exceedingly humiliating, not to say detrimental; and I fear he and I would never have got on together, had I not luckily bethought me of a certain invigorating beverage known by the common name of brandy, which is famous for strengthening the nerves and imparting courage to those who drink it. By causing him to make constant use of this genial liquor, and by never allowing him to go into public without being duly primed with it, I manage to keep matters pretty square,—nay, by assiduous application, and using nothing but Beste’s double distilled, I have already brought him so far, that the other night, without the smallest provocation, and from a mere overcharge of “spirits” and animal ferocity, he openly insulted the brother-german of his Royal Master, and the great captain of the age, in one and the same breath. Fortunately the latter conceived the attack to be beneath his notice, otherwise the affair might not have gone off so well; as it is, however, I think I have every reason to congratulate myself on the success of my experiment.”

Here, continued my friend, I rose from my knees with the intention of pronouncing an absolving benedictio

on the penitent devil, but instead of laying my hand on *his* head, I laid it by mistake upon my own.

"These, continued he, without appearing to observe the inadvertency, are a few of the more prominent faults which I have to confess to you. I have passed over a variety of minor ones, but I trust you will include them all in the lump. Far be it from me, however, most holy and reverend Father, to take advantage of the evident pain which my confession has caused your pure and sinless nature, and thus wring from you a mitigated penance. No! my atonement shall be self-inflicted, and I am sure you will admit that it is ample when I inform you that I here condemn myself to occupy for a season a place in your own sacred and delectable person."

He vanished; and I was instantly sensible of an unusual motion and strange rumbling noise in my internals. Now, Sir, you may easily conceive that it is extremely vexatious, not only to be haunted by a vision such as I have described to you, but to be left in a state of utter uncertainty as to whether one be really possessed by the devil or not. I refer the matter to you, because you are a clergyman, and especially because you are a clergyman of the Scottish church; and I trust you will be able to give me some explanation of the affair, and particularly to instruct me on the point, whether the mere ceremony of Baptism which I believe I underwent in my childhood, does not for ever after preclude the devil from possessing us."

I here seized the opportunity of evincing my great respect for the character of the irreproachable statesman by a simple explication of his vision. I requested him to cast over in his mind a variety of similar hallucinations which are recorded at length in Moritzen's *Journal of Magic* and Scott's *Demonology*, where it is fully proved by medical and surgical analysis, that men whose digestive organs are deranged frequently see as in a vision the double or counterpart of their own pro-

per persons, "In this case," I continued, "you have at least the consolation to know, that the figure which your fancy has mistaken for the devil is neither more nor less than the double of your own proper entity; and that yourself, the Father Confessor, and the devil confessing, although they formed a separate and distinct trinity in your fevered imagination, are nevertheless in reality merely one and the same person."

At first my friend seemed to doubt the justice of this explanation, objecting the distinct and articulate nature of the devil's expressions, and the palpable internal motion of which he had been sensible; but when I asked him whether every thing that had been confessed was not long since familiarly known to him, and if he had not observed himself start with a feeling of consciousness when any very striking declaration was made; and when I represented to him that he had wit and fancy sufficient to improvise and sustain the Buffo-character of the devil, and that what regarded the unusual motion and rumbling noise in his internals, this was most probably occasioned by the amalgamation of the half-dozen of claret which he had drunk after dinner with the two bottles of brandy which he had used as a *chasse* to his turtle steak at supper; and when lastly I remarked that it was only the murkiness of the insufficiently lighted chamber which prevented him from discovering the intimate resemblance between the diabolic features and his own, he rose as if waking from a heavy dream, and grasping my hand exclaimed: "Yes, my friend, I now perceive you are in the right! You have removed an insuperable load from my mind, nay I may say from my stomach, for I cannot conceal from you that for the last week I have undergone all the pangs of a severe and hellish travail. To requite you sufficiently for this service is impossible; but depend upon it I will promote you to the first vacant see and the best wish of my heart is that this see may be Canterbury."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Civil Code, Book the First, Of Persons.—Translated from the French, with an Introduction, and Notes Explanatory and Illustrative, by Theobald Mackenna, Esq., Barrister at law. London: Saunders and Benning. Royal 8vo. 1833.

It has long been a subject of astonishment and reproach, that a country which has produced so many men of indisputably great talents and erudition, which has reared so many able and industrious lawyers, and has, from amongst that body, conferred, as well of late years, on the united senate of the nation, as in former times on its domestic legislature, as eminent and enlightened statesmen—as profound jurists as can, during the same time, be arrayed by the sister country.—It has been, we repeat it, a matter of astonishment and reproach, that, under such circumstances, so few legal writers are to be found in Ireland. The reasons for this apparent paradox, whether arising from any peculiarity in the education of our Irish barristers, from the laxity of legal practice, heretofore existing in this country, or the greater facilities which England affords for composition and publication, we shall not at present stop to investigate. Be they all or any of these, it is a fact too notorious to be controverted, that while the press of England has been for years—we might almost say for ages—teeming with works of theoretical and practical jurisprudence, Ireland, during the same period, scarcely produced its tome in the century, but was contented to feed on the treasures of her more industrious neighbours. This fact will appear the more unaccountable when we take into consideration the discrepancy—diminished, it is true, of late years—between the enactments in the two Islands and the consequent inapplicability of English books to the state of the science in this country.

For the honour, however, of our native land, we trust that the time is fast approaching when this obloquy shall be removed from us. We have, within no very distant period of time, witnessed with pleasure, the rise of several legal authors amongst us, and we gladly hail their appearance as an indication of the increasing energy of native talents, while we sanguinely anticipate that the preparatory course of practical instruction, of

which our law students now, almost universally, avail themselves; the early applied and increasing industry of the juniors of the profession; and, in addition, the facilities which a rapidly improving press in Ireland affords, will, ere long, multiply in number, and raise in character the legal writers of our own country—will exalt them to, and sustain them in, that position in the literary world which their talents and erudition entitle them to occupy.

The work which is at present under our consideration is, in our judgment, calculated to verify our predictions and encrease the gratification which we have not unfrequently experienced within a few years past.

Mr. Mackenna in undertaking the translation of a portion of that celebrated Code of Laws composed for France, under the auspices and direction of Napoleon, and in the formation of which, that illustrious individual displayed, in an eminent degree, the vigorous talent and industrious research of a mind that had already become the wonder of mankind—has not been content with merely exhibiting to the view of the English reader the laws of a nation in which, however they may excite his curiosity or interest his speculations, he can have comparatively little concernment. Such a performance would, indeed, be of little general utility, and be more likely to remain on the shelves of the bookseller than to find its way into the study of the practising lawyer. The author, however, has done much more:—he has embodied in a translation, easy, perspicuous, and for the most part, free from those idiomatic expressions which so frequently disfigure such performances, numerous and copious notes illustrative of the text, and at the same time he has taken notice of the corresponding provisions and enactments in our own laws as well as the points in which the latter differ from the Code of the French.

Throughout this portion of the work—which, indeed, we consider by far the most valuable part of the volume—Mr. Mackenna has displayed a very creditable acquaintance with the state of French law as it existed previous to the formation of the Code of Napoleon, in addition to much laborious research into the dif-

ferent branches of legal science connected with his undertaking.

The mode of arrangement pursued by the author of exhibiting to our consideration concurrently the views which different nations have taken of the same subjects, is judicious, and possesses all the advantages, perspicuity, and order, which so peculiarly belong to a synopsis; and, by thus placing in juxtaposition our own Code of Jurisprudence with that of France, the views of ethical jurists, the law of nature and nations, and the compilations of the Roman writers, he has enlarged the interest, extended the usefulness, and increased the value of the whole work; while he has at the same time, impressed us with a very favourable opinion of his own attainments as a legal scholar.

One object, independent of its advantages to the profession, may, we think, be achieved by the comparison of the laws of the two nations, and, in the present times of feverish anxiety for changes—of rash and ill-advised tampering of political empirics with the life-springs of a constitution, that for the lapse of ages has dispensed a vigorous and healthful tone throughout our empire, we deem the attainment of such an object incalculably important. It will enable the reader to rise up, as we have risen, from the perusal of this well-written work with a deep, and thankful conviction of the superior excellence and wisdom of our own admirable Code of Laws, and the more extensive spirit of rational liberty which pervades many of its enactments.

In support of the truth of this assertion we refer our readers, amongst other passages, to the fourth article of the preliminary title of the French Code, together with the author's full and very excellent remarks thereon, and the cases cited by him in the note.

The first article of the same title we consider as illustrative of the same spirit, though, in doing so, we confess, that the view we have taken of the subject, is at variance with that of Mr. Mackenna.—In his note on the above article, commenting on the plan adopted by the Civil Code of France for establishing the precise time at which the promulgation of any legislative enactment may be presumed to be fully known, the author proceeds to state the injustice which may result from the state of the law on the same subject in England, as remedied by the Statute, 33 Geo. III. Chap. 33, and continues thus—"It is plain, that notwithstanding that act of Parliament, the

injustice might still exist of an act of the legislature acquiring the force of law, by virtue of the Royal assent, at a period before its details could be possibly known to the bulk of the community, were it not for the practical remedy suggested by the last words of the passage above cited. By specially providing in the act itself the period from which it is to take effect, the legislature is able to accelerate or retard the execution of its enactments according as the subject matter on which they legislate—the distance of the persons to be affected by the law, or other circumstances may require. But, still, since even thus, the principle is not guarded by any positive law, and consequently depends on the discretion of the legislature; we may be, perhaps, inclined to concede the merit of superior perfection to the French system." We cannot possibly coincide with Mr. Mackenna in the view he has taken of this subject. The necessity of a simultaneous promulgation of any law throughout the whole extent of the sphere of its operations—the advantages that arise from its commencing to bind at one and the same instant of time, all persons whom it is equally to affect, are too obvious and indispensable to be abandoned without very cogent reasons for doing so; while, on the other hand, the disadvantages and confusion that would unavoidably result from the adoption, in our country, of such a system as that of progressive promulgation would, in our opinion, far more than counter-balance the ill effects which can only happen where the legislature is singularly dishonest or grossly neglectful.

We shall not now enter farther into the examination of this work, but content ourselves at present with remarking, that the volume is extremely well got-up, and, in point of mechanical execution, may be placed beside the best printed law books of the English press, without in any degree suffering from the comparison. While we rejoice to exhibit its sheets as a complete refutation to the unjust opinion which our neighbours entertain with regard to the inferiority of our printing establishments, we cannot avoid expressing our regret, that the name of some of our own respectable publishers does not appear on the title page.

On the whole, we congratulate Mr. Mackenna on the manner in which he has performed this portion of his undertaking, and we take leave of him—we trust only for a short time—with a sincere desire, that the encouraging reception which, we doubt not, this, his

"Translation of the First Book of the Civil Code," will experience, may encourage him to the completion of his laudable task.

O'Ruarc, an Irish Tale. Dublin, Milliken and Son, 1831.

This is an abortive attempt on the part of some obscure writer to make a very bad tale the vehicle of much worse sedition.

We are not hostile to native genius—heaven forefend that we should ever become our own enemies. But when assurance would command respect, as if it were equivalent to ability; when dulness, which should be contemptible, if it were not designed to be mischievous, is attempted to be passed for wit; when a manifest and malicious enmity against every thing that is excellent, merely because it is so, would assume the credit of patriotism; in fine, when the gander would play the golden eagle, or the ass of Cumde, the lion, we think it our bounden duty to evince the most unflinching opposition to such ill-wrought imposture, which from the very obtuseness of its edge is calculated to inflict the more serious and painful injury.

QUEEN.—Him!—thou!—thou kill the man
Who killed the giants?

GRIZ.—Giants! why, madam, 'tis all summery,
He made the giants first and then he *kill'd* them.

TOM THUMB, Sc. 3.

The winding up of this notable would-be addition to our national literature, consists of lamentations and exhortations about absenteeism, liberty, and repeal, not of the union merely, but of all things existing. Scarcely has the writer brought the marriage to pass, with which, as might be expected, he concludes this ingenious and elegant story, when he celebrates the banns between himself, the Deucalion, and the New Education Board, the Pyrrha, who are to renew and remodel the creation at large. And he hugs, in sooth most enthusiastically, his 'spouse adored,' to his liberal heart, in exstasy at the unanimity of all 'enlightened and reasonable men' upon her transcendent merit; while he consigns to imprecation and eternal forgetfulness, that *exclusive* system, called, with cruel irony, "the former," for which Kildare-place *that was*, is under many posthumous compliments to this accomplished scribe.

But as we decline quoting the historical portion of the 'tale,' we shall not take any liberties with the *political*,

We shall give neither extract from, nor summary of O'Ruarc. Such a monotony of tame and trite nonsense pervades the *firting*, and such gross and ignorant prejudice the *fighting* portion of the 'Tale,' that neither the stupidity of the one, nor the absurdity of the other, could excite any other feeling, than compassion for the writer and disgust at his production.

Suffice it to say that the 'Jet' of the work seems to be to prove that on any occasion upon which they may come in collision, the "English invaders" stand but a middling chance against the indigenous Irish; a *whole* army of *Sassenachs*, *exempli gratia*, being devoured or sunk in a bog, according to O'Ruarc, by the valorous Milesian phalanx of O'Somebody, auxiliated by a sacred band of pikemen under the command of Mac Any-one-else. These are not the genuine names, but they contain the essentials and will do well enough. It is well for us that this slaughter takes place only in the writer's imagination, 'but Fancy's sketch,' and that its terrible effects are only visible upon his own ill-used paper. Happy we! that we are alive to enjoy the joke of that sly dog Lord Grizzle:

which is merely a common-place compilation from the discontented and factious effusions of the day; the 'thrice told tale' of vulgar journals and turbulent orators. All that precedes it, however, it is but fair to say, with the exception of one of the melodies, introduced we presume to shew how a diamond *can* shine on a dunghill, is the writer's own, his *very* own. He stole it from nobody but himself, and from the nature of the theft and the quality of the goods, we are led to decide that is equally foolish if not criminal, at times for a man to rob himself merely, as to kill himself outright. We wish the aforesaid author every happiness but that of seeing his curious historico-politico-fabulous romance either bought or read; indeed we doubt if it would bring at the rate of a halfpenny per hundred at a lumber sale.

The ancient Romans had particular deities to preside over and sanctify the impurities, in the perpetration of which the worship of these gods consisted.

'O'Ruarc' is dedicated to Lady Morgan.

A Manual of Experiments, Illustrative of Chemical Science, by John Murray, F.S.A. &c.—3d Edition. London, 1853.

We have been much pleased with this unpretending little volume, which will go far to supersede many of those absurd compilations, known by the name of Chemical or Philosophical recreations, as the author, in addition to giving a well-arranged selection of the most interesting experiments in this highly popular science, has also given the rationale of each process, and not been satisfied with amusing his readers without giving, at the same time, some instruction in the fundamental parts of the science.—The work is commenced by some judicious remarks on the new Chemical nomenclature, and a concise explanation of the atomic theory, in which we are glad to perceive, he has had the candour to give some portion of praise for its discovery to Mr. Higgins, late professor of Chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society, who is certainly entitled to the merit of having laid the foundation for the subsequent discoveries of Dalton, Wollaston, and Davy.

There is a very useful chapter on the simplest modes of detecting metallic poisons, which will be of great use to the general reader, from the various purposes for which the most poisonous substances are continually employed in the arts; indeed, our only regret is, that Mr. Murray has not extended this part of his volume, and given a more explicit statement, not only of the various poisonous substances continually used in the arts, and in domestic economy, but also of the mode of detecting them. We, however, recommend this book most warmly, both to the general and scientific reader, as it ably and admirably combines amusement of the most rational kind, with accurate and useful information.

Juvenilia, a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems. Dublin; Martin Keene and Son. 1853.

It is scarcely fair to criticise a production with a title so unpretending as that before us. However, upon looking through this collection, we find that there is a bolder tone assumed by the writer than we could have been led to expect; for instance, in the following passage from the *political* portion of the work:

Oh, was I free from a life of guile,
Nor worldly ties to bind me,
I'd be a bard in the Emerald Isle,
With my wild harp slung behind me!

This affords intrinsic evidence of a pleasant and laudable ambition in a 'juvenis' and poet, of eighteen years and under, beside manifesting a good wholesome acquaintance with that equally probable aspiration, 'I'd be a Butterfly, &c.,' and the 'Minstrel Boy.' In the *political* department, for a stripling duodecimo of puerilities could not escape the epidemic, we find "that singularly clever magazine, *Tory tho' it be*, of Frazer's," now there is nothing so juvenile about this tart little inuendo, except that it proves the writer to be *very* young indeed, *quoad* his logic, inasmuch as he is altogether unenlightened upon that portion of it which lays down the rules concerning *adversative* propositions. Upon the whole, we suspect that this disciple of Clio put up false colours to avoid a broadside, a metaphor, which as we judge him to have been a 'middy' in his youth, he will understand better than we can probably express, Tory though we are. This reminds us of an example with which we intended to furnish him of a genuine *adversative*, which is not to be found in the logic to which he will, at our suggestion, have immediate recourse, but which is worth all the examples in Walker, viz:—H. M. S. though a Whig, yet is not altogether contemptible as an author.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

The Essay on Genius has been received.

We shall not be able to avail ourselves of the following communications :—Ellen :
a Sketch from Life. Translations from Petrarch. Lines, by W. M. H.

L. S. has been received, and shall appear the ensuing month, as also " Captain Bey."

The Stanzas by R. D. C. in our next, and " Midnight in College."

We shall be happy to hear from S. H. upon the subjects mentioned in his last communication.

A packet and note are at our Publishers, for W. A. K. Naamyth.

University Intelligence in our next Number.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. II.

LIFE AND REMAINS OF DR. PHELAN.*

THESE are very interesting volumes; the production of a man of whom we have reason to feel proud. It was during the former vicerealty of the Marquis Wellesley that he first appeared as a polemical writer. Whatever Dr. Phillpots was in the sister country, during the agitation of the Catholic question, he was in his own—and, had he lived in better times, it would not have been altogether in vain that the sophistry and misrepresentation of the most plausible and audacious of all the stirrers up of sedition in this unhappy land, received from his pen the keenest rebuke and the completest exposure. He now appears in another character—that of a church of England divine; and we rejoice that his most judicious and benevolent editor has, without altogether omitting what may be considered specimens of his controversial powers, thought it right to hold him forth as one whose highest faculties were always, even during those seasons when he was most engaged as a polemic, intently employed in confirming, by a new and a beautiful species of reasoning, the truth of some of the most mysterious doctrines of holy writ, and extending the limits of moral philosophy.

The Remains' are accompanied by 'a Memoir,' which is equally remarkable for clearness, for judgment, and for feeling. Indeed, independently of its

biographical excellence, we were gratified by it as a proof that the severe calamity which has deprived the Church of Ireland of the *active* services of the Bishop of Limerick has had no effect in impairing his intellect or damping his affections; and that the same lofty moral vein which distinguishes his 'Discourses,' and the same refined and philosophic critical acumen, which shines forth in his 'Sacred Literature,' appears, whenever the subject requires it, in this memoir of his friend, who, if he had reason to be mortified by the neglect which he experienced during his life, would have been more than consoled for it, could he have anticipated the ample justice which awaited his memory. We will, therefore, as the best mode of putting our readers in possession of the substance of the work before us, follow the course which the good Bishop has pursued, and largely avail ourselves of the task which he has executed with so much discriminative tact, and with such a fond and a pious fidelity.

Dr. Phelan was a native of the south of Ireland. He was born in the year 1789, in the town of Clonmel, "of parents," to use the language of Bishop Jebb, "in narrow circumstances, and of humble station; but with feelings and habits such as, in England, are rarely to be met with in the less fortunate portion of society." It is, unhappily, matter of history, that, down

* The Remains of William Phelan, D.D., with a Biographical Memoir; by John, Bishop of Limerick. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1832.

to the close of the seventeenth century, the changes of property in Ireland were great, violent, and irretrievable. In the course of these changes, the ancestors of young Phelan were heavy sufferers; but they cherished the remembrance of the past, and in this and other instances, men not much raised above the rank of peasants were often distinguished by a conscious dignity, wholly independent of, and superior to, mere outward station. Such was peculiarly the case in Clonmel. Many reduced families resided there. To these was attached a kind of traditional estimation, by persons, in externals, abundantly more prosperous; and their children not unfrequently grew up with a sense of personal respectability, and a disposition to re-assume, if they could, what they thought their proper station in society. The subject of this memoir, accordingly, was never vulgarised. He was what his father had been before him—a native gentleman. There

ever adhered to him a self-respect and a dignity of character, which shrunk from every thing ungenerous and unworthy; and, with the example and conversation of his father, were well calculated to confirm his good dispositions. Filial piety, it will appear amply in the sequel, was with him almost an instinct; and it is certain that thus to call it forth, there must have been genuine worthiness in the parent. Nor should it be omitted that the literary aspirings of the youthful student were first nourished beneath the paternal roof. The elder Mr. Phelan was well versed in the Latin language, and he failed not to impart, where they might prove eventually beneficial, his own classical predilections. But, what was of far more serious consequence, those principles of virtue and goodness were instilled, which, during his short but exemplary life, never forsook the grateful son; he might, indeed, well say—

“Non patre præclaro, sed vitâ et pectore puro :—
Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus.”

Young Phelan's first schoolmaster was a Mr. Michael Ryan; a good Latin scholar, but no Grecian. Whatever knowledge this individual could impart, was rapidly imbibed by his eager pupil, “who ever felt towards him a strong sense of obligation, and repeatedly declared, that to him he was indebted for the correctness and facility with which he wrote and spoke the Latin language.”

“But that under Mr. Ryan his education never could be completed, he well knew. Therefore both he and his father readily acceded to a proposal which about this time was made to them. It happened that two of his playmates* were about to be sent to the endowed school of Clonmel, then under the direction of the Rev. Richard Carey. Their father good-naturedly suggested that it would be well if they were accompanied by their young comrade. To school, accordingly, the three friends proceeded, as day scholars. This occurred in 1803, when William was about fourteen years of age. The date seems not unworthy to be speci-

fied, for this was the great providential turning point which determined the direction and character of his future life.

“Never, perhaps, was master more beloved and revered by his pupils than was Mr. Carey. With extensive knowledge, critical acumen, and refined taste, he united the most child-like simplicity of spirit. It was impossible to be admitted to his familiar society, (and all his deserving pupils became his private friends,) without growing *lenior ac melior*, gentler in manners, and more kind in heart. One who knew him well has sketched the likeness of this amiable man,† with such just though vivid colours, that it were injurious to substitute other phraseology than his own. ‘I have his light and graceful figure,’ says my correspondent, ‘this moment before me. His bare and reverend forehead, slightly sprinkled with the snows of time, and his mild countenance radiant with benignity, and sparkling with intelligence. The gentleness and suavity of his disposition, the polished courtesy of his manners, his

* The Rev. Samuel, and Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan.

† The Rev. S. O'Sullivan.

exact and discriminative judgment; his various and profound learning ;..... These were scarcely adverted to by his friends, amidst the love and veneration which were inspired by the richer treasures of his moral nature; by his generous detestation of oppression; by his noble scorn of every thing mean and base; by his fervent piety, his steadfast friendship, his rare disinterestedness, and his deep humility; by the charity which prompted him to be liberal, often beyond his means; and by the singleness of nature, which almost unconsciously realised the gospel rule, 'not letting the left hand know what the right hand did.'

Under such an instructor, it may well be imagined, the powers of mind did not languish. Whatever was deficient in his previous course of education, was abundantly supplied; and not only that, but an impression was made upon his heart, by the virtues of his revered preceptor, which was productive of more advantage than the highest merely mental attainments. He had been brought up in the religion of the Church of Rome; and it had been amongst the earliest wishes of his parents to see him numbered amongst the Roman Catholic ministry. That such might have been his lot is not improbable, had he not, at this critical season of his life, been brought under the superintendence of Mr. Carey. That good man took the liveliest interest in his welfare, almost from the very hour when he first examined him, and became acquainted with his extraordinary powers; but it does not appear that he applied himself with any direct or peculiar assiduity, to what would be called "his conversion from the errors of popery." Probably Mr. Carey felt a reasonable degree of assurance, that the workings of his own mind would, gradually, lead him from darkness to light; and such, undoubtedly, would have been the case, even had he not been warmed into a love of gospel excellence, by which a more mature conviction was in some measure anticipated, from the habitual contemplation of the model of meek and purified Christianity which was constantly before him. His own account of the incident which first led him to reflect

seriously upon this important subject is far too interesting to be omitted. He thus related it to an early friend:—

"I was walking home with — (a member of a lay fraternity of Roman Catholics,) to translate for him some portion of the breviary, when Mr. Carey rode by on his mule, at his usual quiet pace. 'What a pity,' said —, 'that *that* good man cannot be saved.' I started: the doctrine of exclusive salvation never appeared so prodigious; and I warmly denied its truth and authority. — was stubborn in its defence, and we each cited testimonies in behalf of our respective opinions. I withdrew to bed; occupied by thoughts which this incident awakened; went over again all the arguments which my memory could supply; weighed all the evidence, which, in my judgment, might throw light on the subject; questioned whether any evidence could induce me to acquiesce in a dogma so revolting; and fell asleep in no good disposition to the creed which could pronounce Mr. Carey's reprobation. In the morning when I awoke, it appeared that I had insensibly reasoned myself into the belief of the right of private judgment, and thus I virtually reasoned myself out of the Church of Rome."

This incident is not only interesting, but instructive. We question whether, at this period of his life any direct attempt to reason him out of his belief would not have been attended with disadvantage. All his ingenuity would have been summoned to its aid. His pride also would have taken up arms in its favour, and the result might, unhappily, have been a resentful obstinacy of credulity, which no after persuasion could have easily counteracted. As it was, his heart was interested in the cause of goodness before his understanding was engaged in the investigation of truth, and thus the prejudices of his mind, which might have otherwise seriously obstructed, if not perverted, his judgment, were more than counteracted by the prepossession of the affectionate and the benevolent part of his nature. We do not remember to have met with a more beautiful instance of the efficacy of that mode of teaching which

the Scripture enjoins, according to which a good man "suffers his light to shine before men, that they may see his good works, and glorify their Father who is in heaven."

"The impression thus happily made," writes the Bishop, "was not suffered long to remain dormant or inactive. Even in his boyish days he had a most sagacious, penetrating mind. With him, religion was never a matter of compromise or convention. He regarded it as the main concern of his life, on which was suspended his everlasting happiness or misery. It became, therefore, the object of his very serious thought, and his anxious researches produced a thorough conviction that the Church of England is the soundest portion of the church of Christ. Accordingly, on entering college, he gave in his name as a Protestant—while any lingering doubts, (those fond misgivings of the finest and the firmest minds,) which might perhaps, at first, have obscured his intellectual vision, were entirely dissipated by a judicious course of reading, in which he was accompanied and assisted by his able and affectionate tutor,* at that time preparing for holy orders. Nor should it be omitted, for, in him it was quite characteristic, that the clear convictions of his judgment were unaccompanied by the least acerbity of feeling. Indeed, he never ceased to bear the tenderest affection towards his Roman Catholic brethren; he continually and most earnestly looked to their spiritual improvement; and, a very short time before his death, he thus writes to a confidential friend; 'My heart yearns to go to the South; I would revive my Irish, and acquire enough of it for expounding the Irish Bible.'"

Previously to his entrance in the Dublin University, where he was admitted as a Sizar, in the June of 1806, an opportunity presented itself of entering the College of Maynooth, under circumstances peculiarly favourable. It had been his father's wish, as has been already intimated, that he should become a Roman Catholic priest; and, an examination having been held in Waterford, for one or

more vacancies in the seminary of Maynooth, he was induced to attend; and, though much younger than the other candidates, his superiority was so evident, that a vacancy was immediately placed at his option. He, however, declined it. Whatever might have been his impressions at this early period, respecting the Church of England, he had lost his confidence in the Church of Rome.

In the University, Bishop Jebb describes his undergraduate course, as "an unbroken career of successful application." He obtained whatever honours could be conferred; and from competitors with whom it would have been honourable even to have contended. His compositions in English verse and Latin prose, for which he repeatedly obtained prizes, were very much admired.

"But," says his biographer, "such was his fastidiousness, or his modesty, that in no single instance did he keep a copy—not a line of those early productions has been found among his papers, and there is every likelihood they have altogether perished. But the recollection of them is still vivid amongst his contemporaries. And it is worthy of being recorded, that an Englishman, Dr. Hall,† then Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards, (for one short week!) Bishop of Dromore, one of the most accomplished scholars of his day, was often heard to express his admiration at the skill and the power evinced in the composition of Latin prose by this extraordinary young man. One essay, in particular, he used to say, was so purely classical, that whole pages might have been taken from it, and, without risk of detection, inserted in the works of Cicero. In English verse, too, his union of metaphysical and poetical expression was truly remarkable. And it has been observed, by one well acquainted with the early movements of his mind, that, if he had chosen to concentrate his powers in one great poem on mental philosophy, he would perhaps have been unrivalled in the art of clothing the abstractions of metaphysical science in language alike elegant, perspicuous, and familiar. Hap-

* Dr. Wall.

† Educated at the celebrated grammar school of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

pily, however, his mind took another direction."

In the Spring of 1810, he commenced A. B. when he received the gold medal, a mark of distinction at that time conferred upon the student, who, during the entire of his undergraduate course, had evinced the greatest industry, diligence, and ability. Shortly after, he obtained the mathematical premium, on Bishop Law's foundation, when his abilities were put to the severest test which they had as yet undergone in the stricter sciences, two of his examiners being the most eminent scholars in their respective departments at that time in Europe, the late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Magee, and the present Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Brinkley.

"The important period had now arrived," says his biographer, "when he was to make his choice of life; and, not without some interval of suspense and deliberation, he determined to read for a fellowship; an undertaking, under any circumstances, arduous in the extreme; but, in his case, attended with peculiar difficulties. Like other candidates, he had the probability before him, (should life be spared,) of devoting six or seven of the prime years of his life to intense, and perhaps unavailable application. The drawbacks, too, of a very delicate constitution were to be disregarded, or overcome; while the daily drudgery of private tuition was to be endured, not merely for his own support, but, what was a far dearer object, for the maintenance and comfort of his aged parents. All this he encountered with pious and persevering equanimity; and perhaps I may scarcely be credited, when I state the fact, that, between reading and lecturing, he was commonly occupied, from four o'clock in the morning till ten or eleven at night, while almost his single relaxation was sought in variety of labour. But, at all times, he evinced so collected a mind, such disengagedness, animation, and serenity, that it was visible only to the scrutinizing eye of friendship, how irreparably he was undermining his constitution. As a matter of duty, his anxious friends sometimes broke upon his abstruse speculations; but when, for a short space, thus compelled to be comparatively idle, he would always take the interruption in good part; and, not less to the instruction, than the delight

of his associates, would enter, with freshness and spirit upon some literary topic. Nor was he mindful, only, or chiefly, of his own mental wants and feelings. Often, with a shade before his weak eyes, his temples bathed in vinegar, and his mind engaged on some difficult problem, has he cheerfully paused from his labours, and with alacrity applied himself to remove the scientific difficulties, not of his pupils, (that was a distinct duty, to be performed at stated intervals,) but of some junior friend or acquaintance. This was a volunteer service; the habit of aiding others, from pure benevolence of disposition, grew into his very nature: thus it was at school from an early period; nor, in after life, was there, in this respect, any perceptible difference."

Thus he laboured for three years, with intense, and, as the event proved, unavailing assiduity. He was cheered and assisted by his excellent tutor, Dr. Wall, who would gladly, had he been permitted, have become his banker, and furnished him with such supplies of money as would have superseded the necessity which was imposed upon him of taking pupils. Of this liberality the grateful pupil unhesitatingly availed himself as far as his own wants were concerned; but never could he be prevailed upon to derive, from any other source than through his own exertions, the supplies which he was in the habit of ministering to the wants of his aged parents. 'It was his delight,' says Bishop Jebb, 'the purest, surely, which a pious son can enjoy, to afford assistance, by his own independent exertions, to those, who, with much difficulty, and self-denial, had procured for him the benefits and blessings of a good early education.'

His health had now so far declined, that his medical attendants recommended change of air. He, accordingly, took a small lodging at a moderate distance from Dublin; and as, under such circumstances, he could not continue to take pupils, to the number that his necessities required, he betought himself of an expedient for supplying the defalcation in his revenue thence arising, which was truly and touchingly characteristic. The Royal Irish Academy had offered a prize of £50 for the best essay on a given literary subject. It occurred to

him, that, if he could obtain it, he might, for a time, relieve himself from the irksome task of private tuition.

'But,' observes the biographer, 'as success was uncertain, he was still obliged to retain some pupils: and thus, till the period of decision, his labours were not diminished, but increased. In the brief interval, then, the hasty moments he could snatch from his daily toil, he penned his essay on the backs of letters, and on such scraps of paper as might be at hand; he walked every evening (the only exercise he allowed himself) to his college chambers, that he might give those papers to his brother for transcription; and relied on his memory alone, for taking up the train of thought, each day, where it had been laid down the day before. He did not revise, or even read, the transcript; and, as this was his first effort in English prose, he felt so much difficulty in arranging his thoughts in our language, that he actually resorted to the expedient of first mentally composing in Latin: so that, the entire essay, may, in a great measure, be accounted a translation. It is given in this volume; therefore, it is needless for me to pass a judgment on its merits. It will, I think, be considered an extraordinary composition, to have been produced under such circumstances, by a young man of less than four and twenty; and its terseness, facility, and elegance of diction may, perhaps, best be accounted for, by the fact, that it was originally conceived in Cicero's own language, by a finished classical scholar. To this essay was adjudged the Academy's first prize, in the beginning of the year 1813. It may here be mentioned, that, in the earlier part of 1814, he prepared another successful paper for the Academy, "On the force of habit, considered in conjunction with the love of novelty." This has not been published in the Transactions; having, by some unfortunate mischance, been lost at the Academy house. I am told, however, that, both by Dr. Phelan himself and by others, it was considered superior to the essay of the preceding year. It showed an uncommon command of language, and fine metaphysical powers.'

But to return to his great and overwhelming pursuit: he sat for a fellowship in the year 1813. 'His prepara-

tion was intense, and his answering, both in quality and style, was such, that it excited a very general interest in his behalf.' He would, in fact, but for the unhappy wording of the statute, have been declared the second fellow. The statute requires, that vacant fellowships shall be filled up, not *seriatim*, which would have obviated every difficulty, but, *simul et semel*; and no provision is made for ascertaining the value of each particular vote; so that, if two candidates should appear to have five votes each, although the one had five votes for a second fellowship, and the other five votes for a third, yet, if the returning officer should have voted for the latter, by his casting voice he must turn the election in his favour: and thus the examiners are compelled to ratify a decision, which, in their own recorded judgment, is erroneous. 'The special hardship,' observes Bishop Jebb, 'which, in this instance, grew out of this untoward arrangement was, that, had there been but two, instead of three vacancies, Mr. Phelan must have succeeded.' Most cordially do we agree with him, that such a statute calls loudly for alteration.

'In the almost certain prospect of success, he had set apart nearly the whole of that little that he possessed, for the comfort and accommodation of his parents, nor, in the moment of defeat, did he alter his pious purpose. His words to his brother, when he recovered from the first shock, are never to be forgotten:—"Well, James, send the money, nevertheless, to its proper destination: and, my dear fellow, have a good heart, and a hope fixed on high; we shall overcome even this blow."

It was, however, not until many months had passed over his head, that he recovered strength or spirit sufficient to enable him to resume his academic labours: and when, at length, he did do so, it was with shattered nerves and an enfeebled frame. He again sat in the month of June, 1814; and, in the then exhausted state of his health, the result could scarcely be other than unpropitious. It was on this occasion that Dr. Robinson, the present professor of astronomy at the observatory of Armagh, was elected.

'And here,' observes the Bishop, 'it may not be improper to say a few words on the character of Dr. Phelan's mind. His powers of acquiring knowledge

were of a peculiar and very superior quality. He had the happy faculty of instantly mastering a writer's meaning : he would instinctively seize on every thing, in every possible direction, which was of the least real moment ; he glanced, with the rapidity of lightning, through the most abstruse and difficult volumes : and his mind seemed invested with a sort of magical influence, which compelled them to render up their contents ; and turned, so to speak, the minds of the authors inside out. He discerned matter, even in the more abstract sciences, which could happily illustrate whatever might be the immediate object of research. Facts and narratives were to him, that which the elementary forms of letters are to ordinary readers ; conveying, not so much the impression of themselves, as that of the thought or principle, towards imparting which they were instrumental. History, travels, philosophy, and poetry, no less than matters of strict science, he read with a sagacious, comprehensive spirit ; separating always eternal principles from the accidents in which they were rendered visible. And that, which, even to advanced students, is commonly the result of distinct, and often of severe reflection, was, in his mind, the thing primarily noticed. The matter professedly studied was, to him, merely introductory and subordinate.—He used to complain, that his mind suffered from mathematical pursuits ; that when engaged in such investigations, his finer and more delicate powers were depressed ; and that he became disqualified for the pursuit of higher and nobler inquiries. But this, it is humbly conceived, was a mistake ; at least, he appeared to his friends always ready to form a judgment, not only sound and good, but exquisitely refined, on almost every subject within the compass of letters : and, indeed, his very fondness for the higher branches of mathematics is, in itself, a sufficient refutation of this morbid apprehension. He was eager for principles, impatient of details ; but, at the same time, subjected every principle, to the severest possible test ; and would never admit any position, within the scope of ratiocination, till it was most incontrovertibly proved.

The Bishop mentions, that all optical inquiries had for him a peculiar

interest : and, it is remarkable, that his great countryman, Berkeley, has evinced a similar predilection ; and proved, in fact, by his treatise upon light and vision, how much the physical sciences may be indebted to a metaphysical mind.

But moral inquiries, as they were his forte, so they were those in which he took most unmingled pleasure. To these he used to turn when fatigued or exhausted by severer studies, and never failed to experience from them refreshment and consolation. They were to him 'a well of water springing up to everlasting life :—and no one has ever more keenly felt, how truly it may be said of the wisdom thence arising, as contradistinguished to all other secular knowledge, that, 'it is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the orders of the stars, and that being compared with light, it was found before it.'

"While reading for fellowship," the Bishop informs us, "his progress was unquestionably retarded by a habit in which he freely indulged ; which, however, contributed much to increase, not merely the extent, but the accuracy of his knowledge ; and to repress, at once, and discipline, that fondness for mental anticipation, which is so apt to beset youthful and ardent minds. The habit was,....."never to rest satisfied with the bare demonstration of a truth." He wished, so far as practicable, to know whence it came, and whither it was going. He would, therefore, to the utmost of his power, investigate every important point in all its bearings ; and frequently has he employed half a day, (a serious expense of time, as all fellowship men are perfectly aware,) in tracing the various deductions which might legitimately be drawn from it. His competitors, on the other hand, were often more prudently, if not so intellectually employed. They were collecting materials, less recondite indeed, but more immediately producible ; and their object was, not so much to lay the foundation of future researches, as to show themselves competently versed in that which was already known. Mr. Phelan could never endure the thought of being the mere carrier of intellectual burdens. His wish was, so far as might lawfully be, to lift the veil from nature, and get an insight into the wondrous prin-

ciples, both natural and moral, on which all-perfect Wisdom regulates the world. Thus, the very superiority of his mental powers and attainments, often stood in his way. He read more like a master than a scholar; more as one, whose own mind was to be satisfied, than as a person whose business it was to satisfy the minds of others. He looked around him with the ken of a philosopher: and he less assiduously cultivated presence of mind, and fertility of resources, than those subtler processes of mind, which have ever formed the chosen exercise of genius. Had the question been, who, of his contemporaries it was, that possessed the seeds of powers, most akin to those of the great discoverers in science, or restorers of letters, he might, perhaps, have ranked not greatly beneath the first men of our best days. As it was, with a nearly exhausted constitution, broken spirits, and a debilitated frame, it is little to be wondered at that he was unequal to the arduous conflict; which, however, he still gallantly sustained."

His academic struggles having now terminated, apparently for ever, in the month of October, 1814, he was appointed second master of the endowed school of Derry. Here he entered into holy orders, being ordained deacon, December 4th, 1814, and priest, January 4th, 1815, by the Lord Bishop of Derry; and, soon after his first ordination, began to officiate in the chapel of ease in that city. The old diocesan library was now his chief resource; and it was about this time that his acquaintance with the Bishop of Limerick (then rector of Abington) commenced, the occasion of which was as follows:—He had conceived the idea of writing a pamphlet with a view to show what he conceived to be the dangerous tendency of the Bible Society, which was, at that time, warmly patronized by many of the bishops, and the great body of the clergy. But, as the step which he was about to take was an important one, and by which more than his own interests might be affected, he was desirous of being aided by the judgment of one who held the high position which Dr. Jebb at that time occupied amongst the divines of the Church of Ireland. He accordingly addressed to him "a singularly modest and unpretending letter," the

object of which was, to ascertain, how far Dr. Jebb's judgment might agree with his own, respecting the eligibility of publishing his intended treatise.

"In conformity," the Bishop states, "with opinions which I had early formed, I ventured to suggest, that his mental powers would be employed far more advantageously on some great original work, than upon what must, after all, rank as a mere temporary pamphlet. My reasons, however, failed to have so much weight with Mr. Phelan at the time, as they may, perhaps, have subsequently had. He accordingly published, not immediately, (for a very serious occupation intervened,) but in the autumn of the next year, his able tract; powerful in its reasoning, though I have never been able to see the practical wisdom of its publication; *παντα μὴ εἶσθαι ἀλλ' ἐν παντι σμικρὸν*. It was entitled, 'The Bible, not the Bible Society.'"

This work, greatly praised, and not good-naturedly vituperated, was, for a while, the alternate mark of reprobation and panegyric. And in its immediate, and, yet more, in its remote consequences, it gave a colouring to nearly the whole of Mr. Phelan's apparent future life: but happily he had another, and a better life, which was "hid with Christ in God."

But, before the publication of this little tract, Mr. Phelan was a fellow of the Dublin University. This produced a change in all his views and prospects, as gratifying as it was sudden and surprising. He had himself long abandoned all intention of again appearing on the fellowship bench: but, it occurred to his attached and affectionate tutor, Dr. Wall, and to his vigilant friend, the late archbishop of Dublin, that by another vigorous effort he might be successful. In obedience to their earnest entreaties he came to Dublin.

"His first visit was to the college chambers of a friend: "Well," said he, "here I am; and what do you want with me?" "We want you," was the reply, "to get fellowship." He looked perplexed and anxious. He was almost certain, that, within the space of six weeks, it was hopeless that he should regain so much lost ground. Besides, a great additional weight of science had been thrown into the course; especially the whole system of French analysis, to which he

was nearly a total stranger. To work, however, he went, and with that vigour and intensity which seemed inseparable from his being. And what was the consequence? Difficulties, like a 'frost-work,' suddenly 'melted away' before him."

The following extract from a letter, written three days after the termination of the conflict, describes the result in his own words :

"June 5. By a caprice of fortune, entirely unexpected, I am now a fellow. The answering, you may suppose, was but indifferent, when, after three years cessation, I was declared the best answerer." "Such," says the Bishop, "was his own modest estimate; ever apt to undervalue his attainments; but it was happily corrected by the public voice; his very friends too, the jealous guardians of his good repute, were abundantly satisfied; not by his success merely, but especially at the manner of it."

In the year 1818 he was elected Donellan Lecturer; in which capacity he preached the sermons, which, in our judgment, constitute the most important portion of the volumes before us. This lectureship is somewhat similar in its design to the Bampton at Oxford, and the Hulsean at Cambridge; but it has failed to be productive of the same advantage to the cause of sound theological learning, chiefly, the bishop judges, because it has been confined to the fellows, who are all abundantly engrossed by other occupations; instead of being, as in the case of the other universities, thrown open to the masters of arts. When Mr. Phelan undertook its duties he was but young amongst the fellows, and his pupils were but few.

"He had, therefore," adds his biographer, "full leisure for his favourite pursuits. His mind always had a predilection for inquiries addressed at once to the intellectual and moral man; and he loved to regard the deeper and more mysterious truths of Christianity, as not merely upon proof of their divine authority, to be implicitly received and venerated, but much more as indispensable parts of a divine system, provided by the comprehensive and all-gracious wisdom of God, for the renewal, enlargement, and purification of our moral being. He sought, therefore, to exhibit the Christian

scheme in such a manner as might best show its correspondence, in all its parts, to the wants and anticipations of human nature. His lectures, accordingly, may, in some sort, be regarded as an effort to describe the physiology of revealed religion. Others have carefully examined facts and doctrines, and discussed their evidence according to the dictates of forensic pleading; he, on the contrary, was more solicitous to discover, what may be termed the functions of those facts and doctrines. It is one thing, for example, to establish the doctrine of the Trinity, by alleging the various passages of holy writ, in which it is more or less distinctly revealed; it is another and, perhaps, a yet more important office to show, that this mysterious, and yet infinitely practical doctrine is precisely such a revelation of the divine nature, as could alone enable man to accomplish the great purposes for which he was called into existence. By the one line of argument, the timid believer may be persuaded that his Christianity is true; by the other, the candid sceptic may be convinced, that it is reasonable and just. The judgment is thus satisfied through the previous conviction of the moral sense; and, from the congruity between ends and means, between the weakness of man and sufficiency of God, the facts and doctrines, which may once have appeared not merely above reason but contrary to it, will at once be found harmonious in their operation, and, so to speak, in their nature necessary."

Hobbes, in his *Leviathan* observes, that mysteries in religion are like pills, which, if you swallow them, may do you good, but, if subjected to a process of mastication, are very likely to be rejected by the stomach. It is certain, that they have, in many instances, proved stumbling-blocks to the reception of revelation, on the part of those who had been unwilling to submit their reason to the wisdom of God, and who fancy that they may, without irreverence, apply the line and the plummet of human sagacity to the height and depth of the Almighty's providential dispensations. Now, although in most cases, we are averse from indulging this hurtful propensity, which is so very much opposed to the meekness and humility which generally characterize the sincere inquirer, yet, as we

would deprive infidelity of every excuse for standing out in bold defiance of the truth, we cannot but regard the views and speculations, by which Dr. Phelan has so happily endeavoured to elucidate the practical bearings of the redemptorial process, as in a very high degree gratifying and important.

Nor should we forget that, if there are some presumptuously dogmatical infidels, there are some intemperately dogmatical divines, who are much more ready, and, it may be added, more able, to flagellate or knock down the objector with the loaded whip of theological argument, than to resolve those doubts which may have insinuated themselves into his mind, without an impeachment either of his humility or his candour. Many such minds have, we are persuaded, been unhappily alienated from the faith by the boisterous hostility of adversaries of this stamp; whose very efforts in defence of true religion constitute, in the judgment of their antagonists, not the least formidable of the objections against it. They object, we will suppose, to the doctrine of the Trinity; they allege, that it so infinitely transcends reason, that they cannot even conceive it, much less admit it as an indispensable part of a revelation from God. If this objection be met by railing, or invective, or assertions of doubtful authority, or citations from holy writ, of doubtful interpretation, but very little will be done towards correcting the sceptic's erroneous judgment. But, if he be addressed by one who, like Dr. Phelan, may be competent to persuade him that there is nothing in what is revealed concerning the doctrine of the Trinity, that does not intimately concern us as moral and religious beings—in the same degree that this is clearly and convincingly shown, will the objections and the prejudices which he entertained against it be abandoned. If Lord Herbert of Chesham could thus have reconciled moral with religious truth, he would not, we are persuaded, have continued an unbeliever.

Religion, it should ever be borne in mind, concerns us chiefly in our relation to another world; and may be said to consist in such doctrines and precepts as may be best calculated to produce in us the affections and the habits which qualify us for the en-

joyment of that better state of existence which awaits us beyond the grave. Of the precise nature of that new and untried form of being, we must necessarily remain ignorant, except so far as it may please Almighty God to inform us by a special revelation. And, if we take the existence of an hereafter and a future state of rewards and punishments upon trust, the means which have been graciously provided for enabling us to secure our interest in that hereafter, we may be well contented to receive upon the same authority. If the same God, who could alone reveal the one shall have prescribed the other, no want of congruity between means and end, which our limited reason may lead us to imagine, should cause us, even for a moment, to hesitate in admitting the most inscrutable of those mysterious doctrines to which holy Scripture gives its attestation. But, if an apprehended incongruity may be shown to be, in reality, a congruity, the very shadow of such an objection must be done away; and whatever force it might have had in obstructing, its removal must have in facilitating the reception of revealed religion.

The *whole* system of God's providential government can never be *fully* known to a human creature. There are parts of it which must always transcend his present capacities. Our powers have been conferred upon us chiefly with reference to the *uses* and purposes of this present world; we cannot, therefore, expect, that by *their* means, we should be *thoroughly* instructed respecting *all* the *uses* and purposes of those things which concern us in the world to come. There *must* necessarily be a limit where reason ends and revelation begins; and the moment we pass within the confines of revelation, we must expect to meet with mysteries. Let us suppose these mysteries cleared up; that is, let us be made perfectly cognizant of their congruity as divinely appointed means to moral and religious ends, and this will only bring us to the borders of other mysteries, concerning which we must be content to remain as ignorant as the embryo, (if we may suppose it endued with intelligence,) while it is an embryo, continues, of the nature and the objects of its future existence. If it be only admitted, that reason has

its limits, and that there is an hereafter, the mere mysteriousness of any doctrine will never constitute an objection to it on the part of the candid and intelligent inquirer. It is, however, an undoubted fact, that while profound and reflecting minds are led, by their meditations upon religion, even antecedently to their admission of a revelation, to expect mysteries, the shallow and unreflecting, when they meet with mysteries, are often led to reject religion.

How many of this latter class may be arrested in their precipitate retreat from sound doctrine, by the impressive and beautiful reasoning of Dr. Phelan, we dare not venture to say; for to understand his argument implies a degree of capacity which does not often belong to them, and to appreciate it, a degree of candour and humility which they do not usually entertain. But we may safely assert, that in proportion as it receives the stamp of approbation from higher minds, it will have the effect of repressing the sneers, at least, of the smaller fry of infidelity, who will begin to conceive it possible, that the admission of the doctrine of the Trinity does not argue any prostration of the understanding. As our estimate of it coincides with that of the Bishop of Limerick, and as we could not describe it better than it has been already described in our last citation from the memoir, we shall content ourselves with making such extracts from the sermons as may enable our readers to form a judgment for themselves. They will hold in mind, that the work from which we are about to quote is a posthumous publication, and that the lamented author was by no means satisfied that he had fully elucidated his own views. This we think it right to observe, in justice to his memory, and not from any apprehension that the line of argument which he has adopted will prove more unsatisfactory to our readers than it has proved to ourselves.

The important question which he purposes for discussion is thus stated in the first sermon:—

“Let us suppose that there existed, somewhere among the Gentiles of antiquity, a people who, whether from tradition, or, from the workings of their own reason, had been impressed with the following truth:—‘That there is

one eternal, infinite, and omnipresent Spirit, without parts or passions, wants or desires; the creator, preserver, and sovereign of the universe, and especially the maker and judge of man, for whom he has ordained a future state of retribution, in which justice shall be done to every man according to his works.’ This, it may be presumed, is the full measure of that knowledge which the most sanguine theist can claim as the doctrine of natural religion. The question is, could the people who held just so much and who believed no more, continue to worship God in spirit, in truth, and in affectionate piety? And, as it is observed that to whatever height religion may finally raise us, its first address must descend to the existing level of human nature, the answer can be sought in the examination of those powers only which give us ordinary apprehensions of things; that is, of the imagination, the reason, and the conscience.”

As we cannot afford space to go in detail into the reasonings by which Dr. Phelan supports the negative side of the proposition above stated, we can only refer the reader to the work itself, which will most amply repay his attentive perusal. He had observed, that in all that relates to our animal and to our social nature, there is a system of adaptation and correspondence which mightily proclaims the wisdom and the goodness of God, rendering the world without a counterpart of the world within; “each fitting the other as a portion of the same machine—each containing, in a great measure, the solution of the other—and each furnishing, as it were, the key of a cipher which would otherwise be useless and unintelligible.”

“Nor is there,” he observes, “reason to apprehend, that the piety of individuals, or the professional zeal of a particular order, may have exaggerated the number or quality of those wonderful accommodations. However variously phenomena may be explained, the sense of congruity is universal. Where one man adores the manifestations of divine wisdom, others will acquiesce in some brute inerrancy; in a fate, or a soul of the world, or an unconscious reason. The materialist discovers arguments for his uncomfortable dogma in the spontaneous facility and undeviating precision of the vital

processes ; others, from the same appearances, infer the superintendence of a plastic energy, whose special province it is to determine the structure and direct the movements of the human frame ; and there are not wanting those who maintain a third hypothesis, that all instinctive and automatic action is the result of previous discipline, the matured habit of some former life, from which we have passed hither in our progress towards eternity. In fine, when men are once dissatisfied with the simple wisdom of the Son of Sirach, their speculations branch out into endless contrarieties ; yet the fact remains unquestioned by all, that our sentient nature, and its correlative objects, are linked together in admirable union."

He then goes on to show, that the same admirable congruity is still further visible in our social relations.

"But," he says, "an animal nature and a social nature do not complete the measure of the human constitution. Man has yet another and a nobler life ; a life inward, spiritual, and immortal ; which as it appears, in a sense not communicable to grosser things, to have come from God, so it is believed to attain the perfection proper to its kind, in the knowledge and love of its Almighty Author. Now, does our experience accord with such a belief ? Does the system of adaptation extend to this third life ? Is there in this also, as in the former cases, a suitable harmony between the capacity of man and the place assigned him in the creation ? Assuredly not in the case of a people whose knowledge of religion is limited to simple theism.—There is nothing in the knowledge which they possess similar to that species of anticipatory knowledge which we possess in our animal and in our social state, and which is 'predictive of its appropriate reality.' Such a system, therefore, merely brings us to the verge of an impassable gulf, and only shows us the immeasurable distance between us and our Creator."

The following observation is as just as it is profound.—

"The aids of philosophy are here of no avail. The tendency to generalize, which is the essence of philosophy, reverses that homeward order of meditation by which the spirit of devotion is excited and maintained. In reli-

gion, as in every thing else which is designed to interest, there must be a directness of appeal to the individual ; philosophy, on the contrary, is irrespective. The impression is weakened, in proportion as the space of diffusion is enlarged ; and the subtleness of individual feeling eludes the grasp of any general law. But though the efforts of philosophy be, in a certain sense, to generalize, it manifests no desire to arrive at the most general conclusions ; and this is another circumstance adverse to religion. Physical science selects not, as its congenial objects, either those particular experiences which, with a manifestation of providential guidance, come home to the heart, or those laws of universal being, which at every glance constrain the intellect to recognise the one universal Lawgiver ; but it rests in those intermediate analogies of nature, which are at once sufficiently general to neutralize the affections, and sufficiently involved in material causation to darken our apprehensions of spiritual things."

Mere philosophy, therefore, cannot aid us, nor is there any special faculty which could place us in immediate communion with our Creator. We should, therefore, conclude, if we were to argue in this instance, as in all the particulars upon which natural theology depends, from the tendency of the work to the intention of the maker, "that it was the intention of God to cast us out from his presence, and to give us over to idolatry, if not to downright atheism."

"But if this," says our author, "be a conclusion from which the heart recoils, what alternative remains, but that we suspend our deduction until we have looked abroad for some wider and more generous views of the relation between God and man ? We must endeavour to show that this limitation of our spiritual powers has its own peculiar fitness for present discipline, for future consummation, possibly for both ; that, in fine, an organ of religion may be constructed, which will make suitable compensation for our natural defects ; and which, although immediate knowledge is still denied, will reveal to us a way of access to the Father of spirits, opening our hearts to his gracious influences, and bringing home a healthful knowledge of Him to our inmost apprehensions. For

such a medium of intercourse with his Maker, every consistent theist must wish. Whether it can be effectually supplied by any theism but the Christian, or by any form of Christianity except that which teaches a Trinity of divine persons, we now proceed to inquire."

The reader can now, we trust, form some idea of the nature of Dr. Phelan's argument; it is not, he will perceive, strictly speaking, founded on *a priori* considerations, inasmuch as it proceeds upon an assumption of the requirements of human nature, of which we may be presumed to know something, and is not built upon any notion of the necessity of the divine nature, concerning which divines have sometimes been as presumptuously dogmatical as the subject itself is awfully mysterious. Dr. Phelan does not thus attempt "to darken counsel by words without knowledge." He confines himself to a strictly ethical consideration of the question which he has undertaken to discuss, and proceeds to show, from an impartial estimate of the moral and social value of every religious system of which the world has had any lengthened experience, that, in proportion as it deviated from what we must be permitted to call the strictly orthodox doctrine of the Catholic Church, it had a tendency to generate either atheism or idolatry, and thus to make mankind worse than it found them.

In a community of theists, such as has been supposed, the only inlets to a knowledge of divine things are the imagination, the reason, and the conscience. From neither of these sources could they derive any such information or assistance as might lay a secure foundation for true religion. The imagination, (which Dr. Phelan beautifully observes, may be regarded, in the kingdom of Providence, as somewhat analogous to faith in the kingdom of grace,) while it served, in some measure, to spiritualize our material, tended also to materialize our spiritual conceptions; and the utter exclusion of its agency, even in these highest concerns, pervading as it does, in one place or another, the whole totality of our intellectual nature, would neither be wise if practicable, nor practicable if wise:—

"Not wise, because the contest is already too unequal between the invisible realities of the spiritual world

and the palpable shadows of the world of the senses. Not practicable, because we cannot think of our Father who is in heaven, except through the intervention of a power that defines and localizes the infinite mind, and which associates human sympathies with his incommunicable glory. It is not meant that we could not discourse of God, or compose dissertations on his being and attributes. But, in such performances, though the understanding is at work, there is little exercise of the spiritual and contemplative faculties; the words are used as an analyst uses his symbols; and the result is obtained, not so much by considering the force of the terms or the relation of the objects, as by certain fixed rules, and by the general *formule* of dialectics. But, for vivid meditations, and a lifting up of the heart to God; for that religion of the affections, which is at once the lively effluence of truth and the informing soul of duty,—it is not more certain that religion includes these, than that they, in their turn, imply some activity of the imagination. This is a subject strictly experimental; upon which, therefore, a man may pronounce for himself. Let him only make trial, whether, when he has fixed his thoughts affectionately upon the Father of spirits, those abstractions which form the philosophical notion of Godhead, do not yield to something positive, personal, and substantial; to the impression of an ever-present and an ever-living God.

"How then would it be possible for the people whom we have supposed, to incorporate together, in harmonious union, the speculative truth and the vital effectiveness of their unmodified theism? To cherish a spirit of piety, practical or contemplative, they should forget the rigour of their didactic system; and, on the other hand, to look scrupulously to their creed would be to discountenance those devotional aspirations, which are as essential to our moral progress as to the worship of God. Thus a conflict would arise, which could have no other issue than to corrupt the form of godliness, or to waste its power. Now a corruption of the form of religion would lead men away into the wilds, and among the monsters of superstition; and a diminution of the power of religion would gradually, but inevitably, sink them

down to the blacker abyss and the more hopeless horrors of infidelity. Therefore, as humanity recoils from this branch of the alternative, there remains but one position, as the final result of our reasonings, that among the people in the supposed circumstances, the purity of theism would be gradually corrupted by superstitious mixtures, until polytheism and idolatry should become, as it were, their natural religion.

"But it is not alone in the incompetency of the imagination that we are to look for the causes of this propensity to idolatry. 'Our natural affections,' says a most accomplished theist,* 'finding their first exercises in the charities of home, proceed gradually outward, and make their way, in succession, to consanguinities and alliances, to the attachments of friendship, of neighbourhood, and of country, until at length they embrace the whole race of man.' There the progress terminates: we cleave instinctively to our own species, and to none other; for the same law of our being which inspires these social yearnings, defines also their limits; and the course of the world around us enforces and makes habitual what instinct prescribes. All the good which we derive from our fellow-creatures, either springs directly from the consciousness of human wants, or resolves itself into the sympathies of a common nature; and unless where the heart is touched by that sacred love which Christianity claims as its peculiar and its choicest fruit, we have no higher or purer motive. Such is the judgment of human nature; such it has impressed itself upon our language. Benevolence itself is but equivalent to humanity; perhaps it is not so strong a term as generosity or kindness."

Even our intellectual recreations, Dr. Phelan observes, afford evidence of this exclusiveness of human regard. The poet depends, for the success of his fiction, upon the skill with which he identifies it with our common humanity. The only other mode of interesting us in such inventions is by carrying estrangement to the consistent excess of antipathy, and supposing a

gratuitous malignity towards our kind to actuate some unfriendly being, who is represented without a feeling of our infirmities.

"Now, if we look thus for some resemblance to ourselves, in every thing which we are expected to regard with complacency, it is unnecessary to urge the vastness of those obstacles which, a dissimilitude to be measured by no finite comparison, must interpose between the God of theism and our natural affections. The obvious truth is, that this law of our constitution is essentially idolatrous; and that, unless under a system that affords peculiar aids, it cannot fail to exercise a debasing influence on the popular faith and worship. And since every effort to cherish the love of God involves in it this tendency to assimilation, human nature would insensibly become the standard of the divine;—the relation between the Creator and his creatures would be inverted; and instead of aspiring to be purified, 'even as he is pure,' man would fashion to himself a God in the likeness of his own perverted humanity."

Gratitude, it may be thought, would be sufficient to excite and sustain devotion, and preserve it at a temperament equally removed from coldness and enthusiasm; but most justly is it observed, that

"In the moral world, still more than in the material, attraction must be mutual, or not at all. Without sympathy, affection pines; and without affection, the sense of obligation, even to a temper not otherwise ungenerous, is irksome and oppressive. Some one has said of the benefactor of another, that he had rendered *too* great a service to be kindly remembered. The expression is a morose one, but the thought is not unfounded. It is known to all who have explored the intricacies of the human heart, that the mere conferring of a benefit, which perhaps has cost the donor nothing, can never in itself be a source of liberal and enduring affection; wherever such affection exists, there must have been some independent and superior ground of regard. Now, surely, that serene and emotionless purity, sufficient to itself,

and delighting in itself, which the austerity of theism ascribes to the God-head, is not, to creatures constituted as we feel ourselves to be, such a ground. On the contrary, there is something in it which fills us with a secret consternation ; which shoots a horror and a numbing influence through our whole moral touch ; and from which we retire, disconcerted and confounded, at the thought of that inaccessible Omnipresence, in whose awful hands we feel ourselves. Nature shudders within us : we are intimately sensible that between us and him there is a great gulph fixed ; that there can be no benevolent interchange of offices and sentiments, no community of principle, no bond of association. Such a being can be no object of cordial religion. Prudence may suggest the expediency of an outward homage, but the affections will not flow at the command of prudence—the heart of stone is yet unpenetrated—the living waters of devotion are yet to flush forth.”

In such circumstances, when the mind is abandoned to its own guidance, without any other than earthly means, and under the influence of a principle which renders it impossible to acquiesce in mere earthly ends, how natural, how almost inevitable, the rise of polytheism, is thus beautifully manifested.

“ In proportion as these observations are correct, (and they are but the transcript of our natural emotions,) they lead us to conclude, as in the former instances, that a community of theists would be reduced to the alternatives either of renouncing altogether the religion of the affections, or of seeking for some congenial and sympathetic object. But, we have all some desires for unearthly converse ; and these desires are in every man proportioned to his moral purity and intellectual elevation. Together with a sense of our transient state here, we have all some germinant hope that our home is in a better country. And this is a modest hope ; cherished by meekness and purity of spirit, and expanded by that gentleness which shrinks from the rude contact of this troublesome world. With such hopes and such desires a theist would be beguiled from wishes to expectations, and from expectations to belief, that there existed some intermediate beings, sufficiently exalted

for the homage of mortality, yet not removed to the sphere of imperturbable blessedness. He would thirst for a God who had some feeling of his infirmities, some charities of a kindred nature ; who maintained no coldness of reserve, no unchangeable fixedness of purpose ; who could be moved by the prayers, and won by the repentance, of the weak and wayward children of men.”

Nor is its utter inefficacy less justly or strikingly pourtrayed :—

“ But are we only weak and wayward ? And does the peccancy of our degenerate race deserve no stronger appellation ? Alas ! man knows that he is born in iniquity ! To sin, is natural to us ; but *not* to be ‘ dead in trespasses and sins.’ In the soul, as in the body, there is a restituent power, which is weakened, indeed, at every repetition of violence or return of disease ; but which displays a wonderful extent of resources in its protracted struggles against total dissolution. Many a still but solemn warning will conscience have sent into the inmost soul, before the tumult of passion has drowned her voice, or the fascinations of the world have engrossed our attention. And, even when habit has now begun sensibly to close its toils upon us, some better impulse will occasionally return, to break the snare, and to defer our subjugation. During this period of unequal strife between a proneness to sin and a sense that he was here for higher purposes, man is a torment and a paradox to himself. His fancy is haunted at once by visions of good, which will not stay, and by spectres of evil, which will not retire from him. With faculties which seem to presage immortality ; with a frame which assimilates him to the beasts that perish ; with a law in his members warring against the law in his mind ; he seems to realize the fiction of the poet, in which the living and the dead are fastened together. Oh, wretched man that he is !—who shall deliver him from the body of this death ?

“ It were unnecessary to urge, that, without this consciousness of derangement in our nature, and demerit in our conduct, the spiritual condition of mankind would be hopeless. The extinction of this consciousness among an entire people must inevitably lead them to a rejection of Providence, to a de-

nial of retribution, to a confounding of all moral distinctions, to an unchaining of all those selfish and ferocious passions which, if once let loose, would spread around them universal ruin. On the other hand, except under the guidance of the Gospel, the preservation of this feeling is attended by a train of evils, less fatal indeed, but not less real. Weary, and heavy laden, the natural man looks on every side for rest. With his sin and his misery ever before him, he trembles to approach his Maker; his own imagination suggesting many an intercessor to screen him from a presence which he finds intolerable. He cannot, therefore, but fall into superstition; and his fate, it deserves to be remarked, though ultimately resolvable into the lamentable corruption of human nature, proceeds, in the first instance, from that troubled sense of imbecility, which is an indispensable pre-requisite for purity and peace."

Having thus shown that such lights as we are visited by in our unassisted state, are not more than sufficient to render our darkness visible, and to lead us more hopelessly astray, Dr. Phelan proceeds to demonstrate, that reason itself, in its most abstract forms, is inadequate to the maintenance of a simple theism :—

"Human knowledge is the systematizing of partial considerations; it is the artificial disposition of certain elements, really distinct, or mentally discerned. Things present themselves to us in the gross, and we exercise our sagacity in attempts at decomposition. We examine a geometrical figure, line by line, and angle by angle; we devise factors, real or imaginary, for an analytical expression; we distinguish our own thoughts into simple ideas, our motives into primary impulses; we resolve a substance into its constituent elements, and, when it becomes too minute, we endeavour to invest it with a microscopic magnitude, that we may have parts for separate contemplation. The first achievement of science is to detect these parts, and their mutual relations: its final triumph, to combine them into new forms. As the activities of visible nature exhibit one uninterrupted cycle of generation, decay, and reproduction, so, in our intellectual operations, whatever exalts the sage above the savage, is the result of

this double process of resolution and reintegration.

"If this be so, it is impossible for a religious mind to retain the idea of God, in its philosophic purity. He is a perfect, simple being: that which is remotely typified in the creature, by a nice adjustment and symmetry of parts, in the Creator, who has no parts, is one mysterious energy, uniform, omnipresent, and indivisible. This representation, it will be remembered, is not an impression directly made upon any particular faculty, by a real and appropriate archetype, but an abstraction of the reason,—the mysterious blank that remains, after we have rejected all those concretions which we observe in natural things. Now, such a simplicity is no object of human contemplation; we may arrive at the conception by a just course of inference, but we cannot make it our home; it is a mere negative, and we require something positive as a basis for our musings; it precludes all discursiveness; and, to minds like ours, motion does not more necessarily imply change of place than meditation implies change of idea. We must, therefore, have recourse to those partial considerations, which, in every other instance, are the means of knowledge. Were our atmosphere enlivened with a dispersing power, sufficient to part the solar beam into colours, it is evident that we should not behold the sun as he is; we should then regard that as the natural light, which we now understand to be the broken ray of philosophy. The illustration is defective, for the sunbeam is really compound, and contains all that the prism discloses; but it may serve to make us sensible, how speedily the strict doctrines of theism would be abandoned when the soul applied itself to reflect on heavenly things. Every notice of God would then come to the understanding, through the medium, and according to the analogy, of its own nature. That essential glory, which is all in all, would be refracted and discoloured; till at length the Spiritual Sun would become a mere *spectrum*, of as many hues as there are passions and prejudices in our unstable humanity."

In thus presenting to the reader these lengthened citations, we are not aware of deviating from the strict line of biography which we prescribed to

ourselves,* for they exhibit the true man, while they describe the system. It would be difficult, in the range of English divinity, to find any thing which combines, in so eminent a degree, sagacity, comprehensiveness, and elevation, as the whole line of reasoning by which his lofty argument is sustained.

The difficulties which embarrass our unassisted reason, when we look upon God as a simple, uncompounded being, are vastly increased when we regard him as infinite; and find, that instead of that harmonious unity of representation, which alone befits the divine nature, our conclusions involve many and harsh repugnancies:—

“They present to us a being, the source of all knowledge, yet without ideas or trains of thought; the fountain of all good, yet permitting the existence of crime and misery; his unchanging wisdom a perfect law to himself, yet that law inoperative for an eternity before it led to a creation in time. Again, in the physical conditions of his being, they exhibit him as existing through all duration, yet without succession; as pervading all space, yet occupying none, as infinite, yet without parts or dimensions; as one, yet containing all things; as unextended, yet replenishing the recesses of immensity with the overflowing energy of his omnipresence. These are considerations which, with disheartening perplexity, abound on every side; considerations, before which the most towering intellect sinks into effortless prostration, and the keenest conception is dazzled into despair. Yet these, and these only, are the considerations which theism supplies, for maintaining an affectionate communion with our Maker. Accordingly, the history of superstition presents little more than one continued, however fruitless, effort to reconcile the mysterious majesty of God with the wants and weaknesses of man. Wherever the form of man has been found, or a memorial of him discovered, there also we may trace some obscure persuasion that there is but one Parent of life and happiness. But our dimmed and degenerate faculties require, on the one hand, some inward purification; and, on the other, some bland mediator, who may soften while he reveals that intolerable glory.”

The first sermon thus concludes:—
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“Human nature has certain claims upon religion; and every religious system, which has permanently attracted human nature, endeavours, variously, to satisfy those claims. In particular, it is obvious, that whatever changes religion may ultimately produce in us, its first address must be made to our natural faculties. But, in a pure theism, which proposes one infinite, incomprehensible individual, as the only object of contemplation, no provision is made for the primary address. Reason collapses before him in doubt and dismay: and affection will not rise when it is awed before the majesty of his mysterious nature. Christianity composes into reverential tranquillity that breathless and trembling awe, with which the heart shrinks from the God of the theist. It preaches peace and love: it spreads before us attractive images, interesting facts, and endearing associations. Instead of overwhelming the religious affections with the unalleviated weight of infinity, it gently and gradually turns them to nobler aspirations. It appeals to all our better emotions; and it sheds abroad its attractive influences upon whatsoever there is of good or spiritual in the original susceptibilities of our nature.

“We do not then propose the incarnation and the trinity as abstract speculative *dogmas*. We do not say, that they were intended to be a trial of faith, or an exercise of subtlety; the mysterious fruit of some forbidden tree of knowledge, which the soul was to contemplate, but not to taste. We teach, that man stands in certain moral relations to those two divine Persons, whom Christianity superinduces upon unmodified theism. We show that, in the Son, God descends on earth; and in the Holy Spirit, man ascends to heaven. And thus is restored that communion with our heavenly Father, for which, during the long probationary period between the fall of the first and the resurrection of the second Adam, all the generations of mankind had languished.”

The first sermon having thus, in a manner, demonstrated the impossibility of maintaining a pure and influential system of theism, from considerations drawn from the nature of man; the same truth is enforced, in the second and the third sermons, by considerations drawn from his history. Dr.

Phelan thus confirms, by the most enlarged and liberal survey of matters of fact the conclusion at which he had arrived, after the most profound and scrutinizing investigation of abstract and speculative principles.

He first considers the case of the Gentiles;—they never, he observes, fell into total apostacy; they were always deeply conscious of human incompetence to maintain communion with pure Godhead; and if any scheme of inferior worship were admissible, that which they adopted would be liable to the least objections.

"Yet the system failed of success. It appeared good to the wisdom of God, to give the Gentiles up to a reprobate mind, to let things take their course, to allow the full development of those consequences which naturally flowed from the polytheistic scheme. And, accordingly, to what side soever we direct our inquiries, to barbarous or to polished nations, to past or present times, to the old world or the new, to the altar of Moloch or the pagod of Juggernaut, to the classic groves of Eleusis or the ruder abominations of Otaheite; in all directions, the sickening heart recoils from the unmitigated sameness of their horrors; from impurity the most degrading, and murder the most unnatural, sanctified by their introduction into the offices of religion."

The position that, under a system of unitarianism, it would be impossible to unite purity of heart and purity of worship, is still further fortified by considerations drawn from the history of the chosen people. As before the announcement of Christianity there was no *public* revelation of that distinction of subsistence in the divine essence which we denominate by the word person, Dr. Phelan considers himself entitled to assume, that all religious dispensations which may be included between Adam and Christ, the systems of the sons of God before the flood, of the patriarchs from Noah to Moses, and of the Jews in succeeding times, were all, practically, systems of simple theism, and established under circumstances so advantageous, as to ensure the maintenance of a purely theistical religion, if such were compatible with the demands of human nature. Having already quoted so much, we will not occupy our pages by citing in de-

tail the inductive proof which is so abundantly furnished, of the utter inadequacy of each and every one of these systems to supply the moral requirements of man.

"In the Bible we are bequeathed the experience of all former dispensations. Let us, in this important inquiry, employ it as we should any other historical document, which records the errors, the weaknesses, and the vicissitudes of man. Let this divine philosophy teach us by examples; let the foolishness of darkling men make us wise unto salvation; in the common deficiencies of other systems, let us trace the causes of their common corruption; and, for the great and universal corrective, let us look with confidence to the distinctive character of the final dispensation."

The fourth sermon is intended to show the peculiar fitness of such a mediator as Christ between timorous, indigent human creatures and their Almighty Father. The spiritual and purifying apprehension of deity were otherwise hopelessly inaccessible to man. In pure Godhead he could behold nothing compatible with that emotion which he felt instinctively attracting him to his kind. His consciousness of infirmity made him tremble to approach his Maker:—

"But when, in the person of his eternal Word, God condescends to become man—when, veiling the glory of his perfections, and descending from that incomprehensible elevation at which man dimly discerned his attributes, he comes to take our nature upon him, to be himself our mediator and our friend—the most sceptical cannot but be thenceforward satisfied that nothing human is estranged from his love or excluded from the regards of his sustaining providence. Unto us a child is born, weak and helpless as the children of men; his veins throb with our blood; his infant lips, together with the milk of his mother, imbibe our feelings, our affections, our desires. He binds himself to us by all the sweet ties of consanguinity; he participates in all that may befall man—enduring the persecutions of this world's contumely, and draining the dregs of this world's affliction."

But our brief sketch of Dr. Phelan's views would be very incomplete if we withheld from our readers the following

profound and beautiful remarks upon our Lord's personal character :—

“ Whether it irritates our lurking vanity, whether it offends our sense of probability, or whether it cannot enter into the heart of man, even in imagination, to delineate what is faultless—whatever, in fine, may be the cause—the fact is certain, that no other attempt to exhibit a perfect character was ever received with complacency by the world. Thus, it was reserved for the Son of God to present to us a character so sweetly tempered, as to inspire reverence without exciting envy, and, without nourishing frailty, to conciliate affection. Though he comes to preach repentance—though he proposes himself as our example—he never mortifies us by any uncourtous or gratuitous display of his own superiority. Without being a formalist, he is attentive to establish customs ; and, though an opposer of established prejudices, he is no turbulent or capitious innovator. Though unsullied by the blemish of a single error, he is not insensible to the power of temptation. He sees with a human eye, and feels with a human heart what obstacles the world, the flesh, and the devil, interpose in our rugged and darkling pilgrimage ; and he thus soothes that infirmity of our nature, which recoils from a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity ; and which, in the very confession of our penitence, leads us to select, as the depository of our contrition, some friend who can appreciate the severity of the trial ; who, while he shrinks from the crimes and the follies of man, yet shares in all the sympathies and feelings of humanity. He smites the conscience, indeed, and deters from sin ; but we see him invariably cherishing the repentant sinner. He measures not his charities according to the usages of a selfish world ; he suffers not his holy compassion to be blasted by the maxims of a cold and austere philosophy. He has abundant sympathies for all his partners in human suffering ; and while he dries the tears of the afflicted, he weeps himself that any tears should be shed. We see meekness in his dignity, softness in his fortitude, simplicity in his grace. While, without effort and without assumption, he vindicates the exclusive prerogative of a jealous God, we can recognize in him all that lowliness of

heart which becomes the Son of Man, the reputed offspring of an humble carpenter. He is no recluse, though in a world which was not worthy of him ; no misanthrope, though despised and rejected of men. We see him rapt into the contemplation of another life, yet not so rapt as to avoid the intercourse or reject the courtesies of this present life. We see him going about doing good—the companion of publicans and sinners ; in his relaxations chaste, in his abstinences cheerful and unostentatious. Though his feelings never for a moment betray him into a forgetfulness of his one great purpose, yet he *can* feel with poignant sensibility. Though the ever present object of his high meditation be the happiness of a whole universe, yet the boundless expanse of his benevolence never absorbs the susceptibility of his private attachments ; there is a family which Jesus loves ; there is a disciple who leans on his bosom.”

The fifth sermon has for its text, “ Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory.” The object is, to show the fitness of our Lord's removal from the world, when the great end of his coming had been accomplished ; his longer continuance upon earth might have endangered the spirituality of the religion which he came to establish. Dr. Phelan observes, that in the gospels, while every character is delineated with graphic accuracy, there is yet no allusion to the personal form of our Lord. Any such allusion, it is obvious, must have had a tendency to generate idolatry, by leading us to substitute the carnal for the spiritual eye ; its being withheld may therefore be considered a kind of silent warning, that the religion of Christ is a spiritual religion, which disclaims the cognizance of our outward perceptions, and repels the advances of an irreverent familiarity.

We are thus led, Dr. Phelan supposes, to a knowledge of the hidden import of that solemn and mysterious saying of our Lord, that it was expedient for us that he should go away ; for that, if he went not, the Comforter could not come. To understand this fully, we must consider, that it would not have been sufficient that Christ's religion should have been *established* merely, it was also indispensable that

it should be diffused; and to this diffusion his continued presence upon earth would have presented a serious and almost insurmountable obstacle. The faith which substantiates things hoped for, the blessing which awaits those who believe and see not, would have been narrowed in range and retarded in progress :—

“ Besides, we know the subtlety of the tempter; how, beneath the seraph outside of religious zeal, he can insinuate the serpent reality of religious animosity. What a host of novel opinions and feuds would have lacerated the mystical body of Christ, if his natural body had remained a subject of contention! What carnal exultation in the country of his abode! What carnal repinings among less distinguished competitors! What carnal apprehensions in all who, even as it is, are too much disposed to ‘know Christ after the flesh!’ ”

To localize the presence of our Lord would be, in truth, both to degrade and circumscribe his influence; so that if he went not, most truly may it be affirmed, that the Comforter, by whom the work of regeneration was to be carried on, and through whose instrumentality the religion of our blessed Lord was to be realized in the hearts of all sincere believers, would have been “let and hindered” in his gracious ministrations. Dr. Phelan from this takes occasion to observe briefly upon the notion of the Millennarians, which is at present so very prevalent, and which, he contends, has a tendency to sensualize religion. It is obvious, he says, that the same causes which rendered the agency of a spiritual Comforter incompatible with the continuance of Christ upon earth, must operate equally to prevent his return; and he adds, that whatever differences may be discovered between the circumstance of the respective periods, will only increase the difficulty, as, at the time of our Lord’s ascension, his disciples were more select, his church within a narrower compass; faith was stronger, hope more ardent, and the gifts of the Spirit incomparably more energetic than can now be shadowed forth by the most imaginative minds. Such was Dr. Phelan’s opinion at the time when these sermons were written, and before the religious world had been astounded by the pretensions of the modern Mil-

lennarians to the gift of tongues. And, without entering into the controversy which at present rages upon that subject, we will merely venture to surmise, that nothing has as yet been advanced by the amiable but sadly deluded persons, who prefer such strange claims to familiarity with the Most Holy, to disturb his settled conviction that it cannot be considered a blameable timidity if we hesitate to look for an indulgence which was judged too dangerous to be vouchsafed by the Apostles themselves. That he was not insensible of the real benefits to be derived from the presence of the Comforter will, we think, be scarcely denied by the most fanatical opponent of his peculiar views who vouchsafes to give the following passage a candid attention :—

“ But now, though Christ be absent in the flesh, the Spirit which proceeds from him, that other Comforter, offers to dwell with us in more intimate union; a union which nurtures no superstition, because it appeals to no sense; which excites no jealousy, because all may partake of it; which applies no flattering unction to the conscience, because it is to be known only by its fruits. To make the body his temple, the heart his sanctuary; to lead the soul into all truth and to abide with it for ever; these are the high privileges which, unless by our unholiness we exclude him, the Spirit inalienably confers.”

The sermon thus concludes :—

“ Such is a faint and imperfect outline of the plan which the Gospel exhibits to us—a plan by which our weak and vacillating hearts are kept in the narrow way that leadeth unto life. Thus, the peculiar truths of Christianity tend to maintain the devotional spirit at a safe, though unearthly elevation. They neither raise us to a giddy extacy, nor suffer us to subside into a heartless indifference. They counteract the gravitation of our carnal nature, but they give no support to those flights of extravagance, which would rise to an unseemly familiarity with the Godhead. The clear and steady light of the Gospel at once disperses the gloom of superstition, and obscures those transient and ineffectual meteors, which fanaticism would enkindle to allure and to mislead us. Repelling all presumptuous levity, while it dis-

sipates every servile apprehension ; tempering our joy with godly fear, and soothing our awe with filial confidence, it diffuses over the entire man a meek, solemn, rational equanimity. It teaches us to pray with the spirit and to pray with the understanding also ; to know our Creator and ourselves ; to see in him a father, a sovereign, and a judge ; and in ourselves the children of his love, the subjects of his empire, the enfranchised heirs of everlasting life ; to perceive, in a word, that through the knowledge of him who hath called us to glory and virtue, are given us for the present all things which pertain unto life and godliness, and for the future exceeding great and precious promises, even that we shall become partakers of the divine nature."

In the sixth and concluding sermon of the series, Dr. Phelan attempts to show, that in every preceding system, whether moral or intellectual, there was something prefigurative of Christianity, and he thus traces a kind of typical correspondence between the presentiments of man and the predestination of God. Having alluded to the universal practice of invocation among the poets, and observed that, in the very early times, the poet and the prophet were the same persons, "it is certain," he adds, "that the spirit of prophecy was, in the beginning, vouchsafed to *some* among the Gentiles.—Balaam is an instance that you all recollect ; and in a tract of Bishop Horsley's* you will find abundant reason to conclude, that similar instances had not been infrequent."

He then alludes to the doctrine of ideas which prevailed in all the schools of philosophy both in the ancient and the modern world ; and which substantially embodies one of the most important truths of revelation. It was in its origin, as Dr. Phelan conceived, highly spiritual. But its religious import was gradually forgotten, it was reduced to abstract metaphysics, and thus degenerated into a false philosophy, in which, as the assumptions were unfounded, so the arguments were futile and the consequences revolting.

"At length it ended in two dogmas, each directly opposed to the other, and yet both the undoubted parts of the

theory of ideas ; the one dogma is a cold and cheerless scepticism, which would banish all real existence ; the other is a more popular but scarcely less dangerous system, which materializes the soul, and which loses the eternal mind itself in the inanimate mass of sensible creation."

The almost universal tradition of our original excellence, and the notion which continued to prevail in the midst of heathen darkness, that man would ultimately recover his pristine dignity, and that the image of God which sin had effaced would once more resume its native loveliness, is still further confirmatory of the existence of those pre-adaptive instincts, which in some measure anticipated Christianity.

"This tradition and these hopes were propagated chiefly by means of the mysteries, some traces of which may be detected in most parts of the world. It was the second great doctrine of those mysteries, that the souls of the perfect were at last to be reunited to the author of universal nature. It was taught, that the soul was formed of no earthly concretion ; that it had its origin in the Eternal Spirit ; that when, in any case, its connexion with the body was dissolved, it would, by that very dissolution, be admitted to the fruition of complete happiness, and that this happiness was to consist, not so much in external splendour or advantage, as in the enjoyment of celestial society."

It is unnecessary to say how totally impossible it was to preserve such a doctrine in its original purity, or so to embody it in any popular mythology, as to render it capable of conferring upon a heathen community any important religious advantages. In point of fact, the tradition was, in process of time, perverted from *mental* to *substantial* union. It was held, that the disembodied spirit was actually absorbed into the substance of deity ; and this error had a two-fold operation—as it respected the soul of man, by destroying individual consciousness, it undermined the expectation of a future life ; and as it respected the Godhead, by materializing its essence it degraded his character, and limited our conceptions of his ineffable majesty to the

* A Dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen.

analogies to be derived from our present existence :—

“ Thus terminated the wisdom of the wise. Your ears must be shocked to hear of such perversions ; yet these perversions arose from imperfect views of truth ; and, what is still more worthy of notice, some of them are still held by certain communities, which, while they admit the truth of the Scriptures, reject that doctrine which we hold those Scriptures to testify.”

Such is a brief sketch of the argument by which it was Dr. Phelan's object to place, in a new and interesting point of view, what may be truly called the fundamental doctrine of our holy religion. How far he has been successful in so doing, the reader must judge for himself. He will take into account the imperfect manner in which it comes before him, in consequence of the untimely death of the lamented author ; but after every allowance upon that score has been made, he will find, if we mistake not, abundant reason to conclude, that it is built upon an enduring foundation.

That the doctrine of the Trinity, as it has been dogmatically asserted, is not liable to any valid exception, has, we are aware, been abundantly demonstrated by many of our great divines ; but it is not enough for practical purposes, merely to silence the objections that may be urged against it. It cannot be said to be securely lodged in any mind which does not habitually contemplate God under the aspect in which he has condescendingly revealed himself to us ; and which is not thus made to feel that he is not far from every one of us, but that in him we live, and move, and have our being. The best evidence, therefore, in favour of the Trinity, can be no other than those yearnings of the inner man after that spiritual sustenance which is derived from the contemplation of it, and by feeding on which, we may live for ever.

The existence of Deity, no one will deny, at least no one who is not desirous of a species of notoriety which stultifies his understanding. But the God of the simple deist can scarcely be said to have any relation to his moral being ; at least, no such relation as could quicken and vitalize his moral powers. He is contemplated as an object of speculative curiosity ; like

the fixed stars, which reason may demonstrate to be so many suns, but upon which, if we depended for either light or heat, we should be left, alas ! how cheerless and benighted ! The God of revelation, on the contrary, is no abstraction. He is, emphatically, the *LIVING GOD*. We are not so much concerned to know his existence as to feel his presence and to partake of his influence. And for this purpose he has revealed himself in the threefold character of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Sanctifier ; and while heaven is his throne and the earth is his footstool, he so intimately and condescendingly concerns himself in the moral well-being of every believer, that he is about his path, and about his bed, and espieth out all his ways.

The Trinity, regarded as a mere dogma, is difficult of belief ; and while it is only so regarded, it is of little consequence whether it be believed or no. But the Trinity, regarded as a revelation of the divine nature, graciously accommodated to our wants and to our infirmities, is not more consolatory to the human heart than it is accordant with the highest human reason. What is it, when we thus consider it ? It is God manifesting himself in the flesh, that he might quicken us by his spirit. What is it ? It is that apprehension of deity which alone has power to exalt the reason, and to amend and purify the heart. The God of the deist occupies, it may be, some vacant space in the head of his votary. *Our* God fills every faculty, and engages every affection of the true believer. He presents himself under an aspect most benignly accommodated to our whole moral nature. The God of the deist is a being who, by a difficult effort of abstract thought, may possibly be contemplated as a speck retreating from the observation into the depths of infinitude. He is believed in, because his existence is supposed to be the easiest mode of accounting for the creation of the world. The mind thus pleases itself with the thought of not rejecting the notion of a creator and governor of the universe ; but the idea of God which is thus entertained, is positively the most inoperative, and uninteresting, of all the realities by which we are surrounded ; and utterly insufficient as the foundation of that spiritual

worship, by which we are to be transformed by the renewing of our minds. But, not so our God. In *Him* we recognise not only the creator and governor of the world, but the redeemer and regenerator of the human soul. He is not only the God who fills our heart with food and gladness, but who has opened to us the gates of everlasting life, and is at once the pledge of blessedness, the pattern of holiness, and the agent in the work of our sanctification. We could not ascend up into heaven to contemplate him as he is; and he has therefore, as it were, come down to us, that by bringing his adorable perfections near unto us, we might be quickened into a vital participation of that righteousness and true holiness, by which alone we could be qualified for the inheritance of blessedness for ever. It is, therefore, the practical subserviency of this important doctrine to the purposes of true religion that reconciles it to the minds, and makes it comfortable to the hearts of Christians; and which indeed, we may say, constitutes its highest evidence. We believe it, not only because it may be evidenced by argumentative proof; but because we feel it, as it were, ripening within us the germ of immortality. Our faith, to be genuine and efficacious, should in some measure correspond to that of the Samaritans, when they said to the woman, who had first drawn their attention to our Lord, by informing them of her remarkable conversation with him:—"Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is, indeed, the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

We have regarded, we confess, Dr. Phelan's argument with an interest that has been heightened by the present aspect of the times. Recent events have rendered it but too probable, that there are trials in store for our venerable church, from which, if she shall come forth purified and triumphant, it will not be because of the presence of any merely human aid, but because the providence of God shall have overruled or counteracted the malice and wickedness of her enemies. When the Church of England was formerly overthrown, the objections which were chiefly urged against it, regarded its form and its discipline; but little was said against its doctrine, and what *was*

said to that effect rather went to inculpate it for not being sufficiently extreme in its reprehension of the opposite errors of Popery and Socinianism. It is therefore curious and interesting to observe, that Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity was written during the reign of the first James, and served as the armoury from which churchmen, in the succeeding reign, drew the weapons of controversy which most severely galled their opponents. It was, also, the well-spring of sound conservative principle, which enabled the cause of religion and order to resume its ancient ascendancy in the land. At present the objections urged against our church chiefly regard its doctrine; and the most formidable of the parties by whom it has been assailed consists of a combination of Socinians and infidels, to whom its Trinitarian principles are an abomination. May we venture to hope, that the argument which Dr. Phelan has embodied in his Donellan Lectures may yet be found as serviceable against them as that of the judicious Hooker was against the early and more orthodox dissenters, and that the essence of our doctrine has been as completely vindicated by the one, as the soundness of those forms, by means of which it has been preserved, was ably defended by the other.

Not that we would have it to be inferred, that, in the earlier period, the doctrine of our church was not also profoundly and powerfully vindicated. Dr. John Scott, who flourished in what we consider the golden age of our theology, has advanced, in his *Christian Life*, an argument very similar, in many respects, to that of Dr. Phelan. His object is to show, that our Lord's coming in the flesh was the great, if not the only preservative against idolatry; and indeed his views, in some respects, appear so identical with those in the pages before us, that we have been in the constant expectation of meeting with some reference to him, in which this coincidence might be recognized. We do not, however, forget that we are reviewing a posthumous work; and we cannot hold the author chargeable with omissions, which would not, in all probability, have occurred, had he lived to superintend its publication. It is, however, but fair to add, that there is abundant internal evidence to satisfy us, that both writers

were equally original, and that each is to be regarded as an independent witness to the truth which they have laboured to establish.

Of the remaining sermons our notice must be very brief.

"Their matter," says Bishop Jebb, "though abundantly practical and familiar, is distinguished, amidst all its simplicity, by the same profundity of thought which characterizes the Donellan Lectures; while, in manner, they afford the happiest specimens of united ease and vigour. But their great charm is, a certain air of reality, which every where pervades them; they insensibly twine around our hearts; and, without the least effort at exhibition, of which, indeed, he had not the remotest thought, they set us at home, in the very scenes and circumstances which they cause to rise graphically before us."

To this criticism we fully subscribe; and we regret that our want of space disables us from verifying it, by sufficiently numerous citations. Let the following suffice; it is taken from the second discourse, entitled, "Christ in the Temple."

"The salvation which the Gospel offers to the *sons* of God is not a state of external pomp of circumstances, but an admission to the presence, and a transformation into the likeness of Almighty God. In that likeness, we were made; and to that likeness we are destined to return. Even now, there are moments when all may feel some impulse of a divinity stirring within them, and prompting the desire of some unknown felicity, like the magnificent shadows of a dream, which we cannot distinctly recal: 'My soul panteth for God,' says David, 'yea, for the living God.' 'Thou hast made us for thyself,' says St. Augustin, 'and the heart is restless, till it findeth rest in thee.' This is the end of our creation: and until we have attained this end, we are not saved, either according to the capacity of our nature, or the benignant purposes of Him who made us. Any doctrine, therefore, which would intercept those aspirations after Deity, or turn us away from the source of all good, is not only speculatively false, but practically hostile to the perfection of our nature. Such a doctrine is Unitarianism; and, in this view, it is more pernicious even than natural re-

ligion: natural religion, indeed, leaves man unassisted, because it gives no object for his thoughts and affections; but, Unitarianism accumulates all the obstacles of system, upon all the infirmities of nature. Our faculties are congenially attracted to Christ; who, thus, instead of a mediator, becomes a rival Deity; and the Unitarian scheme proves an inverted Manicheanism, in which all the kindly emotions are turned to the inferior being, while the Supreme remains undesired and unapproachable. Sensible of this difficulty, the teachers of that doctrine are now endeavouring to lower the estimation, even of the human character of Christ. They are reducing religion to a mere theory of the understanding; and their most distinguished writer has published his acknowledgment, that 'Unitarianism has small claims on the affection.'"

But before Dr. Phelan could fairly settle down to the regular and methodical composition of sermons, his little span of life was nearly at an end. When he so unexpectedly succeeded in obtaining fellowship, his health had been very considerably impaired; and his success was, in truth, scarcely more surprising to others, than it was, to himself, indifferent, if not undesirable. He thus writes to a friend: "I am not happy; nor can a fellowship make me so." And three days after having apparently realized his most ardent hopes, he observes to the same person, "At present, I feel very far from happy." The fact is, that his affections were engaged; and a fellowship, which put him into the possession of a competency, austere forbade his entrance into any matrimonial engagement. It is not, therefore, wonderful, that it was anything rather than an object of complacency or of self-gratulation. He, literally, had not wished to succeed; and when, unexpectedly, his efforts were crowned with success, his great object was, if practicable, to emancipate himself by a royal dispensation. For this purpose, powerful efforts were used at different times, without success; but the lady's father having died, and she being thus left without a natural protector, he resolved, at all hazards, to resign his fellowship, and fulfil his honourable engagement. The following is an extract from one of the letters which he addressed to her upon

her father's death ; it is full fraught with tenderness and wisdom ; and must have afforded real consolation :—

“ Have you not remarked, that the religious world is, after all, *the world* ; and has the Scripture marks of the world about it ? It is constantly substituting things external and adventitious for things internal and essential. A dogma, or a ceremony, or a public meeting, or anything else that the times may countenance, is sure to take the lead of “righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

“ In the immediate circle, at present, of the church establishment, a dogma is the rage. Did it ever occur to you to note the opposite conduct of our Lord, in regulating his family ? No less than four times in the first three chapters of St. Luke, it is said, that his mother and Joseph did not know the import of expressions relating to his kingdom. We are not told that he even gave them any particular information. In general, it is to be observed, that the truths, facts, and persons of the Gospel, are revealed to us, as objects of the affections : they are addressed to the intellect, only so far as every object of the soul must pass through the perceptive powers to the heart. When *there*, they are at home, no matter how they effect the passage. All dogmatists pass their time in examining, and, as they think, repairing the road to the intellect, and getting presentments for short cuts, &c. &c. Thus, like our Irish highways, they are always *a repairing*, never *in repair* ; meanwhile, the heart is cut off from all valuable communication with that gracious Being, who is “a God that hideth himself,” indeed, from ill-directed inquiries, but who delights to abide with the humble and contrite spirit, “full of grace and truth.”

“ Such, I firmly believe, was his indwelling with your father ; it was not manifested by any direct exhibition of religion ; but it was known by its effects ; known, as a refreshing and purifying essence, which makes an atmosphere of sweetness around the place where it is concealed.

“ Cherish, then, those feelings about your father, which become you equally as a child and as a Christian. In the present trying moments, they will console you ; and, through life, they will serve as those auxiliary lights, which

the gracious order of Providence kindles from time to time, for the guidance of the pure in spirit ; so that they count it joy when they fall into tribulation.”

To the lady to whom the above letter was written, Miss Margaret Stubbs, he was married on the 18th of June, 1823 ; and, within the time specified by law, resigned his fellowship ; the provost and senior fellows having generously engaged to extend to him the future privilege of option to a college living. Upon finally leaving college, his first settlement was at the curacy of Keady, in the diocese of Armagh ; from which he was shortly promoted, by the kindness of the Lord Primate of Ireland, to the living of Killyman, in the same diocese. “ I have now,” he writes to a friend, “ a prospect of competency, after a complete demolition of my affairs, in the course of a year.”

His circumstances now gave a promise of becoming easy ; and in the course of a year he succeeded, in virtue of the arrangement made with the provost and the senior fellows of the Dublin University, to the rectory of Ardtrea. But his health seemed to decline, just as fortune had begun to smile upon him ; and he began to exhibit decisive and unequivocal symptoms of the malady which so speedily brought him to his grave.

He thus writes to a confidential friend, in the Summer of 1827 :—

“ July 16. I am very low with respect to my own state. For the last six years I have had occasionally an intermitting pulse, which at first was said to be nervous. But I was given to understand, that, unless it was mastered by exercise and tranquility of mind, it might turn out to be organic. It was diminishing up to last winter, so much so, that I had begun to hope I had mastered it ; but my long confinement then brought it on to a very serious degree. Common sense agrees with the physicians, that a disease which attacks so directly the very seat of life must be treated with very respectful attention. I have been ordered, and I intend obeying the precept, to give up my books and scribbling, and devote my care to my health. The great difficulty I feel is, how to avert my thoughts from my own state, unless when I am occupied in studious thinking. I find that minute care about myself

increases the agitation of my pulse ; and from the long-formed habit of my life I do not know any way of diverting my thoughts effectually, but by engaging in some settled scheme of mental occupation. This last, however, every one agrees in condemning."

December 1st, he writes thus :—

"A History of the Ancient Church of Ireland has been one of the many things upon which my thoughts have dwelt ; but this, as well as the rest, must be now postponed—perhaps for ever."

A short residence in Dublin, where he had the benefit of the best medical advice, seemed to be attended with some beneficial effects ; they were, however, but temporary ; and, upon his return to the country, all his bad symptoms again showed themselves with renewed violence.

"Mrs. Phelan, finding that the means prescribed wrought no abatement of suffering, now proposed that he should go to his brother's at Killyman ; for she had often been led to remark, that the society of that dear relative, in his affection for whom were blended the feelings of a brother, a father, and a friend, had commonly a salutary effect upon his health and spirits. He went accordingly. On entering the house he first saw Mrs. James Phelan, towards whom he had ever felt and shewed the truest brotherly affection ; to her he said, with that playful seriousness which in him was quite characteristic, "Harriet, I am come to die with you." This was on the 6th of June. For the next three days, in the course of which he took two airings in an open carriage, some hopes were entertained of his recovery ; his cough was more infrequent, his breathing less embarrassed, and he had a little sleep ; but on the 10th all the old symptoms returned with aggravation, and a new one appeared, which seldom fails to prove an immediate forerunner of dissolution. Still, however, he ventured, supported by his brother, to take a short walk in the garden ; and next day was up a little. But at nine o'clock, A.M., on Sunday, June the 13th, he expired without the slightest struggle. To the last he retained full possession of his mental powers, and exercised, with unabated vigour, the kindest of human affections. Nor is it presumptuous to hope, that, through

the merits and mediation of a divine Redeemer, he is gone to that state, where the aspirations of a purified spirit shall not be weighed down by the pressure of a mortal body."

Such is a brief abstract of the memoir which the Bishop of Limerick has prefixed to "The Remains," and which does equal honour to the writer and the subject ;—but we cannot altogether dismiss it, without saying a word or two of the right reverend editor himself.

It is now some years since Dr. Jebb was severely attacked by paralysis, while engaged in the discharge of his episcopal duties. The attack was so sudden and violent, that little hopes were, for some time, entertained of his recovery ; but by the very skilful aid which was promptly afforded, life was preserved, and his medical advisers enjoined his removal to another country as a means not only of bringing him within reach of the ablest of the faculty, but also for the purpose of withdrawing him from the immediate pressure of those professional anxieties to which, no doubt, his attack was, in some measure, to be ascribed. He was accordingly conveyed to the neighbourhood of London, and very soon began to experience the benefit of the change. His general health gradually improved, and he again felt himself equal, if not to professional, at least to literary exertion. This is not the first time that his labours as an editor have been before the public ; but, when his edition of "Townson's Discourses" appeared, although we were fully aware of the more than merely editorial obligations which we owed him, as the collector as well as the publisher of those beautiful sermons, we were not aware that this was done by one who continued, notwithstanding the improvement in his health, to be deprived of the use of his right side, and who was obliged, therefore, to write all his manuscripts with his left hand. Such is, literally, the way in which the present memoir was composed, and the other editorial labours of the present collection digested ; and we mistake much if the interest of these volumes be not enhanced by the circumstances under which they have been given to the public.

We say this advisedly : knowing well the extent of the malignant feel-

ing which prevails, at present, against our church and its bishops : knowing, also, the number and the quality of those who may be disposed to seize upon the absence of the Bishop of Limerick from his diocese, as a pretext for the vilification of his order, instead of regarding his energetic benevolence as highly creditable to himself. But we are persuaded that our venerable establishment, which has long been the mother of piety and learning in this country, will lose nothing of the estimation in which it has always been held by the wise and good, because one of her most distinguished prelates has not been prevented, by bodily infirmity, from engaging in a work of benevolence ; with a view, at the same time, to perpetuate the memory of a departed friend, and to avert the heavy calamity which his untimely death must have otherwise entailed upon his family.

Having put the reader in possession of as much of the memoir as must fully inform him respecting its merits, we proceed, briefly, to notice what we conceive to be its defects ; and this the rather, because they consist altogether in omissions, which may be supplied in a succeeding edition.

The first relates to Dr. Phelan's pamphlet on the Bible Society. The good bishop has done nothing more than intimate that such a pamphlet was written ; and has professedly abstained from entering into the history of the controversy to which it gave rise. His motive for this abstinence it is impossible not to admire ; but the truth of biography required that, on this occasion, he should have made a slight sacrifice of his own well-principled aversion to "questions that engender strife ;" and his not having done so, is the more to be lamented, because there are few men whose authority upon the subject would have been, by both parties, more respected.

The next is, the omission of all notice of the appearance of Dr. Phelan before the committees of Lords and Commons, in 1825, when he gave evidence respecting the views and the character of the Church of Rome in Ireland. We perfectly remember the powerful impression which he produced on that occasion ; and are able at present, to enumerate not a few of those who then persevered as sturdy

emancipators, and who have since acknowledged that the advice which he gave was sound, and the information important. Had that advice been followed,—but we will not re-open the consideration of what is now a bygone question, further than to observe, that, until the conduct of Dr. Phelan, on the occasion alluded to, is set in its true light, full justice will not be done to his memory.

His mere acquaintances, the Bishop says, were apt to think him ambitious. But his ambition, if he had any, he also observes, was of a noble kind. His desire of station was always subservient to his desire of usefulness. Had better and abler men been always promoted, he never would have repined ; and that his repinings at no time were very querulous, may be collected from the testimony of the bishop's friend and chaplain, the Rev. Charles Forster, which, he adds, "so perfectly accords with my own experience, that I cannot allow myself to suppress it ; and it is the more valuable, I conceive, because it is given in his own unpremeditated words, taken down exactly as they were spoken :—

"In October, 1825, I saw Dr. Phelan in Dublin, immediately after he had succeeded to the living of Ardrea. It was the last opportunity I enjoyed of his confidential conversation. The sentiment uppermost in his mind was a lively sense of the goodness of Providence towards him. He introduced, of his own accord,—the mouth manifestly speaking out of the abundance of the heart,—the great cause he had for thankfulness ; expressed, with a look of thoughtful calmness, his gratitude at finding himself in a situation beyond his deserts, and fully equal to his desires ; and concluded by observing, that he had nothing more to wish for in this world, but had every reason to be contented and happy."

This is satisfactory : but, even if it could be collected, that Dr. Phelan considered himself a neglected man, and was discontented accordingly, we should be much more convinced than we are, that justice was done him by the dispensers of patronage, before we could bring ourselves to visit him with any very heavy censure. We regard church patronage as a sacred trust ; the abuse of which is, at least, as reprehensible as any other species of injus-

tice: and, while resignation is, no doubt, the duty of all those who feel, or who fancy themselves the victims of any such abuse, in proportion as their desire of professional distinction was pure and honourable, they will feel indignant at the injury which is thus, in their persons, inflicted both upon the church and the country.

There is, however, one distinguished individual by whom he was not neglected, the noble head of the Church of Ireland. That exalted prelate, who stands pre-eminent amongst his brethren for a wise and disinterested discrimination in the disposal of his patronage, early noticed, and never forsook him; and to his kindness he was indebted for much of the ease and the comfort which he enjoyed during the latter years of his life. There is one little anecdote in the memoir, so illustrative of the condescending and assiduous benevolence of the primate, that we cannot withhold it from the reader. When Dr. Phelan took his final departure from college, his circumstances were by no means easy. From the enjoyment of a fellowship, as a single man, he passed at once to the privations of a curacy, as a married one. This the primate knew, and accordingly "took an early opportunity of calling at the curate's humble residence; and, after some general conversation, delicately hinted at the expenses which must, almost inevitably, beset a new married man; expressing a hope, that he might be permitted to become his banker. Mr. Phelan, with very fervent acknowledgments, assured his grace, that he did not, at that time,

stand in need of any such assistance; but promised, that, should any emergency arise, he would, without hesitation, avail himself of it. The primate still persevered: 'You cannot,' said he, 'be aware how many demands on your purse must now be answered; Mrs. Phelan, too, must want several articles of comfort, which your present means may not be able to supply.' Mr. Phelan respectfully declared, 'that he was unconscious of any want, for which he was not already provided...' 'Come, Phelan,' says the Primate, 'you must want a horse.' The reply was, 'My lord, I have two.'... 'Well then,' his grace added, 'you will excuse my importunity...but...the remittance to your father—have you thought of that?' 'My lord,' said Phelan, the tears of gratitude in his eyes, 'I have not forgotten him; before leaving Dublin, I took care that he should not want.'

We leave this beautiful anecdote to tell for itself: and, assuredly, it is in no spirit of censoriousness that we say to our bishops, while yet we have a bench of bishops, "Go, and do ye likewise."

We now take leave of these volumes. We have derived from them delight and instruction. The name of the right reverend editor will, doubtless, of itself, secure to them a large portion of valuable patronage; but, in themselves, if we mistake not, they possess merits which must command the approbation of the wise and good, and obtain for them a place amongst the highest of our theologians.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.*

After a lapse of more than twenty years from the publication of a considerable portion of the historic anecdotes of the Union, Sir Jonah Barrington has, at last, thrown it before the public in a complete form. Sir Jonah is a consistent anti-unionist, and this work is designed as much, perhaps, to forward the repeal agitation, as to provide the means of existence to its talented but unfortunate author. In the latter object, we shall be glad to learn that it has been successful. With the merits of the Union question it is not now our intention to meddle: on that head we have already expressed, and shall have many opportunities of repeating our decided convictions. Laying that irritating question aside for the present, we turn to the historic anecdotes for amusement, and, as in every other work of its author, find it not wanting in a reasonable store of that commodity. The work is indeed, take it altogether, a curious and *characteristic* one—possessing considerable ability, and not free from a proportioned share of blemish, of which the ambitious mannerism of the style is, perhaps, the most striking. Another obvious fault in the work is, that it is too much of a portrait gallery, in which the pictures, though often painted with a dexterous pencil, are frequently too meretricious in their colouring to please a refined taste, and too numerous not to fatigue the attention, even if they had been the productions of a greater master. But, as we have already hinted, our object is not to criticise a work which, with all its faults, has merits to entitle it to a place in every gentleman's Irish historic library, as furnishing details of a great national event which cannot as yet be obtained from any other source. We shall, therefore, proceed at once to lay before our readers one of Sir Jonah's sketches; and that they may be able to judge for themselves of its truth, we select

one upon which they will find no difficulty in forming a correct opinion, for they are all more or less acquainted with the original. It is Sir Jonah's character of the Irish peasantry.

"The Irish peasantry, who necessarily composed the great body of the population, combined in their character many of those singular and repugnant qualities which peculiarly designate the people of different nations; and this remarkable contrariety of characteristic traits pervaded almost the whole current of their natural dispositions. Laborious, yet lazy—domestic, but dissipated—accustomed to wants in the midst of plenty—they submit to hardships without repining, and bear the greatest privations with stoic fortitude. The sharpest wit, and the shrewdest subtilty, which abound in the character of the Irish peasant, generally lie concealed under the semblance of dulness, or the appearance of simplicity; and his language, replete with the keenest humour, possesses an idiom of equivocation, which never fails successfully to evade a direct answer to an unwelcome question.

Inquisitive, artful, and penetrating, the Irish peasant learns mankind without extensive intercourse, and has an instinctive knowledge of the world, without mingling in its societies: and never, in any other instance, did there exist an illiterate and uncultivated people who could display so much address and so much talent in the ordinary transactions of life, as the Irish peasantry.

Too hasty or too dilatory in the execution of their projects, they are sometimes frustrated by their impatience and impetuosity: at other times they fail through their indolence and procrastination; and, without possessing the extreme vivacity of the French or the cool phlegm of the English character, they feel all the inconvenience of the one, and experience the disadvantages of the other.

* *Historic Memoirs of Ireland; comprising Secret Records of the National Convention, the Rebellion, and the Union.* By Sir Jonah Barrington. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1833.

In his anger, furious without revenge, and violent without animosity—turbulent and fantastic in his dissipation—ebriety discloses the inmost recesses of the Irish peasant's character. His temper irascible, but good-natured—his mind coarse and vulgar, yet sympathetic and susceptible of every impression—he yields too suddenly to the paroxysms of momentary impulse, or the seduction of pernicious example; and an implicit confidence in the advice of a false friend, or the influence of an artful superior, not unfrequently leads him to perpetrate the enormities of vice, while he believes he is performing the exploits of virtue.

The Irish peasant has, at all periods, been peculiarly distinguished for unbounded but indiscriminate hospitality, which, though naturally devoted to the necessities of a friend, is never denied by him even to the distresses of an enemy. To be in want or in misery, is the best recommendation to his disinterested protection: his food, his bed, his raiment, are equally the stranger's and his own; and, the deeper the distress, the more welcome is the sufferer to the peasant's cottage.

His attachment to his kindred and connexions are of the strongest nature. The social duties are intimately blended with the natural uncorrupted disposition of an Irish peasant; and though covered with rags, oppressed with poverty, and perhaps with hunger, the finest specimens of generosity and heroism are to be found in his singular but unequalled character.

A martial spirit and a love of desultory warfare is indigenous to the Irish people. Battle is their pastime:—whole parishes and districts form themselves into parties, which they denominate factions:—they meet, by appointment, at their country fairs;—there they quarrel without a cause, and fight without an object: and, having indulged their propensity and bound up their wounds, they return satisfied to their own homes, generally without anger, and frequently in perfect friendship with each other.—It is a melancholy reflection, that the successive governments of Ireland should have been so long and so obstinately blind to the real interest of the country, as to conceive it more expedient to attempt the fruitless task of suppressing the national spirit by legal severity,

than to adopt a system of national instruction and general industry, which, by affording employment to their faculties, might give to the minds of the people a proper tendency, and a useful and peaceable direction.

In general, the Irish are rather impetuously brave, than steadily persevering: their onsets are furious, and their retreats precipitate: but even death has for them no terrors, when they firmly believe that their cause is meritorious. Though exquisitely artful in the stratagems of warfare, yet, when actually in battle, their discretion vanishes before their impetuosity; and—the most gregarious people under heaven—they rush forward in a crowd with tumultuous ardour, and without foresight or reflection whether they are advancing to destruction or to victory.

An enthusiastic attachment to the place of their nativity is another striking trait of the Irish character, which neither time nor absence, prosperity nor adversity can obliterate or diminish. Wherever an Irish peasant was born, there he wishes to die; and, however successful in acquiring wealth or rank in distant places, he returns with fond affection to renew his intercourse with the friends and companions of his youth and his obscurity.

Illiterate and ignorant as the Irish peasantry are, they cannot be expected to understand the complicated theory and fundamental principles of civil government, and therefore are too easily imposed upon by the fallacious reasoning of insinuating agitators: but their natural political disposition is evidently aristocratic. From the traditional history of their ancient kings, their minds early imbibe a warm love of monarchy; while their courteous, civil, and humble demeanour to the higher orders of society proves their ready deference to rank, and their voluntary submission to superiority: and, when the rough and independent, if not insolent, address of the English farmer to his superiors is compared with the native humble courtesy of the Irish peasant, it would be the highest injustice to charge the latter with a natural disposition toward the principles of democracy.

An innate spirit of insubordination to the laws has been strongly charged upon the Irish peasantry: but an illiterate people—to whom the punishment of crimes appears rather as a sacrifice

to revenge than a measure of prevention—can never have the same deference to the law, as those who are instructed in the principles of justice, and taught to recognise its equality. It has, however, been uniformly admitted by every impartial writer on the affairs of Ireland, that a spirit of strict justice has ever characterised the Irish peasant. Convince him, by plain and impartial reasoning, that he is wrong; and he generally withdraws from the judgment-seat, if not with cheerfulness, at least with submission: but, to make him respect the laws, he must be satisfied that they are impartial; and, with that conviction on his mind, the Irish peasant is as perfectly tractable, as the native of any other country in the world.

An attachment to, and a respect for females is another marked characteristic of the Irish peasant. The wife partakes of all her husband's vicissitudes, and accompanies him on all his occasions:—they are almost inseparable. She watches over him in his dissipation: she shares his labour and his miseries, with constancy and with affection. At all the sports and meetings of the Irish peasantry, the women are always of the company: they have a great influence; and, in his smoky cottage, the Irish peasant, surrounded by his family, seems to forget all his privations. The natural cheerfulness of his disposition banishes reflection, and he experiences a simple happiness, which even the highest ranks of society might justly envy.

The miscellaneous qualities of the Irish character are marked and various. Peculiarly polite—passionately fond of noise and merriment—superstitious—bigoted—they are always in extremes; and, as Giraldus Cambrensis described them in the twelfth century, so they still continue,—“If an Irishman be a good man, there is no better: if he be a bad man, there is no worse.”

Upon the whole, this will probably not be regarded as an unfaithful portrait, though perhaps a *little* flattering. So its author himself considered it, shortly after it was written. We remember—alas! it is twenty years since—to have been at a cattle fair at Bangor Ferry with Sir Jonah, when two Irish jobbers, not having at the time much business on hand, were anxious for a little amusement—*pour passer le temps*—and challenged not

six, nor twenty, nor an hundred, but the whole fair to fight them; and the invitation not being accepted, they literally drove the said whole fair before them, making the peaceable and orderly Welshmen fly before their cudgels in all directions. Need we say that Sir Jonah was in raptures?—He swore that they were a noble pair of Irish blackguards, and with the characteristic generosity of our country, gave each of them a half crown for keeping up the honour of ould Ireland. On that occasion he observed,—“I have painted the character of those fellows, in my historic anecdotés, with a great deal of truth, though I believe a little too flatteringly—but that I could not help, for I love the rascals in my heart.” And so we are sure he did, and we honour him for so doing, for *we too were born Arcadians*, and we despise the man who has not a slight leaning towards the children of his native country. At all events, it would ill become Sir Jonah to want it, being himself as genuine a specimen of an Irishman as (using our own dear figurative idiom) ever stood in shoe leather. We shall never forget the very commendable avowal of this proper feeling, which we read a few years since, as a postscript to a newspaper advertisement from a tailor in Dorset-street. After recommending his goods, and his extraordinary skill, in the usual modest way, he added, “Nota-bene.—Particular attention paid to northern gentlemen, *being one himself!*” And so too, might Sir Jonah very properly add, particular attention paid to Irish characters—being one himself. Nor did the jobbers at the cattle fair more astonish the humbler natives by their *wild-Irish* characteristics than did Sir Jonah himself the Cambrian gentry, by his equally national, though more refined peculiarities. We met Sir Jonah a few days afterwards, at a dinner of the Beaumaris Hunt, at which, but for him, the entertainments would have passed off as quiet and grave as the Bangor fair in the absence of the jobbers; for of all men under the sun, the Welshmen have the least fun in themselves, though, as we found, they can laugh at it in others. Sir Jonah, however, contrived by his singular mirth, wit, and humour, to break down all their gentlemanly gravity and solemn taciturnity, and kicked

up such a row of outrageous merriment as we will venture to swear the Welshmen never enjoyed before or since. "Who is this extraordinary and delightful fellow?" the astonished Cambrians enquired of us—and their wonder was in no degree diminished when we answered "Sir Jonah Barrington—an Irish judge!"

Nor was our own astonishment much less than theirs, when, after the Welsh Nimrods had been boasting (in their cups) to Sir Jonah of the rare merits of *their* dogs and horses, he proposed a wager of five pounds, that his own man Pat would in the hunt on the following day keep the lead of all their

dogs and horses *on foot*, and whip up the hares before them. The wager was accepted. "Pat, my boy," said Sir Jonah to his man, on the following morning going out to the hunt, "wont you keep up the honour of our country?" "By my soul, I will," says Pat, and Sir Jonah won—for the man was in every way worthy of the master—a dashing well-made Irish boy, about five feet ten inches, and possessing in full perfection that characteristic peculiarity which Fynes Morrisson, the historian, ascribed to our countrymen above two hundred years ago, namely—"excelling in *footmanship* all other nations."

HENRI ARNAUD AND THE VAUDOIS AT THE PASS OF SALABERTRAND.

(GILLY'S NARRATIVE.)

Courage, oh! friends—we are not quite alone,
On our steep path above the smiles of earth
Gloriously met, and beautifully shone,
Through sudden darkness, bursting into birth
Like stars that gather o'er a tropic night,
That constellation of sublimer light.

Is one sound music from a single chord
Of some rich instrument :—how mightier far
Their blending majesty, their full accord,
Startled from silence, as we Christians are,
Over whose souls the breath of God has past,
As o'er Eolian strings, the free and chainless blast.

But more to us than all the stars of heaven—
More than the Cross which tropic skies can boast—
And more than music, though its voice be given,
The trumpet's pride, is this our Country's host;
Upon whose eyes a more resplendent Cross
Has beamed, and turned the very stars to dross.

Oh! noblest phalanx!—We were faint of heart;
The words of Christ were blotted by our tears:
But now we blush that ever fear had part
In faith like ours, which thus its front upcars.

Pure, dazzling, dauntless in the fiery hour—
The world is trembling—clouds of blackness lower—
The nation's reel—but, thanks to God, we stand
Amid our righteous few—our own, our mountain band.

E. M. H.

MY UNCLE'S MSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

September, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR—I had an uncle, who was a man of strong and refined feeling. He was in the habit of noting down and commenting upon matters which from time to time affected him, and when he died, the MSS. fell into my hands. I may, perhaps, at some future time give you a further account of him, for he was a singular and excellent character. I have not touched the following notes which I found among his papers, more than in one place to add a few particulars, learned from other sources, and which serve, in some degree, to give a connected form to the whole. They bear this substantial recommendation, that they present a *picture of real life*. Under necessary disguise, the story is true. Hundreds can attest the accuracy of the leading facts. I myself can answer for some of them; and I send you the melancholy recital for the same reason that my uncle wrote it, viz. the hope that it may be productive of good to others.

I shall no longer occupy your time with any preliminary observations of mine, but at once subscribe myself,

My dear Sir, sincerely yours,

ADVENA.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd;
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O! let it not be held,
 Poor womens' faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With mens' abuses! these proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame."

SHAKESPEARE.

April, 18—

I cannot account for the Autumnal effect which opening Spring has upon my mind. I no sooner see nature rearing itself up from its wintry torpor; animals vivifying and quickening into gladness; vegetation bursting, as it were, from every pore; the blast relaxing into the breeze, and the fountains of waters loosed, and once more at large o'er the plain, than it begins to droop—to close upon itself like an evening flower, and to assume all the morbid hues of melancholy. As I stroll out into the genial sun at this time of year, I am unconsciously drawn from scenes which might tend to cheer and enliven, away to the most retired recesses, where there is yet some gloom lurking, and towards some sequestered nook, or through the shade of the thickening wood, or, it may be, past

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the deepening green of the upland towards the bare hill beyond, do I bend my steps, my mind sinking under the weight of feelings almost undefinable to myself, and wholly indescribable to others. They may be compared to the exhaustion of heart produced by the presence of a companion, whose spirits are in a state of excitation unattainable by one's self, and may, perhaps, be similarly accounted for. It is in vain that every thing laughs around me; I cannot participate in the universal rejuvenescence of nature. Man is not clothed again with the freshness of youth, as the grass upon which he treads heavier every year. The sun has come round and once more looked kindly upon all things, and has seen no change upon him, but the slow, scarce perceptible, deepening of the furrow on his brow

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and the thinning and whitening of the hairs upon his head. There is, in fact, no sympathy with spring in one the spring of whose life is past, and hence it is, that its obtrusive gaiety is so overpowering to me. I have detected myself in tears in the very hey-day of the youthful year, as I have sat and listened to the glad hum of numberless insects, and the chirping of birds, and seen the bright sun opening the flowers, and the "work of gladness" going on cheerily on the earth, and yet I have scarcely been able to discover what affected me. Scene after scene of my life has appeared like a dream before me, and the shades of the pictures were deep, and the lights dim, and sad I felt as each came up and as it went away. They represented a variety of hopes and wishes, and longings, all indulged in turn, and all unavailing, till at last the tints of disappointment began to deepen through the colouring. Earlier scenes brought before me many actors, young, happy, and affectionate, and still as each was shifted, the personages were fewer, and the performance more tragic. I have turned away from the sight, lest I should find myself at last alone upon the stage, the survivor of all that endeared existence to me. I have more than once discovered myself thus analyzing my recollections back to the remotest period of consciousness, and opening up the several eras of my life with an overwrought anxiety. Every *stratum* (if I may use the expression) was peopled with its own peculiar remains. The hopes, fears, accidents and incidents of childhood—the vigour and adventure of youth—the schemes and action of manhood—I might go farther, the retirement and retrospect of more advanced life, all have passed in funeral procession before me—all beyond recall or correction—all marked more or less distinctly with the traces of by-gone animation. Oh! could I teach the lesson that I have gained by adversity to the young and thoughtless amongst men, without subjecting them to my instructress, the experience of an irrevocable life. But I can scarcely find sympathy in such reflections as these, nor do I seek for more than to excuse their sombre hue, by pleading a long and severe illness, which has considerably shaken my body, and a little circumstance which occurred to me yesterday, and which has had an un-

usual effect upon my mind; it brought back to my memory some events that had much affected me at the time they happened, and which I consider too interesting and too instructive to be forgotten. For you, my dear nephew, are designed the notes of those things which impressed me with so lively a regret, and when you shall see them among my *posthumous* papers, you will remember many of the circumstances that had affected you when yet a boy, and may be pleased to find some additional particulars with which you were unacquainted, detailed by one, who was himself too much "a part" of the melancholy story he relates, to allow them ever to be disregarded or forgotten. May you profit by what I am about to write, the record of events so fraught with instruction to youth, as those you have partially been acquainted with; and may you find emulation as well as interest excited, while you weep over the few last scenes in the holy life of Elizabeth Hamilton.

I had taken advantage of an unusually mild air to prolong my ramble yesterday evening, and with the last rays of the sun I found myself at the church-yard of K—. I was glad to sit down awhile upon a tombstone within the roofless walls of the chapel, to rest from the fatigue which my extended walk occasioned me, weakened as I was by long-continued illness. The little building, within the precincts of which I had seated myself, had been one of those domestic places of devotion, which the piety or superstition of our warlike ancestors had attached so frequently to their places of strength, and the disjointed fragments of a keep at some little distance, pointed out the chieftains' abode while alive, as the armorial bearings upon some of the oldest amongst the numerous grave-stones around, were indicative of the place their remains occupied after their death. The walls of the sacred building were completely enveloped in the most luxuriant ivy, and the aged trees of the church-yard without nearly formed a natural roof above my head. A deep shadow was thus cast upon the stones, which, some of them nearly hid as they lay, some rearing themselves amidst the rank weeds, now nearly filled the deserted aisle. I was here surrounded by friends. There, under that nameless slab, was the old Doctor of the village.

I had followed him here years ago; and here he still slept. Here were C—— and his wife side by side. Their son had raised the stone, with an humble, affectionate, devout inscription. I went round with my eyes from grave to grave, and held converse with the spirits of those with whom I had been familiar; they were waiting there for me to take, probably, at no

very distant period, my place amidst the silent congregation in God's house; my heart was touched, and I was stooping through the low-arched doorway to return home, when my eye was caught by a name upon a newly cut head-stone immediately outside, on which the light fell strongly, and which was raised above a grave I knew well. The inscription was simply this—

HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
ELIZABETH HAMILTON,
WHO DIED
THE 2ND OF SEPTEMBER, 18—,
AGED 18 YEARS.

If any thing were wanting to affect my spirits with more painful poignancy, it was a glance at that head-stone. I returned home, musing upon the sad and severe lot of humanity, and as I sat by my solitary fire-side in the evening, I followed up the chain of my recollections through all the circumstances connected with the death of the daughter of my friend Edward Hamilton, so as to have a sufficiently distinct view of them to commit them to writing.

The first day I remember to have seen the gifted creature, who now lies in the church-yard of K——, was a Sunday: I was returning along a bye-way from the village-church to my dwelling, when I heard from the cottage of Mr. Hamilton, near an angle of which my path led me, a sound like that of low groaning; and as I approached, mingled screams and bursts of hysteric laughter—of alarming violence. With some trepidation I crossed the small green to the door of the house, and knocked with the head of my stick, but for some time without effect. In the mean while the sounds, which seemed to proceed from a chamber on the left, still continued, but mixed, as I thought, with a soothing under voice. At last, a female domestic appeared at the door, with marks of watching and fatigue on her countenance, and would have excluded me at once, but on my insisting upon knowing the cause of the distressing exclamations I had heard, and informing her of my acquaintance with Mr. Hamilton, she told me that his wife was suffering under a severe fever, and was at present in a delirium. To my inquiries, as to whose care she was under, (for Mr. Hamilton was ab-

sent,) she replied, that the '*old woman*' of the village alone attended her, as the Doctor had not been in the neighbourhood for some time, and all other aid was expensive and remote. Some smattering of medical information which a long residence in the country had naturally given me, prompted me to enquire what treatment the sufferer had received, and finding that the grossest errors were apparent in her management, I felt it my duty to enter the house at once, and see what could be done before it should be too late. Accordingly, having explained my object and intention to the servant, I stole on tip-toe to the door of the apartment whence I had heard the sounds to issue, and softly opened it; the Summer's sun shone in with a brightness scarcely diminished by passing through the thin white curtains of the little windows and the equally transparent hangings of the bed, and displayed the form of a female of middle age, emaciated to a strange degree, tossing incessantly to and fro upon it. She was clothed in a white night-dress—her cap was torn off, and her long, bright-brown hair was tangled about her neck and shoulders, partially showing a face lighted up to the deepest scarlet; her sunken eye was burning with unnatural lustre, and rolled about from object to object with all the unearthly *meaning* of insanity; her white and wasted fingers grasped at the bed-clothes, as if to tear them off, and she screamed at intervals incoherent sentences, seemingly addressed in upbraids and menaces to the slight and fragile creature who, placed upon the farther side of the bed with her, seemed endeavouring to soothe her by

the tenderest offices of endearment. This young attendant appeared scarcely fifteen years of age, and the dark locks that hung neglected over her forehead, and partially concealed her pallid but beautiful countenance as she bent over the sufferer, formed a striking contrast with the light hair and burning cheek beneath. One hand was buried in the depth of the pillow under the maniac's head, and the other was employed in preventing her frantic endeavours with the gentlest violence, or in her intervals of quiet, touching her cheek and forehead, as if to transmit some of its marble whiteness to their crimson flush. I remarked at these moments of stillness that the poor girl's hand trembled violently, and that her whole frame was apparently labouring under nervous excitement. She drew her breath with effort, and her lips were apart and pale. In short, the whole scene, viewed as it was in a distinct and ardent light, was singularly and awfully interesting, and I could not help fancying the being I have been describing, a guardian angel, endeavouring to expel from the mortal given it in charge the evil spirit with which it was tormented,—so heavenly were its accents and attitude, and so possess the whole demeanour of the delirious woman.

The girl raised her face, and when she saw me, at first stared in astonishment; but in a moment or two sprung from the bed, hurried me by the arm out of the room, and in a voice almost inarticulate, exclaimed, "*You did not hear it?*"

On my professing ignorance of what she meant, her manner became less troubled.

"Oh, Mr. M——, do something for her, for God's sake! She is frightfully wild!" and she burst into a kind of sob, which she checked in a moment.

"Have you no one to prescribe for her?" I inquired.

"No one—no one—she is left here alone. Dr. ——, having seen her once in the beginning, left the country, and my father is away, and I—what am I? Here she is dying *alone*. Oh, Mr. M——, is there any hope? Do you think any thing can save her? Mother,—dear mother,—to see you thus!" and the poor girl buried her head in her hands.

I felt moved with compassion, and

telling her that she should not be long without assistance, at the same time advising her to leave to the nurse the charge of the invalid, and to take the rest which she seemed so much to require, I hurried home, and getting upon a horse of all works, which had been left, according to my directions, to rest during Sunday in the stable, I set off at a round pace for the town of ——, ten miles off, where I knew a medical man of some skill resided.

As I was ascending a hill a few miles out of ——, a stage-coach whirled past me, crowded with passengers, and surrounded by an atmosphere of dust. I closed my eyes as it flew by, but opened them when I heard myself addressed with, "Mr. M——, I'm delighted to see you." It was Mr. Hamilton on his way home. I turned about as speedily as I could, and endeavoured to spur my homely animal to overtake the vehicle, which was hurried down the long slope at the full speed of the horses, but in vain. A cloud of dust alone marked where it had been. I called, but to no purpose; and I was obliged to continue my way, with the melancholy reflection that in a little time the high spirits of my sanguine friend would be miserably damped. From the appearance of Mrs. Hamilton, I thought there was little hope of her recovery, and I could scarcely reflect on the overstrained anxiety of her delicate looking daughter without alarm for the ultimate consequences. What a gloomy prospect was before the father! He was a singular character. He had possessed the advantages of a respectable birth and a competent fortune, and his education had been liberal and expensive; but unhappily his talents, which were considerable, and a sprightly and agreeable manner, had in his instance played the part they have so often done, and shed a cloud over those prospects which they were calculated to brighten. His love of society, consequent on the love of society for him, induced habits of idleness and expense. After he had been married for some time, his affairs became embarrassed—his conduct broke loose from restriction—he became attached to a foreigner of noted beauty—had recourse to expedients to supply his extravagance, and some transactions of which I never could learn the exact

nature, but which banished him from his country, completed his ruin. He appeared in my neighbourhood several years before, with his wife and daughter, the recluse tenant of a poor cottage. For a long period I knew nothing of him, but having casually met him at the neighbouring market town, and entered into conversation with him, I found so much in him to interest and attract attention, that I at last thought myself quite justified in having him occasionally at my table. This was invariably when I was quite alone, for he never would enter into any society there, nor did he ever appear willing to see any of the persons of the neighbourhood at his house. All attempts at familiarity by those of his own *apparent* station he repulsed with ill-concealed contempt, and the overtures of those of a higher class he politely declined, except in my instance, and even then with the qualification I have mentioned annexed. As for his wife and child, the length of time they had remained in seclusion, and the apparent desire of the former, who had long been an invalid, to remain so, added to the total silence of Mr. Hamilton himself respecting them, had by degrees so completely removed them from observation, that they were at last almost forgotten by those of the neighbours who had any business of their own to attend to; and, for my part, I had so long overlooked them, that although the girl recognised me when her mother's sufferings had drawn me to the house, I did not remember ever to have seen her till that morning. I was glad when I was able to induce Mr. Hamilton to pass an evening with me; for in spite of a levity of manner which he had sometimes a difficulty to suppress, there was such an irresistible charm in his conversation, and he possessed so much variety in his information, that he had by this time advanced very far in my regard, strengthened as it was by my interest in the mysterious seclusion in which he had lived, and above all, by the uniform propriety of his conduct during the length of time I had known him. In one of his conversations with me, he had let me into his own affairs so far as to tell me that the progressive improvement observable in his circumstances, was owing to the application of his talents where he thought they were calculated to be

of use to him; namely, by contributing to the leading periodical of his own country, Scotland. By this means he was enabled to add annually to his comforts, and even to lay by a little store for future emergencies. He had some years before left the poor habitation to which he had at first retired, and since that time had been dwelling in the cottage I have mentioned,—a dwelling by no means destitute of comfort, or even of rural beauty. In appearance he was graceful and well proportioned, and his manners were courteous and easy. His youth was long passed. His snow-white hair would have argued far advanced age, to those who were not aware that early anxiety had there anticipated the work of time. In short, I think I am justified in repeating what I set out by saying, that he was a singular and interesting character. He had been absent from the cottage about a fortnight that Sunday, being the first time he had slept out of it since he occupied it. Would that he had never quitted its humble roof!

My predictions were verified. Mrs. Hamilton expired on the third day after I had seen her, despite of all that the ingenuity and skill of Dr. — could devise for her relief. I was one of the very few who attended her funeral. Mr. Hamilton did not appear; and I was told by the servant who had given me admission on the day I saw his wife for the last time, that his grief was of the most violent description. He sobbed aloud, beat his breast, and, to use her own words, was nigh at his wit's end. On the next Sunday but one after the funeral, I saw the widower and orphan walk up the aisle of our parish church, and enter their accustomed seat. They were both in the deepest mourning. Mr. Hamilton was composed, and seemed to have in a great measure overcome the first poignancy of his grief; but of the appearance of his daughter I was not able to judge for some time, as she was strictly veiled, and never once raised her head during the service. I observed from the first indeed, with pain, the same nervous tremor which had attracted my attention on a former occasion, but it was not until we were leaving the church that I had an opportunity of seeing her face. Ashy, ashy pale indeed it was. Lips, forehead, and cheek,

all partook of the same hue, and her eyes shone large and lustrous. The strange contrast formed by her skin with the raven blackness of her hair and the hearse-like trimmings of her bonnet, forced itself upon my notice, and as I raised my eyes to the clear whiteness of a slab inserted in a black marble monument immediately above where she sat, I was struck with the resemblance between the record of mortality and her that now so deeply mourned its effects, and could scarcely repress a tear as I felt the conviction that both were marked equally distinctly and legibly with the characters of death!

I accompanied them on their walk home, and on the way used every exertion to keep the conversation upon such subjects as might divest the mind of the girl from the one idea that seemed so entirely to engross it, and give a stimulus to her exhausted energies; and in this endeavour I was assisted by her father,—but all to no purpose. She dragged her limbs listlessly along, occasionally sighing deeply, and her thoughts were evidently far away from the topic of our discourse. As we drew towards the cottage, she became almost wholly unable to support herself, and hung a dead weight upon our arms as she walked between us, and scarcely had she entered the vestibule when she fell senseless on the ground. We bore her to her chamber and administered what restoratives were at hand, but it was long before she gave any signs of returning animation. When she was a little recovered, she thanked us for our services with emotion, and as we saw that repose was necessary for her, we left her in the care of a servant, and returned to the parlour.

As soon as we were alone, I counselled my friend to send instantly for Dr. —, (the physician who had attended her mother,) as the poor girl seemed to me to be in a state more alarming than the circumstances of her long watching and deep grief for her mother would account for. “Alas, Sir,” said the father, “I know not what to do. Her disease seems to spring more from the mind than the body. She sits for hours in the room where my poor Ellen died, without uttering a word, refusing all attendance, and evading or repelling inquiries.”

“All this,” replied I, “is proof of disease.”

“Not of one to be reached by medical skill, I fear,” said he, “though I have anticipated your suggestion, having sent this very morning to — for Dr. —, who has let me know that he will be here this evening. I dread his arrival, for I fear he cannot get at the root of the malady.”

“But wherefore,” interrupted I, “do you dwell on this. Has she any secret grief?”

“Nay, I know not,” said he, hurriedly, “but—”

I saw at once there *was* something concealed, and did not push my inquiries any farther.

“Might not change of scene be of use?” said I, anxious to appear unconscious of his embarrassment.

“I meant to speak to you on that very subject, my kind friend,” said Mr. Hamilton, appearing relieved by the transition. “I have this very morning had a letter from a sister of mine, who resides in Scotland, and who wrote immediately on receiving the melancholy intelligence that I communicated to her, in which she requests to have my daughter with her for the rest of the summer, adding that she is quite ready for her reception, as soon as ever she can complete the little arrangements for her departure.”

“You need not have sent for Dr. —,” said I. “The best prescription in the world for her, in my mind, is your sister’s, and I trust that you will not lose a moment in complying with her request.”

Mr. Hamilton was silent a moment or two, and then taking my hand in his, with an appearance of the greatest candour said, “My excellent friend, why should I hide from you my feelings? My sister moves in a sphere of life to which I have been long, and my daughter always a stranger, and there are difficulties in the way.”

“Nay, Mr. Hamilton,” I interrupted with vehemence, “any expenses incurred—” I was mistaken.

“No, no, Sir. I am able myself to meet the trifling outlay; and were I not. I think I could apply to you as a generous friend, without hesitation; but I love my daughter, and pride myself in her; and I could not bear to think —. In short, my sister’s society is of the highest class in Scotland—my

daughter's has been that of a country village in Ireland—no, I am wrong, for she never associated in it; but still—

“But what?” exclaimed I impatiently. “She is scarcely yet past her childhood. She has every natural grace—”

“And some acquired information, it is true,” added her father. “I have been at pains to instil some of the little store of knowledge I possess into her ready and powerful mind. She has read much and understood well. I fear her not on that score; but—”

“That *but* again,” I exclaimed. “I cannot yet understand what you mean.”

“Why, the little elegancies—the case—the nameless *manière d'être* which hangs so gracefully, though so undefineably, around the manners and conversation of those accustomed to polished society, are unknown to my daughter,—and I fear lest she may feel herself, or, what is worse, be felt to be out of her sphere; and the bare possibility of my poor child's being the object of the disguised sneer, so well understood and so frequently exercised upon the intruder into fashionable life, causes me to look upon my delicate Lizzy's removal with apprehension.”

I could not help thinking the cause for so much apparent apprehension rather slight, and I fancied I could observe that under all this mask of sincerity the fair face of truth still lay concealed; but it was not my business to enter upon farther inquiry. Before I left Hamilton, however, I prevailed on him to promise that he would not oppose his daughter's inclinations on the subject, whatever they might be (for he had not yet communicated to her the purport of the letter); and when at last I shook him cordially by the hand, it was with a promise to call as soon as my business would permit me, and learn his determination.

An unexpected absence from home prevented me from calling at the cottage as I had intended, and the next intelligence I received from thence was, that Elizabeth Hamilton had set out for Mrs. Stuart's seat in —shire.

* * * *

A long period elapsed, carrying with it the changes which time has ever borne, and will ever bear upon its

silent wing. Three years had gone over, and during that time I had heard but few and imperfect accounts of Mr. Hamilton's daughter; and for the last twelvemonth had lost sight of her altogether. This may appear strange to those who are not aware of the fearful relapse of my degraded friend himself. She had departed only a few months, when the neighbourhood was filled with rumours of a “strange lady” being seen at the cottage, and with surmises which were, alas! but too painfully verified when it came to be notorious that a female of more than suspicious character had been brought by him to his cottage, and was now living in a state of criminal intimacy with him under its roof. I could scarcely credit the account when I first heard it, but was convinced of its truth, when one day happening to approach him on a road not far from my house, as he walked with a female whom I had never before seen, instead of addressing me with his usual cordiality, he drew her arm suddenly within his, turned down a bye-path, and kept his face steadily averted from me until he was beyond the reach of recognition. The fact was too apparent. I was shocked beyond what I can express, particularly as I was almost his only acquaintance in the neighbourhood, and had so frequently enlarged upon his good qualities to the gentry around. The humbler classes were loud in their triumph; for they had long looked upon his proud seclusion with a jealous eye. They hinted that the time of his absence before the death of his wife was passed with this “strange lady,” and that the fever of which she died was much aggravated, if not mainly produced by her anxiety of mind, consequent upon his unprincipled conduct towards her. “So all the objections of this unnatural parent to his daughter's departure,” I mentally exclaimed, “so plausibly put forward, and so affectionately urged, were but deception after all, and he only waited till she had given him an opportunity to shut the door on her for ever! Can such villainy exist in the heart of an enlightened man!”

I studiously avoided meeting him, for I could scarcely repress my indignation whenever I beheld him, and it was from other sources that I learned from time to time of his daughter's

being still with her aunt—of all she had suffered when she found that she was now completely orphaned—and subsequently of her progressive improvement in health. The good natured woman who had lived with her having changed her residence to another village, my information respecting her ended, and my mind so completely gave place to other objects and other interests, that latterly I was in the habit of passing the cottage where her degraded father had shut himself up, without more than a transient thought, or perhaps a sigh, as I remembered the past state of that house, and contrasted it with its present altered condition.

One morning, however, in the third summer after the events I set out by narrating had occurred, being on my return from England, where I had been visiting for a few months, as I was walking past the cottage on my way from the public road, I could not help remarking that some creepers and rose-bushes, which, ever since Miss Hamilton's absence, were left to

straggle neglected about the weedy parterre, had been raised from the earth, pruned with care, and once more nailed to the old trellis-work against the wall of the house. The little plant, too, had been cleared of the rank growth that had so long choked what remained of the garden plants; and I observed as I approached nearer, that the lattice which, at but a few feet from the ground, looked from what had been Miss Hamilton's parlour upon it, was open, and that a few flower-pots were ranged upon the sunny ledge outside. I felt a thrill through me that I cannot describe, and was hastening forward towards the garden wicket to examine more particularly the alterations I have been describing, when the notes of a guitar proceeding from within arrested my progress. I was to be forgiven if I concealed myself behind a few bushes while the following words were sung to that touchingly simple air, '*Je l'ai planté,*' and accompanied by a few chords of the guitar—

Sweet plant of Love! I've watched it springing—
The rose-tree, whence the amorous bird,
Beneath my lonely lattice singing
So oft from yonder branch is heard.

Ah, happy birds! your love's requited—
Then pity me, and sing no more;—
He in whose voice *my* soul delighted
Has left me for a foreign shore.

There was a pause—and I thought I heard a deep sigh. At last the strain continued—

Far in the West his fortune wooing,
He quits these arms, and death defies;
Ah, wherefore o'er the wave pursuing
Wealth, that here forsaken lies?

The music ceased altogether. I do believe that it is when unconscious of an audience, only, that a singer can throw true nature into a melody, or, as it were, set the soul to music, and pour it out upon the voice. So much feeling I certainly never had heard displayed in the expression of words or music before. It was indeed *heart-breaking*, for I have no other word adequate to explain its effect on me at the time. Some minutes elapsed before I could compose myself sufficiently to advance to the gate. She saw me as I lifted the latch (for it was indeed *she*), and running back from the win-

dow with a cry of surprise, appeared the next moment at the cottage door, and met me in the flower-knot before it with a smile of joy and recognition so heavenly, that it seemed to melt away the tear that still trembled in her eye. I thought I had never seen any thing human so lovely. Her faultless features were lighted up with the hues of the rose, and glowed with animation and feeling. Her hair, which she had formerly been in the habit of wearing drawn, Madonna-like, back from her face, now flowed in dark and luxuriant curls from her alabaster forehead. Her figure had attained the *Medicean* pro-

portions of womanhood, while it retained the same character of slightness which had characterized it when I last saw her, and was set off by the delicately plain muslin dress that folded around it. But my dear nephew will smile as he observes his old uncle becoming unusually animated on the sub-

ject of Miss Hamilton's charms. Alas! a *lustre* of my life more advanced than Horace's is indeed trembling to a close, and yet when she burst upon my sight that morning, I could not help experiencing indescribably beforehand, what has since been written, as I felt

"My changing cheek, my sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness!"

I really was overcome, and *awed* in the presence of so beautiful a being.

I need scarcely say, however, that my embarrassment was but momentary. Indeed it could not last long before the unaffected and respectful cordiality with which she expressed her pleasure at seeing me again, and invited me into her little parlour. I felt some reluctance at first to enter the house, as I was totally ignorant of the circumstances of her return, and had no wish to meet Mr. Hamilton; but it was impossible to withstand the affectionate urgency of her invitation, and I accordingly allowed myself to be conducted into her rustic boudoir. I found it adorned with many little elegancies. The guitar lay near the window, where she had hastily thrown it down on her first recognition of me; on some shelves were several volumes, which I afterwards observed consisted of some of the best authors, as well Foreign as English; the table was strewn with rice paper and a few letters,—and upon it, near her chair, stood a small white vase, of the most graceful mould of early Greece, with some flowers wreathed upon it, which I at first took to be of the same *alabaster-looking* material as itself, but which I soon discovered by the fragments around were shaped out of the rice paper, and placed upon it by her own hands.

When the surprise of our first meeting had a little subsided, and I had leisure to regard her with more attention, I perceived that the colour which had so struck me at first had utterly faded away from her face, and that the most perfect and marble paleness had taken its place. "Alas, alas!" I mentally exclaimed, as I marked a visible and almost audible pulsation of her heart, "and are the hopes I had begun to entertain, groundless after all! Is that which I took for the carnation of

life, the hectic of death;—and is the messenger of fate knocking so loudly at the door of her heart, that he can no longer be concealed or withstood! How fearful to behold thus blighted the fairest of nature's works in the beauty of its spring!" Such was the burthen of the sigh that forced itself from my inmost heart as the melancholy truth became apparent to me. I spoke of the song,—again the crimson mantled in her cheeks.

"You did not surely overhear that foolish little air,—or rather, those words? Had I been aware of an audience," she continued, blushing still deeper, "I should not have ventured beyond the original, but——"

I interrupted her by a warm eulogium upon her performance, remarking at the same time, that the words were only applicable to a very peculiar situation. She sighed, and changed the conversation to Scotland. Mrs. Stuart she spoke of in the warmest terms of affection. She had been to her every thing that was kind and considerate, and had taken her a summer to France and Italy, after she had previously shown her the romantic beauties of her own country. Every thing that was worthy of observation had been exhibited and explained. The best instructors that Scotland, and subsequently the Continent could produce, were had, to inform her in those studies and accomplishments in which she perceived her to be deficient, (for the poor girl was very frank with me), and nothing was omitted that could tend to be pleasing or advantageous to her. "In short," continued she, "I owe a debt of gratitude to my dear aunt which it will never be in my power to repay. She has made up to me, as far as was in her power, for the loss of every thing. Oh, could I but show my gratitude! But I fear my wish is scarcely attainable."

"But the wish itself," said I, "is the highest meed that a feeling mind could desire; it is the stream as well as the source, not stagnating at the fountain of the heart, but continually flowing towards its object in tenderness and kind offices."

"She wished me to remain with her," continued Miss Hamilton, "but my father——" She paused—a tear stood in her eye, but I knew not how to relieve her. She continued, "No sooner was there a home for me, than I felt it my duty to return to it." (Then, thought I, he *has* opened the door at last, and put away the abomination from him.) "Oh, that blessed illness!" she exclaimed, "how healthful a gale blows upon us from the grave."

"The grave, Miss Hamilton! has he been ill?"

"Then have you not heard of the sickness of my father?—but how could you? Of course, you shunned him. But now, my dear Sir, if you knew how he is down to the earth—altered—altered, indeed!—a new life begun, and, I trust, likely to be followed up to the grave!"

I told her of my absence in England, and my being now only on my return home, which accounted for my not having heard any thing that had lately happened in the neighbourhood. "Happy, indeed, am I," I continued to say, "to find that such a blessed change has taken place in my absence, and the young friend in whom I formerly took such an interest again returned to her home and happiness.—But your father, how is he now?"

"Alas! were you to behold him now, you would scarcely recognise him. Oh! Sir, do see him, if it were but to say that you forgive him; bitter as were his feelings, he has incessantly cried, that the cup of his degradation was not full until he felt that you were estranged from him; he needs comfort—believe me he does, and you know not what a kind look from you might do;—Oh! had you seen him when I arrived." And she wept aloud.

"Be assured," said I, with emotion, "that I shall be ready to receive the reformed wanderer as cordially as ever."

"But meet him more than half-way, my dear Mr. M——, or he will sink under it." With every assurance that I would do all in my power, I could

scarcely comfort the poor girl, who sobbed and wept in the most heart-broken manner.

"You must—you *must* aid me in my holy duty; I will watch him along the deepening shade of his evening journey, as long as I have strength for the task, and then I look to you."

I became more affected; and it was with the fervour of the deepest sympathy that I exclaimed, "Yes, virtuous creature, kindly—affectionately will I welcome back the friend that I had lost, and faithfully and zealously will I execute the charge that you have committed to me. Would to God that his easy spirit had never become the dupe of those that wound about it, but to crush its happiness!"

"Speak not of them, I beseech you, Sir!" she exclaimed in an altered tone.

"Yes, Miss Hamilton," said I, eager to give her some comfort, "I must be just—I have heard more, perhaps than you of the artifices practiced upon his early affections by that Italian serpent——"

"Hold—hold! I charge you, hold!" shrieked the frenzied girl—"no more, in God's name!" and she fell back on the sofa, her face pale as ashes, and her breast heaving—"no, no, enough—I believe it all, but—I cannot *hear* it!"

I was dreadfully alarmed, and was about to call for assistance, when she rose, and with an altered voice and manner prevented me from doing so, saying, "I am calm now; you must know all. You see before you a creature, unworthy even of the humble place where she dwells, an outcast, branded with infamy and disgrace."

"Gracious heaven, what can she mean!" was my mental ejaculation, as I listened and turned pale—"no, no, *that* is impossible!"

"You have seen," she continued, "the sainted creature, over whose dying bed I was watching when you were drawn aside to behold her sufferings. I was suffering then too. She was mad—but she had just told me the TRUTH!—aye, you remember her features—her complexion—were they as *mine*?" and she tore back the raven tresses from her forehead. "No, no, northern—*northern*, what are *these*?—but you understand. The thing you describe—the artificial, designing thing—the Italian *serpent* that coiled round the heart of your friend

to sting it to destruction—aye, she—*she was my mother!*

I spoke not. She continued; “you are horrified—you despise—you loathe me. Could you but feel as I felt; to hold the idol of my childhood’s affections in my arms—to tend her day after day—to watch by her, and to pray for her as *mother*, and to be at last spurned from her with the cry ‘*I never bore you!*’”

“But,” said I, “quite overwhelmed by the violence of the girl, ‘might not her delirium —’”

“I was on my knees to my father when he arrived that hour, and in this very chamber did I demand to know my parent. He fell back and refused to speak; then *she was not my mother*—that was enough—I afterwards wrung the truth from him, enquired out all, and *proved* myself the base-born object of scorn that you see me.”

I felt that I must interrupt her. “Your feelings on this subject are overwrought—my dear Miss Hamilton, believe me they are. The shock must have been severe, and I can only excuse myself for touching now upon so painful a subject by pleading previous ignorance; but you, with your excellent mind, ought to consider that misfortunes that occur without our own culpability should not be allowed to settle so deep in the mind as your’s seem to have done.”

“From that moment, Mr. M——, my thread of life was spun—my days were numbered. I knew it from the first, and you must have perceived it before now.”

Alas! I could not deny it.

“I have that within which will leave me but a brief space of suffering.”

“Nay, say not so, my dear Miss Hamilton!” I exclaimed, while the tears gushed from my eyes, “I trust there may be yet in store for you many days of virtuous contentment at least, if not happiness.” I spoke against my belief.

“No, Sir, you *think* not so; I do not *hope* it:—dear dear mother, for *mother* I must yet call thee, I shall not be long from thee! One duty remains on earth, to minister to the returning spirit of my father; when that is performed, I am prepared to meet thee.”

I felt quite unequal to see her father then, even if he had been in the cot-

tage, so, pressing the wretched girl’s hand, while the tears started into my eyes, I hurried home in a state of mind, which is more easily imagined than described.

When I arrived I found the neighbourhood full of the happy change at the cottage, and the return of Miss Hamilton to Ireland. The illness of the father had been indeed almost “unto death;” and the clergyman of the parish it was who had given it the blessed turn it had taken in his reformation. Every one was interested for the lovely daughter, who had not lost a day in returning to the trying scene, which she considered the sphere of her duty. Her extreme beauty, her feminine and easy grace, and the unaffected simplicity of her manners had recommended her to the notice of some of the most distinguished persons in the vicinity, while her kindness of disposition, her humility, her charity, and her personal exertions in their behalf had endeared her to the numerous poor about the cottage. The family of the Earl of D——, attracted at first by the accounts of others, soon vied with each other in acts of attention and kindness to the devoted creature, and in a few months her acquaintance with them refined into the closest and most cordial intimacy, so that she became a frequent and favoured guest at the castle. The restoration to her native air, the kindness of her neighbours, and above all, the altered spirit of her parent, now once again “in his right mind,” had a favourable effect on her malady. There was a dawn of hope; but when it was mentioned to me, I recollected the conversation I had with her on the day of my return, and feared to speak of it.

Poor Hamilton! I shall never forget my first meeting with him after these things. I should not have known him: the hale complexion—the animated manner—the vigorous step—all were gone; he crawled listlessly along, much stooped, and supporting himself with a stick; his face was emaciated and pale, and his voice feeble; I thought he would have fallen to the earth when he first saw me, but he bore up, and spoke at last freely of every thing, but it was in an altered tone; he was evidently a new man; I felt my friendship for him twofold what it had ever been; I never loved to look back on

bye-gone follies, and here I saw how severe had been the trial that had brought him out pure; I was from thenceforward a frequent visitor at his little dwelling, but he never would enter mine, or that of any one else.

Lady D—— and I frequently spoke on the subject of the inmates of the cottage; and it was in one of our conversations that she told me of a circumstance which Miss Hamilton related to her, and which tended to elevate her more than ever in my opinion. While she had been with her aunt in Scotland, an officer of noble blood and distinguished character, had become so much attached to her, as at last to declare himself openly in spite of her studied and extreme reserve. "The poor girl," to use the words of Lady D——, "could scarcely be prevailed upon to continue the subject, which had been entered on by accident, and to my earnest enquiries respecting the affair, her answers were unwilling and constrained. She said, that she had steadily refused his proposals from the first, and had repeatedly told him that if he knew all, she was not worthy of him; she felt convinced of his deep and devoted attachment, and she could not conceal her own feelings towards him from herself, but it was not for her to indulge in dreams of future happiness. He became suspicious when she so long and perseveringly denied his suit, and demanded to know whether her affections were already engaged; but upon her answering him that they were not, he made the most solemn protestations that no earthly inducement should ever lead him to unite himself to any one else, and that if she were not to be his, he would live and die alone. All this I wrung out of her with difficulty, and she appeared so affected, that I easily perceived her heart was in the matter. She dwelt on her own situation, and dreaded the disclosure of it to her Archibald Douglas so much, that I almost hoped she might never be required to make it. She told me that after a long and fruitless perseverance in his entreaties, he had prevailed on her to promise that after his return from America, where his regiment then was, she would tell him every thing, and if he could *stand the test*, she would be his. 'I knew,' sighed the unhappy girl, 'that that return I should never see; I

could not bear the thought of taking leave of him for ever!' She strictly forbid all correspondence, and has never heard of him since. Her morbid feelings respecting herself it is in vain to contend with;—she has the arrow perpetually rankling within her, and she is galled beyond what she can bear."

Such was Lady D——'s account. I could now understand Rousseau's little air, and the "*foreign shore*." She had never mentioned this attachment to me, and I was more than ever interested in a being endowed with such tender feelings, and so noble and disinterested a heart.

I was now in the constant habit of passing evenings at the cottage with the father and daughter, who lived in the strictest privacy, the former appearing no where in public but at church on Sunday. He had even ceased to join much in conversation when at home; and I have seen him sit for hours in his chair without uttering a sentence. Miss Hamilton informed me, that he was unwilling to be interrupted in such musings, and that (to use his own expression) he now loved the sound of any voice better than his own. As I saw that he required indulgence, I did not on such occasions endeavour to rouse him from the sort of lethargy into which he seemed to fall, but spoke frequently on abstract and interesting subjects to his daughter. I was thus enabled to observe her acquirements and turn of thought: her mind was expanded and vigorous; and as our frequent conversations disclosed much of the picture within, I beheld beauties that would have shed a charm round the meanest and most deformed of her sex; she expressed herself with singular clearness and eloquence, her critical and poetical tastes were of the highest order, and in the many abstruse subjects which we discussed, she shewed a strength of judgment and reasoning which I have rarely seen equalled. This is not prejudice; I could fill a volume if I were to draw promiscuously from my recollection;—but on the subject which then principally, I might say almost incessantly, engaged her thoughts—I mean *religion*, some of her conversations with us were so characteristic that they deserve to be remembered; her sentiments were in

part derived from her converse with the excellent minister of the parish, and were partly the result of her own study and reflection. Her mind, which was strongly imbued with romantic and poetical images, inclined her to view the Rosicrucian system with a favourable eye. She has often spoken to me with animation of her ideas of viewless beings around her, and the salutary check that such a belief imposed upon trifling improprieties. "How pained I feel," she said one day, as she walked leaning on my arm, along a path near the cottage, "after having thus erred, when I imagine the veil taken away, and guardian spirits in their angel-colouring, drooping around me in attitudes of compassionate ministry or hopeless dejection! Surely the additional pain such an idea creates is at least harmless, even if it had not more than imagination to warrant it. I feel persuaded that this material world is peopled with spirits, for I think immaterial creatures alone are capable of fully enjoying it. And for this reason I can scarcely bring myself to believe the doctrine of the rise of the material body, even if there is to be an earthly millenium; nor do I feel so wedded to it as that I could not bear the idea of parting from it for ever."

"But what say you," said I, "to the rising of our Lord, and the ascent of *his* body?"

"I do not presume to enter deeply into an argument," was her reply, "or contend against analogical deductions; but look now up yon mountain side, diversified with every variety of light and shadow, and then, my dear Mr. M——, can you say that you enjoy it? I cannot behold it without a sort of undefined longing to be on it—to drink in the spirit of its hues—to plunge into its clear, cold shadow—to bask in its lights. In fact, I *wish* myself away to its happy side, and *wishing* is not enjoyment. There is that beautiful object, which angels might visit, but we are not partakers of its delights. We stand afar off, with all our ailments and disabilities about us—we cannot follow the flight of our eyes—our bodies are chained to earth by an irresistible law, and our spirits are endungeoned in our bodies. Surely, surely there may come a time when we shall be truly free, and roam unrestrained through the beauties of the natural world! For it is fair—it

possesses capabilities of being enjoyed far beyond ours of enjoying. It is a glorious garden, tenanted by worms. We may yet rove through its sweets in the freedom and beauty of the butterfly. Do you wish for this, Mr. M.?"

"Why, you have presented so fair a picture, that I forget my arguments against it."

"I am glad of it, my dear Sir; our feelings ought, in my opinion, sometimes to stand us in place of them, particularly on such speculative subjects as these. I assure you, I have been thinking a great deal of all this for the last few days, and I find it an agreeable subject for my mind to dwell upon. Besides, we, as animated matter, are at perpetual enmity with inanimate matter. Rain drenches us, cold freezes us, heat burns us, lightning scathes us; and on the other hand, we cannot walk upon the grass without bruising it—we cannot touch a leaf without marring some perfection which it costs us pain to perceive; but as spirits—how shall we pass, like Camilla, over the corn field without bending a stalk! How shall we repose on the tenderest branch without disturbing a fibre! And with what ease shall our immaterial vision unfold these fibres down to their minutest parts, and then expand, to comprehend suns and systems at a glance! How beautiful is this speculation!—but after all, I am growing too much enamoured of the idea, which is but a pleasing fancy. Will you now give me your opinion, dear Mr. M——," for the sweet girl appeared to think she had perhaps amused me by her earnestness.

I was too much pleased in contemplating the lofty range of her thoughts to offer much on the subject. On such occasions I usually allowed her to run on in the train of her reflections as she pleased to indulge in them; and this, I have reason to believe, was almost exclusively when she conversed with me, "who," as she used to say, "would make allowance for her mad flights."

But while her thoughts and speculations ran so high, my young friend's practice was on the ground—it was the plain humble walk of the most unaffected Christianity. Never could that be observed in her, which is so lamentably apparent in many whose reveries are over-spiritual—an inattention, I mean, to outward consistency of con-

duct at least, if not an undervaluing of moral restraint. Against such fatal error she was particularly guarded, and laboured, when upon such abstruse and uninfluential themes, to prevent her feelings and belief from becoming too much engaged, and to keep them in their proper place, more as the recreation of an exuberant imagination, than as the serious study of a thinking mind. She loved not to argue on such subjects. If she met a soul that was willing to soar with her into the regions of the unseen world, or the mysteries of futurity, she would allow her mind to pursue the subject till it glowed in the animating search; but introduce it with a view to discussion, or as an important and essential part of a system, and she was silent. "I can have no *belief* on such points," she would say, "and my opinions are too vague and visionary to deserve attention." In short, in spite of the extreme spirituality of her religion, I have seen her more visibly pained when her sufferings have caused a murmur or complaint to escape from her lips, than when she has disagreed with our good clergyman on some weighty point of doctrine. "In the one case," she used to say, "there may be room for a question, but in the other, I am, beyond all doubt, violating the law of God and my conscience, and besides, it is so injurious as an example to others!"—Amiable—regretted creature! to thee was indeed applicable the beautiful comparison made use of in one of Herman Francke's sermons, in which he likens the minister of religion to a goodly tree, whose stem rises towards heaven in the aspirations of a lofty and inquiring spirit, but whose branches stoop to the earth in an humble practice and unaffected conversation, and spread on all sides, so that the meanest traveller may shelter beneath them, and pluck of their fruit! But I am dwelling too long on this pleasing yet melancholy theme. The object of so much solicitude to us all has passed away, and I feel like one who scatters a few flowers over her grave. I must hasten to the conclusion of my task, and nerve myself for a description of the closing scene of so much loveliness and virtue, by the reflection that the curtain which is drawn between us and our friend is not dark on both sides. *She is still lovely and virtuous, and she*

is now moreover happy, while we are yet shivering under its cold shadow. My only reason for again approaching the death-bed of poor Elizabeth Hamilton is the thought that an instructive lesson is read by its side to my nephew, and those young and unthinking persons to whom he may have mentioned these events, and that possibly her untimely fate may impress some mind as naturally gifted as her's with the conviction that youth, charms, talents, or virtues, do not exempt the possessor of them from the common lot of humanity—misfortune and death.

About the first days of autumn Miss Hamilton had begun to show the most unequivocal marks of *rapid* dissolution. She was wasted to a shadow,—her cough was intermitting and short,—and at last she was unable to be moved to the castle as she had hitherto been, and was confined entirely to her little room at the cottage. My visits were almost daily, for I saw that the termination of her life was at hand. She became unable to rise from her bed, and her father was never from its side. He watched and prayed there the live-long day and night. The good Countess of D—— would have relieved him, and watched her friend by night herself, but, like David, he refused to be assisted or comforted.

The inevitable day at length arrived. I had set out on that morning with more than usual spirits on my way to the cottage, from having fancied I observed a favourable change in her the day before. Her pain had appeared less acute, her voice stronger, and her movements more animated than they had been for some time past, and I allowed my mind to rest a moment on the pleasing side of the picture, and to hope against hope. The reverse was presented to me, in all its appalling reality, as I entered the little room. She was in the act of receiving the consecrated cup from the hands of the aged minister; and I saw at a glance that it might be called a *dying* rite. A great and fearful change her appearance had undergone that night. The termination of the thread of her existence was visible—the lamp of life was flickering over the vault of death. As I stood at the door, the old man bent over her as he presented the consecrated element, which she was scarce able to bring to her lips. Her father

was kneeling at the foot of the bed, with his face buried in his hands; and her attendant, the female I have already mentioned, standing at the opposite side, and watching with fearful curiosity the simple and elevated grandeur of the holy ceremony. Such was the group upon which I entered; and, dropping on my knees beside the door, lest I should disturb their attention, I awaited the conclusion of the sacred rite. When it was over, she remained for several minutes in wrapt devotion; her hands clasped upon her breast, and her eyes closed with the peculiar appearance of fervent supplication, as though they were looking *inward*.—The clergyman remained motionless as long as she continued in prayer, and then turning to me, I saw that his eyes were wet with tears. I went forward to him, and was about to address him, when Miss Hamilton perceived me, and a smile played around her features so softly and stealthily, that I could fancy it a divine illumination rather than any thing else. I approached the bed-side, scarcely retaining the power of articulating a syllable, so powerfully had the scene I had witnessed affected me.

"My dear Mr. M——," she breathed, almost inaudibly, "good morning; I feared you would have been *late*."

"Alas! dear, dear Elizabeth," I faltered, "how see I you thus! Little did I expect to have found such a change!"

"A change," replied she, calmly, "that you must have looked for before the first snows of winter, and perhaps after weeks of suffering. Grateful am I that I am spared all this, which I so much dreaded, and that I am about to be admitted into eternity by so short and easy a path."

"But I had hopes yesterday——"

"Ah, my dear Sir, they were against your better judgment. As for mine—you knew what *mine* were long ago.—My father, my father!" she sighed, turning her head in the direction whence his sobs were audible, and where he had remained ever since I had entered, without raising himself. "My ever honoured father, when I am gone, go to the house of my friend here by my side—court his friendship—ask his advice in sorrow and trial, and set store by it. Weep not for me—for his sobs

almost choked him)—for I am happy; oh, how happy!" and again the smile swept over her countenance. Like Stephen's, it was as an angel's; her transparent brow shone as from within.

She was exhausted, and lay several minutes wholly motionless. I took the opportunity to inquire from the nurse how she had been so suddenly affected. Alas, there was enough to account for it all! In a slight fit of coughing the night before, a blood-vessel had burst, and she was now half emptied of the already failing current of life. The doctor had been with her nearly the whole of the morning, but owned from the first that human aid was now unavailing.

She seemed suddenly to recollect something—she looked at me, and as I bent down over her to catch her almost inaudible words, she said, "I almost fancied that I had already left my earthly friends, and was amongst the blest in heaven. When I first knew you, Sir, I was wreathing flowers for the little vase on yonder table—take it, and think sometimes of the—the——"

She was strongly moved, and I was alarmed for her.

"Yes, dear Elizabeth, I will take it and treasure it—" I saw she wished to speak, and stopped.

"And you will find a key beside me—of my writing-case—open it when I am gone, and——"

Here her voice failed her, and I pressed her hand, with the wish to prevent her from continuing to exhaust the little measure of life yet left her.

She remained silent a long time, and the room was in that hushed state which is scarcely ever observable but in a sick chamber, when distant sounds from without are heard with a startling distinctness. The song of the reaper, the crowing of the cock, the far cawing of the rookery of the castle, and the yet more distinct roaring of the sea, as it swelled and died away again in slow alternations—all were heard through the clear autumnal air, from the stillness of the chamber of death. Strange thoughts floated in my mind as I stood by the bed where an immortal soul was holding its last dire and deadly conflict with the clay which it was so soon to master, and to take its flight—where? Out of the cognizance of the loved on

earth? Out of hearing of the reaper, and the bird, and the ocean? I could not answer myself; our reasoning faculties are bewildered in the vicinity of the awful change that places a bar upon human scrutiny, and closes the lips of enquiry for ever. We know not what to think; we are mute in ignorance and awe.

I heard a rustling in the bed, and saw that Elizabeth had turned round, and with her head partially raised, was gazing at the still prostrate form of her father; she looked stedfastly, and a tear swam round her lower eye-lid. "Father!"—she paused—"Father!"—he raised his head—"God be gracious to thee, my Father!"

He had got upon his feet, and seized her hand. But his face! I cannot describe it! "Great God! in whose presence I must shortly stand, listen to the last prayer that these lips can utter; pour thy heavenly grace upon my father; make his journey easy to him; let me meet him at the threshold of eternal joy, and lead him to the beloved, who is gone before—to her, who,—I thought ———."

The old man rolled on the floor in a swoon; the nurse and I ran towards him, and having raised him, we placed him on the chair by the bed-side, and were endeavouring to restore him, when he heard a sigh, put us aside, and getting up from the seat without assistance bent over his daughter. One look was enough—she was *dead*.

* * * *

I need not dwell on these scenes longer than is necessary. Our poor friend was buried, as I said before, in the church-yard of K——, near the door of the little chapel, and her father was chief mourner. I opened her desk in compliance with the wish she expressed shortly before her death, and found in it, amongst some trifles, a packet which contained some ornaments and a letter of gratitude both for the Countess of D——, a similar packet for her aunt in Scotland, and a letter, containing some small enclosure, of what nature I knew not, addressed to Lieutenant Archibald Douglas, to be delivered to him on his arrival from America; I sent this with Mrs. Stuart's packet to Scotland, as I thought that she would be most likely to deliver the letter to Mr. Douglas.

Poor old Mr. Hamilton, a broken-hearted man, privately passed over into Scotland, at the earnest request of his sister. A seventeen years' absence and an age of suffering had sufficiently disguised him to secure his remaining unobserved; and I rather think, that his retreat in a remote part of the Highlands has not yet been discovered. Time had so far healed the poignancy of my first grief, that it was only when accident led me to the little church-yard, where the cold remains of Elizabeth Hamilton slept, that the irrepressible gush of bitterness burst from my heart; but the sight of the tombstone, so recently erected, and the well-known name, has completely unmanned me again, and led me back, as it were, to the first days of my sorrow. As I write I have the little vase, the precious legacy of her dying hour before me on the table, and when I think — but I shall never stop if I continue to look at it!

Such was my uncle's manuscript. He was as kind and good a man as I ever knew, and content should I have been to have been still out of possession of it, since it was by his death that it fell to me. I have but one circumstance to add: as I was riding last Summer along the road in the direction of K—— (our family neighbourhood) I overtook a funeral that was winding its way to the place, and I saw by the appearance of the procession that it had come from a distance; the horses were fatigued, and their trappings dusty; prompted by curiosity, I left my horse at the gate of the church-yard, and entered it before the funeral; but what was my surprise when I saw that the stone which had stood at the head of Miss Hamilton's grave had been removed, and an opening made in the earth close beside it. I lost not a moment in making enquiries from some of the attendants who had come up, and I discovered that they were about to inter the body of the young and gallant Archibald Douglas. I had concluded that it was the father's funeral. Douglas had returned from America little more than a year before, and as my informant said, from that time he was a gone man. It was he who had the stone raised, which had given rise to my uncle's story, and ac-

According to his own direction he was stone replaced, so as to extend across
 now laid by the side of Elizabeth Ha- the heads of the two graves, with this
 milton. addition to the inscription—

A subsequent visit shewed me the

— AND OF ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, WHO DIED
 THE 16TH OF JULY, 18—, AGED 28.

SONG.

Here, in this lonely cave,
 Far from man's prying eye ;
 I list the bubbling wave
 That murmurs by.

And oft I think that stream
 So like man's chequered state,
 A symbol well may seem
 Of human fate.

Whiles it flows smoothly past
 In clear serenity,
 Reflecting in its breast
 Each rock and tree.

Eftsoones it wheels, anon !
 In angry whirls of foam,
 And dashes madly on,
 To reach its home.

That home is ocean wide,
 Beneath whose briny wave,
 The little streamlet's tide,
 Shall find its grave.

Thus fares weak man's brief power,
 Upon life's eddying stream,
 Until the fated hour
 Dissolves his dream.

And launches forth his bark
 Upon that mighty sea,
 Cheerless, unknown, and dark,
 —Eternity.—

Then let us LOVE and live,
 While live and LOVE we may ;
 Nought else a ray will give,
 To our brief day.

BIZARRE.

LITERARY REFORM.

We have had parliamentary reform, legal reform, church reform, corporation reform; it is full time, we are of opinion, to have a little literary reform. There are divers corruptions and abuses in the commonwealth of letters, which, enemies of innovation as we are, we would joyfully see corrected; and we deem it better that their correction should originate with persons of our principles, than in a quarter where to revise means to destroy, and reform would, in all probability, be nothing but a handsome mask to disguise the ill-favoured features of revolution.

Under these impressions, we have herein endeavoured in a succinct manner to enumerate the most prominent evils which, upon a general survey of the domains of the pen, appear to us most to deform and disgrace that fair region, and grieve the hearts of the "sweet Lady muses." Where we have been so fortunate as to have discovered appropriate remedies, we have specified them: in short, the present article may be looked upon as a sort of draft of a bill for the reform of literature intended to be submitted to a general convention of the literary estates of the realm, whenever, wherever, and in obedience to whatever writ, such convention shall be duly summoned and holden. It is in consequence of this intention that we have adopted to a certain extent the phraseology of acts of parliament, and made the several enactments we have to recommend the subjects of so many distinct paragraphs or clauses. We shall detain the reader with no further preface; but, praying the dews of Castalie to descend upon our labours, and make them profitable unto a richer harvest than has heretofore, in any age or language, been gathered into the garners of learning, we take the pruning hook in hand, and begin by proposing—

1. That to prevent the recurrence of sundry lamentable evils that are daily observed to flow from the publication of books utterly void of, and wholly uninformed with taste, sense, or knowledge, it shall in future, that is to say, from the day of the passing of these presents, be unlawful

and criminal, and a high crime and misdemeanour, for any person or persons, male or female, to practice the calling, craft, trade, or profession of authorship, save and except such person or persons shall be possessed of, and endowed with, some portion or portions, measure or measures, grain or grains, of the qualifications aforesaid, that is to say, taste, sense, and knowledge.

2. And whereas "*ex nihilo nihil fit*" is a maxim of sound and true wisdom; and nothing, however copiously treated of, or elegantly handled, is to all intents and purposes still nothing, it is hereby further enacted, that all individuals who shall in future take upon themselves to write, with a view to the printing and publishing of such writing, shall be provided with a subject or subjects of some kind or description to be therein discussed or treated.

3. And it is hereby further enacted, that no author or authoress having chosen a theme or subject for his or her pen, shall upon any account quit, abandon, leave, or forsake it for more than a certain number of pages, (the number to be hereafter fixed and determined as to the estates of literature in parliament assembled shall seem fit and right,) upon pain of being held guilty of literary desertion or apostasy, and punished accordingly.

4. No author or authoress, having deliberately and after due consideration made choice of any theme or subject to be by him or her, in any book or books, considered or handled, and having announced in the advertisement or title-page of said book or books, his or her intention to treat thereof, shall presume in the body of the work, and throughout the same, to treat of another subject altogether different therefrom, upon pain of incurring the penalties in the preceding clause specified and contained.

5. No episode in any poem shall occupy or extend to a larger portion or space than a moiety thereof.

6. The notes, appendixes, or illustrations of no work or publication whatever, whether in prose or verse, shall, upon any account, exceed in

quantity the text or body of such work or publication.

7. And whereas it is very usual and a daily practice for authors and authoresses to procure by certain corrupt methods and artifices the insertion in divers Reviews, Magazines, Newspapers, and other periodical publications of laudatory critiques by their own pens, written upon their own books or productions, intermingled with glowing panegyrics and encomiums upon their own talents and abilities, and whereas such authors and authoresses are not in general the most trust-worthy and unbiassed judges of their own literary merits or demerits, it is hereby enacted that henceforward said practice shall be deemed a high literary misdemeanour, and shall subject the offender to the punishment at present by law attached to common swindling.

8. And whereas literary larceny hath of late been scandalously frequent, and the old laws against plagiarism have been found insufficient to restrain evil doers, it is hereby enacted that any writer who shall be convicted of filching or embezzling the wit, eloquence, or erudition of another shall be punishable as for common stealing, save and except such embezzlement shall appear to the court by this act instituted and appointed to have been committed for the benefit of literature, and not for the personal profit and advancement of said writer.

9. But nothing in the foregoing clause contained shall apply to the case of such person or persons as shall, at any time, be charged with any trespass or depredation on the works of those who mistake any horse-pond for Hippocrene, the pond of Pegasus, and such other productions, by a certain figure of speech, to wit, by the figure called Antiphrasis, designated poems; such person or persons being obviously of non-sane memory, or idiots, shall be taken under the protection of the Lord High Chancellor, and lodged in some convenient lunatic asylum.

10. And whereas the custom of writing for both sides in politics hath of late much prevailed, to the great discredit of literature, it is hereby declared unlawful and criminal in any writer, to contribute at one and the same time to two newspapers or other periodicals of diametrically opposite or conflicting principles, unless such writer

shall go before two magistrates or justices of the peace, and make oath on his reputation, that such writing for both sides is absolutely necessary to save him from death by hanger.

11. And whereas there be authors of both genders whose wont is and hath long been to mix, interlard, and adulterate the plain, sterling, intelligible English of this realm, commonly called the King's English, with divers and manifold phrases, expressions, and modes of speech, borrowed from the languages of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, Arabia, and Timbuctoo, with those of sundry other nations and countries; and whereas the full equivalent in meaning of such phrases is generally, with a little pains-taking, to be found in the vernacular, and whereas, moreover, the grand object of writing is to be comprehensible, and the great majority of the readers of said authors of both genders understand English reasonably well, but are by no means equally proficient in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Arabic, or Timbuctoo, or in any dialects of the same, it shall and may be lawful for such readers, or any of them, to employ, for their own aid and succour, in the perusal of the works of said authors, competent and proper masters of languages, if such shall be found within the realm, and, if not, it shall be lawful to import them from beyond sea, the cost of such masters and of their importation (when that shall be necessary) to be levied, and by virtue of this act, it shall be levied upon the property of said authors, real as well as personal.

12. In every author or authoress there shall be required a certain fitness or aptitude for the subject whereon he or she shall undertake to edify, instruct, or illuminate the public; no amatory poet shall write on theology; no lady shall write on the Integral Calculus; no blockhead shall publish epic poems; or cabinet minister presume to discourse or treat upon the art of government or any question thereto in any wise appertaining.

13. Nothing in the foregoing clause contained, shall be so understood as to prevent any priest or father confessor from writing or publishing any work or treatise upon fox-hunting, or any essay or dissertation upon the culinary art, provided such functionary

shall be the holder of three or more parishes, and the last bottle-holder in any of the same.

14. And whereas there now is in common and vulgar use, in publications of all kinds, but more particularly newspapers, a certain established and fixed set of quotations, many taken from the ancient classic authors, but most from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and other writers of renown in our own tongue, which quotations, albeit in themselves excellent, and often marvellously apt in their application, have notwithstanding grown stale and wearisome by reason of their unceasing recurrence, be it hereby enacted, that said set of quotations shall, from and

after the passing of this act, be relieved and respited, and suffered to rest in peace, and a fresh detachment from the same or other authors be picked out and ordered upon duty.

15. But nothing in the foregoing clause contained shall be taken or construed, so as to prevent, impede, let, hinder, or in anywise obstruct Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P. in the free use, upon all occasions, and in all speeches or letters by him delivered or written, and in the course of any single speech or letter, as often as to him shall seem meet and proper, of a certain passage or extract from certain poems, commonly called Moore's Irish Melodies, to wit,

" Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

as from said Irish melodies, reference being thereto had, will more plainly appear.

16. And whereas from the title-page only of any work, or from the mere name of the author, or from a bare glance at the frontispiece or vignette, it is not in all cases practicable to gather a sound and accurate estimate of the excellencies or demerits thereof, it is hereby enacted, that all reviewers and critics, quarterly, monthly, or weekly, shall henceforward be obliged to read, at least, two pages of every book, pamphlet, or other literary production howsoever entitled, which the said reviewers and critics, shall undertake to review or criticize.

17. But inasmuch as it may not be gainsayed, that there be certain authors; for example, the hereinbefore mentioned muddy-water poets, the perusal of whose works, even to the extent of two pages, is not to be accomplished without imminent danger to the health or life of the person venturing to peruse the same, it is hereby provided, that when any reviewer or critic shall, by reason of his compliance with the enactment contained in the clause foregoing, incur any sickness, malady, disease, or other bodily detriment, it shall be lawful for him, upon affidavit made before a magistrate or justice of the peace, and upon the production of certificates from two doctors of medicine, setting forth the patient's malady, and stating the cause thereof to have been the perusal, in his capacity of reviewer of two or more pages of any

work or production whatever, to recover from the author of such work or production, the expenses incurred by said malady, including physician's fees, apothecary's charges, and nurse-tender's wages, together with damages to said reviewer for the loss of his time, and the permanent injury, if any, done to his constitution.

18. And whereas it is not impossible that a writer, although of the staunchest Tory principles may, notwithstanding, some time or other justly incur the lash of critical censure, and on the other hand, it may well happen that an author, albeit a Whig, may yet occasionally stumble upon some happy thought or blunder upon some useful proposition, be it therefore enacted, that no reviewer or critic shall in future be guided in his eulogy or reprehension of any author, solely and exclusively by the coincidence or disagreement of the politics of such author, with the politics of him, said reviewer or critic.

19. And whereas it is customary with the proprietors of reviews, magazines, and other periodicals, to engage with the contributors to the same at the rate of so much by the line, page, or sheet, and said usage manifestly tends to the injury of literature and detriment of the public, which is thereby in constant danger of being deluged or inundated with a certain sort or description of writing, commonly called balderdash, it is hereby enacted, that said mode of remunerating writers shall cease altogether, and that

henceforward, or from the passing of this act, all contributors to periodical publications, shall be paid or rewarded upon a new system; that is to say, they shall receive so much for every original and sensible idea, remark, or observation, contained, or with reasonable pains discoverable in their respective articles or contributions.

20. And it is hereby provided and declared, that the remuneration of no author or authoress shall be at a less rate than one penny sterling per idea, said penny to be a *bonâ fide* cash payment, inasmuch as it is fair and proper that labour should have its reward, and contributors to periodicals are not chameleons that they can subeist altogether on air.

21. And it is hereby further provided, that if any contributor to any magazine or other periodical shall die of famine in consequence of any violation by the proprietor thereof of the enactments in the clause preceding, he, the proprietor so offending shall defray the charge of the funeral of said contributor, and shall furnish hat-bands and scarfs to all the contributors who, upon public notice given, shall choose to attend such funeral.

22. Nothing in the clauses foregoing expressed or provided shall be so understood as to hinder the proprietor of any periodical from exercising any measure of liberality that to him may seem good, towards the writers in his employment, or so, on the other hand, as to interfere with the undoubted right and privilege which belongeth to every free author and authoress, of refusing to accept any reward, recompense, or guerdon, for his or her literary labours.

23. Any contributor to a Magazine, or other periodical work, who by any article or essay, whether in prose or rhyme, by him thereto contributed, and therein printed and published, shall cause or occasion, proximately or remotely, the decease or death of such periodical, shall be liable to a prosecution by the proprietor or proprietors thereof, for the crime of literary murder, and shall, upon conviction by a jury of twelve contributors, suffer the extreme punishment of the law, to wit, the daily perusal of a speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the term of his natural life.

24. All editors and conductors of Re-

views, Magazines, Newspapers, and other similar publications, shall henceforward be deemed unqualified for their situations or functions, unless they the said editors and conductors shall have been initiated into the rudiments of a liberal education.

25. All sub-editors shall at least be required to read and write; but nothing in this or in the previous clause contained is in any manner or wise intended to affect or to apply to a certain class of periodicals commonly called *Annals*.

26. No proprietor, editor, or sub-editor of any periodical shall, under any circumstances, presume to beat, kick, maim, or wantonly abuse, insult, or vituperate any contributor or contributors to such periodical, or any person fairly, peaceably, and quietly seeking or aspiring to contribute thereto.

27. No writer of either sex shall seek, attempt, or contrive, either by brute violence, or by the arts of insinuation, or any sinister, indirect, or corrupt method whatever, to force, thrust, or impose any article or paper of his or her composition, fabric, or manufacture, upon the editor of any Magazine or Review; and in case any contributor, or other person at his instigation, shall resort to force or intimidation to procure the insertion of any paper against the will of the editor, by him expressed and conveyed in calm and civil phraseology, it shall be lawful for such editor to resist such attempt or aggression by force of arms.

28. And it is hereby further enacted, that any contributor forcibly breaking door or window, or seeking by any indirect way, descending the chimney or otherwise, to effect an entrance into the apartment, closet, study, office, or sanctum sanctorum of any editor, contrary to the inclination and against the wish of said editor, shall upon prosecution or conviction, be incapacitated for seven years from contributing to any periodical of character; and on a second conviction for the same offence, shall be sent to the *Annals* for life.

29. Any person who shall, directly or indirectly, make any article or paper by him furnished to any periodical, the means, instrument, or vehicle for communicating to the public the same

favourable opinion of his own talents, accomplishments, mental or personal perfections, as may happen to be in his own mind impressed or rooted, shall receive for every such offence one thousand lines of Alfred Tennyson on the bare drum of his ear; said punishment, however, to be commutable, on the petition of the criminal to that effect, into the same number of lashes with a cart-whip.

30. And whereas, through a dark, bigoted, and superstitious reverence for the number three, it has become an established usage with the writers of romances and novels to expand the efforts or productions of their respective fancies or imaginations into three volumes, without respect at all had to their several resources, powers, or materials, which in many cases are utterly and palpably unequal to sustain the interest of so much as one volume alone; and whereas there is no virtue, spell, magic, or charm in said number three to supply the room of wit, humour, or incident, where these or any of them from any cause become exhausted, be it therefore enacted, for the improvement of this pleasant department of literature, and for the protection of the purses and pockets of those who relish and patronize the same, that all writers of romances and novels shall in future confine their works within the just, decent, and natural limits to them prescribed and set by the powers of their own genius, and the materials for pursuing the story in their hands existing and being.

31. And whereas it is a custom with said writers of novels and romances to preface or introduce each chapter of the works by them written with certain citations or extracts from some poet or poets, or other writer or writers; and said custom hath in the lapse of time grown into a great and crying evil, said extracts having in number and length frightfully multiplied and increased, insomuch that it is frequent to see a score of mottos to a single chapter, covering in some instances a space of three or more pages, it is hereby enacted, "that in future no chapter of any tale, novel, story, romance, or any publication whatever, be the subject thereof fact or fiction, shall upon any account, or on any pretence, be introduced, preluded, or ushered in by more than six such

mottos or extracts, nor shall such six extracts occupy more than one page of said publication, be the same more or less.

32. No motto or extract prefixed to any chapter of any work designed for general perusal and entertainment, shall be in the Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, or Chinese languages, or any of the dialects thereof, or any language written in a character other than that which is commonly called the alphabet of these realms.

33. And whereas it appears that certain persons styling themselves tragic writers, do upon sundry occasions unexpectedly and treacherously shake, agitate, and convulse with long and dangerous fits of laughter, the loyal, grave, demure, and serious people, who, seeking food for melancholy, and not at all prepared for the shaking of their sides, or the splitting of the same, assemble in public theatres to behold represented and enacted the plays or dramas of said writers; and whereas on the other hand, it has frequently occurred that individuals self-denominated comic authors, or writers of farce, do with the like perfidy and baseness plunge whole audiences, prepared for nothing but merriment and good humour, into deep and settled sadness and despondency, it is hereby enacted, to prevent the renewal or repetition of such abuses and scandals, that any author or authoress who shall, from the date of the passing of this act, transgress in either of the ways aforementioned, shall upon prosecution and conviction, be sent to the lead-mines for seven years, and shall on liberation from thence, be required to give large security to the public for his or her future good behaviour.

34. Any author or authoress who shall, in the course of any book or books by him or her written and published, commit or perpetrate any pun or puns, shall for such offence, upon conviction thereof, be sentenced to pun in the Comic Annual for the term of his or her natural life.

35. Any author or authoress who designedly, intentionally, and wilfully shall in any work, grave or humorous, by him or her written and published, commit or perpetrate any alliteration or alliterations, shall for every such offence, upon conviction thereof, receive one chapter of a certain novel

called "Romance and Reality," recently in the city of London printed and published.

36. If any person, male or female, in the possession of sound health and intellects, shall go before any magistrate or justice of the peace, and voluntarily make oath that he or she, by virtue of any speech or sermon in his or her hearing delivered, pronounced, or preached, or by virtue of any book, work, essay, treatise, or dissertation by any person whatever composed or written, and by him or her perused or read, was strongly, mightily, and irresistibly, notwithstanding the taking of sundry pinches of snuff, and the practice of divers other methods having the like tendency to avert, prevent, hinder, or dispel drowsiness or slumber, overtaken, subdued, and overpowered thereby, it is hereby enacted, that every preacher of such sermon, deliverer of such speech, or author of such work, shall thereupon be prohibited and interdicted any more to preach, speak, or write, save and except any surgeon or doctor of medicine, (upon the failure of poppy, mandragora, and all other opiates, vegetable and mineral, to procure slumber for any patient,) shall call upon and require him so to do.

37. No writer of travels, or author of any novel, tale, or romance, shall henceforward take, purloin, or steal his delineations, descriptions, or sketches of natural scenery, whether of lakes, rivers, plains, mountains, glens, brooks, or water-falls, from the advertisements of Mr. George Robins, auctioneer and valuator; and such authors as have upon the said Mr. George Robins committed any rapine or depredation, by taking, purloining, or stealing any of said delineations, descriptions, or sketches of natural scenery, shall forthwith, that is to say, upon the day of the passing of this act, or as soon after as they may be required so to do, restore and refund the same, together with fair and reasonable interest for the use thereof.

38. Any historian found practising the calling or mystery of a scavenger

or dust-man, or any epic poet detected cleaning shoes, or any professor of ethics caught picking pockets, or any lecturer on astronomy or other sublime science discovered vending gingerbread or exhibiting Punch and Judy, shall be forthwith degraded from the high and honorable vocation of letters, nor shall any plea of distress, indigence, penury, or hunger be allowed or received on behalf of any person himself so demeaning, lowering, and exposing.

39. No tailor, having furnished or supplied any clothes or raiment to any writer, author, poet, pamphleteer, contributor, or other person by the profession of the pen living, or struggling so to do, shall have any legal remedy whatsoever for the recovery of the price or value of the said clothes or raiment, it having been by long experience found that tailor's bills, and the manifold harrassing and annoying proceedings heretofore wont to be taken in consequence of the non-payment thereof, have materially tended to the interruption and infringement of that ease, repose, and freedom from care and anxiety which are so necessary and essential to the successful and profitable cultivation of letters.

40. And to save and protect the limbs, bodies, carcasses, or skeletons of all authors, writers, poets, pamphleteers, contributors, and in short the whole literary corps or fraternity, from all the manifold and various indignities and outrages wont to be suffered, received, and sustained by those who, living by their wit only, daily incur larger debts than they have wit enough to discharge, to wit, kickings, oudgelings, thrashings, bruising, and other like inflictions above and below, it is hereby enacted, that from and after the passing of this act, the maxim of law, "*Qui non habet in crumena, luat in corpore*," shall, with respect to authors of all descriptions, be of no force or effect whatever, and it is hereby declared utterly and to all intents and purposes void as against such authors or any of them.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—No. III.

THE NUNNERY.

The position which our forces occupied was at the commencement of a long and lofty range of mountains, upon which we had determined to retreat in case of necessity. We were then in daily expectation of the advance of the enemy, and as they were greatly superior in numerical force, we took every precaution to secure success in the expected engagement; among other measures it was thought prudent to occupy a small village, which was some miles distant among the mountains, as it commanded a narrow pass or ravine, which was likely to be of importance in case of our being compelled to retreat; this village was called by the very common name of St. Iago, and was beautifully situated in one of the loveliest and richest vallies in the American world. A detachment of 150 men were accordingly sent to occupy this position, and, it so occurred, that Seyton, with Calcraft, and myself, and a draft of the crews of the *Dolphin* and the *Sylph*, consisting of thirty-five men, formed a portion of this detachment which was under the command of Major E——; it was late in the evening when we took possession of this little village, and the stillness and silence of the hour seemed to add to the retirement of that beautiful and secluded place.

After we had been stationed here for a few days, we found that the Spaniards had advanced in force on our men's position, and, having made some demonstrations, again fell back on their original position; it now appeared that there was no immediate likelihood of the general engagement which we had expected, but still our detachment was ordered to remain at St. Iago till further orders; as therefore there was no immediate danger we resolved to amuse ourselves as we best could in this secluded village, and as time at first hung rather heavily on our hands, we made many excursions to see the beautiful scenery among the mountains,

so that in a short time we became tolerably well acquainted with the district.

At a distance of about half a mile was a convent of nuns, called the convent of St. Iago; it was an extensive establishment of the kind, and was most highly esteemed in the surrounding country for the marvellous sanctity of its inmates; the approach to it from our village was a long alley of trees, that cast a delicious and cooling shade over the road, so as to make it an agreeable place for lounging; many was the idle hour we whiled away under the delightful shadow of those trees. Within about one hundred yards of this convent stood a snug and comfortable house, that with its nicely white-washed walls, its neat shrubbery and prime and quaintly-arranged gardens, presented the appearance of a very agreeable retreat. On our first arrival at St. Iago we had visited this place and were very hospitably received by its inmates, who were a brotherhood of monks, six in number, who acted in the capacity of confessors to the gentle inmates of the adjoining nunnery—this at least seemed to us to be their most interesting duty, although they certainly acquired no small reputation in our village, where they generally acted in a similar capacity; to our heretical notions they seemed to be very pleasant and jovial fellows, whose time was spent agreeably enough in gossiping from house to house, in attending to the culture of their gardens, and confessing the nuns of the convent, while they spent their evenings, when at home, over a jovial glass and a pack of cards, all which seemed to us to be an extremely pleasant sort of life for a set of bachelors. On two or three occasions we were hospitably received at their evening tables, and as we had some opportunities of witnessing their mode of life, and had some reason to suspect, afterwards, the character of their intercourse with the nunnery, we

thought that if we ever abandoned our present adventurous life we could not select one more agreeable than by turning monks in our own way, many were the pleasant jokes that were passed among us on the occasion.

We learned from these peasants, that we would be permitted not only to see the nuns, but to converse with them, provided we would be content to do so through a tolerably close iron grating; though this was by no means the most pleasant medium of communication with the fair recluses, and formed no very agreeable draw-back to our acquaintance with them, we yet availed ourselves of the privilege which was offered, and in due form visited the convents. On the occasion of our first visit, we were accompanied by two of the monks, and imagined that such a circumstance might have awed the fair penitents into gravity, we soon however discovered our mistake, and perceived that the intercourse of the confessors and the penitents had at least as much of levity as of seriousness in its nature. I never spent a merrier hour—it was one continued series of pleasant and lively converse, full of laughter and light-heartedness that ended with great regrets on our part at being obliged to withdraw; we did not do so however without many pressing requests that we would repeat our visit, and many sincere promises on our part to comply; we accordingly repeated our visit over and over again—indeed, some of us made it a point to do so every day, for we found them, though separated by the iron grating, and though shrouded in black and grey, and enveloped in cowls and veils, both agreeable and interesting, so that we soon completely established ourselves in their good graces, learning much of their general system, and occasionally something of their individual history. Their life was a most regular routine, that could not fail to be wearisome from its essential sameness: there were their devotional exercises in the mornings, then their usual meal, which was chiefly composed of fruits and vegetables, and was taken by the whole sisterhood together; this was succeeded by retirement to their own separate apartments for private devotions for some hours, and then they assembled again for common devotion; after this they used to enjoy perfect

freedom for some time, and this was passed in reading, working, walking, or in any other way that suited the various tastes of the sisters; then again they would assemble for their vespers, and after that the evening was generally their own. Such a state of existence, carried on with the most perfect regularity, was, after a short time, tiresome in the extreme; and though the hours set apart for private devotions in their separate apartments, were often spent in a very different way, and though they had ample opportunity of innocent recreation, and society among themselves, yet, after a time, the novelty, which at first charmed the novices, wore away, and they almost invariably regretted the seclusion of the convents;—the greater number of them would have given worlds, and they often told us so, to be allowed to revoke the step they had too precipitately taken; it was therefore not to be wondered at that our young men were welcome every day at the iron grating; we invariably found them waiting for us, and many was the gentle chiding we received for our delay—indeed, I must say we did not deserve it, for though there were as many old and ugly as there were young and beautiful, and though there were some who were most perfect antidotes to the romance usually connected with our ideas of a nunnery, yet we were, some of us at least, very constant visitants, for we really pitied the sweet creatures in general, and more than pitied some of them, so that we had formed a pretty free acquaintance with many of them before the occurrence of the event which I am now to relate.

On the Spaniards having approached our forces, as already mentioned, and then retired to their original position, they called in all the troops that could be spared from certain districts, and great efforts were made to collect an army calculated to make an effectual attack on our position, which certainly was admirably chosen; the Spanish authorities, too, in those districts, still under their waning influence made every effort to second this design, and collected, and sent numerous detachments of troops to strengthen the main army; one of these detachments approached in the direction of our little village of St. Iago and halted about three miles from it in a very strong

position, threatening our little party which was not half their number.—This was far from welcome tidings to us, who felt ourselves responsible for the maintaining of the mountain pass, for which we had been especially dispatched and posted at St. Iago, and, at the same time, felt conscious that we were not sufficiently strong to defend it against such superior numbers; in this difficulty we held a council of war on a small scale, and it was determined to send a few men to occupy the convent, which was just at the entrance of the pass, and completely commanded it; this step seemed absolutely necessary for our safety, and, indeed, nothing but such an evident necessity could have justified us, in the eyes of the people, in taking military possession of a nunnery; the difficulties, however, which we anticipated to this step were fortunately easily surmounted, for there was a small building, forming a detached wing to the convent, enclosed within the main or outer wall of the establishment, which was quite separate from the main building, and had a small confined courtyard surrounding it; it was, therefore, determined that this should be given up to the military, and, accordingly, Calcraft and myself with twenty-five of our men from the *Dolphin* and *Sylph* took possession of this building, while Seyton, with the other ten of our crews, remained with Major E. and the rest of the detachment in the village.

We were at first very far from being pleased with our new quarters—the little detached wing, in which they birthed us, was dark and confined, surrounded on three sides by a wall considerably higher than the roof of our building, and on the fourth by the great and naked side-wall of the convent itself, there it stood with its vast expanse of whiteness fronting our windows, without one opening of any kind in the whole of it to break its monotony or to give promise of a fair face or a sparkling eye ever looking upon us, there was no other prospect whatever from the narrow windows of our building, the mountains, the valleys, the waving woods, and the merry village were all excluded, and we felt like condemned criminals, who were doomed to look from our cells on no object whatever but lofty and naked walls—if any thing could add to the misery

of our quarters, it was the tantalizing vicinity to the nunnery, where the gentle recluses were in all their loneliness, and we separated from them by the stupid walls alone. We were near enough to them to act over again the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, had not the walls been of a more massive nature than in those innocent and classic times, and truly we were vexed to think that, notwithstanding our propinquity, we were nothing the better for it, as we were likely to enjoy no more of their society than our more fortunate companions, who were still quartered in the village, and that too through the iron grating.—We were not long left, however, to indulge our vexation, for, the very next day after our arrival, we received a piece of information of a very agreeable description, perfectly changing all our feelings as to the nature of our quarters; this interesting information was conveyed to us by our gentle friends at the grating, where we were paying, in our own way, our dutiful respects; they told us that a small door, in the back wall of the court that surrounded one wing, opened into the large inner court of the convent, from which were the entrances both to the convent itself and to the gardens belonging to the establishment, and, to give our informants their due, they did not give us this interesting information without something more than a hint that we should take an early opportunity of exploring the place.

It will readily be supposed that we were not long in making some adventurous experiments—before evening had well set in, and just as we heard the convent bells ringing the hour for vespers, Calcraft opened the little door, and, followed somewhat diffidently by myself, entered the inner courts from which we at once passed into the gardens; we instantly found ourselves in a kind of paradise; we entered through a long alley of limes and oranges in full and luxuriant bearing, and, at the same time, delightfully shadowing the walk, and meeting so nearly above as to give a dark and dream-like appearance to every thing in it; this led us to the shrubbery and the flowers, and truly there were flowers of every shape and every hue breathing their delicious perfumes around, while they almost dazzled the sight by the vivid brilliancy of their colours. As we passed on, we

observed that there was everything that the most refined and elegant taste could desire, long shaded walks, cool fountains, smooth silver-like ponds with jets throwing up the water in various forms, and then descending with that peculiar murmur of falling waters that makes solitude and silence seem still more solitary and silent; full of mirth and merriment as we were on first entering this garden, we soon became sobered and reflective, we felt that we were in a scene exquisitely arranged and suited to the wants of those interesting recluses, who had shut themselves out for ever from the world to enjoy the society of each other, and to devote themselves to religion in that delightful retirement; we felt conscious we were treading on forbidden ground, and, when we heard the voices of the nuns chaunting in their chapel, as it reached us indistinct and mellowed by the distance, we were chained and charmed, as it were, to the spot, and it was not till the melody had ceased, and the peculiar lights of the evening hour was perceptibly stealing on, that we thought of retiring. I confess that I would have instantly withdrawn, were it not for the drollery and impudence of Calcraft, who vowed that he would not leave the gardens till, as he expressed it, he could see some of the nymphs that presided over these romantic fountains, and disported themselves among these beautiful retreats; true to his word, he seated himself in a small arbour, made at the end of a long and shady walk, and then stretching himself at full length, laughingly told me to retreat if I pleased, but again vowed that he would keep his pledge—in a few moments we heard the sound of voices, vespers were over, and the nuns, all laughing and talking, hastened from the convent, and entered the garden to amuse themselves there for the remainder of the evening, they soon scattered in different directions, and while Calcraft was rallying me, and suggesting the best mode of discovering ourselves, a group of five of the sisterhood suddenly stood before us, the start and exclamation of surprise on their parts was immediately changed for laughter, and, before we could exchange a few sentences, they observed a group of the elder nuns approaching, and they instantly vanished among the trees, leaving us to

explain our intrusion to the antiquated creatures who neared us but slowly. Calcraft was about to give chase through the shrubbery, but was restrained by my insisting that we should pacify the old ones, and certainly, when we did meet them, a scene, that baffles all description, ensued, some of them affecting to be shocked at the sight of mankind, seemed preparing to faint in the properest fashion, and others expressed their indignation at such a violation of the sanctity of their retreat, while we, with a profusion of apologies and artful flattery, and attention to those who were fainting, succeeded, after a few minutes, in so effectually pacifying them that, when I suggested our desire to pay our dutiful respects to the abbess, they very readily and goodnaturedly proposed to accompany us in searching for her in the garden. We found her in company with one of the younger nuns, and, on our walking politely up to her, taking off our hats, and respectfully saluting her, we apologised for our intrusion; that she was surprised at our appearance was evident, and that she was not displeased was equally evident, for there was an expression in her large dark eyes, as she looked into our faces, that did not escape our notice; indeed she not only at once expressed herself satisfied with our apologies, but seemed well disposed to excuse us of herself, expressing her opinion that we must feel extremely lonely in our new quarters, excluded, as we were, from the society of our brother officers; a good deal of conversation ensued in which we most fully succeeded in making ourselves very acceptable to the abbess, who was still a handsome woman, though a little beyond the prime of life; the result was very different from our first anticipations, for, whether she was pleased with the novelty of male acquaintances in addition to her monkish confessors, or deemed us as peculiarly entitled to privileges as military young men, whom the chance of war had placed in our peculiar position, she gave us permission to walk in the grounds during those hours in which the sisterhood were engaged at their devotions, or so otherwise occupied, as that their hours of recreation were not to be intruded on by us,—this was all we could expect, and, indeed, all we could desire, as we knew we could

accomplish any thing else by a few intentional mistakes and an oblivious memory as to the appointed hours, besides we easily perceived by the expression of her face, and, indeed, by some things that passed at this singular interview, that her own wishes were not quite so rigid as her words, so that Calcraft and I retired to our quarters in the detached wing, well-pleased at the success of our adventure—it would take a volume to describe, as it deserves, all that passed among us in the garden on this occasion.

That we were not slow in availing ourselves of the permission, which was thus granted to us, will be expected; indeed the very next day we took a long and delightful ramble through the delicious gardens and pleasure grounds, and took good care to linger on among their beauties and their perfumes till we had an opportunity of meeting some of the sisters, and conversing in that delightful place with those with whom we had already been acquainted, through the unsuitable medium of an iron grating—we were not long in learning that we were most welcome intruders, and, accordingly, from that evening commenced an intercourse with the inmates of the convent, not often enjoyed by men; it is not my intention to reveal all that came to our knowledge during the exercise of our singular and agreeable privilege, the scenes we witnessed, the conversations we held, the amusements in which we took our parts, and the lives that we led within those walls, and the secrets with which we became acquainted, shall not be revealed by one who obtained his knowledge in such a manner, but I may mention that the whole establishment seemed, to Calcraft and to myself, to be glad of the excuse of our being a military force stationed within the walls, to excuse their total abandonment, or, at least, suspension, of all the rules with which they professed themselves to have been governed. When I first saw this retreat, and observed the gentle sisterhood wandering among its cool and shadowy walks, or resting themselves on some flowery bank, or reclining beside some beautiful fountain, I did not conceive any thing could mar the happiness of those who enjoyed the privilege of spending their lives in such innocent enjoyment, and such calm seclusion; I imagined, for I was then full of ro-

mance and feeling, that the world had no higher happiness than wandering the live-long day, in such delicious scenes, with those we love, and sharing with them the thoughts and the feelings that such scenes are calculated to awaken; but I was soon, very soon undeceived; indeed I was already aware, from the conversations that used to pass at the grating, before ever I came to reside within the walls, that many of the nuns regretted their seclusion, but I had no conception of the many causes that led to the regret or the extent to which it had arrived.

Among these interesting sisters, as they used affectionately to call each other, there was one who interested me more than all the rest, and who, from the beginning, attracted to herself all the respectful and kindly sympathies of my nature, perhaps this sympathy arose from the peculiar situation in which she seemed to me to be placed, for I thought she was under some restraint more rigid than the others, at least they did not seem openly to associate with her, but rather, as I thought, the younger ones especially, who, from their equal age, might be supposed to be her companions, seemed to shun her, yet, I thought, that at times there was still great kindness and affection of manner on the part of some of them towards her, though certainly it was only by stealth; indeed I was not long in ascertaining that she was under some rule of those above her, and that, among other matters, the novices and boarders were not permitted to associate with her. This restraint was peculiarly distressing to her as her sister, the only one she had in the world, was among that class, and was undergoing her happy noviciate, preparatory to taking the veil and those vows which were to separate her from the world for ever, and which she herself had taken but a very short time previously; the precise cause of this restraint was evidently unknown to many of the sisterhood, while others seemed to say it was caused by her unwillingness to submit herself to certain rules of the order, as enjoined by the confessor, but it was not till I had become intimate with her, and had learned from her own lips the story of her sorrows, that I discovered and wept with her at times over the melancholy tale. There

was something exquisitely interesting in her appearance. She was not remarkably handsome, but there was a softness and sweetness and gentleness of expression that was very pleasing, while at the same time the melancholy tone of her voice, the pensive cast of her sweet face, the many tears she was observed to shed, and the usual loneliness in which she spent her hours, had all a charm for me that was irresistible. I well remember that when I first saw her, her cheek was pale, and she was walking alone and in tears in the convent gardens, gliding along among the trees as if unwilling to be seen, and I then thought that some deep-felt sorrow had settled upon her young heart, and that she was fading away, like a flower, into an early and yet welcome grave. She avoided me then, and indeed seemed to think that both Calcraft and myself were far from being suitable companions for one so silent and contemplative; but that very circumstance of her love of loneliness only induced me the more to seek an acquaintance with her, for from her appearance and manner, and from the mode in which she was treated by the sisterhood, I pitied her from my soul. After a few days fortune proved propitious, and I found a happy opportunity of commencing one of the most interesting acquaintance I have ever made in my many wanderings.

It was late in the evening; Calcraft and I were with a party of the nuns walking in the garden; the abbess was among the number, accompanied by the very beautiful young nun, who was her favourite companion, and who had been with her on our first meeting her; the mirth and merriment of all the party was extreme, and after sharing and enjoying it for some time I felt a lowness of spirits stealing over me, and I slipped away from them among the trees to indulge my own reflections at the moment. I had scarcely separated from them when I met the one whom of all others I desired to see; she was, as usual, alone, and I thought it an opportunity which I should not readily lose, so I saluted and addressed her; whether it was the respectfulness of my manner, or the interest I showed for her that induced her to reply, I know not, but she said a few words that gave me an opportunity of expressing a warm interest respecting her,

and then the calm loneliness of the hour, and the loveliness of the scene seemed to soften and chasten all our feelings, so that before we parted I felt that I had excited some interest with her, and was myself more engaged by her than ever. From that evening to the night in which we abandoned the convent, a period of three weeks, we met every day for a short time, and wandered together among these beautiful pleasure-grounds—it was during those wanderings with this interesting girl that I learned from her the story of her sorrows.

Her tale is soon told, being similar to many others that have come under my observation. Her father's name was De Vega, he was a very active partizan of the Spanish government, and shortly after the outbreak of the revolution, fell a victim to the fury of the insurgents. He left a widow and two daughters. The elder, Martha De Vega, was the interesting subject of this narrative; and the younger, Isabel De Vega, was now undergoing her novitiate in the nunnery. Previous to the death of De Vega, he had encouraged an intimacy between Martha and a young man of much promise, named Lopez D'Arze, who was deemed in every way a suitable match for his daughter. This intimacy, under such parental auspices, led to a very strong and sincere attachment between the young people, and they were in their own eyes, as well as in the eyes of their parents, destined for each other. Martha had lived in extreme seclusion; for though her father was engrossed in mercantile pursuits and political intrigues, yet her mother, who was a very pious woman, reared her two daughters in retirement. Martha had, therefore, many of the wants of a young female who is perfectly ignorant of the usual rules of society, but she certainly possessed all those attractions which innocence and artlessness could give, and all those advantages which much reading could confer. She was soft and gentle, and her manner was all affection and confidence. She was tenderly attached to Lopez D'Arze, and as her whole thoughts had for some time been devoted to him as her future husband, she freely gave up every thing for him and loved him with that sweet, and affectionate, and confiding attachment that awakens no unpleasant feelings, and anticipates no disappointments.—

Matters were in this state when the revolution burst forth ; Lopez D'Arze was obliged to join his corps, and De Vega was killed in a popular tumult, leaving his widow and two daughters in the most unprotected situation.

After some time it was suggested to the widow that her daughters would find protection in the convent of St. Iago. The profound and superstitious respect with which such establishments were regarded by the populace, even through all the storm of the passions, was likely to draw a veil of defence over their inmates, so as to make them suitable retreats for the young and beautiful in these troubled times ; they were perfectly safe from all rude and unlicensed disturbance, and the mother of these gentle girls, in her anxiety for their safety, placed them as boarders in this convent. When she entered this retreat she found several others of her own age and rank already within its walls, under similar circumstances, and among them she found suitable companions for all her hours ; they had abundant leisure for innocent amusement, and they had ample space for recreation in the beautiful enclosures ; and as the boarders were not bound under all the strict rules of the order, like those nuns who had taken the vows, they had nothing calculated to give them pain or uneasiness ; they were exceedingly happy in each other's society, and my gentle friend found among her companions some who could share her feelings in her pensive mood, and join her in her thoughtful wanderings among the beautiful enclosures. Many a time did they sit together on the banks of some fountain, in the dewy hour of evening, and watch the starlight sparkling in the waters, while their hearts opened to each other's feelings, and were happy. Many a time did these innocent girls sigh and weep together over the tales of their affections as they told them to each other, and drew sweet comfort in communicating these their inmost thoughts. Time flew fleetly and sweetly by in such a state of life as this, and the pensive Martha, with that tendency so common in such persons, dreamed that her happiness could never end, and as she found such suitable companions, who seemed some recompence for all she had lost, she resolved, and they all resolved with her, to com-

mence a noviciate, and then adopting the rules of the convent in due time become inseparately united in this delicious retreat. Often however did young hope whisper to her heart the possibility of peace being restored to her country, by which she could again see her mother's home, and, perhaps, again meet him, whom she loved beyond all the world ; this feeling would often shake her resolution, but still, knowing that she would have the option at any time, before her noviciate was concluded to change her purpose, she regularly commenced it.

In the midst of all this happiness, which was likely to efface in time the memory of her earlier dreams, she was informed of the death of her mother, and shortly afterwards of the death of Lopez D'Arze in a skirmish with the enemy ; it was for him alone she had cherished life, and felt an unwillingness to take the veil which would exclude for ever the possibility of her sharing her existence with him ; she had never much expectations of being his bride from the moment she had entered the convent walls, but still her heart sighed in hope, and he still formed the chief object of her every-day dream, so that he still lived freshly and sweetly in her memory, in the midst of all the happiness that marked the year of her noviciate. It was immediately before that year had concluded, and the moment was at hand in which she was to determine finally and for ever on abandoning the convent for a world in which she had no protection, or was to take those vows of the orders which were to immure her for ever within these walls, that her usual confessor in company with the abbess, apprised her, with much apparent delicacy and seeming kindness, of the fate of Lopez D'Arze : for a short time the shock was terrible—she was dangerously ill for some weeks, and when she slowly recovered, awaking to the utter desolation of her heart, she was eagerly pressed to forsake the world, and by taking the veil spend the rest of her days as a recluse in this retirement among these sisters, with whom she had enjoyed already so much comparative happiness. There are no such adepts at intrigue and stratagem as the confessors and others connected with a nunnery, and we must not be surprised that in the utter hopelessness of her state and in the

desolation of her young heart, she yielded passively to their wishes, and in company with two others took the veil.

It was not before a few weeks had elapsed after she had taken this irretrievable step that she discovered the treachery of which she was the unconscious victim, and the madness and misery of what she had done. She now discovered that her mother was still alive, and that the story of the death of Lopez D'Arze was a fiction, invented for the purpose of making her a more pliant and unresisting victim to their designs, and at the same time all the secrets and mysteries of the establishment were now open to her eyes; during her noviciate, she was kept in a state of constant deception—the very atmosphere she breathed was amusement and enjoyment, but now the mask was removed, and she discovered the fearfulness of the situation in which she was placed, and the system with which had now identified herself, and which, by the laws of the state could punish her with death if she abandoned its walls. She was quite conscious that I was aware of the kind of morals that reigned through this strange establishment, and she therefore felt it necessary to tell me the circumstances which shocked her, and made her look with horror on all that surrounded her; she refused to attend the confessional, and on that account was sentenced to certain penances, which, generally speaking, troubled her but little; there was one thing however which was a source of unceasing sorrow, namely, her being forbidden to speak to any of the novices; among these was her younger sister, Isabel, whom she affectionately loved, and whom she longed to warn against taking the veil, and with her were three others, who had been her own constant companions and bosom friends some months; from all these she was now separated, and she felt it to be cruel and bitter.

Such was the tale of this unhappy girl as her own sweet lips related it to me one lovely evening, as we were wandering among the enclosures; I drew it from her without much exertion, for she seemed disposed to tell me everything that interested or troubled her; I used to talk to her of her mother and of Lopez; I took care that she and her sister should meet in secret, and I acted as watchman on

such occasions, so as to prevent detection; I was enabled to enter into all her feelings, and soon completely possessed myself of her confidence; I could not fail of being deeply interested in all that concerned one so gentle and so unhappy, and one who so entirely treated me with confidence and regard. Under such circumstances it may well be imagined that we were much together, indeed, the rigid exclusion from the society of her favourite companions, which was imposed by the confessors both on her and on them, induced us to meet the oftener, and I invariably spent a portion of my evenings with her in wandering among the grounds and talking over the sorrows of the past and the hopes of the future, which to her was a melancholy subject, and seldom failed to dissolve her in tears. I felt more and more interested for her every day; often would she tell me the little incidents that interested her most in her recollections of Lopez—she would talk of them and dwell on them with such evident happiness, and they used to come from her with so much affection and melancholy in her manner, that it was impossible to resist the interest she excited; she was at the same time yielding to the silent progress of disease; naturally of a delicate constitution, she seemed now withering and fading away like a flower, whose stem is broken, and I thought that she seemed like one who was soon to take wing from this vale of sorrows. She was at times melancholy in the extreme—she would sometimes burst into tears at her own thoughts while with me, and often have we spent our evening hours in sweet, yet melancholy converse, with nothing to disturb us but the overflow of her feelings in a gust of tears. There was occasionally, however, a playfulness and innocence of manner which was peculiar to her, when she was in livelier spirits, and she was at such moments one of the most captivating and bewitching females I have ever met, but it seldom lasted long; a single thought would bring her back immediately to the pensive train of thought and feeling which so completely mastered her. I have sometimes thought in those delightful and lonely walks, after the sun had gone down behind the rocky heights that bounded the enclosures, and the night was coming

on and finding us still walking in that sweet and romantic place, that there was some danger of the extreme interest which I felt for her ripening into a warmer feeling, and I thought at times, though probably it was vanity, that there was more than a sister's gentleness and kindness in my lovely companion.

Our stay in the convent continued for three weeks, when a circumstance occurred that led to our leaving it. The Spaniards, who, as already stated, had effected a lodgment among the mountains in the vicinity of our position at St. Iago, succeeded in surprising our detachment under Major E—. They advanced late one night upon our village, with such promptitude and such superior numbers, that our friends were obliged to retire and abandon the post with precipitation. Indeed the attack was so sudden, that our friends were unable to keep together in any order, and so retreated in small detached parties, intending to meet again, if possible, at the nearest post, which was about six miles distant. One of these parties consisted of Seyton and the ten men belonging to the Dolphin who had remained with him, and they fell back on the convent, where they knew they would find the rest of the draft of the crews under Calcraft and myself. On their arrival, we immediately consulted on the propriety of abandoning the convent; but as we knew we could easily maintain it for a considerable time against very superior numbers, we were somewhat slow in coming to a conclusion; the point, however, was soon determined by the enemy, for they advanced so rapidly that we found it impossible to escape, and so shut ourselves up in the convent, and instantly prepared for the most vigorous defence which our small means permitted.

The nature of the building was very advantageous for defence; the lofty walls, of great strength, which surrounded it, rendered it very strong against such an enemy as that with which we were dealing; indeed we were soon convinced that if there was no treason within our walls, which we felt to be very unlikely, and no artillery outside them, which, we were aware, was impossible, we had very little danger to expect. We however took all the precautions in our power;

we posted our men, strengthened passages, barracadoed doors, mounted the roof of the centre building, which overlooked the walls, and took effectual steps to prevent either a surprise or an open assault. Owing to the paucity of our numbers, being under forty men, we were necessitated to be always on the alert, and certainly we were very far from dilatory in our operations. These continued all night, and when the morning rose we found the enemy preparing to attack us. We counted a body of about three hundred preparing to lay some sort of siege to the convent and to force us from its walls. This was truly no very pleasurable sight, but still it did not discourage us, for we had the most unbounded confidence in the spirit of our little party, and we thought we observed much stupidity as well as dilatoriness in the operations of our enemy. During the early part of the day they indulged themselves in firing musketry at such of our men as presented themselves from the convent, but this waste of gunpowder was altogether without success; indeed it soon appeared that they had no chance of succeeding unless by scaling the walls, and this was a matter for which they were wholly unprepared, as they had neither the requisite ladders nor any thing else that could be useful in operations against such a building, and even if they had attempted it, they would have found it a matter of some danger, as both walls were exposed to our fire from the roof and upper windows of the convent, so that the greater part of the day passed away without their having succeeded in doing any thing effectual. Towards evening, however, they seemed to become aware of their difficulties; at least it so appeared to us, for they ceased all active operations, as if wearied with their hitherto fruitless efforts, and we soon began to entertain hopes that they would attempt no more till the next morning, while we resolved to make a sally during the night, which we were confident would at least considerably dispirit them.

When night came on, we prepared our party for sallying out, and we were only waiting for the dead of night to put our intention into execution when we suddenly heard a movement and great commotion within the building, and in a moment discovered that the Spaniards

were actually in the convent! We knew not how they had obtained an entrance, but were thunderstruck at the fact, for many of our men were separated in various parts of the building, and were in danger of being cut off before they could join us. Our danger was very great, and nothing but the most cool and determined courage could now save our little band; our consciousness of our imminent danger made us act with promptitude, and so we retreated into what we conceived was the securest portion of the building. As some of our men were surprised by the Spaniards, and contested the ground with them, they succeeded considerably in retarding the movements of the enemy. We were unfortunate, however, in losing five gallant fellows in this way; they fell bravely defending a narrow passage by which the Spaniards were approaching us; they succeeded, notwithstanding, in procuring sufficient time for the rest of us to collect and fall back, through a gallery, to a large room, where, we thought, from its peculiar position, we could make our best defence.

This room was long and spacious: it was the apartment used as a refectory where the whole body of the gentle inmates of the establishment assembled, and which they often used also as a place for exercise in the rainy months. It was now to become the scene of most mortal strife. It was amply spacious for double our numbers to have full and unfettered use of our weapons, and here, as our last retreat, we prepared ourselves for a manly and desperate resistance. This apartment could not be approached unless through a long and narrow gallery which was attached to the exterior of the building. At the end of this gallery was the door into the refectory, and along this gallery it was absolutely necessary for our opponents to approach, so that our position was one in which the few could resist the many with advantage. We hastily removed all the furniture of our apartment into this place, in order to act in the double capacity of a temporary barricade, and a means of contracting still more the passage by which alone the Spaniards could have access to us. All this we succeeded in effecting before the morning, and we anticipated an attack as soon as day-light should enable our assailants

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to do so; it was therefore, as may be readily believed, with some excitement we heard a commotion throughout the convent immediately before day-break. Every individual was in an instant examining his weapons, to ascertain that they were in proper order, and all seemed, by their high spirits, to be prepared for a desperate struggle; and, of all men breathing, they were, perhaps, the best suited for the close-handed conflict which they were anticipating. After a short space of intense anxiety and excitement, we were able to ascertain that the commotion was among the religious of the convent, and that all our alarm was created by the fair nuns attending their morning devotions and exercises, rather than by the ungentle Spaniards for whose throats we were preparing our weapons. This discovery, as may well be supposed, caused some merriment among us.

They did not, however, keep us much longer in suspense, for shortly after day had fully shone into our fatal apartment, we could perceive that our assailants had commenced their operations, such as they were, in the gallery, and were flinging the furniture, we had placed in it, over the railing into the court below. By these means they reached our door at the end of the gallery, and proceeded to burst it in. I shall never forget the scene at this moment. I was, as may well be imagined, somewhat excited as we heard them effecting their work of demolition, and then bursting the doors of our apartment; but I was perfectly collected throughout: indeed it is still vividly in my recollection, that just as the last dash was made, I stood narrowly observing our little party, and the thoughts that then passed through my mind are yet freshly impressed on my memory. I was standing with ten men at one side of the door, and Calcraft with ten men at the other side, so that no man could enter the room without running the gauntlet of all our bayonets. There we stood, resolved to defend the pass to the last, and then with our eyes fixed on the door, we observed the most profound silence. Seyton stood, with the remainder of our men, fronting the entrance, as cool and collected as I have ever seen him, when drilling the men on the deck of the Dolphin. There he stood, with

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his cutlass in one hand, and his pistol in the other, and his eye fixed on the door, and the only charge he gave us was, that we should act with steadiness and coolness; there could not possibly be a body of men, who, for their number, were better suited for the work that was before them—they were always habituated to such close-handed conflicts in boarding the many vessels they had captured at sea, and being now in high spirits, and confident from former invariable success, they stood welcoming the struggle which commenced on the dashing in of the door.

The moment the door gave way, which it did with a tremendous crash, a powerful looking fellow dashed in, armed with a murderous iron crow-bar, but the gallant fellow dropped in the instant, for he received a pistol-shot right in the forehead from Calcraft, and he fell dead on the spot; they all rushed after him into the door-way, and the foremost of them fell on the threshold, being literally impelled on our bayonets, and as their bodies lay on the ground, and as the Spaniards were pushing on from behind those who were before them, in the hope of overpowering us by numbers, the foremost of them tripped on the bodies and fell, and were instantly bayoneted by our men, so that in less than one minute from the dashing in of the door, the entrance which was very narrow was blocked up by the dead bodies of our assailants. This, however, was not known to those who were far behind, and they therefore still pushed forward till they got so crowded and confused at the door-way as to be unable to do anything with effect. At this moment Seyton, who had stood hitherto coolly looking on at our work, as if watching for his time, sprung forward and laying hold on one of the dead bodies, that choked the entrance, dragged it into the apartment—his example was at once followed by us, so that the entrance could be passed immediately; he had observed that the assailants were now so crowded in the narrow gallery, that they could not possibly use their weapons with effect, and he therefore dashed at them himself, and thus, in one instant, we, who had been the assailed, became the assailants in our turn. The work was horrific; crowded and pressed together, and unable to use their arms, they were utterly powerless and unresisting; it was

literal butchering, for they could not resist us, and they either fell upon the spot without a blow in their defence, or flung themselves over the railings of the gallery into the court-yard below; it was a horrible scene, and it scarcely occupied two minutes when the whole gallery was cleared of our assailants; the greater portion of them fell back upon the various passages through the body of the convent, and so passed our reeking weapons, for we were too few to follow, or hope to contend with such numbers, except in some confined place like this gallery. Many were the gallant young fellows they left all gashed and mutilated in this fatal spot, while we were able to congratulate ourselves on returning into our apartment on finding that we had not lost a single man in this desperate rencontre.

All this took place early in the morning, and, for the remainder of the day, they did not attempt the renewal of the attack, but, as evening came on, we observed that they were very active in their movements, and we therefore boded some new attempt during the night, or perhaps on the following morning; meantime an incident occurred of a very unexpected and singular nature that completely altered our plans; it had scarcely become dark when one of the nuns appeared at the door of our room, and communicated the fact, that the Spaniards were about to undermine the floor of our apartment by removing the walls on which the ends of the timbers rested, that they were engaged at this work already, and there was no possibility of our escaping a merciless destruction unless by immediate flight in the darkness and confusion of the night, as it was their intention to complete this design before morning. On communicating this very important intelligence, she asked for Calcraft and me by name, and withdrew with us a little way along the gallery to a door leading into a small room; here we found my gentle friends, Martha De Vega, and another of the nuns; it is unnecessary to state all that passed at this singular meeting, but it ended by our pledging our honour to protect her, and her sister, and five other novices and nuns, who had resolved to fly from the convent and to take that opportunity of doing so; and, as they desired to join their

respective families, or to settle in particular places, we were to secure the co-operation of Seyton and our whole party ; they then hastily communicated the plans by which their flight and our escape were to be accomplished together.

In a few minutes one of them returned, and led us all, as silently as possible, into the small room off the gallery, and thence through several apartments and passages till we found ourselves in the little chapel of the convent, where the other gentle fugitives were waiting for us ; we then entered a small door and went through a long underground passage that opened in a dark shrubbery very near the house in which the six confessors lived. On emerging into the open air, we exchanged a few hasty words of mutual congratulation, and then hastened our steps to the mountains ; we did not pause a moment, for our fair companions threw no obstacles in the way of a most rapid flight, so that we

reached our next post before day-light was well shining on the mountains. We had here no less than eight hundred men, and were in the immediate vicinity of our main force ;—thus our escape was completed.

The story of our escape was soon circulated through the army, and it need scarcely be added, that we were fully enabled to redeem our pledge to our gentle fugitives. Isabel De Vega married one of our officers, and two other novices followed her example by wedding, one of them, a merchant, and the other, a person possessed of some property, who had lately joined the army as a volunteer. Poor Martha De Vega did not leave her sister for some time, and having gradually declined every day, we buried her within three months of the night of our escape ; the other nuns proceeded in a merchantman to the United States, and I never learned their fate.

RENE.

PENSIERI.—No. I.

Now ev'ry star is burning bright
That gilds the raven wings of night ;
And hushed as death the still profound,
That spreads, above, beneath, around ;
And softly from her starry bower,
The pale moon lights the breathless hour ;
And mortal eyes are closed in sleep,
Save mine that wake to watch and weep.
Oh, tears of rapture nightly shed !
Oh, dreams by lonely musing fed ;

Mine eyes forsake the shaded earth,
And heavenward bend their trembling gaze ;
And thoughts arise of sacred birth,
That warm my lips with hallowed praise.
And while the planets wink above,
My spirit lifts yon curtain dim ;
Forgets the world has ceased to love,
And speeds on lonely flight to him,
Who dwells where mortal never trod,
Nor fancy soared on plume divine ;
But list'ning angels bear their God,
On mercy's wings each tear of mine.

JUVENIS.

FRAGMENTS OF MY TOUR.—No. II.

We were pretty well tired when we arrived at our hotel, and took our ease until a late hour next morning; when having breakfasted, we set off to see a collection of pictures, belonging to a private gentleman, of the euphonious appellation "Van Laecker," who liberally opens his house to all respectable strangers, affording free ingress to his good paintings. Being somewhat of an artist himself, he has had taste to guide him in his purchases, and accordingly his catalogue affords no mean show of famous names. It would be useless to mention such as pleased us, as the collection is little known to our countrymen. The best we shall merely mention:—A Lion attacking a Horseman, by Rubens; which is one of the finest paintings, in colouring and expression, that I had seen. There were plenty by Wouvermans, with a white horse of course in each. Some very good by Cuyp; but we must not pass over a "Dead Game" by Weemint, which absolutely required to be touched to prove that it was a painting. Even with a powerful glass, the deception was perfect. It would be endless to enumerate all; we shall therefore drag you with us to the "Museum." The entrance to this collection is through a well laid out garden, with statues, amongst which is the tomb of Isabella of Burgundy, who, jumping into some canal to save her dog, went to the bottom with it in her arms; both are here represented in marble. The first rooms contain the first attempt at painting in Holland and Flanders, chiefly in water colours. These are of sacred subjects, and are remarkable for their great antiquity, but especially to be observed for the total defiance of all rules of perspective here evinced. One, of the procession to Calvary, particularly amused us. The buildings and background essentially Dutch—the city of Jerusalem a fac-simile of Antwerp—every house and church-steeple crowned with crosses—the Roman soldiers dressed as Flemings, and Simon the Cyrenian as a beer-drinking Belgian, with breeches open at the knees,

rigged out aloft with a round jacket and rounder corporation;—the effect of the whole being most ludicrous. This was painted in 1551, by Pierre Brangel. There were some good paintings by Quintyn Metsys—of whom more anon. You may recollect the strictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds on these. One is the "Martyrdom of St. John," in a cauldron of boiling oil.—Concerning this Sir Joshua says, "that the figure of St. John seems to be starved;" and he is right, the figure is unmeaningly collapsed. His remark on the savage features of the two men who feed the fire is also just, for they wear a preternatural and diabolical fury and distortion, which appears out of the way and foolish. We might object, too, to the placid, nay pleasing expression of the saint's face—as if he were taking a bath, at 98°, instead of boiling in such a horrible manner.—We may say here, once for all, that in almost all the "Martyrdoms,"—and they are many,—the painter gives an expression of pleasure rather than pain. This may be in accordance to the received accounts of their deaths in their published "Lives;" but it seems to us that were "martyrdom" thus easy and painless, it would not be counted worthy of its high estimation. The "noble army" appear to us to have earned their crown of rewards, by triumphing, to the last, over the *pains* of death in all their horrible variety. Whether the divine peace of soul which all good men receive at their dying moments be able to shed such placid smiles over the countenance of the body, then being consumed by hideous tortures, is a question on which we shall not enter; however, we think *not*. Another, and to our minds, a better picture, is "the presenting the head of the Baptist to Herodius." In this painting, the expression of satisfied revenge is well mingled with a natural feminine disgust at such a bloody sight. We liked this more than its companion, "the St. John." One other picture we may mention, out of this vast collection, more on account of a legendary

tale connected with it, than any very extraordinary merit of its own. It is the "Fall of the Angels," by Franz Floris. Here are the bodies of men joined to swine's snouts, eagle's beaks, &c. with terminations of fishes, serpents, birds of Paradise—very appropriate—and such other grotesque *bizarries*. On the thigh of one devil is a beautifully painted bee, whereon my story hangs. This Floris had a daughter, well-looking and virtuous, and she had an eye, which eye she cast on a certain blacksmith of Antwerp, by name Metsys, and at once lighted a fire in his heart, which blown by the bellows of love, quickly rivalled his professional blaze in his forge. But the papa Floris would not hear of such a match for his child, and his dutiful child vowed she would have none other than her man of metal; at which the painter stormed and raved, but all in vain. Things went on thus, and at last old Floris told the loving smith that when he could paint as well as himself, he should have his daughter. What cannot love do! He in this case made strange metamorphosis.—The anvil grew up into the easel—the hammer and pincers took the form of pencils—his cooling trough subsided into a pallet—and the red hot coal quietly was transformed into a cake of flame-colour paint, giving up its hissing abhorrence of water, and in a loving manner yielding its beauties to the softening efforts of its ancient enemy. All went on well. Love was the master, so all went on quickly; and after a few years, a tall handsome young man walked into the studio of old Floris, who had left this painting of the "Angels" on the easel. The stranger quietly walked up, and with a master-hand, added to the tortures of the damned the additional pang of a huge bee, stinging in an unnameable part. Old Floris, when he saw it, was delighted, and introduced the great stranger to his daughter, who recognised her lover, who claimed his bride, who, blushing, received her papa's consent, who was right glad to receive as a son-in-law, a man who excelled himself.

It was a comfort to turn from these productions of a wild fancy to the noble works of Rubens and Vandyck. The paintings of these are above my powers of description, and have been

too often sung and said, to bear further repetition now. Suffice it, that we were entranced with wonder and delight before "The Crucifixion," and if we made no audible tokens of our pleasure, we are sure that our gratification was depicted in our countenances. Here again we may make one other general remark on the paintings of this solemn subject. In almost all which we have seen, the spear wound is on the *right* side. Now it is a proof of the surety of the death, that the wound was in the pericardium, whence flowed the blood and *water*—necessarily, therefore, from the *left* side. A good picture of the "Death of Rubens," by the present Master of the Academy, Van Brée, is a painting of great merit. The faces of the family are said to be portraits, copied from Rubens' own paintings. This was painted for the King of Holland, who presented it to this Academy. Some noble portraits by Vandyck, especially one of N. Rockix, and one of Scaglia, the former of these is reckoned the best in the Museum. The room is filled with paintings of the deeds and miracles of the old monastic order to whom this building had belonged—the "Recollets," some time since suppressed.

Leaving the Museum, we examined some tablets to the memory of the great Flemish masters, and with our hearts full of admiration at their noble productions, we proceeded to the Church of Saint James. The attraction here is the chapel of Rubens, under which the remains of this great painter lie in peace, with the kindred dust of his family. This little recess, dignified with the name of "chapel," is adorned with a large painting by the "Master," containing the portraits of himself, his wives, his mistress, and some children, oddly enough painted as a holy family. There are also some admirable portraits by Vandyck, and a crucifixion, worthy of the highest praise. Amongst other beauties, we may mention an exquisite alto relievo, very small, of the crucifixion, by Schemackers. It is only about 22 inches long, and every figure is elegantly and perfectly finished. In one of the side chapels, we were struck with a curious example of the "embodying" powers of a sculptor's mind. A large female figure was looking intently up, with an

expression of meekness ; a long sword was directed by an invisible hand towards her heart ; the whole being an *enfiguration*, is there such a word ? of the text, "The sword shall pierce through thy own soul also." In truth, it was very curious. The specimens here of oak carving are truly splendid. The stalls, the confessionals, the pulpits, are wrought in a manner most rich and beautiful. We have heard that birds have built in the deep cut foliage of some of our own Ministers, and verily we doubt it not, since we have seen the excessive relief of these wooden sculptures. There is not much in these churches which requires any very particular notice. Having seen one, we know all. The inducements to visit other churches in general are, their being possessed of some master pieces of the old painters, or of sculpture ; to see which, is well worth a little additional walking, even with the thermometer at 80°. In pursuance of this laudable desire, we endured a heat some degrees above that point, and tramped through the dusty streets to the church of St. Paul. Here is a good painting of "The Scourging," by Rubens, which amply repaid our trouble ; some quaint paintings, by Teniers, of the "Acts of Charity," are also worthy of a slight look ; but the grand boast of this church, in the eyes of the devout Roman Catholic, is the model of the Holy Sepulchre. The monks have it that two of their order, by name Grundisalvus and Jordanus, did some few centuries ago, undertake a journey to Jerusalem, whence they brought the model by which this sepulchre is built. The beholders look through a small grating at the body, lying on a bier ; having viewed this, they are then turned into "Purgatory," where, in a grotto of stone and spar, they are surrounded with flames, cut in wood, with figures and heads distorted with pain, of the same material, stretching forth their hands to the beholders, and seeming to beseech their prayers. All this, to us, was tinctured with the ridiculous, and even with a feeling of a deeper nature ; but to a devout, i. e. a bigoted and superstitious papist, this must be a scene of the most intense and painful interest. No doubt the holy friars find their account in the alms-box at the door of this purgatory, which bears an inscription, purporting that all the

money there deposited is spent in saying masses for the donors. In a sort of garden leading to the sepulchre, are a collection of busts and statues—apostles, including St. Peter's cock, on a high wall,—saints innumerable,—prophets, angels, martyrs, and all such as may, from their sanctity, be placed *outside* the purgatorial cave. We re-entered the church, to take a last look at the Rubens, and roused a brace of immensely fat monks, employed in—what, think you, Anthony ? *Dressing a saint* for the festival of the Ascension, which was to take place in a day or two. They had a stuffed or carved modern figure, the arms being detached pieces, for the convenience of putting on the robe. Two underlings were at work ; one painting and rouging the face to a fine healthy red, the other varnishing the legs with a paint rivaling Warren's Blacking in brilliancy. The upper legs were clothed in tight net-work inexpressibles, and the table was heaped with sumptuous robes.—We at first strove to smother a laugh, but one of the monks caught our eyes, and set off himself in a roar of laughter, setting a good example to us heretics, who had, however, gravity and decency enough to postpone our mirth until our return to the hotel, when we *did* enjoy ourselves, at the expense of these worthy friars. What would we not have given for the pencil of a Lover, when a huge fat fellow, about ten feet in girth, held up a lace robe, inspecting some holes with care, which seemed to have been cut by some sacrilegious moth—the fat dumpy hands held above the head, the skirt of the robe lying on his ample belly—the red, round, rosy face, horror-struck at the devastation committed on the garment—all combined to make a picture which even roused the mirthful feelings of his reverend brother, who lay back in his chair, his right leg thrown over its fellow, shaking his enormous sides, and the tears of fun chasing each other over his crimson cheeks, where, one wondered, they did not hiss and go off in steam. We now adjourned to the Cathedral, famous throughout Europe for being the resting-place of the picture of pictures, Rubens's "Deposition from the Cross." We will say no fine sentences, Anthony, of this painting. We are no artists, nor do we understand the set phrases—but one

word, intelligible to all, will we indite—**MAGNIFICENT.** With this must your readers be satisfied; if not, they must see it themselves, and then try to write a description. On the opposite side of the choir gate is the corresponding painting of the “Elevation of the Cross,” much admired by some, though to our ignorant eyes, the grouping seemed confused. On the back of the grand altar was a beautiful imitation of marble bas-relief, by Van Brée, of whom we have already spoken; and in one of the chapels a gem of a St. Francis, by Murillo, which pleased us more than almost any single figure we had seen. The grand altar-piece is an Ascension of the Blessed Virgin, by Rubens, containing portraits of his family, and is said to have been painted in 13 days. Another exquisite little thing is a Madonna and Child, by Otto Venius; the heads only, which are the perfection of finish and loveliness.—We should only tire you with long catalogues of paintings, did we tell you all that we saw. We must get on.—Having dined, we set out for the ascent of the spire of the cathedral, said to be one of the highest in Europe. At the various leads, we stepped out on the galleries, and obtained views of different extents. We stopped in the belfry for some time, listening to the carrillons, which were uncommonly sweet, although rather close to us. One room in the tower held many of the projecting points and pinnacles of the architecture, which had, as our guide said, been knocked off by the balls from the citadel, when Chassé bombarded the city in 1830. If this be true, it tells much against the honour of the old man. To injure this noble pile, could effect no good to himself or his cause; and from the great elevation of the injured part above the city, it would seem that no stray ball could have done this mischief, but that they were aimed expressly for the cathedral.—We hope, for the honour of the old Dutchman, that this is not the case; but we had no opportunity of ascertaining the facts. That the Antwerpians did evidently calculate on the chances of a bombardment is very plain, for the cellars of the houses were made splinter-proof, and the two pictures in the cathedral taken down and heaped over with sacks and hides, so as to make them almost bomb-proof. The

air was so clear, that we could plainly distinguish the rig of a Dutch line-of-battle ship, lying at Flushing; a distance, as we were informed, of thirty-six miles in a straight line. We could plainly see that she had her jib up. The views of the inundations were very grand; immediately under us was the flooded land, behind the Tete de Flandres, with Forts Napoleon, Marie Louise, and Isabella, like islands in the midst. The gap in the dyke was a most busy scene; above 120 boats were employed all day in carrying clay to the sides, which at low water was hurled into the gap in immense quantities. As this could be best done at low water, the men were often obliged to work by torch-light, which must have been really picturesque. The estimate for this repair, we were told, was 600,000 francs. Far away to the right of the river was another inundation, which melting into the mist coming from the ocean, seemed to be interminable. In the opposite direction the view was rich in the extreme. Mechlin, or Malines, was plainly visible, although twelve miles from us; and had not some rising ground intervened, we could have seen Brussels. Before descending, we had a curious example of the different speeds with which light and sound travel. A large body of troops were crossing the Place de Mer, accompanied by their drums. We could plainly hear the beat of the latter, but the men seemed to walk quite out of time to the music. The eye caught the step much sooner than the sound could reach the ear. Home to bed, and sound asleep.

The *Place de Mer* is the marketplace of Antwerp, and the sight in the morning is picturesque and interesting. The peasants flock in from the neighbouring country in the neat dress of their province. Some driving teams of dogs harnessed to carts; some already at their stands, sorting out the piles of vegetables and fruit in conical baskets; others moistening and refreshing their verdant heaps with water poured from tall Dutch-bellied brass jars, glancing merrily in the sun, while stands of various coloured petty merchandise are scattered with the more edible productions of the country. A huge waggon now and then winding through this busy street, piled high

with fodder for the horses, finishes the scene which altogether had so much of variety and interest as to detain us long at our windows, whence we could overlook the whole. At twelve precisely we mounted the diligence for Brussels, and proceeded on our tour, leaving, with regret, this famous city in which we had found very much to interest and amuse us.

The road to Brussels is unvarying—just such as to make one rouse up from their corner every now and then to see that nothing remarkable should be passed by, and then relapse into one's book, or conversation, or sleep. We had a hearty laugh at a piece of Belgianism, which we observed in a trim well laid out garden on the road side. You of course know that in the northern parts of the Netherlands there is scarce such a thing as a hill, not to speak of a mountain. The acmé of perfection, therefore, in landscape gardening is, to *make* a hill which varies from ten to fifty feet in height. What excited our mirth in this case was, a mound, about the size of a small dung-hill, carefully put in a gap in the trees, in order to be seen from the road, and be the cause of much breaking of the tenth commandment to the beholders thereof. This huge hillock or mole of earth was about twelve feet high, and sloped away gradually on both sides, up one of which a toilsome gravel walk, of some thirty yards, was directed, and down the opposite; the hill itself was covered with a velvet turf which did indeed create a little envy in our bosoms. We afterwards saw several such mounds, but use deprived them of their mirthful tendency, and we looked on them as gravely as though a Snowdon itself were before us.

Our first stage was Mechlin, well fortified, and affording a pleasing termination to a vista of trees, in its fine cathedral tower, as yet unfinished—we may safely say, never to be completed.—There is some vulgar legend that, the *moon* shining on this tower one night, roused up the worthy burghermasters, who vowed that some wretch had fired the cathedral, and summoned all to assist in the suppression of the flames; further, that on finding their mistake, they were so much ashamed, that to mention the circumstance, was a good pretext for a

fight, and that they are foolish enough to keep up their ill-humoured jealousy to this day.—We know not how this may be, and we care not.—Near Brussels, we received refreshment to our weary eyes, in a few low hills, rising just high enough on either hand, to render it not an absolute falsehood, to say that the road runs through a valley—the whole way for miles was lined with superb elms, affording a grateful shade from the broiling sun. The city itself was pleasing, being built on a hill, and beautifully wooded round the skirts. A superb palace, situated most beautifully on the right of the road, is an object worthy much attention: we found, however, to our grief that no admittance could be had; it is called Schomberg, and was the residence of Napoleon and his brother, and since favoured with the presence of the Orange family—at present it of course is in the hands of the worthy King of the Belgians. We will not say, “Long may he enjoy it.” As we tramped up the steep hill in the town, and arrived on the brow, we stood still in admiration of the splendid buildings before us. This was the Place Royale, and well worthy of its name it is; in front was the noble portico of the Church of St. James, or the Coudenberg, and all around, superb buildings of white stone, yet strange, almost all these palaces are now hotels. The Hotels de Flandres, where we set up our staff, De Belle Vue, L'Amitié, De l'Europe, &c. &c., are here congregated, and in any of them the traveller is sure of good treatment, civility, and comfort. The Hotel de Flandres is particularly neat and pleasant, although there is not such a resort of people as at some of the other, at L'Europe, there were above 120 persons each day at dinner, too many to be comfortable. All these buildings bore marks of the conflict in the revolution, the walls, freizes, and cornices, shattered with the bullets, and the quoins very much injured, all these marks bore testimony to the truth of an observation we had often heard “that in a hurry, troops fire too high.” The majority of the bullet holes were in the story over the drawing-rooms—not a few were in the attics.—The soldiery in these encounters were hurried in their manœuvres, and indeed often fought in their retreats, and

the consequence was, that their repeated volleys had but little effect; the trees in the park told the same tale—their upper boughs and parts of the stem, twelve feet from the ground, were pierced and riddled with musquet-shots, while the lower parts were but little injured.

Being too late for the table d'hôte, we, with another English gentleman, partook of a hasty dinner, and then gladly adjourned to the park, where the shades promised some relief from the glare of the white buildings; here all the fashion seemed to be collected, but not much beauty—despite French millinery, the ladies did not appear in general even pretty. We slowly walked round this park, looking at the various splendid buildings: at one side, was the royal palace; the front would be very fine were it not that a row of noble pillars, forming the portico, is raised on an arcade of low arches, which constitute the various entrances to the interior. As Leopold was expected hourly to return from his tour, we were refused admittance; a little further on is the palace of the Prince of Orange, as it was called in the late reign, but which is now for sale, some time being granted to the Prince to find a purchaser, on condition, as we understood, of its being dismantled; on the side of the park facing the royal residence is the palace of the States General, with the two Chambers, in which the debates are held; the fourth side is formed by a handsome row of houses. Having taken this stroll, we followed some ill-looking fellows, with drums on their backs, to the Place Royale; there were collected above fifty drummers, belonging to the national and civic guards, and the troops of the line; they were in line, the former on the right, and two deep; at the first stroke of St. James's clock striking eight, all began to beat the tattoo, in capital style, but making a din which might be heard above the roar of Niagara. Having beaten a roll of about two minutes all paused, and commenced a march, filing off in parties to their various quarters. We have never heard better drumming except in the regimental band of the Coldstreams, who certainly excel even their Brussels brothers at the hide and stick. We turned to our hotel fairly tired by

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the heat of the day. Next morning we breakfasted early, in order to get to the celebration of high mass at the church of St. James: it was the feast of the Ascension, and every thing was on an unusually grand scale; having taken a praying-chair, for which we paid the forty-seventh part of a franc, we stood the whole time, not even leaning forward, which seemed to be reckoned equivalent to kneeling, except at the elevation of the host, when all were prostrated before the altar. The music was good, especially the parts set to the more solemn prayers, the remainder being of a light and operative nature. As is usual on the Continent, the organ was supported by a band of stringed and wind instruments. The front of this church is one of the most classical productions which we have seen. We took a guide and went off to see the lions—the palace of the Prince of Orange—like all other palaces, very superb, but not worth any particular notice, the architecture and furniture being in the general gorgeous style of regal magnificence. Some good paintings, however, delayed us, in spite of the gestures and “sacrés” of our guide, who wished to dispatch us as fast as possible. A Boar Hunt, by Rubens, in the Grand Salle—a Portrait, by Vandyck, and some others, we could not find out by whom painted, were worth looking at and studying. We find it would occupy too much room did we follow our route in any regular method. We shall for the future merely mention some few detached anecdotes and incidents, and such like, requesting your readers not to be alarmed if we carry them on at the rate of one hundred miles per minute. A hint for our proposed new House of Commons, might be taken from the Chamber of Deputies here; the members sit in semi-circular rows, so as to be seen by all in the house. Two of the front “bancs” were set apart for the ministers, the ministerial men, and opposition sit promiscuously, the votes being asked individually by the President, and taken down by the Secretary, so many “pour et contre.” The public galleries were over the hindmost row, and the private boxes behind the chair; these last are gained by a “Speaker’s order.” The Chamber of Peers is only a long room, hung with

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scarlet, and has nothing remarkable. Two paintings which had adorned this room in the last reign, were now ignominiously thrown into a garret, where we saw them; the cause of this disrespect towards the fine arts is, because one is a painting of the Prince of Orange wounded at Waterloo; and fearful of hurting Leopold's point of courage, the worthy people dismissed the painting to a disgraceful solitude; the other was also to the honour of the House of Orange, being the Surrender of the Spanish General to Prince Maurice of Orange, at the battle of Neiuport—this has followed the other, and, we suppose, will there remain till better times come round. The old woman, whom we bribed to show us the paintings, looked fierce and growled wickedly, when we remarked the different relative situations of the French and Belgians at Waterloo and the present time.

At the museum, or gallery of pictures, we found a cabinet gem of Gerard Dow, a student, painting from a statue of Cupid by lamp-light, exquisitely beautiful, worth half the spoiled canvasses we have seen; it is carefully kept locked in a glass-case, and we won the heart of the keeper by our admiration; the collection is not rich in the masters, nor is it on the whole first rate, but there are many well worth seeing. A Chymist, by Rykart, Card Players by Brown, and some by Wouvermans. One strange painting amused us much; a Daphne growing into a Tree, the leaves sprouting like greens from her fingers; a green hue stealing down her arms which are held up, and roots connecting her with the ground. One sees at a glance that before Apollo comes up she will be fast in her coat of virtuous bark; he is puffing away in the back ground, looking a little astonished at the change in his mistress. The whole gave us a laugh, and that is worth coming here for.

After dinner we strolled into the park, and rolled on chairs, the weather being too hot to stir, or do any thing but drink Rhine wine and seltzer water, on which we at present live, breakfast being a name, and dinner a nonentity.

A relapse into an attack of influenza held one of us to his bed for some days; but this confinement and the silence attendant on a sick chamber

were amply recompensed by a circumstance, which but for this much abused complaint, would have been lost. Our hotel was next to the church of St. James, and our room casement opened on a level with one of the windows of the church; both were left open from the heat of the weather, and often were the weary hours beguiled by the solemn music of the many services. The morning was ushered in by a strain so powerful as to rouse up all the neighbourhood. The fore and afternoon prayers were accompanied by the organ, but the delightful part was the vesper services in the deep gloom of the evening; the soft harmony then rose, stealing like a wearied spirit to its rest, while the mellowed voices of the monks came in half lost chords, now swelling to rich fulness—now dying on the air. Once or twice it drew the patient to the window to see the effect of the Gothic building, half lighted by the deepening dusk, but nothing could be seen, save here and there a lamp hung before some figure of the maiden mother, casting a gentle light within its narrow compass, but their dim uncertainty ever adds to the pleasing feelings of such scenes, for while some senses are gratified by the sight or sound of realities, the mind is busied in its imaginative powers, adding those things to the picture, which are thought to improve it.

One more look we had at the gallery, to rejoice over the Gerard Dow, and wonder at the Rubens. Each time that we see the old Flemish masters, we more and more dislike the prodigality of blood in their works. Wherever a wound is supposed to be, there is a stream of gore, meant, no doubt, as pathetic, but to our feelings, disgusting. One look like the Magdalen of Rubens at the foot of the Cross, combining love, sorrow, and veneration, is worth a thousand carmine tinged wounds. The one speaks to the heart, the other imparts expression only to the eye.—Even the calm tranquillity of the tortured martyrs is better than the streaming torrents of blood, so plentifully bestowed in this school.

Politics! A person who remains but a few days in a country, is but little qualified to speak boldly of these knotty concerns. But there are occasionally some circumstances so marked

and evident, that they who run may read. The Belgians had just gotten to themselves a new king. The natural question is, "Do they like him?" We will not answer directly, but mention a few circumstances, which speak an universal tongue, and mark the times at Owhyhee as well as Brussels. We had hardly left Bruges when there was a disturbance, and the papers rang with the pro and con. At Antwerp the people rose *en masse*, and set upon the *gentry*, who were suspected to be Orangists. At the capital some officers horsewhipped some *gentlemen* and editors of papers, because they did not worship King Log. At Ghent, the newsroom was attacked, and the *gentlemen* abused for being Orangists. Does this show "any rottenness in the state?" It shows one thing, that they who are supposed to be the "*intelligence*" of the land, are not yet fixed in their new regime. Whether their feelings, or those of the Great Unwashed, are to be taken as the standard of affection towards their king, is quite another thing, and we beg to be excused from dilating on this dry subject. Proceed we now to Waterloo.

Shall we say a word on this theme? A sore struggle is going on within us, between our national pride and a conviction that we can tell nothing new. We make a compromise, and will briefly narrate a few things which we heard on the spot. About 200 yards from the spot where our Duke stood, is the mound erected on the place where the Prince of Orange was wounded. It is a huge heap of earth, cut from the adjacent fields, which are by this means lowered many feet from their former level; the features of this part of the ground are in consequence much changed. A son of Decoster, who officiated as guide to our party, as his father had done to Napoleon, remarked to us, "that the French were very sorry to see that mound;" and he further declared to us, with what truth we know not, that the Belgian ministers had offered to the French king to have the whole thing pulled to the ground. If this be true, it is a pretty example of Belgic truckling.—From the top may be had a fine view of the whole field of battle. From this were pointed out to us the place where the decisive charge of our heavy ca-

valry was made; the spot where Picton fell, and where Brunswick died; the position of the gallant 42d; the route of the retreating enemy; the position of old Chassé of Antwerp glory. But all these are written and re-written, until each particular is familiar to every British child, and they are as conversant with Waterloo as "maidens of fifteen with puppy dogs." We can tell nothing new, but our feelings are our own, if the facts are public; and we walked over that once bloody plain with pride;—pride national, for the success of our country; pride personal, as being natives of that country.

After a long walk, we returned to our *fiacré* by the extreme right of the British position, and the post of the reserve. Near this, we believe, was the position of the Belgians. Concerning these troops there has been much controversy in Britain, amongst those who had but little opportunity of ascertaining the truth. We had always believed that these worthy heroes had turned tail, and galloped to Brussels, spreading horror and confusion by their retreat; nor were we corrected in this misbelief until we met a very intelligent general officer on the Rhine, who set us right in this circumstance. According to his account, these troops were not very much to be depended on, and were placed in the rear of the reserve, being as useful as the red-cloaked Welsh fish women who were drawn up behind the regulars and mistaken for an army.—They—the Belgians, not the fish women—did not advance, but they, in Napoleon's phrase, "took up a less advanced position,"—but it was by command; in short, that they were neutral. We hope, for the honour of Leopold, that this may be true; although he will hardly believe it, since these troops run away from the Dutch at Louvain, leaving their leader to collect them if he could, or bring up their rear. "*Les braves Belges*."—The conducteur of our *fiacré* let out a fact, in passing through the wood of Soigny, which speaks volumes as to the state of trade since the dismemberment of the Low Countries. We had remarked enormous piles of firewood, and observed to him that there must be a vast consumption in Brussels, to require such a stock. He

shook his head and told us, that these had been prepared for the Dutch markets, but on the split, the Belgians were no longer allowed to export to Holland, and the consequence was, that many men of considerable wealth, whose property lay in the wood line, were utterly ruined. The same tale may be told of many others of the Belgic manufactures.

SONNET.

MORNING.

Now through the twilight shoots the first faint ray
Of morning, kindling into golden red—
And now the sun lifts up his glorious head,
Waking the slumbering world to life and day ;
Bounding the chill clear vault his radiance streams
Bleeding from purple to the faintest blue,
While from the brightness of his searching beams
Float slow away the lingering wreaths of dew.
The closed flowers still slumber o'er the ground
Heaven is all glorious—Earth is all serene,
The frost-pearl gleaming on her bosom green,
Nought yet disturbs the silent air around,
Till soon the birds send forth to heaven their strain,
And man intrudes on Nature's calm again.

IOTA.

LA GONDOLIERE

BARCAROLLE.

Prends l'aviron, gentille Batelière,
Je veux raser les détours du Lido,
Prends l'aviron et d'une main légère
Guide ma course aux bords du Rialto.
Ma Gianetta, que ta voix douce et pure
Jette ses accents à la brise du soir :
Autour de nous l'onde seule murmure,
A tes côtés moi je me vais asseoir.

Assez ramé !—vas-laisse la Gondole
Au gré des flots avancer lentement :—
Arrête-toi—Chante . . . une barcarolle
Porte en mon âme un doux ravissement—
Sur mes genoux viens donc prendre ta place ;
Viens dans mes bras, charmante Gianetta,
— La Gondolière alors fit à voix basse
Un doux prélude et bientôt lui chanta .—

BARCAROLLE.

Prends bien garde à toi gentille
fille,
Celui qui se dit ton amant
ment ;

Lorsqu'il vient contant son délire
 dire :
 " Je t'aime et n'aimerai que toi."
 croi
 Que le séducteur dans son âme
 trame
 Complot méchant, perfide tour,
 pour
 Te ravir ton honneur, gentille
 fille
 Et te laisser après cela
 là.
 Moi je ne veux entendre
 tendre
 Propos : toujours un amant
 ment."

Ainsi chanta la belle Gondolière,
 La Gondolière aux longs cheveux châtains,
 À l'œil d'azur, à la taille légère,
 Au petit pied mignon, aux blanches mains.
 Elle se tut : d'une voix amoureuse
 Piétro la prit, la serra sur son cœur
 Puis il lui dit : " ta chanson est mensonge
 " Car ton amant, crois-moi, n'est pas trompeur."

" Tu ne dis pas ce que pense ton âme
 " Tu ne crois pas toi-même à tes chansons,
 " Si quelqu'amant te racontait sa flamme,
 " Ma Gianetta le fuirais-tu ?—réponds—
 " Tu ne dis rien : ton cœur est libre encore
 " Nul Gondolier n'a su fixer ton choix :
 " Daigne écouter un amant qui t'adore
 " Et te le dis pour la première fois.

" Ma Gianetta ne tremble pas, je t'aime ;
 " De tes beaux yeux la douceur m'a séduit :
 " Ah ! si pour moi ton cœur pensait de même.
 " Réponds-moi donc."—Il était déjà nuit—
 —La Gondolière alors baissa la tête,
 Lui prit la main, la plaça sur son sein—
 —Piétro comprit...et bientôt la fillette
 En soupirant se remit en chemin.

Trois jours après comme un chant sur la Lyre
 Du sein du lac une voix s'éleva,
 Triste et plaintive exprimant le délire :
 Le Gondolier se tut et distingua :
 " Tu n'aurais jamais du entendre
 tendre
 " Tropos : toujours un amant
 ment."

Alors se tut la voix triste et plaintive :
 L'onde gémit sous un pesant fardeau
 Et le matin on trouva sur la rive
 Un corps de femme apporté par les flots.

H. B. C.

LIFE IN AMERICA.*—No. II.

The more Captain Hamilton's book is studied, the stronger will the reader's conviction be of its merits, as a clear and impartial description of the American people. We have already described it as less vehement than suits our temper, in its denunciation of the provoking or hateful absurdities of American practice which come under review, but our judgment is still satisfied that the book is all the more useful for its coolness. The emotions which stronger language might have excited, would probably have been transitory—the conviction which calm and clear description produces, is permanent.

Our general impression of the people of the northern part of the United States, from the book before us, is decidedly an unfavourable one—not but that there appears to be a "select few," possessed of sense, spirit, information, and good taste, with whom intercourse would be very agreeable, if one could be fortunate enough to obtain it; but the general mass, even of those who are found in what may be called the first situations of life, seem to combine a great many of the points of character which are the most offensive to cultivated judgment and good taste. The coarse, purse-proud, common-place, pedantic, "men of substance" in the English manufacturing towns, are just such men as one might expect in the *average* of American society, even of the rank of members of congress. They live on fat things, and adore themselves, most complacently imagining themselves miracles of wisdom, when they utter the tritest and poorest observations of common-place sagacity, illustrated by displays of information, which in England would be thought very appropriate to a parish clerk, or village school-master, but absurd in a gentleman acquainted with the world, and mixing in its business.

These will, perhaps, be thought severe and *illiberal* remarks, but they are fully borne out by the descriptions in the book before us, which, be it remembered, is written by one, whose political bias is in favour of American Institutions, though his taste is too much cultivated to receive as gold, the dross of which the Americans seem to be so proud. Let us follow our author to Washington, which he reached when congress was sitting, and take a glance, through his spectacles, at the specimens of life which the American capital affords. The city itself has been a failure, because it has not turned out a place of trade. "It would not," says our author, "have been consistent with the American character, had the original plan of the future metropolis not been framed on a scale of gigantic magnitude. A parallelogram nearly five miles in length, and more than two in breadth, was at once parcelled out with pleasing regularity, into streets, squares, and avenues, and preparations were fondly made for the rapid growth of a city, compared with which London would dwindle into a village. In short, nothing could be more splendid than Washington *on paper*, and nothing more entirely the reverse of splendid than the real city, when at wide intervals a few paltry houses were seen to arise amid the surrounding forest."

This is not, however, the present state of Washington—it has assumed the appearance of a city, but, instead of the intended and anticipated regularity, it is a straggling and most irregularly built place. An immense quantity of ground is included within its limits, but the greater part is empty space—"the houses are scattered in straggling groups, three in one quarter, and half a dozen in another, and ever and anon, our compassion is excited by some disconsolate dwelling, the first

* Men and Manners in America; by the Author of Cyril Thornton. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London.

and last born of a square or crescent, yet in *nubibus*, suffering, like an ancient maiden, in the mournful solitude of single blessedness." It was expected that the city would have been the seat of great foreign commerce, but the trade never came, nor is there any prospect that it will. Washington is important only as the seat of government, and its hope of prosperity founded solely on the expenditure of those whom the business of making or administering the general laws of the Union, draws within its precincts.

In Washington, our author says, all are idle enough to be as agreeable as they can. The business of congress is no great burden on the shoulders of any of its members; and a trip to Washington is generally regarded as a sort of annual *lark* which enables a man to spend the winter months more pleasantly than in the country. A considerable number of the members bring their families, with the view of obtaining introduction to better society than they can hope to meet elsewhere, but the majority leave such incumbrances at home, some, it may be presumed, from taste, and others from economy. These members of parliament are "no way particular" it seems, as to their place of residence, and what the city wants in *compactness*, is made up for in the storage of its temporary inhabitants within such house accommodation as it affords. This packing, however, is more compact than comfortable—at least it would be, according to our European tastes, but, perhaps, the honourable members of congress judge differently. "They generally live together," says Captain Hamilton, "in small boarding houses, which, from all I saw of them are shabby and uncomfortable. Gentlemen with families take lodgings, or occupy apartments in a hotel, and it is really marvellous, at the Washington parties, to see how many people are contrived to be stored away in a drawing room somewhat smaller than an ordinary sized pigeon house. On such occasions one does not suffer so much from heat as from suffocation, for not only does the whole atmosphere become *tainted in quality*, but there seems an absolute deficiency in quantity for the pulmonary demands of the company." We do not wonder at this:—an evening assembly in a crowded room of honoura-

ble members in dirty boots, or thick shoes and worsted stockings, in which they have been tramping about all day, cannot be expected to breathe forth the sweetest odours: even on the supposition that a hebdomadal detersion of their pedal extremities, duly takes place on Saturday nights, a delicate attention to their sheets, which, in such a state of society, it is, perhaps, more agreeable to hope, than reasonable to expect may be customary. We certainly should have liked (having first well *plugged* with tobacco or other odoriferous herb) to have been among the crowd, and watched the countenance of the French ambassador to the President's Court, at the ball which Captain Hamilton describes to have been given by his Excellency, as a compliment to the fashionables of Washington, shortly after his arrival from Paris. "I presume," says our author, "that the invitation to members of congress had been indiscriminate for the party was *adorned* by many members of that body who would not probably have been present on any principle of *selection*. Many of the gentlemen had evidently not thought it necessary to make any change in their morning habiliments, and their boots certainly displayed no indication of any recent intimacy with Day and Martin. Others were in worsted stockings, and their garments, made evidently by some tailor of the back woods, were of a fashion, which, when displayed amid a scene so brilliant, was somewhat provocative of a smile, I was informed that the gentlemen, whose appearance I have attempted to describe, were chiefly from the Western States, and they might be seen parading the apartments with ladies of aspect quite as unique, and sometimes even more grotesque than their own." But let's be fair—the Captain says that, notwithstanding this motley mixture, the majority of the company were unobjectionable, and the scene altogether "very interesting to a traveller."

But the French Ambassador's ball was nothing to the President's levee, in these characteristic traits of the "free and easy" which prevail in the capital of the mighty modern republic. This elected sovereign of the Western Empire threw open, upon the occasion, four large saloons, for the accommoda-

tion of all the citizens and citizenesses who might be pleased to wait upon him, and if his gratification, like that of the givers of "Routs," was measured by the crowded state of his rooms, we are assured that he had reason to be most happy, for they were literally crammed. Our author's description of the persons of the throng, is very graphic. "The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men, fresh from the plough, or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their President, and enjoy the splendours of the gala. There were also generals and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen, to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broadcloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in clintz or risset with huge Paris ear-rings, and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of coloured glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another—in short, every trade, craft, calling, and profession, appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention. For myself, *I had seen too much of the United States to expect any thing very different*, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levee, men begrimed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps their week's—labor. There were sooty artizans evidently fresh from the forge or the workshop; and one individual, I remember, either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company. The prominent group, however, in the assemblage was a party of Irish labourers, employed on some neighbouring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined, on the present occasion, to assert the full privileges of "the great unwashed." I remarked these men pushing aside the

more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humours of Donnybrook. A party composed of the materials I have described, could possess but few attractions. The heat of the apartments was very great, and the odours—certainly not Sabean—which occasionally affected the nostrils, were more pungent than agreeable."

The most ludicrous part of the business, however, was the celerity with which all the "refreshments" disappeared as fast as they made their entry. The glasses of punch and lemonade appeared, but for an instant, like flashes of lightning, and were presently engulfed in the dark profound of the multitudinous throats in the outer chambers; so that the President himself, who stood in the *penetraba*, shaking hands with, and saying agreeable things to, all sorts and conditions of men and women, seemed to have no chance whatever of wetting his whistle, or enabling those near him to do so. In this difficulty the President's *fauces*, and the credit of his inner chamber, were saved from injury by the presence of mind of his butler. Among the many instances of good fortune which have attended the present President of the United States, the circumstance of his butler being an Irishman, stands conspicuous. Our worthy countryman, keenly sympathizing with the President's bereavement of his punch, procured an escort for his trays, and armed them with sticks. On the next entry, these men kept flourishing their shillelahs around the trays with such alarming vehemence, that the predatory horde, who had anticipated a repetition of their plunder, were scared from their prey, and amid a scene of execration and laughter, the refreshments thus guarded, accomplished their journey to the President's saloon in safety!

The President, General Jackson, seems rather a favourite with our author, and, in his description of him, we certainly find nothing to remind us of the ferocious General Jackson, whom, we remember, in the more youthful energy of our hatred, to have exceedingly desired to slay. He describes this personage, as "somewhat above the middle height, spare, and well formed. Though he has probably numbered more than the years speci-

fied by the Psalmist, as forming the ordinary limit of human life, no symptom of decrepitude is visible in his air or motions. His hair, though nearly white, is abundant, and on the upper part of the head bristles up somewhat stiffly. The forehead is neither bold nor expansive, though by no means deficient in height. The head, like that of Sir Walter Scott, is particularly narrow in the region of ideality. The countenance of General Jackson is prepossessing,—the features are strongly defined, yet not coarse, and, even at his advanced age, the expression of his eye, is keen and vivid. The manner of the President is very pleasing. He evidently feels the dignity of his high office, and supports it, but there is no exaction of external deference beyond that which in ordinary society one gentleman is entitled to claim from another. One sees nothing of courtly elegance, but, on the other hand, nothing which the most rigid critic could attribute to coarseness or vulgarity.

We have seen members of congress, such as our author represents them, in a mixed company, let us now take a glance at them in the discharge of their business as legislators. We regret that it must be but a glance—Captain Hamilton's description is considerably in detail, and written with admirable judgment, and discriminating intelligence. Those who read his book attentively, will feel as if they had passed days in the House of Representatives, but we can only afford room to follow him in a few particulars. The place where the representatives assemble is described as a splendid semicircular saloon, round the arc of which is a range of anomalous columns composed of breccia found in the neighbourhood, with a highly decorated entablature of white marble. In the centre of the chord, is the chair of the speaker from which radiate seven passages to the circumference, and the desks and seats of the members are ranged in concentric rows. Behind the chair is a sort of corridor or gallery, with a fire place at either end, and furnished with seats and sofas, which serves as a lounging place for the members and strangers to whom the speaker may think proper to grant the privilege of *entrée*.

There is nothing which better marks the character of a people, than the

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sort of public speaking which is popular among them. Real eloquence is, perhaps, the noblest gift of God which man exercises, and where it is attained and relished, and made available for the great ends of civilized life, the defence of regulated freedom, and the support of institutions which serve, and adorn, and dignify, humanity; the people and the state must be respectable. On the other hand, where tedious verbosity, or vulgar vehemence, is mistaken for something fine or clever—where many and pompous words are used to convey poor and paltry ideas—where linked dullness, long drawn out, is mistaken for ability, the state may be fairly concluded to be without dignity, and the people to be shallow in information, and coarse in taste. The latter appears to be the state of circumstances in America. It is considered a fine thing to be a spouter; they are brought up to it, and consequently there is much speechifying and little eloquence among them. The people have a prodigious veneration for long speeches, and a man's ability is measured by the length of time he can harangue upon one subject. This is a sign of the very childhood of good taste.

Thus, our author informs us, "an oration of eighteen or twenty hours is no uncommon occurrence in the American congress. After this vast expenditure of breath, the next step of the orator is to circulate his speech in the form of a closely printed pamphlet of some hundred and fifty pages. A plentiful supply of copies is despatched for the use of his constituents, who swallow the bait; and, at the conclusion of the session, the member returns to his native town, where he is lauded, feasted, and toasted, and—what he values still more—re-elected. The Americans enjoy the reputation in Europe of being *par excellence* a sensible people, I fear their character, in this respect, must suffer some depreciation in the opinion of those who have enjoyed the advantage of observing the proceedings of their legislative assemblies. The mode in which the discussion of public business is carried on in congress certainly struck me as being not only unstatesmanlike, but in flagrant violation of the plainest dictates of common sense. The style of speaking is loose, rambling, and inconclusive, and adherence to the real subject of discussion,

evidently forms no part either of the intention of the orator, or the expectation of the audience. A large proportion of the speakers seem to take part in a debate with no other view than that of individual display, and it sometimes happens that the topic immediately pressing on the attention of the assembly, by some strange perversity, is almost the only one on which nothing is said."

Mr. Hamilton does not make these general observations without illustrating them by close descriptions of debates, which, with astonishing patience, he sat out. His fancy for endurance is certainly much greater than ours would have been under similar circumstances. The following description contains his vivid summary of American legislative eloquence:—"The first great objection, therefore, to American eloquence is, that it is not American. When a traveller visits the United States, and sees the form and pressure of society; a population thinly scattered through regions of interminable forest; appearances of nature widely varying from those of European countries; the entire absence of luxury; the prevailing plainness of manner and expression; the general deficiency of literary acquirement; the thousand visible consequences of democratic institutions, he is naturally led to expect, that the eloquence of such a people would be marked at least by images and associations peculiar to their own circumstances and condition. This anticipation would, no doubt, be strengthened by the first appearance of Congress. He would find in the Capitol of Washington two assemblies of plain farmers and attorneys; men who exhibited in their whole deportment an evident aversion from the graces and elegancies of polished society, of coarse appetites, and coarser manners, and betraying a practical contempt for all knowledge, not palpably convertible to the purposes of pecuniary profit. The impression might not be pleasing, but he would congratulate himself on having at least escaped from the dull regions of common place, and calculate on being spared the penalty of listening to the monotonous iteration of hackneyed metaphor, and the *crambe repetita* of British oratory, hashed up for purposes of public benefit or private vanity by a Washington *Cuisinier*. In all this

he would be most wretchedly deceived. He might patiently sit out speeches of a week's duration, without detecting even the vestige of originality either of thought or illustration. But he would be dosed *ad nauseam* with trite quotations from Latin authors, apparently extracted for the nonce, from the school books of some neighbouring academy for young gentlemen. He would hear abundance of truisms both moral and political, emphatically asserted, and most illogically proved; he would learn the opinion of each successive orator on all matters of national policy, foreign and domestic. He would be gorged to the very throat with the most extravagant praises of the American government, and the character and intelligence of the people. He would listen to the interminable drivellings of an insatiable vanity, which, like the sisters of the horse-leech, is for ever crying "give, give." He would follow the orator into the seventh heaven of bombast, and descend with him into the lowest regions of the bathos. Still in all this he would detect nothing but a miserably excuted parody—a sort of bungling plagiarism—an imitation of inapplicable models—a mimicry like that of the clown in a pantomime, all ridicule and burlesque. In American oratory, in short, he will find nothing vernacular, but the vulgarities, and the entire disregard of those proprieties on the scrupulous observance of which, the effect, even of the highest eloquence, must necessarily depend."

This is very powerful, so far as it goes, but it is not half what Mr. Hamilton says in exposure of the vulgarity of the public speaking, and the meagre superficial information of which the speakers make a ridiculous parade, even to the tricking out of their speeches, with heaps of scraps of Latin, culled from the most hackneyed quotation sentences that school-books supply. These precious morsels of classic lore will be *mis*-pronounced. Mr. Hamilton says, "in a pathetic accent, with the right-hand pressed gracefully on the breast. In short, members are always ready with some pretty scrap of threadworn trumpery, which, like the cosmogonist in the Vicar of Wakefield, they keep cut and dry, for the frequent occasions of oratorical emergency."

It is but just to observe, that with regard to the Senate, or "Upper House" of legislature a more favourable judgment is passed. The appearance of the assembly, we are told, is grave and dignified. The Senators are generally men of eminence in their several states, who may be supposed to bring to the task of legislation, the results of more mature judgment and varied experience. The tone of debate is, therefore, pitched higher than in the more popular house. Questions are discussed in a temper more philosophical and statesmanlike. The range of argument is widened, that of invective narrowed; and the members of the senate are less given to indulge in those flights of vapid and puerile declamation, which prove nothing, but deficiency of taste and judgment in the orator.

We have now tarried long enough in the great world, political and fashionable, of the United States, and we must leave the *Beau monde*, to look after the manners and habits of those who are *par excellence* "Yankees," as the natives of New England are especially called. It seems to be among this people, that the peculiar traits of American character, for good or for ill, are more particularly marked, and our author accordingly, bestows more than common pains upon their delineation. Again, and again, he returns to criticism and illustration of their peculiar habits of thought and action, inasmuch that he who reads very attentively the book before us, and does not know the Yankees as well as he does the "form and pressure" of his own coat after three months wear, may be sure that he must have the organ of dullness (if there be any such thing) very strongly developed in his cranium. The conclusion to which we are brought after all the pains bestowed upon the examination is this—that "the New Englanders are not an amiable people. One meets in them much to approve, little to admire, and nothing to love. They may be disliked, however, but they cannot be despised. There is a degree of energy, and sturdy independence about them, incompatible with contempt. Abuse them as we may, it must still be admitted, they are a singular and original people. Nature, in framing a Yankee, seems to have

given him double brains, and half a heart."

But we must not forget that our business in this article is to bring the circumstances of American life and manners before the eyes of our readers, and not to pronounce judgment upon them. We must therefore cull a few of the sketches of facts upon which the above opinion is founded. The New Englanders are a cool, calculating, money making, passionless race. They are manufacturers,—buyers, and sellers, and getters of gain, and possess a gravity, or rather cold hardness of mind and demeanor, which to persons of lively sympathies, and ardent feelings, must be the most repulsive thing in the world. We may conceive a great deal that is worse, but hardly any thing that is more disagreeable than such a people. To use a strong Irish illustration,—we would certainly not borrow money to drink with a New Englander, and much less would we spend our own ready cash upon an attempted jollification with such an over-reaching unjovial creature as he seems to be. An observant traveller, as soon as he enters Boston, which is the chief town of New England, immediately perceives that he is thrown among a population of a character differing much from that of the other cities of the Union. "He will remark that the lines of the forehead are more deeply indented; that there is more hardness of feature; a more cold and lustreless expression of the eye; a more rigid compression of the lips, and that the countenance altogether is of a graver, and more meditative cast. Observe him in every different situation, at the funeral, and the marriage feast, at the theatre and the conventicle; in the ball-room, and in the exchange, and you will set him down as of God's creatures, the least liable to be influenced by circumstances appealing to the heart or imagination." These are the bolder features of the description—they are delicately shaded off as follows. "It is not that the streets of Boston are less crowded, the public places less frequented, or that the business of life is less energetically pursued. In all these matters, to the eye of a stranger, there is little perceptible difference. But the population is evidently more orderly, the conventional restrictions of

society are more strictly down, and even the lower orders are distinguished by a solemnity of demeanor, not observable in their more southern neighbours. A shopkeeper, weighs coffee, or measures tape, with the air of a philosopher, makes observations on the price, or quality, with an air of sententious sagacity, subjects your coin to a sceptical scrutiny, and as you walk off with your parcel in your pocket, examines you from top to toe, in order to gain some probable conclusion as to your habits or profession. Boston is quiet, but there is none of the torpor of still life about it. No where are the arts of money-getting more deeply studied, or better understood. There is here less attempt than elsewhere to combine pleasure and business, simply because, to a New Englander business *is* pleasure,—indeed the only pleasure he cares much about."

This is sickening enough, but behold another portrait. "Wherever the New Englander goes, the coils of business are around him. He is a sort of moral Laocoon, differing only in this; that he makes no struggle to be free. Mammon has no more zealous worshipper than your true Yankee. His homage is not merely that of the life or of the knee; it is an entire prostration of the heart; the devotion of all powers, bodily and mental, to the service of the Idol. He views the world but as one vast exchange on which he is impelled both by principle and interest, to *over-reach his neighbours* if he can."

The gravity of the Englander is no bar to the habit of inquisitiveness, which is more or less a characteristic of the whole population of the States. The only respite he enjoys from the consideration of *his own* affairs, says Captain Hamilton, is the time he is pleased to bestow on prying into *yours*. There is no baffling him. His curiosity seems to rise in proportion to the difficulties thrown in his way, and no evasion or doubling will rid you of his importunity.

The first elements of education are almost universal in New England. Reading and writing, says our author, are universally diffused even among the poorest class, and arithmetic, he presumes, comes by *instinct*, among this guessing, reckoning, calculating people. The difficulty in the way of further

education, lies in the New Englander's perfect self satisfaction with this small advancement, which he completely looks upon as the height of knowledge. "A New Englander passes through the statutory process of education, and enters life with the intimate conviction that he has mastered, if not the *omniscibile*, at least every thing valuable within the domain of intellect. It never occurs to him as possible that he may have formed a wrong conclusion on any question, however intricate, of politics, or religion" (this, by the bye, is the mark and token of the shallow and the pig-headed, in other places that we could name, as well as New England.) "He despises all knowledge abstracted from the business of the world, and prides himself on his stock of practical truths. In mind, body and estate, he believes himself the first and noblest of God's creatures. The sound of triumph is even on his lips, and like a man who has mounted the first step of a ladder, it is his pride to look down on his neighbours, whom he oversteps by an inch, instead of directing his attention to the great height yet to be surmounted." The New Englander is sober and industrious, but in matters of trade, it is not understood that he is encumbered with conscience. "The whole Union is full of stories of his cunning frauds; wherever his love of money comes in competition with his zeal for religion, the *latter* is sure to give way. He will insist on the scrupulous observance of the sabbath, and cheat his customer on Monday morning. The whole race of Yankee Pedlars, in particular, are proverbial for dishonesty. These, go forth annually in thousands, to lie, cog, cheat, swindle, in short to get possession of their neighbours' property in any manner it can be done with impunity."

One of the most hateful characteristics attributed to the Yankee, is the absence of any thing like local attachment to the soil. A man without love of country must be destitute of the finest and noblest emotions of the soul; but we are told "there is nothing of this local attachment about the New Englander. His own country is too poor and too populous to afford scope for the full exercise of his enterprise and activity; he therefore shoulders his axe, and betakes himself to distant

regions; breaks once and *for ever* all the ties of kindred and connexion, and without one longing, lingering look, bids farewell to all the scenes of his infancy." We hope, for the honour of humanity, that Captain Hamilton exaggerates a little here. Even of the Yankees we would not willingly believe any thing so worthy of detestation and scorn. The following reflections on the Yankee character, if not very novel, are certainly very just. "If to form a just estimate of ourselves and others be the test of knowledge, the New Englander is the most ignorant of mankind. There is a great deal that is really good and estimable in his character, but after all he is not absolutely the ninth wonder of the world. I know of no benefit that could be conferred on him equal to convincing him of this truth. He may be assured that the man who knows nothing, and is aware of his ignorance, is a wiser and more enviable being than he who knows a little, and imagines that he knows all. The extent of our ignorance is a far more profitable object of contemplation, than that of our knowledge. Discontent with our actual amount of acquirement, is the indispensable condition of possible improvement. It is to be wished that Jonathan would remember this. He may rely on it, he will occupy a higher place in the estimation of the world whenever he has acquired to think more humbly of himself."

After what has been said of the serious self-sufficiency, and confidence in their own reason, of the New Englanders, it will cause no surprise to learn, that they are for the most part, in religious creed, Unitarians. It is a striking fact, that in the old country as well as the new—in the manufacturing towns of Britain as well as America, where pride of purse is the loftiest emotion that visits the breasts of the inhabitants—where cunning and impudence pass for wisdom and boldness, and the most common-place arguments for great information, the sect of the Unitarians flourishes, and there alone. They fade away before the light of learning and the elevation of cultivated feeling. But to return to our book. Boston, it tells us, "is the metropolis of Unitarianism. In no other city has it taken root so deeply, or spread its branches so widely. Fully half of the

population, and more than half of the wealth and intelligence of Boston, are found in this communion. I was at one time puzzled to account for this; but my journey to New England has removed the difficulty. The New Englanders are a cold, shrewd, calculating, and ingenious people, of phlegmatic temperament, and perhaps have in their composition less of the stuff of which enthusiasts are made than any other in the world. In no other part of the globe, not even in Scotland, is morality at so high a premium. No where is undeviating compliance with public opinion so unsparingly enforced. The only lever by which people of this character can be moved, is that of argument. A New Englander is far more a being of reason than of impulse. Talk to him of what is high, generous, and noble, and he will look on you with a vacant countenance; but tell him of what is just, proper, and essential to his own well being, or that of his family, and he is all ear. His faculties are always sharp; his feelings are obtuse. Unitarianism is the democracy of religion. Its creed makes fewer demands on the faith, or the imagination, than that of any other Christian sect. It appeals to human reason in every step of its progress; and while it narrows the compass of miracle, enlarges that of demonstration. Its followers have less bigotry than other religionists, because they have less enthusiasm. They refuse credence to the doctrine of one grand and universal atonement, and appeal to none of those sudden and preternatural impulses which have given assurance to the pious of other sects. An Unitarian will take nothing for granted but the absolute and plenary efficacy of his own reason, in matters of religion. He is not a fanatic, but a dogmatist; one who will admit of no distinction between the incomprehensible and the false. With such views of the Bostonians and their prevailing religion, I cannot help believing that there exists a curious felicity of adaptation in both. The prosperity of Unitarianism in the New England States seems a circumstance which a philosophical observer of national character might, with no great difficulty, have predicted. Jonathan chose his religion, as one does a hat, because it fitted him. We believe, however, that

his head has not yet attained its full size, and confidently anticipate that its speedy enlargement will ere long induce him to adopt a better and more orthodox covering."

We cannot particularly compliment Mr. Hamilton on his manner of treating religious questions, though much of what he advances in the foregoing passage is clearly and strikingly true. He describes Unitarianism more fairly than he treats Christianity. The supposition that any sect of orthodox Christians "appeal to sudden and preternatural impulses, which give assurance to the pious," is a vulgar error, like that of the "*nolo episcopari*" in the consecration of bishops, which, in another part of his book, our author is so ill-informed as to adopt.

We have by no means exhausted the New England sketches which our author supplies; but we have given enough of them for our purpose, and we must now return to circumstances generally incident to life in America, which it is interesting to learn. Captain Hamilton, as we have stated once or twice before, is a liberal in politics, and ever and anon gives indication of somewhat ultra-liberality in his toleration of what we could have excused him for visiting with censure; yet he says, speaking of the Union generally, that without wishing to lead his readers to any hasty or exaggerated conclusion, he must in candour state, that the result of his observations was to lower considerably the high estimate he had formed of the moral character of the American people. Comparing the traders with the same class of people in England, he was struck with a resolute and obtrusive cupidity of gain, and a laxity of principle as to the means of acquiring it, which do not disgrace the English. He heard conduct *praised*, in conversation at a public table, which in England would be attended, if not with a voyage to Botany Bay, at least with a total loss of character. A tone of callous selfishness pervades the conversation of American traders, and it exhibits the absence of all pretension to pure and lofty principle. "The only restraint upon these men is the law; and he is evidently considered the most skilful in his vocation who contrives to overreach his neighbour, without incurring its penalties." It does not appear, either, that

there exists much hope of this state of things being bettered. This people, as we learn in another part of the book before us, is not growing more intellectual, but less so. I am aware, says our author, it will be urged that the state of things I have described is merely transient, and that when population shall become more dense, and increased competition shall render commerce and agriculture less lucrative, the pursuits of science and literature will engross their due portion of the national talent. "I hope it may be so; but yet it cannot be disguised, that there hitherto has been no visible approximation towards such a condition of society. In the present generation of Americans, I can detect no symptom of improving taste or increasing elevation of intellect. On the contrary, the fact has been irresistibly forced on my conviction, that they are altogether inferior to those whose place, in the course of nature, they are soon destined to occupy. Compared with their fathers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the younger portion of the richer classes to be less liberal, less enlightened, less observant of the proprieties of life, and certainly far less pleasing in manner and deportment." So much for the "march of intellect," the "progress of light," and so forth, which, in the lying cant of the day, are working such astonishing improvement in both hemispheres. We suspect that the judgment thus passed on the young men of the New World, would not be far from fitting a great majority of those in the Old.

There is a "Cambridge University" in the Yankee State, which Mr. Hamilton visited. It is three miles from Boston. This University grants Bachelors' degrees to students of four years standing, and a Master's degree three years afterwards, as in our Universities; but it appears to be a very shabby affair, though its library, containing only 30,000 volumes, is the *largest* in the United States. Hundreds of private individuals in England possess more. The number of students in this University is 250. They may live within it, *more academico*, or not, as it suits them. No religious tenets taught, but being near Boston, the reigning spirit is Unitarian.

It is strange, that even at Boston, where the Sabbath is observed with

austere strictness, there are festive parties on Sunday evening. The solution of this is, that they count the Sabbath from sunset on Saturday, to sunset on Sunday. The evening of the latter is, therefore, relieved from all Sabbath rules of restraint.

Although the exterior of the houses of the American gentry (if we may use the term in speaking of Americans) appears to be not inferior to those of the middle classes in this country, the traveller must prepare himself for a great difference in the interior accommodation. Proud as an American is of his wealth, he does not take pride in exhibiting it in the furniture of his house. Every thing, we are told, is comfortable, but every thing is plain. "Here are no buhl-tables, no or molu clocks, nor gigantic mirrors, nor cabinets of Japan, nor draperies of silk or velvet; and one certainly does miss those thousand elegancies with which the taste of British ladies delights in adorning their apartments. The appearance of an American mansion is decidedly republican. No want remains unsupplied, while nothing is done for the gratification of a taste for expensive luxury." Our author says, "this is as it should be." We do not agree with him; not that we vote for the French nonsense of buhl, and or molu, except in a few places here and there; but we cannot give up the draperies, which are comfortable, as well as graceful—the mirrors, when they can be afforded, and above all, the luxury of neatness—"the thousand elegancies" which mark at once the taste of our fair woman-kind, and the indulgence given to it by those who supply the finances of the household. Mr. Hamilton talks a considerable deal of wisdom, almost worthy of a veritable American sage, upon the great prudence of dispensing with handsome furniture, because, quoth he, "there are means of profitable outlay for every shilling of accumulated capital, and the Americans are too prudent a people to invest in objects of mere taste, that which, in the more vulgar shape of cotton, or tobacco, would tend to the replenishing of their pockets." All the sense we can pick out of this is, that a man should not spend more money upon making his home comfortable and elegant, than his circumstances will afford.

The rest is mere fudge. There is no real prudence in preferring to enjoy our superfluous wealth by contemplating its accumulation, rather than by expending it in articles of taste and elegance. On the contrary, it is evidence of a gross and unloveable disposition; and since our wives and daughters enjoy our wealth more, when vested in sofas and curtains, and "the thousand elegancies," than when it is stowed away in bales of cotton or hogsheads of tobacco, we do not see that to "wale a portion in judicious care," and place it in their hands for "ornamental purposes," is either high or petty treason against the laws of prudence and good sense.

But we suspect the truth to be, that it is from no deduction of mere prudence, that our American friends dispense with these household luxuries. It is because they have no taste for them, and, with all deference be it spoken, the rude habits of the country are not suited to such things. They have instead, the luxury of spitting about, wheresoever they list. If they had fine furniture, they could not keep it in good order for want of servants; but this, by the bye, is stated by our author himself, in reference to the very subject which we are now doing ourselves the honour to discuss with him. Let us listen, as is our wont, to what he says.

"Another circumstance, probably not without its effect in recommending both paucity and plainness of furniture, is the badness of the servants; these are chiefly people of colour, habituated from their cradle to be regarded as an inferior race, and consequently sadly wanting both in moral energy and principle. Every lady with whom I have conversed on the subject, speaks with envy of the *superior comforts and facilities of an English establishment*. A coloured servant, they declare, requires perpetual supervision. He is an executive, not a deliberative being. Under such circumstances, the drudgery that devolves on an American matron, I should imagine to be excessive. She must direct every operation that is going on from the garret to the cellar. She must be her own housekeeper, superintend all the outgoings, and comings in, and interfere in a thousand petty and annoying de-

tails, which, in England, go on like clock-work, out of sight, and out of thought."

The master of a house, we are assured, is in his department just as badly off as the mistress. In America it is "Every man his own butler," because he cannot trust the black man unguarded, into the cellar; and your white American will not condescend to the situation of a domestic servant. Our poor countrymen, it appears, who often arrive at New York without the

incumbrance of hat or shoes, and do not find it convenient to march into the interior, until these appendages for land travelling have been secured, are frequently led, by their obliging disposition, to become household servants for a time; but it somehow happens, that their sense of the politeness due at first acquaintance to these foreigners, wears out about the time the first quarter's wages come round, and having got some dollars in their pocket, they

"twitch their mantle blue
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,"

and away they go, just as they are beginning to "know the ways of the place," and to be really useful. So even here the Americans are baffled, and the resources of the Emerald Isle are for once found to be unavailing. We cannot help thinking, however, that if American masters would learn manners, without which it is impossible for him to ensure Pat's respect, and endeavour to secure him, with very good wages and two or three good oaths against whiskey, it would be very well worth of any trans-atlantic gentleman who can afford it. For what can be more barbarous than the present state of their households, in respect of servants' inattention? When you enter an American house, says our author, "either in the quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary, he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage by counting the hat-pegs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance; and the choice only remains of opening doors on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bed-room of some young lady, or of cutting the gordian knot by escaping through the only one you know any thing about. I confess that the first time I found myself in this unpleasant predicament, the latter expedient was the one I adopted, though I fear not without offence to an excellent family, who having learned the fact of my admission, could not be sup-

posed to understand the motive of my precipitate retreat."

Although it is apparent that, in public places, the various classes of Americans mix together without any particular attention to distinction; and though it be true that, politically speaking, there is a privileged order; it is yet, as we are assured by our author, quite nonsense to suppose that there is no practical inequality felt and manifested. He tells us, that there is quite as much of it in New York as in Liverpool;—the magnates of the Exchange do not strut less proudly in the former than in the latter city; nor are their wives and daughters more backward in supporting their pretensions. Thus vanity will have its way, even in America, though it does not display itself so much in a rivalry of elegance as of wealth. It appears that there is a good deal of fine dressing among the ladies; and dandyism among the young men is not unknown. The American dandy, we are told, is a being *sui generis*; but we think we have seen specimens of the race, in Leeds and in Glasgow. He wears rings, trinkets, and gold chains, and is great in velvet waistcoats, and in talk of coats and carriages. Nevertheless, of the gentlemen in a New York ball-room, Captain Hamilton does not speak as if he thought them the pink of quality.—He says (*horrescimus referentes*), that a party of the *new police*, furnished forth with the requisite *toggery*, would have played their part in the ball-room with about as much grace. In dancing, our author is gallant enough to add, "the advantage is altogether on

the side of the ladies. Their motions are rarely inelegant, and never grotesque. I leave it to other travellers to extend this praise to the gentlemen." We hold this last sentence to be the most contemptuous we have read for some time; and if the American youth were as touchy as Highlanders or Connaughtmen, we would certainly look forward to the visitation upon our literary Captain of sundry cartels; but there is no fear that the paper shafts of Captain Hamilton, or any one else, will rouse much of the ire of the young aspirants to gentility on the other side of the Atlantic. Their own self-complacency is a seven-fold shield, in which the arrows of ridicule may indeed stick, but they will not pierce through and wound.

Here our limits warn us that we must close these volumes from which we have gleaned so much that has greatly interested ourselves, and, we trust, has not disappointed our readers. We quit the book with reluctance, heartily recommending it to the attentive perusal of our readers, for further information on the points we have touched upon, and upon a great many points of yet higher interest as respects our great rival of the western world, which we have not been able to touch upon at all. We have accomplished our task, which was that of exhibiting the manner of living in America, by those who are habituated to it, but a great deal that it is chiefly interesting to the mere traveller, we have omitted, and from dwelling on the valuable political speculations of the author, we have purposely restricted ourselves. His descriptions of land travelling have many scenes, and touches of humour, such as remind us of the genius of Smollet. His accounts of steam-boat travelling and society, we have touched upon, but we have refrained from some of the very energetic sketches which he gives of the coarse abominations—the blasphemy and the blackguardism which it was his lot to witness, in his longer voyages upon the American rivers.

We must leave it to the readers of his volumes to accompany him from

the vast volume of turbid waters of the Mississippi, and the awful desolation which accompanies them, through his long journey to the most astounding of the world's wonders, the falls of Niagara. We have only to remark that, in his descriptions of natural scenery, Captain Hamilton is fully entitled to rank with the ablest of our living prose authors. As to his sketches of "Men and Manners," though we have taken the liberty, by copious extracts, to give our readers some opportunity of judging for themselves, of their quality, we have, perhaps, said less than we ought of their merits as at once the most lively, and the most graphic that we have met with in any book on America.—When we say this we do not forget Mrs. Trollope's sketches, which are very good, but a little *de trop*. We can see that her portraits are likenesses, but we feel that they are caricatures. They are more exciting, but they have not the delicate finish of Captain Hamilton's.

With the greater part of the political *philosophy* of "Men and Manners in America," we do by no means agree, but we cannot close our notice of the book, without admitting the great value of the political information which it affords upon the present state and future prospects of the Union. He who would form a good judgment of the probable political fate of the United States of America, cannot take a better guide as to facts, than Captain Hamilton's work affords.

And now farewell to our friends, the Americans, of whom we have said nothing harshly, that we would not rather have said praisefully, if truth would have admitted it. We respect their bravery, their bold spirit of enterprise, and their pride in their own country, and its constitution. What we dislike in them we have already sufficiently stated. Their good and great qualities are of a substantial nature, and would make an excellent foundation whereon to erect the graces which soften and embellish life, in which they seem to us to be so woefully deficient. Let us hope that the goodly superstructure will be raised in time.

MY FIRST STEEPLE CHASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

Years—*cheu fugaces*!—have passed, and yet how vivid is the 16th of October, 181—in my memory. The larger portion of my web of life is spun, and mine has been one of mingled yarns. Well, it matters little now. I can remember calmly the sunshine and the shadow, and the gloomiest retrospect has many a lightsome day and many a merry night associated with its recollection. Mine was indeed a careless career; fancy led all through, and prudence was double distanced. Like wiser men, many a wrong cast I made; was "stabbed with a white wench's black eye;" consorted with "Ephesians of the old church," and listened too often to "the chimes at midnight."—But, like old Jack, I leave the blame upon villainous company," and say with him, "I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need be."

It was the first week in July, when having taken the honours of a graduate, after a five years' sojourn within the classic courts of old Alma Mater, I strolled into the Repository in Stephen's-green, to bid adieu to old H—, who for thirty years had horsed us of Trinity. It was sale-day, and a blank one top; the world was out of town. There were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy. A hack not worth a hay-band was knocked down to an aspiring linen draper, who wanted "something smart" whereon to dust himself occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even unto payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his counsellors, as I had broken his windows upon the evening I paid his bill, that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped then beneath the hammer, which even had escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my shewing, the cardinal virtues of horse-flesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet human judgment is

fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualifications ascribed to him by the puffer and myself; for, as the Evening Post soon after announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the Rock Road, and the excited courser, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting car, and the concussion was so awful, that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered *hors de combat*.

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime minister to the Repository, jogged me on the elbow.—"Stop a minute—its worth while, Sir. There's a queer one coming out—he's the devil, to be sure. Och, if he had but temper; and here he is." While he spoke, a rattling high-bred dark bay horse issued from the stables. He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but, notwithstanding his poverty, he was the ruin of a noble animal—he was far from being handsome—the head was coarse, the shoulder thick; but he embodied some good points, and, though cross made, to an experienced eye, his "ensample" was excellent—Archy, my best man—as honest a groom as ever won a living—whispered "if he had not the go in him, he was the biggest villain under the canopy"—and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he gained the vantage ground. "There, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "there's what I call youth and beauty. There's the making of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse any thing to a man with such a daisy-cutter under him, would be hard to please indeed—run him down, Lanty—that's action and elegance—come sir,"—to a tall raw-boned young grocer—"that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure should never cross any thing but blood—this here horse is

young Selim—he's own brother to Mousecatcher—cousin to Morgiana, and up to fourteen stone with any fox hounds in the kingdom—but Selim appeared likely to profit little from his respectable relationship—he had a *ree* look, a blemished knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain—for he had run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the frame work of the stable door—now, in a company of sober cits, requiring “steady roadsters,” and “useful family horses,” Selim found little favour; and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer, would not bid a sixpence.

“Gentlemen, I put him up at *fifty*,” said he of the hammer—“No reserve in this case—none, upon honor—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute—Selim is a beautiful charger—steady with arms”—and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in the yeomanry—“He would carry you upon parade, delightfully—his courage is only equalled by his training—his late master would ride him to a battery”—*a battery*—may heaven forgive him!—Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life—a cracker would rise him sky-high, and a squib, send him across the broadest part of Sackville-street—still, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—“gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory—say *forty*, for the beautiful and gentle animal”—“gentle,” ejaculated the grocer, “and he after killing a groom”—this, was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—“hem—hem—rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all—say *thirty*, gentlemen—twenty—ten—do, give me a bid”—“five, roared a jingle owner—*ten*, said Archy—*fifteen* shouted the puffer—*twenty* cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mousecatcher was mine.

Now I verily believe that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy.—In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he was worth the money, provided he would carry the baskets.—We brought him to the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, ‘*secundum artem*

turned him out upon a fine salt-marsh, and left him “to fulfil his destinies.”

At this memorable period of my life, the North of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Dough, the Newtownbreda Hunts, were all in full force; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of ‘The Rangers’ was in its zenith—their country and members were alike extensive; and no gentleman attached to field-sports, within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in this celebrated club. The members met annually in the county town, attended by a pack of fox-hounds and “a gallant following.” They lived like “Irish Kings,” played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze for weeks before, and months afterwards.—Alas! all this is over; the club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel a ruin; “The Rangers” fill “the narrow house;” and where in Ireland could rank, and wealth, and influence be congregated now?

Into ‘The Rangers’ I had been recently admitted: their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the Cup, with other valuable plates, were then to be contested. The Cup had excited unusual interest, and had been challenged by a dozen members, good men and true, and each having, or believing he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles over *Hibernice*, a sporting, *Anglice*, a break-neck country: the weights thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses, good, fast, honest, weight-carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured, at “a large figure,” celebrated racing-hunters “for the nonce.”

“What will not young ambition?” In spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year old mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there was no allowance for age or sex, the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to

name her in the match was an honor more than worth the entrance-money.

August came; Miranda was in beautiful condition; and Archy exhausted upon her training all the arcana of the racing-stable, and the experience of a life; while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were rudely dispelled, for, one morning, Miranda was found halter-cast in the stable. She was dead lame, and lame she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse, this was a sad disappointment. I betook myself to grouse-shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent Catholic, as the Priest declared, that from the moment a horse was put in training, he never "darkened a chapel-door."

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deep in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern.

Rosa lived near me; I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress, gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times, when, if my advances were not encouraged, at least my suit was listened to, and an ill-concealed satisfaction told, that she was not indifferent to my suit. Her coldness piqued me for the moment, and yet I left her, persuaded that of all her sex, she was best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story, and was musing over the misfortunes of my mare, when Archy popped in his head, to ask "if I would look into the stables;" I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed rapidly over the stalls, and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new-comer, and the brother of Mousecatcher was before me; and could this be he? The rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-hound!—The mystery was quickly solved:—

Archy had visited the salt-marsh;—found Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognised; took him up and got him through physic, and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time; but Archy swore "slight training was best for a half-bred," and Archy was right.

For my own part, I could scarce believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sporting-looking horse, and Archy swore, "better than he looked."

Time flew, and everything increased my confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing qualities we knew nothing. Any thing we took him at he executed well, and intricate leaps were for obvious reasons avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple-chasing had covered himself with glory, and with a reasonable hope of success, I awaited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought. With the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my racing history. They heard accidentally that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man, and been bought for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were of "no consideration." I kept my own counsel, and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured accommodation for my establishment at an obscure farm-house, and our incognito was as perfect as if we had never left our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent, and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness she had sympathized in my disappointment: she knew my secret, for our's were young hearts, and what agitated one breast could not but interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club-room to exchange the jargon of the field for a tête à tête with my pretty mistress. "Hot with the Tuscan grape" I urged my passion with more than common ardour, and

Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! My rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay, with a broken arm, at a country inn, some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation; "Is there any thing wrong, Arthur?" "Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier: K—— has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider."—"And will he not run then?" Half a minute determines, frequently, as well as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I had formed my resolution. "*He will run*, Rosa: but with me upon his back, what chance can he have with the best riders in the kingdom opposed?" "But the danger, dear Arthur." "Is not greater than fox-hunters encounter thrice a-week." "And is there really no more?" I assured her there was not, and shortly afterwards bade her good-night.—This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa, than all my studied efforts; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my bosom, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety.

Whether it was that unforeseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind; or the consciousness that I was beloved by her for whom I would sacrifice a world, that roused the ardour of my spirit, I know not, but I entered the crowded club-room with buoyant and excited feelings. The accident to my rider had transpired, and from some I received sincere—from others, ironical condolence. "I hope, notwithstanding, that the *homicide* will run," said the President. "The *homicide*, as you are pleased to term him, will run; and for want of a better horseman his owner will ride and win—if he can." My tone and manner were not unmarked; and while some were recommending me to effect a life-insurance, I was coolly booking heavy odds, and so continued, till every gentleman inclined to bet them, had been heartily satisfied—the joking at my expense, subsided fast—people began to look suspiciously, and Jemmy Joyce whispered his next neighbour, that the sooner he hedged, the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being according to his parlance, "very

like a lad who would make a spoon, or spoil a horn;" having balanced my book, I borrowed an old blue jacket from the huntsman; left the club; visited the stable, and went quietly to rest, to be ready for the morrow.

Morning came and I felt rather queer; I began to discover that it is no joke for nervous gentlemen to ride steeple chases for the first time, under the critical examination of 30,000 spectators—But an incident restored my *hardiesse*—at breakfast a sealed parcel was handed me by the waiter—it contained a beautiful pink and yellow jacket—no note accompanied it, but to the cap a scroll was attached, bearing in a female hand, the motto, "*may this be foremost*."—Whose might the fairy favour be? My heart whispered the name, and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude, an uninterrupted view of the race, from its commencement to its close; from a circular valley the surface undulated gently, and the course, nearly elliptical, stretched along the rising ground. In the same field the starting and winning posts were placed; this was the favourite stand; a long line of carriages of every description occupied it; ladies were there "thick as leaves in Vall'ombrosa," for every thing *distingué* and beautiful for counties round, was on the ground.

At twelve o'clock a warning bugle was heard and from their respective cantonments the horses slowly approached the same point; each as he entered the field was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate; with short intervals, a grey, a brown, and two bays passed review; they had their respective admirers, but caused no great sensation, and expectation "was still on tip toe;" presently a buzz was heard, a horse approached, and Firebrand, a noted racing hunter from Roscommon appeared; he looked to be in capital condition, and from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly first rate.

"But louder yet the clamour grew," as the pet of the day, the far famed English horse Comet, appeared; He was a splendid thorough-bred chesnut, full sixteen hands high, and "looking every inch" a racer; I felt my cheek

blanche as I examined him ; he was indeed a formidable opponent ; and as his late owner, Captain M——, reputed justly to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was led off, and my forlorn charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his entree, I and my *man-killer*, were subjected to many a sporting jest ; at length the brother of Mouscatcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy ; closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated ; the knowing ones looked more knowing ; and Jemmy Joyce swore with a grin, that he seemed "mighty like a Tartar!"

While the horses were leading to the starting post, I galloped up the rise to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage ; "tell me, pray you," said her cousin, "what spell is over Rosa ; know you the secret that robs her of her roses ?"—"shall I restore them ?" I replied ; and unclosing my top coat, I displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and left me at no loss to conjecture whence my fancy favour came.

Again the bugle sounded ; Comet, and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large marquee ; to assume my gay cap, and doff my coat was the business of a minute ; my competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, when from behind the tent, a dashing horse, and gallant rider issued ; our appearance elicited a murmur of applause : the owners of Comet, and Firebrand, looked blank enough ; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English racer appeared not to be in full force ; but the determined countenance of his inimitable jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming ; nor was Firebrand without his friends ; and the *green cap* was offered fully against every thing but Comet ; as to me, people seemed afraid to back, or bet against me ; and those who had laid the odds last night pretty heavily were hedging now, as if they could meet with customers.

we went in a bunch ; the bays,

brown, and grey, making the running ; I saw at once that the pace though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the *Man-killer* ; after a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures ; the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping, and interspersed with stiff fences. Here having cleared the paddocks, we increased the speed, and came out at a killing pace.

On entering the grass lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I was up to it well ; the race was indeed beautiful ; for the next mile a sheet would cover us ; the fences were taken in line ; and none could tell, whether black, yellow, or green was foremost.

Half a mile from home, there was a fence of tremendous size ; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the face that we approached, *stocaded* with stumped thorns. It was in truth, "a regular rasper," and was distinguished by the country people "par excellence," as the *big leap* ; as we neared it, my companions, gathered the energies of their horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half inclined to decline it ; for the first time, he felt the steel ; and with a glorious effort, cleared this formidable barrier, in a style, that drew down from the multitude, a thunder of applause ; not so my rivals ; Firebrand fell, and staked himself, while Comet, by his rider's horsemanship, was indifferently brought across, but staggering, he came down on landing, and in the mistake, lost ground he could never recover ; during the run home, he did make a wonderful struggle to pull up ; it was in vain, for after we crossed the break-neck fence, I had the race hollow.

Amid deafening cheers, I was carried from the scales in triumph ; I was declared even by Jemmy Joyce, a youth of promise, and my *Man-killer*, the best weight-carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral, and so has mine ; never condemn a horse untried ; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed ; I saved Selim from slavery, and a jingle ; and he won me four cups, and carried me four seasons, as I was never carried afterwards ; nay more, I owe my connubial happiness mainly to my bonny bay : "Rosa was

an heiress, and I a younger son ; a rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his addresses in form ; I was flushed with victory, and she flattered to see her faery favor *foremost* in the field ; at the ball that night, my eloquence was irresistible ; she smiled upon my suit ; and to end uncertainty, and save her guardian future trouble,

eloped with me to Gretna, next morning.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate our union was ; and if some reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unallayed delight ; the morning when I rode my first steeple chase ; and the evening that made Rosa mine.

WILLIE AND PATE.

A COUNTY DOWN PASTORAL.

O, wanton—warm are Willy's lips,
And fou o' saftenin' ardor ;
But Pate's are dry, and cauld as chips,
His fingers scarce are harder.

And sure o' timber, is his han',
Sae wrunkled a', and knotted ;—
Take scruntty Pate for my guid-man !
I'll no abide the thought o't.

But oh ! my Willy's loof on mine,
In faulds sae baumy pressin'
Sae saft, sae couthy, sae divine—
It's maist as guid as kissin' !

He is the wale o' a' the norl',
He courts clean after nature ;
But Pate, the knurl, the canker'd churl,
The clawin', pawin' creature !

To see my mither fetch him ben,
To try his hand at daffin'—
He grins, and snirts, and thraws ye ken—
I maist could die, wi' laughin'.

But Lord ! when doon ayont the stooks,
I meet my bosom's treasure ;
His sugar'd words, his loving looks—
I just could greet for pleasure.

I'll e'en sit down and greet my fill,
My heart's o'erflowing fairly—
Oh Willy, Willy, come what will,
I'll lo'e you late and early !

CIRCUIT NOTES—No. II.

"Go to, thou hungry wight, seeking to pick my purse,
By picking quarrels; go pick carrion."

OLD PLAY.

"Calm was the day and the scene delightful," according to Lindley Murray's apt quotation, when I entered the day-mail, on my Summer circuit.

My quondam friend, who played Pylades to my Orestes on my former excursion, had suffered himself to be withdrawn by "gentle hands" from the cold breezes of the north, and the harsh accents of the hyperborean bar. His place now supplied by a probationer, who reckoned two inches lucky measure beyond the six-feet, and who was venturing for the first time amongst the northern veterans of our circuit. I had provided myself, by the advice of our Attorney-General, with a hat, about which no mistake could be made by any man who felt inclined to leave his own for a better one, and which had suffered so severely on the Spring circuit as to require a stitch in the crown from the house-maid at one of the hotels at which the bar mess was held.

My readers will readily imagine, that a man of my modest pretensions bent on accomplishing my circuit tour on economical principles, would instinctively suggest the propriety of travelling outside. "You know," said I, "how likely it is in this sultry weather, that you may get a bilious headache, by being imprisoned inside, and then you will lose also the principal object of young lawyers' circuit travels, namely, landscape and scenery." "But then," said he, "our respectability as professional men; Oh, monstrous! to think of mixing with the plebeian vulgarity of guards and coachmen." It was like Cassio and his reputation; so finding him resolved on doing the matter genteely, I acceded to his views on this very important topic. At 8 o'clock A.M. we started, I having previously availed myself of the advantages usually to be found in the "domus," where there is also the

"placens uxor," namely, the traveller's bowl of coffee with a round of toast and butter. It had pleased the coach company in the true spirit of "reform and retrenchment," to make a new travelling arrangement, by which the passengers had no interval allowed for breakfast; and I can state with "categorical precision," as the logicians say, that the announcement of this startling truth at 10 o'clock A.M. to a bachelor, six feet two inches high, produced an effect on his nervous system, of no ordinary character. "Curse this confounded love of changing all the good old plans!" said he, as he assumed the dignified indignation of countenance, which bespeaks an angry liver and an empty stomach. "A fine ejaculation," says I, "for a ministerial Whig, whose creed it is to glory in all innovation, except that which deprives themselves or relations of any worldly comfort. But philosophise as you please, for I am most happy to assure you that I am in an equally comfortable, though not in such full condition as the old country-woman who refused the third cup of tea at breakfast on the modest plea, that she 'ta'en twa guse eggs and a morsel o' bread to tak' the wur out o' her stomach afore starting.'" "Always one of your little northern stories," says he, "Ah, sure you can get a biscuit and a glass of ale in Drogheda," says a youth in the corner of the coach, "after all, it is no great loss not getting breakfast here, for it was only paying for poison." The coach rolled on till we came to Drogheda, where the new prescription was tried, but was soon found to be like Sterne's Slavery, "a bitter draught." In two hours afterwards we arrived in the bar-town, where our stomachs, or rather that of my friend received adequate compensation for the previous loss of office. At the earlier towns on the circuit, the senior members of

the bar generally compose the brotherhood who assemble at mess; the young gents, prudently and sensibly considering that the further north you go, the landscape is more enlivening. My travelling companion had changed his circuit, for a reason very analogous to that which had actuated my old Pylades, the difference between the two cases being founded upon a legal distinction, namely, that in the latter, the consideration was executed, in the former executory. A very sincere and anxious friend had given him some sapient advice before starting, that he should abjure the heresies of the circuit which he had now forsaken, and conduct himself with steady gravity, and precision before the sages of the north-east bar, who are usually supposed to be stern and frigid in their bearing to their friends and acquaintances. This 'fidus Achates' had been apprehensive that the buoyant spirits and enthusiastic ardour of his friend, might not accord with the fabled moroseness of the company to which he was now to be introduced. I know not why it is that such should be the reputed character of a society of men of education, intelligence, kindly feeling, and courteous demeanour. It is true, our bar meetings are seldom disgraced by that brawling revelry and frivolous irrationality which, in my mind, indicate the absence of all those true principles of generous friendship, and virtuous sympathy, upon which the extended charities of social life are, or can be founded. In my former notes I merely daubed out the outline of some of our leading members, which I can from a more intimate acquaintance now finish with fidelity. Our worthy old father had been nearly laid up in dock, so as to be unable to preside; but the paternal deputy is truly deserving of a re-touch of the pencil. His "jury eye" (as the lawyers term it) gave an expression of sharp intelligence to the countenance. There was not unfrequently a sober calm which settled down upon him, indicating a bosom once agitated by the storms of human sorrows, and now exhibiting the floating remnants of the wreck which had been made. The stranger could predicate the possession of vigorous intellectual energy, the casual acquaintance could discover soundness of judgment, solidity of information, with abundance of mirth

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and pleasantry; at the same time would scarcely fail to conjecture that sarcasm, perhaps, misanthropy found an occasional asylum within. The intimate friend could testify that though struck by a blight there was an honest and, in reality, an affectionate heart; that the beak-wound upon the fruit was the sure index of its excellence. On one occasion, when I was acting as croupier, by virtue of my juniority, I desired the waiter to hand potatoes to Father H—— (the appropriate title of the presiding patriarch.) About a quarter of an hour afterwards this Ganymede, being anxious to pass between the father's chair and the wall, and of course associating the fine silver locks and venerable head, with that priestly dignity which he conceived the most exalted on earth, after that of the Pope and Don Pedro, said with the most complacent smile and simpering solicitude, "*Father H——*, might I beg for to trouble you for to allow me for to pass you?" As my fellow-traveller says, I cannot refrain from spicing my narrative with an occasional northern story; and, in truth, such a turn is truly legal, because law is said to be regulated by the comparison of analogies. A Roman Catholic nurse, who superintended the youthful destinies of the young infant of a northern acquaintance, was complimenting the happy father of so fine and stately a child. The little urchin had a peculiar elevation of head, which he drew up with aristocratic haughtiness, "Well, troth, Sir," says she, "he would make a very *purty* priest." I mention this to enable my readers to form a due estimate of the high compliment conveyed in the salutation of the waiter, and to justify the conduct of our constitutional, Attorney-General, who gave a decided opinion, that such eminent ecclesiastical elevation should be the subject of a *warm* congratulation in *cool* claret. On the day of my friend's introduction, the priested patriarch presided. At his right hand, was a worthy baronet, much, and deservedly esteemed, for his affable and polite demeanour to all around him. An amusing scene occurred at the preceding assizes, in which our friend the Baronet, figured conspicuously. One of those anti-tithe insects who had been stinging the unfortunate peasantry of the county of

4 E

Monaghan, was arraigned for his illegal conduct, in combining with others, against the *laws*, or rather (as it would possibly now be more constitutional to say) against the *statutes* of the Realm. The creature, like a fly caught in a spider's web, commenced buzzing, and fluttering, and after a vain appeal to the tender humanity of the presiding judge; (he might have thought that it was Lord Althorp, to which the wish would have been father,) he proceeded in a most ejaculatory whine, to implore the Crown Counsel, to postpone the trial. The Baronet was the leader, and seemed quite prepared, and determined to do his duty. "Now surely Sir ——" exclaimed the creature, "you will not wound my agitated bosom; you, who are a perfect drawing-room counsellor. What will the ladies say, when you return to Dublin? O fie! O shocking! Sir — how could you think of treading upon that poor little fellow, Reddy?" By means of affidavits, and other such ordinary machinery, for fencing off the sword of the law, he succeeded in having his trial postponed. Had it proceeded, he might have found the Baronet as potent in the court house, as in the drawing room; "tam Marte, quam Mercurio." I feel no inclination to alter my sketch of the Attorney General, and accordingly proceed to his assessor, whose character may be summed up, in the comprehensive words, a gentleman, and a lawyer. There was all the ease, with somewhat of the reserve of polished life; his reasoning, rapid, and acute; his opinions, decisive, but not dictatorial. Highly valued by those who enjoyed the opportunities of private intercourse, but as I conjecture, the retiring habits, which appeared born with him, have been an impediment to his taking that elevated station at the bar, to which his learning and abilities, as a lawyer, eminently entitled him. It must however, be admitted, that in his address to a judge, there was a deficiency of that familiar observation upon facts, and homely colloquy, which acts at once upon the understanding of the "abnormis sapiens." There was another character close to him; a steady bachelor; with crest erect; one who (you would at once affirm,) never omitted to dot an *i*, or cross a *t*; exhibiting (to use the language of the Lord Chief Justice Bushe,)

all the stoical steadiness of Regulus at Carthage, or Caractacus in chains. In the meridian of life, and in the enjoyment of a deservedly high professional reputation; he was esteemed as a kind friend, and a worthy acquaintance. Our stepfather (the *Priest*) had a peculiar inclination to crack an occasional joke, upon the head of this gentleman, particularly in the way of antiquarian allusions. The retort, sometimes exhibited a power of sarcasm, that could wound, although it merely played. But why need I be going round the table? and yet there is one sterling brother, of presbyterian notoriety, whom I cannot avoid introducing to the readers notice. His hair cut with delicate precision, presented on a front view, what the northerns call a "toppin," erect, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." The cravat adjusted, with mathematical exactness; the clean brushed coat, and neatly smoothed hat, proved clearly, that "Reflection" was not by him indulged in vain. He formed the connecting link between the senior, and junior portion of the bar, though his sympathies appeared more congenial with the latter, than the former; he was generally considered by the attornies, as a "*safe man*." A very accurate and steady lawyer; possessing great discretion, and having had the advantage of being made sage by long experience. His arithmetical abilities had procured for him, the enviable post of bar treasurer, in which capacity, he always displayed a most jealous anxiety to sustain the dignity of the bar waggon. Probably Morgan O'Doherty's "Ancient Waggoner" may have been suggested by the redoubted "Blackmouth" now described. And as I have alluded to this same bar waggon, I may be permitted to use a presbyterian argument, that in my humble judgment, those alone should pay for it, who think proper to use it. For in truth, I see no reason why young struggling aspirants like myself, should be obliged to pay our siller for the pleasure of beholding, as we sit perched on the outside of the mail, a lame horse and a lazy driver, toddling along the road, with an unwieldy cart, upon which is inscribed, "north-east bar," and which is filled with the itinerant learning of our wealthy seniors. I hope to find some of our philosophic and philanthropic Irish members, taking

up the subject in the house of commons? Ruthven could embellish the topic with the charms of eloquence; though in all probability "Maurish" would bring it forward with more statesmanlike effect. Empson, and Dudley Jack, the learned solicitor for England,

An ass's head, a serpent's tongue,
A lizard's body, lean and long,

you might as well think of lullabying a whig into the composure of a Gentleman, as of converting the independent manliness of the Irish bench, into a truckling subserviency to the dictation of ragged ruffians, or brawling demerats. *Hæc satis ad juvenem.*

On the occasion of a trial before Sir William Smith, our excellent and worthy father, a fine steady old Protestant, with a countenance gilded by the Indian sun, was employed for the prisoner. His coadjutors were the deputy patriarch, who sanctions the "expurgate" edition of the Bible for the use of schools; and the treasurer, better known as "the elder." The prosecutor was describing with all the zeal which John Barleycorn could inspire, the attack that had been made upon him. "He comes by, good my lord, and called out for the face of a heretic, a yellow boy, or a blackmouthed Presbyterian." The latter epithet sounded strangely in Sir William's ears, who inquired its meaning. "Why, my Lord," says the deputy, "you have here a living representation of the three characters. I am the heretic; Mr. S." (pointing to the father) "is the yellow boy, and here, my lord" (significantly showing forward the elder) "is one of the finest specimens of a blackmouthed Presbyterian."

As it is unfair to bag more than a reasonable number of game where the birds are scarce, and, as I have taken down most of the old cocks, I think I am in duty bound to give the rest a jubilee, till No. 3 appears in due course of law. Seated at table was presented to the eye of my friend, the characters whom I have been describing, and contrasted with the senseless vociferations of circuit scenes which are still reputed as tolerated at other bars, more celebrated for their pleasantry and conviviality than the north east, he found that our reputed moroseness was, in

will, no doubt, give the mover the benefit of that zeal, which he displayed in the ludicrous attempt to bully Baron Pennefather into a sycophantic whig. "Humano capiti," &c. Truly, Mr. Solicitor, I would inform you, that though you had

fact, merely the result of that gentlemanlike restraint which permits merriment and festivity, without riot or intemperance. He found nothing to impede freedom of conversation upon any useful or entertaining topic, and that abundance of anecdote could be procured to enliven and relax seriousness without infringing on that decorum, which is as inseparable from the gentleman, as it is binding upon the Christian. For such moroseness, I sincerely trust the north east bar will ever be celebrated. On returning to our lodgings, we unpacked our trunks, which we had filled with the half of our respective libraries, and on the next morning proceeded to the court house. There, nothing occurred worthy either of "chalk or charcoal," save only the cross-examination of a teacher of languages, who came from Brighton, and stated that his school was open "*pro bono republica*." Having had a very amusing drilling from the "sainted sire" already described, on descending from the table, he requested the learned lawyer to lean lightly upon his poor sister-in-law, (the next witness called) and who, he declared, "was a poor nervous creature." Her name was Susanna—upon hearing which the priested deputy replied, "I leave Susanna to the elder." It so happened that it fell to the lot of the "elder," as counsel next in seniority, to take charge of the poor nervous Susanna. But I was going to leave Dundalk without detailing a most amusing scene that occurred upon a Civil Bill Appeal, before the Lord Chief Justice. The case was this. A cow had been bought from the appellant by a third person as agent for the respondent. The attorney, who appeared for the appellant, was a solemn stupid looking fellow; as the song has it,

"He was in truth a comical prig,
"With a rubicund nose, and a red flaxen wig."

The agent was produced who swore to the purchase and the terms of it. The fact of agency was denied by the other side. "Pray, let me ask," said the Judge, "where is the cow?" "I have her, my Lord," said the witness, "and I am willing to pay the price myself and keep her, for she's worth the money." "And will you take this man as the purchaser?" says his lordship to the appellant. "My lord," says the attorney, "all we want is the money." "I protest," says the Chief Justice with the most solemn gravity, "I think the case falls precisely within a decision in Sancho Panza's reports, who was a most eminent judge, both in law and equity. No question of it, the cases are precisely parallel—and, therefore, let the witness pay the price and keep the cow." The money was paid forthwith; the attorney stared with amazement and surprize at the ready velocity with which the learned judge drew upon the wisdom of his predecessors, and the promptness with which the draft was honoured. "That," said he, in a significant whisper, to his client, "that's the ablest man that ever came this circuit. He has the law at his finger's ends."

On leaving Dundalk, it is the custom to halt at Castleblaney a most comfortable village town between Dundalk and Monaghan which is the next circuit town. The accommodation at Castleblaney hotel is so very excellent, and the privileges allowed to travellers by the invaluable landlord of the town, Lord Blaney, render it a most agreeable resting place. We mustered about a dozen strong, and proceeded under the patronage of our "ecclesiastical superior" to take a few hours excursion on Lord B's lakes which are very extensive and well provided with boats. But as nothing of interest occurred, with the implied exception of the personally interesting circumstance that we enjoyed every creature comfort that moderate men could desire, I may as well proceed to Monaghan.

The most interesting character to be seen at the Monaghan assizes, is the celebrated Sam Gray who routed Jack Lawless and Co. on their Northern tour. He acts as a kind of Attorney General for the "respectable" offenders against the laws, and is considered as a petty Justinian in his neighbourhood. Sam speaks with as much sang froid

of taking down an unruly or seditious Papist, as Osbaldestone would do of winging a pigeon out of a trap, although I believe he is in other respects a very sensible, well-disposed, and industrious man. It was incident to his official duty (for he holds many offices of public dignity in the parish) to enforce the collection of tithe composition, on a recent occasion. Some of Lord Althorp and Co.'s pupils, who have been taught that it is not only not criminal, but highly meritorious to rob the clergy of the Established Church, had determined to give Sam an "insimul computasset" with scythes and pitchforks. They mistook their man; Sam was not to be bugabooded, and accordingly on the first onslaught of the foe, Sam coolly "opened the ball" to the tune of "off she goes," and sent a bullet whizzing over their heads, just as he himself expressed it, "by the way of giving them a neighbourly hint." Several of these insurgents were taken prisoners, and were prosecuted by our hero. On cross-examination, the question was put to him. "Did you not take a crack at the prisoners?" "Oh! certainly," was the reply. "With what?" "With powder and ball." "Was it to hit or to frighten?" "The first shot was by the way of advice." "But what about the second?" "Oh that was to give music to dance to." "Where did you aim?" "At the body." "And do you mean to say, you intended to send the bullet through the man's body?" "Oh most decidedly, through the body," replied Sam, with the most tranquil composure of countenance.

Unfortunately, I had not the advantage of hearing the trial of which I have just been speaking, but like the Irishman who was asked why he jumped into seven fathom water to bathe when he could not swim; 'Ah! be aisy,' says he, 'wasn't my fadher a powerful swimmer?' I have ventured on this portion of the narrative, upon the strength of our 'sainted sire's' after-dinner details. He was counsel in the cause. I deem it my duty, however, to account for my absence: I was enjoying the trial of a civil bill appeal in the other court, the civil bill having been brought for the breach of warranty of a mare. The warranty was in writing—the following is an attested copy. "I engage the meere now soll'd to Thom H—to bee sound

winn and limb; paiceable and kindly in harness and fur drawn a jaunty carr; butt firy fur the first lode or too."

John K——.

The purchaser had found this "paiceable and kindly" animal rather 'high mettled' for family purposes, and as the seller insisted that it was only the "playfulness of the craiture,"—the law was appealed to. She had been put in draft, and smashed all before her, or rather behind her, making "the welkin ring." "Did you handle her roughly?" said the Judge to the first witness. "Good, my Lord," says the youth, "she was spoken to modestly and *dacently*, and nothing but *flatthery* and friendship was shewn to her." It reminded me of an amusing anecdote which I had heard of a man at the Cork assizes, who prosecuted another for stealing his pig. He described to the Judge how the pig "was lyin' at-tune myself and the wall, why; and the rogue coaxed 'im away intirely unknownst to mysilf and Judy Malowney that slep fore anint the door, why." "Coaxed 'im, says the prisoner, "oh! powers of Moll Kelly; how bloody purtiklar ye's are; why sure, your honor's lordship knows that a pig is a baist that's not so mighty aisily flatthured." After a variety of conflicting evidence, the jury returned a verdict in favour of the appellant in the warranty case, and I just entered the criminal court as Sam Gray was descending from the table. But as I have mentioned a pig-stealing case, I am reminded of a prosecution for pig-stealing which took place immediately after this trial in which Sam Grey figured. The Chief Justice had received an in-

timation that the prosecutor was a notorious thief himself, and had passed under the name of Thomas Ward, been tried, convicted, and imprisoned at some former assizes. "Pray, Sir," said his lordship, "did you ever assume any other name than George Walker (the name which he then assumed)? "Never, my lord." "Will you swear you never went by the name of Thomas Ward?" "Good, my lord, that was my *mother's* name." "Were you ever tried and convicted in this court?" "I was tried and *acquitted*, my lord." "Acquitted!" says the Chief Justice. "Yes, my lord, I put in every hour of my time for six months in the gaol, and by-gones is by-gones." "Oh, Sir," said his lordship, "I now comprehend the nature of your very honourable acquittal; I hope you will always be equally fortunate on any future similar occasion." From Monaghan we proceeded to Armagh; but I am bound to put on record, before leaving Monaghan, the *brotherly* kindness of my excellent *landlady*. This worthy hostess was "a genuine true-hearted Protestant," and having learned that I was an "Apollo of that Mount," she spread a table glowing with fruit, wines, and confectionary, in honour of the departure of her conservative guest. "Had I known," said she, "who it was lodged under my roof, I——" "Ma'am," said I, interrupting her, "say not one word more on that subject, I had every thing I could wish for, and more than I required." One of her regulations was to give a spread of tea and coffee *gratis* in the evening, by way of inducing her professional guests to return home at seasonable hours. As the old song has it,

"When the day's fine,
You may caper away;
But after your wine,
Och! I'll coax you with *tay*."

At Armagh we have always a strong muster, it being the bar metropolis of the circuit; here you begin to inhale the wholesome atmosphere of a Protestant country. There is an appearance of comfort and independence all around; the rural cabius clean, the people "sawney-looking." The only trial of any interest here, was that of some Orangemen, for walking in *peaceable* and *orderly* procession to celebrate the anniversary of one of those victories which are connected with the civil

and religious liberties of all classes of his Majesty's subjects in Ireland. It ought to be enough to urge that such a procession, *with party colours*, &c. is contrary to statute law. I shall neither enter into a discussion of the policy of the statute, its grammatical blunders, its scrambling and confused enactments, or the shuffling trickery resorted to, for the purpose of smuggling it slap dash through the House of Commons. As it is on the statute-book, I hold it to be the most impera-

tive duty of men professing loyalty to the King, and the creed of the Bible to obey the law, with a dignified and submissive acquiescence. No power should subdue that spirit, which links our hands to the throne, though our hearts may be disengaged by the stroke of ministerial folly. Whatever sufferings and afflictions may await ourselves and our pure and Christian church, in this our native land, we may rest assured, that if our sensitive jealousy of the integrity of that blessed volume, where all our hopes and affections are transfigured and shine in the light of the Divine Presence, be founded upon a sincere and spiritual delight in the law of the Lord, we will remain calm and undismayed, and ever dutiful to those human laws by which we are controlled. We may not *exclaim* "God shall smite you, ye whitened walls;" but patiently endure, under whatsoever circumstances our lot may be cast. I have got into a serious strain, and in truth, I would implore my Orange brethren to consider the matter as it affects the consciences of Christian men. Moses broke the tables of the law, but it was in holy indignation; unholy desperation is not a kindred motive. I remember hearing of a worthy baronet who was celebrated for telling "bouncers," and had got into company with some aldermen and others, who were discussing, in a tone of deep philosophy, the question whether the earth moved round the sun? The baronet stated with great positiveness, and in opposition to the opinion of the majority, that the earth did so move, and

was proceeding to the proof, when he was interrupted by a friend, who exclaimed, "Well, I protest Sir ———, I have been backing your stretchers all my life, but I give you up now." I feel precisely in the same way towards those of my Orange brethren, who think to exhibit loyalty by setting the laws at defiance. A sturdy recklessness of the sanction of the laws now enacted for Ireland, is a feeling deeply to be deprecated; though mingled emotions of contempt and disgust will naturally burst from every honest heart, against the infatuated rulers of our dear native land. I can love its green valleys, its verdant hills, and sunny pastures, with the pure and patriotic affection of pious gratitude to him, who makes his sun to shine on the evil and the good.

I can love my humbler brethren of every rank and persuasion, with at least as ardent, and I trust a less withering affection, than those who praise the green isle with their lips, and in their lives blight it with moral desolation; falling like the Apocalyptic Star, and leaving behind them bitterness and wormwood. I would give my countrymen the bread of life; then false friends would not disturb the awful slumber of their spiritual death; I would exhibit to them, in its glorious plenitude, the Divine charter of Eternal Truth; being assured that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there, and there only, is true Liberty. How my poor countrymen are enslaved by those who keep their perishing dupes in that state so beautifully described by Byron.

"It is as if the dead could feel
 "The icy worm around them steal,
 "And shudder while the reptiles creep
 "To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 "Without the power to scare away
 "The cold consumers of their clay."

I have been digressing considerably, not, I trust, unprofitably. When cold-blooded infidelity is, with diabolical cunning, circulated under the garb of an inquisitive anxiety to discover the true religion, and, as it were, the light of the sun darkened, for the alleged purpose of ascertaining the source of its beams; when the ungodly task, too, is fulfilled by an affected patriot, of acknowledged ability and unhallowed popularity, a passing breeze may help to purify.

The trial of the Orangemen, at Armagh, was rendered very amusing by the cross-examination of the magistrates who had committed them for the offence. I will not now indulge in raking up the details, as I wish not to wound the personal feelings of any man, who honestly, conscientiously and sincerely differs in opinion from myself. But having already occupied so much of my reader's patience, in the way of "a neighbourly hint" to my Orange brethren, I would merely re-

mind the learned J. P. who on this trial got his memory refreshed upon Irish History, by our "Sainted Sire," that as "*virtute officii*" differs from "*colore officii*," so there is a great distinction between "officious" and "official" in the magisterial character. "*Verbum sap.*" At the preceding assizes there was an amusing trial, in which one brother prosecuted another for robbery and violent assault. The parties seemed to be men of a comfortable condition in life, the whole source of contention being a farm of land, usually called "an estate" by these feudal cottagers. "I was comin' from Newry, gintlemen," says the prosecutor, addressing himself to the Bar, "and this man, with another, comes up alongsides, predestinatin' for to demolish me. Do ye's mane, says I, to murder me altogether out intirely, says I, upon a dark, lonesome road, says I, without a *frind* near me for to take my part, says I, and sweep me out of the world, says I, without priest or prayers, says I, and in the dead hour of the night, says I, unknownst to nobody, says I, barrin yerselves two, says I? And with that down they knocks me, like a crow off a cow's back, and this man, this brother of mine, represinted a pistol at me, and demanded the Debbin' (quasi Dublin) "injectment I had got down to get possession of my Estate. Take my property, says I, but lave me my life, says I, and don't kill me, says I, for if ye's do, says I, there's an end of me, and it's all over with me, says I. Oh! ye villain, says he, says this man with the patch in his elbow, says he, we'll lave ye's, says he, to feed the hounds, says he. Och! millia murder, says I, is it hounds that's to ait me, from croppin to sole, and my beautiful little estate in reddiness for me to step intil, with the injectments in my hand, says I. With that, down they falls upon me, and niver says, by yer lave, but kills me clane dead; an't please yer Lordship, and when I kem to life agin, yer Lordship, all my money was gone—seven pounds, fourteen shillings and five-pence halfpenny." It appeared, from the evidence of a respectable gentleman, who knew the parties, that the whole story was a fabrication, and that the prosecutor had been endeavouring to turn his brother, mother, and sister out of the "Estate." They had, as yet, successfully resisted, and "*hinc illæ lachrymæ.*" The jury,

of course, acquitted the prisoner; "let him be bound to keep the peace, however," said the Judge, who very prudently observed the probable results of this family feud. "Keep the paice!" says the prosecutor, with an affected amazement, and sincere indignation at the acquittal. "Oh! ghost of St. Patrick, and there'll be an ambuscade laid for me to-night goin home, and I'm to be kilt over agin, and where's the paice thin? Oh! aisy now gintlemen," says he turning round to the bar, with the sweep of Taglioni, "aisy now, where's the good in knowledgeable gintlemen like ye's humbuggin' a man in this kind of a way wid a story about keepin' the paice?" He was ordered off the table, muttering and grumbling, and as he departed out of the Court-house, the words, "keep the paice" were heard warbling "in notes by distance made more sweet." A sketch of this fellow by Lover would have been worth a guinea. Carrickfergus was our next scene of action, and as there is generally in each town "a character par excellence," Carrickfergus can boast of "a Homer." The individual to whom I allude is a watchmaker, a covenantner, and a detector of base coin. He is the "witness-general" for the Crown in the coining cases, and comes upon the table, duly provided with his clipping scissors, his aquafortis bottle, and gold scales. When "affirming," with uplifted hand, (the mode adopted by persons of his persuasion as binding on their consciences) his eyes present the appearance of two pigeons eggs, without speck or spot, nothing being seen but the "whites." The head is closely cropped saving only the "*cheveux de frize*" in front, which stands in bristling array erect from his forehead. After the affirmation, like the ghost of Hector in his *dialogue* with Æneas in the dream, "*Ille nihil*," but proceeds to draw a sigh from the recesses of his tranquil bosom. The coin is then handed to him; first it is clipped and the interior inspected; next it is weighed, and its lightness ascertained; and lastly it gets a whisk of the aquafortis, upon which Bob advances close up to the Clerk of the Crown, and looking steadfastly at the Judge, exclaims in notes most musical and tones most melancholy, "Base, my Lord." He then turns to the jury, "Base, gentlemen of the Jury;" and last of all, hands the counterfeit to the

Clerk of the Crown, with another "base" ejaculation. The trumpeter in this town is a very important character, and prides himself on the musical talent which he displays in selecting appropriate airs to play before the Judge, proceeding to Court. Before Chief Justice Doherty, he played 'the British Grenadiers;' before the Chief Baron, "Young Henry was as brave a youth;" Chief Justice Bushe had "*Charlie is my darling*," and Sir William C. Smith, "*Auld lang syne*." These various airs are performed upon a key bugle, and are wound up with a flourish worthy of Paganini. Carrickfergus being so near to Belfast, we generally have a Sunday to spend in the latter place, when I invariably go to hear Dr. Cooke preach. The body of the people of this town are sturdy, sterling Presbyterians; Arianism is confined to a few of the wealthier merchants; there are also a very considerable number of Episcopalians; the Roman Catholics constitute the minority. Depend upon it, you will never see a poor Arian in one of their houses of Worship. It is the religion of a class; exacting no self-denial; forbidding none of the festivities of life, and is content with the frigid etiquette of a decent politeness, and the negative virtue of a complacent morality. It exalts and sustains, nay, it feeds the vanity of the purse-proud man; and tells him, that within himself exists all the machinery of salvation. To the poor, humble, convinced sinner, who feels, and is assured by Scripture and experience that in himself no good thing exists; that in sin he was conceived, and nourished in corruption, I need not say that there is no consolation in the Arian's creed. To value that creed, he must feel assured that there is an innate and original dignity in his own nature; a strength within, constituting a self-elevating power; then he will look upon Christ, as the author of a very benevolent moral code, and beyond that the Gospel will be to him a dead letter. This withering creed, that partially rejects the great and sublime manifestation of the love and grace of God, in which the sickly light of reason is made to supply the glorious splendour of revelation; and the heat of soul-destroying prejudice acts as a substitute for the glowing warmth of that heaven-born truth, which is worthy of all men to be received: this mon-

ster of human pride and vain philosophy, has been encountered by Dr. Cooke, with the spirit of a David, and the power of a Sampson, and paralyzed by the vigour of his gigantic intellect and under the direction of Him to whom all power is given. The newspaper press, which, of course, will always please, not regulate, the popular appetite, was made the bow from which arrows were shot at the Doctor, but it was shooting at the sun. There he stands, like a majestic cliff, from which the raging billows are thrown back with an angry surge, impotent and crest-fallen. As he ascends the pulpit stairs, you trace the lineaments of a Cromwellian spirit—energy, determination, and vigour. The forehead is bold and fine; the countenance downcast and dark; the pronunciation slow and measured; the method logical and copious; the eloquence ornate and vigorous; the demonstration powerful and persuasive. There is an inclination to resort to fanciful analogies, and quaint conceits; but withal there is a mighty pouring forth of Gospel truth, embellished with the graces of rhetoric and the power of logic. Have you ever seen a lowering cloud, dark, heavy, and slumbering; it is arrayed in sombre solemnity; now it rolls with the voice of the thunder; now the lightning flashes from it, illuminating, and sometimes burning; the rain descends; the atmosphere is purified, the sun again bursts forth with placid and genial warmth, and "the shepherd's heart is glad." This will illustrate the power which Dr. Cooke possesses over his audience. The most exquisite imagery drops unconsciously from him. I remember hearing him discourse upon the unchristian passion of anger; and as he was describing the tranquillity of the Christian's bosom, he proceeded thus:—"The storms of dissension may roar around him; the tempest of unholy zeal may burst over his head with raging fury, and roll on in awful violence; his spirit remains calm, still, and quiescent as the peaceful slumbering of some lovely lake, embosomed in a valley, which the winds of heaven never stooped to ruffle." But I fear I am growing tedious to my readers, and fortunately there is no circumstance to induce me to linger long on Downpatrick; the next and last town, save only, that I was somewhat surprised at hearing an itinerant Jew, in the vic-

nity of the town, with a beard like a lion's mane, mounted upon a stool in a grove, and preaching to a number of the country people who gathered around him. It appeared to me that he vociferated a quantity of unconnected rhapsody, in which texts of Scripture were jumbled and tortured. I heard an old steady countryman saying to his friend, returning home, "Now, Hughey, do ye think there was muckle pith in a' that? hae ye got a proper grup o' ony o't?" "Well, in troth, Alick," replies Hughey, "there was mair bark than bite in't." One of the best of these itinerant discourses which ever I heard of, was that of a furious Methodist who thus addressed his audience:—"O vipers! you are like a sirloin of beef at the fire; you must either turn or burn!"—It is ludicrous, but pithy.

Conceive me now duly seated in the night-mail at Newry, at 10 o'clock p.m. with the horses' heads towards Dublin. Two gentlemen sat opposite and one lady beside me. The night was serene and lovely, and superinduced that sympathy with nature's tranquillity, which speaks to the soul strains of peace and harmony. The glorious lamp of night shone in the full softness of her splendour, and enabled me to trace the garments of mourning and widowhood on her who sat beside me. The countenance was occasionally lit up with a flash of vivid sensibility; the eye had sunk—the cheek was pale—there was the mild calm of an occasional melancholy, shewing that the heart had been no stranger to affliction. I soon discovered her to be the sister of a young and highly gifted friend, who had fallen a victim to consumption. She had not long (at least as I might conjecture) entered upon the years of womanhood—so young, yet so dejected. Her father had been gathered to his rest; my friend, her loved and attached brother, was also gone to the silent grave; one brother was left to her—one, whom in infant years she devotedly loved (and, oh! what is purer on earth than the devoted fidelity of a sister's sincere affection,) yet he, in selfish baseness, had now deserted and forgotten her. Her husband, after suffering under that visitation, the most awful with which man can be afflicted, the loss of reason, had been called to his long home.

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One little pledge of love remained to her; it was the pride and the consolation of her widowed heart, and the object of all her maternal solicitude. It, too, was taken from her, and now gone to the land of forgetfulness, and she was left in all the solitude of one, from whom, what the world calls blessings, shrank almost on the instant of contact. There was a tear trickling in silent, but piercing agony down her pallid cheek, and the unconscious sigh still occasionally agitated her bosom. "True," said she, as I spoke of the wisdom of that Divine love which weans our affections from this unfeeling world, "I am not a stranger to the consolations of the Gospel. But there are dark moments when memory overpowers me—when I feel my heart bursting in the throes of agony." "Those blessings, of which you have been deprived," said I, as I pointed to the sun now starting on his course, "resemble that glorious orb now rising in the east; it unfolds to us earthly loveliness, but conceals from our view the glories of the spangled heavens. The Lord plucks these blossoms out of a heart, wherein they have been too deeply rooted; I know and am persuaded, that there is no human heart, but must bleed under the operation, but to those who sorrow in Zion there is given beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I left her, with a silent prayer that he who is the father of the fatherless, would work out in her the perfect work of a chastened child whom he loved, and that in the sacrifice of those earthly affections which his sovereign will had ordered, her spirit, like the angel over the flame of Manoa's offering, might ascend to Him, who will not despise a broken and a contrite heart. Farewell, my dear Anthony, and if the new Jury Bill, which is to take effect, in part, from the 1st January, 1834, and at the same time provides that the lists of jurors are not to be made up till the October Sessions of the same year—(that is as an old Presbyterian clergyman used to say at the Synod, "I wish to make a few preliminary observations before I begin,") if this brilliant effort of whig legislation do not supersede the Spring circuit you shall have, if I am spared, No. 3 of my memoranda in due course.

4 F

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE HEAD AND HEART OF AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

HEAD.—You are in an unreasonably bad temper.

HEART.—I am in a bad temper, and somewhat dangerous, but not unreasonable. Have I not good cause to be in a bad temper? Here are we, the loyal protestant gentry of Ireland, by whose attachment to the law, and the church, and the crown, this Island has for two hundred and fifty years (ever since its actual conquest,) been preserved to the British Empire. We, by whom three dangerous rebellions have already been put down in this realm, and who would be ready to put down another in the same cause, were it to burst out to-morrow. Here are we, I say, who are the controllers of popery; the safeguards of British connection; the guarantees of the empire's integrity; the most respectable body of men for our members, in all Europe, whether we be considered with regard to wealth, industry, intellect, position, or absolute power; here are we, I say again, who in a word, are the arbiters of Britain's fate, deceived, insulted, spoiled, and set at defiance.

HEAD.—Softly; softly. The whigs still love our church, though they have been her involuntary spoliators. They cannot be such fools, as not to value our friendship, though they have much against their design, estranged our affections. See, now of late, when they perceived to what a miserable state we are reduced, through their mismanagement, have they not sacrificed their pride of principle, and exposed themselves to the charges of hypocrisy, and tyranny, for our sake?

HEART.—They have sacrificed no principle who never had any. They have done nothing for our sake, who never had an aim beyond the gratification of their own political conceits. Is it for our sake, that we are exposed to as much of the indignity of their bill, as the vilest clamours of the Arena? Is it for our sake, that we dare no more meet than a mob? Is it for our sake, that we are denied even the use of

their bill's authority, for the collection of our rightful property?

HEAD.—Surely it is something in our favour, to be able to lie down without the fear of having our houses burned, or our throats cut before morning. It is something for a man to be able to walk from his own door to his place of worship, without risk of being shot at from behind his father's tombstone. It is something for a man to get his rents, too; and the privilege of setting one's lands to tenants of one's own choosing, is also something. The bill was unconstitutional, and galling; but it has had the effect desired. It has tranquillized the country.

HEART.—Tranquillity; do you call it? The tranquillity of fear for an unjust power, is more than open violence. It is either manhood prostrated, or deeper malice concealed. Yet you will never cease taunting me with our tranquillity. Go, taunt the plundered traveller, with the quiet comforts of his gag!

HEAD.—There you go! bouncing, and puffing in the face of reason. The only act ever done by the whigs, that can be called a boon to the Irish Protestant, you rebel against as hotly as if it had been catholic emancipation, or an Irish church bill. True; I can see very plainly the illegality of that act, and can be well aware, that while it continues in force, we are *de jure* deprived of magna charta; but I rest the most secure confidence; the most fearless assurance in my knowledge, that the application of that bill, can never *de facto* place us beyond the pale of the constitution. It is a rod that we care not to see laid on the shoulders of the turbulent, and lawless. *Our backs are at Lord Brougham's defiance.*

HEART.—Though the necessity, and the benefits of that bill, were demonstrated to me a hundred times in the day, I could not think of it's framers, without abhorrence and disgust. They, who for twenty years did nothing but irritate the sore, which proper treat-

ment had cicatrized within a single month ; it well becomes them now, to call out for the knife, and the searing iron ! They, whose whole talk has been of liberty, and the blessings of the constitution ; of the rights of man ; the unalienable rights of man, and the hatefulness of arbitrary power—it well becomes them to be the first to propound an edict like a Russian ukase ! Hypocrites and tyrants ! may they live to reap—Oh ! God forbid that the seed which they have sown, should ever come to maturity ; but if it do, then may they be the first to reap a harvest of abundant punishment ! May they be the first to see their spurs of privilege chopped off by the cleaver of a hangman mob ! May they be the first to see the ruffian soldier stable his horses in their cabinets !—Infamy eternal cling to their memories, who, when one salutary summer shower of the law, would have quenched forever, the smouldering causes of sedition, did, for their own base purpose, rake them together, and fan them into flames, and who, when that conflagration had burned the barriers, and overleaped the rampart, and was bursting at last into the very sanctuary of the capitol, did, for the suppression of that, their own incendiarism, pull down our transept of the iple temple, where Irish honour still lies prostrate and suffocating among the blackened ruins.

HEAD.—Rather say that Irish honour shines brighter for the sacrifice she has made to Irish safety. For they who truly checked the flame, were not the whigs, but the Irish protestants, without whose assent, their bill had never passed into law. That their honor is either blackened or tarnished, I deny. Nay, that these bold and virtuous men, by controlling the very feelings which you have now expressed, (*and which they universally have felt rebelling within them, against their better reason,*) and by thus submitting their private indignation to their sense of the public good, have gained themselves a civic glory, far more honorable than the most romantic pride of partial patriotism could bestow—that they have won such an honour, I say, is clear to the eyes of every man in the Empire, who can value the goods of peace, and the protection of the laws.

HEART.—What do you mean by protection of the laws, when the very

extension of the so called protection, is itself the utter annihilation of that law ?

HEAD.—“*Salus populi, suprema lex.*”

HEART.—“*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum !*”

HEAD.—And if the sky did fall, let me ask who would be the “larks ?” But away with the idleness of childish metaphor. If revolution had, in Ireland, a successful issue, what would become of our estates, our liberties of conscience ; our personal liberties ; our lives ? Oh, we would respect the rights of property, says the Popish plotter, and we would never deprive another of his religious liberty, after struggling so long, and so devotedly for our own—all we would ask would be your co-operation in carrying into effect the decrees of our parliament, or to speak more clearly, we would only insist on your subjection and obedience (the necessary consequences, mark you, of minority in numbers, when universal suffrage and ballot voting, shall have cast all the power of the nation, be it republic or what you will, into the hands of our own people.) Then as to your church ; if the whigs leave her anything, we would of course apply that to national purposes ; and you surely could not object to a like appropriation of lands confiscated by their owners levying war against their country.’ But if I ask, what is meant by national purposes ? ‘Why’ replies our jesuit, ‘the march of mind must be directed by an authority, competent to so high an office ; and what authority, save that of the Church, has moral power qualifying it for the intellectual command of a whole people ? The Church, my friend, must be re-established. The spirit of heresy must be eradicated—*You Protestants, my excellent fellow, must either conform or quit.* This may seem hard, yet it is no more than the *lex talionis*. Times, Sir, are altered ; you have had your day. ‘Tis our turn now.

HEART.—This talk of the nation, the republic, the levying of war, the forfeiture of estates, and seizure of church lands, alarms me. You do not seem to consider a repeal of the union, but to speculate on a violent separation.

HEAD.—*It is a separation on which I speculate.* A repeal of the union, as the phrase is generally understood, I take to be a sham, a pretence, the mere shadow of a stalking horse ; a thing

that has existence only in theory, like a whig's doctrine of the three estates.

HEART.—And can you for a moment bear the contemplation of such an event as the first, without dread and abhorrence?

HEAD.—Horror and shrinking are for you. I can contemplate, unmoved, any state of affairs that may await us. If changes go on as they have for some time proceeded, I can, without either fear or wonder, contemplate the enactment of laws for the British Empire, by the lowest demagogues, (by delegated tinkers, if you please,) and I can consider the enforcement of these laws entrusted to the pikes of sans-culottes. If then I can look on such a state of things unmoved, I need not shrink from the consideration of that which seems, at all events, not more improbable; for, if Catholic emancipation produce repeal, so surely will repeal produce ultimate separation; and so sure as we have a separation, so surely will there be war levied, estates confiscated, and the Popish church established.

HEART.—In such a crisis we would be in a sad case—between the devil and the deep sea.

HEAD.—Our duty and line of conduct would be plain, supposing England still to be the Old England that she has not yet ceased to be. Yet why do I say so? for while England is as now, Repeal can not take place.

HEART.—I boasted but now of our strength, and yet I see how our strength would be weakness, in the event of that which you hint must accompany Repeal.

HEAD.—I do not hesitate to avow it. *Repeal can never take place until the Protestants of Ireland are disgusted by, and alienated from, the English Government.*

HEART.—In such a crisis, which God in his mercies avert, I do feel that our present available power would be almost useless; for, at present we stand midway upon the balance, and by leaning to either side can make the opposite scale kick the beam; but in circumstances such as another Revolution might produce, our position would be altered in proportion to the change of those we deal with; and in truth, I fear, unless we qualify ourselves for some new mode of action, we

should hardly be able to touch the beam at all.

HEAD.—It is much to be lamented that the Protestant gentry of Ireland have not sooner begun their apprenticeship to the craft and mystery of self-defence. Yet even on that account we must admire them the more; for it has been their frank and manly confidence in the honor of the British Government that has hitherto prevented them from seeking or using the arms in which others, less scrupulous and more selfish, have been disciplining themselves for the last ten years. But it is time now to lay aside all romantic punctilios, all weak forbearances; to gather together, and, seeing that concession has begot concession, like the draughts of a drunkard, to make known our determination that we will concede no more; that, if further abandonment of our rights be wrung from us by violence, we also will take up the game that has been played to such advantage by the rest.

HEART.—We are not yet enough initiated in the arts of agitation to play it with the same success.

HEAD.—I am aware that we are, individually, too much gentlemen to cope, in the excitement of a rabble's sympathy, with such persons as the brawlers of the Corn-Exchange. And I am, besides, conscious that the subjects with which we must have to deal, will always present to our adversaries an aspect much more easily reconcilable to the views of the mob, than that in which we must contemplate them. Tell a man that, by the changes you desire, he will have his whiskey at half-a-crown the gallon, his tea at one and six-pence by the pound, his claret, if he be a wine-drinker, at eight-pence a bottle, and his loaf, if he have a family of many mouths, at double size and less than half price, and you will experience little difficulty in persuading him to lend you his assistance in carrying these changes into effect. But, if by close reasoning and a complicated chain of nice conclusions, you endeavour to demonstrate to the same man, that by gaining these benefits, he must inevitably lose others of much more vital importance, such as the comforts of an orderly state of society, constant employment, sure markets, high wages—or if you attempt to show him the

likelihood of such events compromising his personal or moral liberty, or sinking his country in the scale of nations—if you attempt this, I say, you will find that his perceptions, which were keen and perspicuous in the apprehension of positive good, are dull and incredulous where contingent evils are sought to be exhibited.

HEART.—Another disadvantage we labour under in the opinion, which we have never with sufficient vigour contradicted, that our opponents have, in their Irish blood, a stronger claim to credit for disinterested nationality than we who are, generally speaking, comparatively “strangers.”

HEAD.—This is a mistake which must not be allowed to mislead us longer. Supposing (which I do not for a moment admit) that we are universally strangers by blood, as the Normans were in England, yet have the newest comers amongst us, as good a claim, now, to the name of Irishmen, as had these Norman invaders to that of Englishmen in the time of the Edwards. Between the battle of Hastings and the days of Cressy and Poitiers, they had scarcely a longer time or better opportunity of making themselves a national nobility than we have had from the Battle of the Boyne to the present day. Yet what a difference!

HEART.—And why?

HEAD.—Because, forsooth, we live in an age too far advanced in intellect to suffer our imitation of these founders of British greatness. But why waste time in lamenting the loss of that which is irrevocable? Protestant ascendancy, which promised to make us another England, is, by the fraud and violence of traitors rendered ineffectual for good or evil, and come after it what may, whether a Popish Establishment, a tolerating French philosophical morality, or Deism at large, Ireland never can be that which Protestant ascendancy might have made her. Yet stripped as we are of power and privilege, neither Whig tyranny nor Popish malice can deprive us of our birthright, which is the love of Ireland.

HEART.—I know not whence my blood may have been drawn, but it circulates with a swifter liveliness at the name of this country, and I feel and know that I am the heart of an Irishman.

HEAD.—And ten to one the chances that your blood has been drawn from a source as purely Irish as that of O'Connor or O'Brien. The Scot, returning to the land that sent him forth, need not be ashamed to recognise his cousins of the South,—but away, again, with the idleness of country, kindreds, and invasions. The Celt may have been expelled by the Nemedian, the Nemedian by the Firbolg, the Firbolg by the Tuatha de Danaan, the Tuatha de Danaan by the Scot, the Scot by the Anglo-Noman—but what of that? *They were all Irishmen in turn, and we are Irishmen now.* Would that this were our only difference: but, alas! what are those curious distinctions of the genealogist, to the contending principles of Popery and Protestantism, that have made a thousand men murderers in one night!

HEART.—Aye, I could burst at the thought of *that*.

HEAD.—A difference, too, which time, in many respects, has made only more inveterate.

HEART.—And worse than all, an evil, resignation to which is crime.

HEAD.—That the conversion of the Irish Romanists will yet be effected by a reformation as sudden as that in England, I am still fondly willing to expect. Meanwhile, the mere neighbourhood of Protestantism is gradually liberalizing them. They are already disclaiming juggleries of which, fifty years ago, they would have boasted. The common sense of the times, too, is an active auxiliary among their better sort.

HEART.—Common sense alone does not know where to stop: I would not have Ireland like France.

HEAD.—I make a wide distinction between common sense and the march of mind: Yet doubtless, we may have reasonable fears of an ultra-reformation here, some day, if Protestantism be not pushed with greater vigour in time.

HEART.—On the heads of those who have crippled the Irish Church, be the shame and punishment, if she do not overtake the spoiler, and that quickly.

HEAD.—Of that, unless by a providential revolution of opinion, I now see no reasonable prospect. We will drive Popery by degrees from lie to lie, each one contested with the obstinacy of despair; but between the outworks of trick and legerdemain, and

the citadel of church supremacy what a wilderness of error inexplicable—what pitfalls, traps, and labyrinths—what sloughs and stench of superstition! But, above all, and beyond all, what a rampart in the deluded people's love? For the Irish priesthood hold the hearts of their seduced victims in even firmer bondage than their minds.

HEART.—I confess, were I myself the heart of an Irish Roman Catholic (and many thousands good as I beat in the hearts of Popish Irishmen,) it would claim all your influence to make me withdraw that support, however evidently misapplied. They have fasted for it, fought for it, suffered confiscation, exile, and death for it; through good and ill they have been constant and true to this; and the human heart cannot deny some charity to such devotedness.

HEAD.—*And were I the sympathizing counsellor of such a will, I would conceive another rebellion of 1641.* If you and I, then, can in speculation accord charity to priestcraft and humane motives to massacre and treason, think what a danger we are in, who are as one to five among those who feel in passionate reality what we have here confessed in cool imagination. You are, in this, culpably charitable.

HEART.—And in this are not you culpably the reverse?

HEAD.—What! in affirming that, were I on the shoulders of a priest-led Irishman, I would project rebellion? It would claim two hundred years' experience of their acts reversed to shake my certainty of that axiom.

HEART.—Alas! what a chance of success could they have?

HEAD.—If their present scheme succeed, they will have every chance of success.

HEART.—And their present scheme?

HEAD.—*Is to revolutionize England, that we, being disgusted, may join them in rebelling here.*

HEART.—What then?

HEAD.—*To put down Protestantism and proclaim the most catholic republic.*

HEART.—Surely, surely, they would spare the rights of conscience.

HEAD.—Mark you; when we passed the Six Acts we were as far advanced in civilization as the Papists of Ireland are at this day. *What we did then, they would do now.*

HEART.—Then let us never join them.

HEAD.—If their designs come to maturity in England, it will matter little which side we take. If we save our lands from the Romish claimant here to-day, we lose them to the Deist confiscator there to-morrow; for Hume, Cobbett, and the rest would enslate Cromwell to the last. Here is a sentiment by no means uncommon among the English radicals. "When we assume the reins of government," say they, "we will deal out that meed of justice to Ireland which her peculiar exigencies may seem most to demand. Having so done, should the Irish, either through the levity of the Papists, or the pride of the Protestants, evince dissatisfaction with our arrangements, and proceed to cast any impediment in the way of the march of mind, it will then become our duty, as men earnestly bent on benefitting the community, to coerce the Irish."

HEART.—Insufferable rogues!

HEAD.—Say rather blind and overweening braggarts; for, if England were revolutionised, her nobility and prime gentry dispersed, her yeomanry disaffected, her manufacturing towns thrown out of employment, her redundant population clamouring for Irish provisions and Irish absentees, and she herself, stripped of her colonies and reduced to her poor twelve millions of hungry citizens; then I would ask the authors of this tremendous gasconade, what would be their chance, although still two to one against an indignant, and for the first time united people? "So far from having to dread the youthful energies of this new France," I have heard a Popish gentleman well argue, "it would seem that all the chances of defensive success were on our side. We have no manufacturing population to be thrown into starvation and rebellion on every check in the progress of society: *England has five millions.* We have no exports not available at home. Should our Cork, our Waterford, our Dublin, or Belfast traders be blown back to port by the stormy denunciations of those long-minded orators, their beef, butter, and pork, are the very things we want, and best know how to use; but the English penknives, needles, pots, pans, and gaudy calicoes, will neither encrease themselves, nor feed others

without a market. Again, *the Protestants secured*, we are to a man unanimous in any project anti-English; while the ghosts of those who fell at Marston Moor or Naseby, can prophesy what bloody discord would be the portion of our liberal coercers. Nay more, we have, under any circumstances, the old good will of France and America, while England is, as she ever was, hated and feared by both." Such are the speculations of those men from whom the British democrats expect co-operation. So far as it conduces to the good of the Romish Church and the glory of rebellion they will receive it, but no further. *Popery and Infidelity will hunt together so long as a Protestant Church and Aristocracy are to be run down, but let them once dip their muzzles in the blood of the last Bishop, and, with tusks sharper than wolves', they will turn and tear each other's throats.*

HEART.—But I cannot endure so closely the thought of our contending with Englishmen.

HEAD.—It is a revolting prospect. a hideous thing to contemplate on either side; and, now that we have used it, I gladly say, away with the abominable thought for ever.

HEART.—But for what purpose conjure up so monstrous an apparition?

HEAD.—*To teach you to repress your apologetic, compromising, prurient, rebellious, sympathies.* And that by exhibiting to you the consequences of their indulgence. We will require all the painful severity of self-denial, and the fearless adoption of all most strict and rigid principles of political and religious loyalty to be enabled to avert that portentous crisis, with the prospect of which you have been so wholesomely alarmed. Were I near enough to be governed by your perverse suggestions, we would be precipitated into the very midst of it to-morrow.

HEART.—You do me injustice. Had I not been loyal as yourself, you might feast the carrion crows to-day from a gibbet—but I am tormented and enraged by the condition to which our loyalty has brought us.—Deserted by the Tories, insulted by the Whigs, threatened by the Radicals, hated by the Papists, and envied by the Dis-senters, plundered in our country-seats,

robbed in our town houses, driven abroad by violence, called back by humanity, and, after all, told that we are neither English nor Irish, fish nor flesh, but a peddling colony, a forlorn advanced guard that must conform to every mutinous movement of the pretorian rabble—all this, too, while we are the acknowledged possessors of nine tenths of the property of a great country, and wielders of the preponderating influence between two parties; on whose relative position depend the greatest interests in the empire.—I love this land better than any other. I cannot believe it a hostile country. I love the people of it, in spite of themselves, and cannot feel towards them as enemies.

HEAD.—Yet it is one of the necessities of your existence that they should feel as enemies towards you.

HEART.—Well, well, I would not call them my countrymen if they could not remember and resent an injury.

HEAD.—We did them no injury. If there be any country on earth which should thank another for having rescued it from bloodshed and barbarism, it is Ireland, and that other is Great Britain. Is it injury to establish peace where, for a thousand years preceding, there had been unabated war?

Is it injury to fix the rights of society where, from time immemorial, no man could call a single acre his own? Is it injury to extend the mild influence of just laws over men who else could hardly separate right from wrong? or is it injury to introduce the religion of the Bible for the fictions and traditions of designing man?

HEART.—I cannot argue. I only feel that, in the heart of a mere Irishman, I would have rebelled against the forced favour.

HEAD.—It is fair and natural that all gallant spirits should sympathize with one another; nor can I blame the brave man who recognizes as admirable a courage in Shane O'Neill as in Harry Percy—they both were very valiant rebels—so was Hugh Tyrone; perhaps as good a captain as Claverhouse or Montrose. Owen Roe was a famous general, and a brave gentleman; but remember, I beseech you, *had they succeeded, we had not been here.* Had they succeeded, the Irish to-day

would have been fit rivals of the Greeks or Portuguese—as it is, they are a great part of a great empire. So much for the injustice of English interference.

HEART.—It is not of English interference they complain. Their great outcry is against English *misgovernment*.

HEAD.—That is because they have not the candour or the courage to declare the true cause of their indignation. They talk of seven centuries of misgovernment: now, for more than four out of those seven hundred years this is absolutely false. Up to the time of Elizabeth there was in reality *no government to mismanage*. Till then, the English could scarce govern themselves, much less a turbulent and angry neighbour; and, *had the Irish been formed of the stuff to make a nation*, they had, every year of that time, an opportunity on more than equal terms of asserting their right to govern themselves—nay, of actually becoming the dominant island of the two. Could they have done so, had they possessed elements of a nation, then the English would have been, indeed, the dog in the manger, and the charge of misgovernment, or rather of government prevented, might stand; but let any man of common discretion look at any district either within or without the pale, to enquire whether or no, during all that time, it needed, or could spare protection, and whether he directs his attention to the stone castle of the Hibernicized Baron, who lived by Coign and Livery, or to the timber Dun of the native Chieftains, supported by Bonaghts and Cuttings, or to the forest, or the mountain cavern of the freebooter, subsisting by the plunder of his neighbour's cattle, he will find in all ranks and classes, and among all varieties of men, the same selfish clan-ship, the same contracted tyranny and blind savage levity, which, from Castle Dun and Cave will give him full assurance over all the island, that till the time of Elizabeth Ireland possessed no where either the will or the power of governing herself. After Elizabeth's time, indeed, that question may admit of argument; but much or little as they may have had, the English have always had more. Whether that power has been too laxly or too strictly exercised since Ireland's actual

government began, I leave any reasonable man to gather from the fact, that during its most vigorous operation we prospered exactly in proportion to our late decay under its relaxing influence.

HEART.—Protestant ascendancy was indeed a noble scheme and worthy a great politician; yet, as in the misfortunes of our best friends, there is still something pleasing to us, I can extract even from its overthrow some comfortable solace in the thought that, while we escape our own responsibility, others undergo the risk of an experiment which, if it fail, will justify us to the world, and if it succeed will benefit our country. For the sake of the latter event, I could well submit to the substantiation of all their charges against us.

HEAD.—God grant that it may have such an issue. But I cannot say that I submit to a consequence of it, which never can take place: Irish prosperity under the new system, would in no way fix an imputation on the old. Our modern theorists have sprung into existence with the steam-engine and the rail-road. Whatever these effect, they will lay claim to, and whatever good be the consequence of their joint influence, they must share its reputation together.

HEART.—After all, they are neither steam-engines, rail-roads, nor canals, that make a great people. They are the effect, not the cause. The Romans were the nation of the gown before a stone was laid in the via Appia. Magna Charta will outlast the reform bill, although Watling-street was the only paved road that rung to the tramp of the assembling barons. Our own volunteers are not altogether eclipsed by the trades' union, even though, in these unenlightened times, no empty truck-boat, crossed once a week the utilized Bog of Allen. *The men and the cause make the great people, and no instrument so worthy as the strong hand.*

HEAD.—If the question were to be so arbitrated, come two to one, and welcome: but our enemy's boast is, that that day's gone by. We must fight our battle now with a handful of types and a composing-stick, pages like this our field, and the reading public our arbiter of war. Yet even here, although the odds are so fearfully against us, we will take our stand upon

the sacred mount whence Luther and Calvin thrust down the baffled thunders of Rome, and at the foot of which the traitor and the treason lay crushed, and once despairing under the virtuous energies of Burke.

HEART—Well said! You enlarge and gratify me. I burn with an ardour as holy as that which might have filled me on the embattled banks of Boyne. Let us go up together, and unfurl the old flag from the summit: and assail it who may, be he Papist or Protestant, Whig, Tory, or Radical, you shall have courage, and fortitude, and hope unflinching in its defence, while I have a drop of blood from which to gather them. Nay (for the mere defence of our assaulted principles is far from satisfying my enlarged desires,)—advance your standard into the very middle of the enemy's camp, plant it on every hill in Ireland, and I will inspire and support you to the last.

HEAD—Where now are your Popish sympathies?

HEART—Here; warm as ever. I cannot give up the nature of humanity, but I were unworthy the heart of a Christian could I not submit to some self-sacrifice for the Lord's sake. I still love my Popish countrymen. I love them so much, that I would bear the pain of seeming their error's persecutor, (and they and error are so closely linked, that such a character were little different from what the world calls an oppressor,) for the sake of being able to love them absolutely as free, loyal, and united Protestants.

HEAD—Yet these have been the feelings of all the men who have been called Ireland's misgovernors, and these are now the feelings of all us whom the Irish Papists hate as their priests hate truth, and whom, until both priest and people know and love the truth of Protestantism, they will continue to hate, if it were till doomsday.

FAREWELL.

Farewell,—each nameless feeling
Which the painful thought implies,
Forth from my heart is stealing,
To breathe itself in sighs;
And to tell thee how sincerely,
In affection's fervour young,
To its cherish'd idol dearly
Hath my soul enamour'd clung.

Farewell—I may not sue thee
To restore my heart's repose,
While in fancy still I woo thee,
And in dreams my bosom glows
With memory's twilight tender,
Since the setting of the spell
That was fleeting in its splendour
As the lightning's flash—Farewell.

CRISIS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In your last Number I have read, with not a little interest, your strictures upon Major Gawler's letter to Sir Hussey Vivian, respecting the crisis and close of the battle of Waterloo; and beg leave to call your attention to the following extract from the United Service Journal for the same month, as affording a striking confirmation of what you have advanced as to the part which the Guards performed in that memorable contest. You say, that the charge of the 52d, which Major Gawler describes as accomplishing such wonders, must have taken place after the advance of the French had been repelled by the Guards, and when the enemy were either upon the point, or in the act of dispersion. That such was the fact, is now put beyond doubt. An eye witness, whose attention was called to the subject by the recent discussion, thus graphically describes what took place :—

"The Duke had, a short time previous, rode down to Hougomont; and in returning, had ordered the 1st brigade of guards, then in squares, to take ground to their left, and to wheel up into line, four deep. This brought the brigade precisely on the spot the Emperor had chosen for his attack. There ran a road along this part of the position, on one side of which were a bank and ditch, under which the brigade sheltered itself during the cannonade, which might have lasted three quarters of an hour; and which, in the opinion of very many competent judges, had never been equalled in violence or intensity. Without the protection of this bank, every creature must have perished. The Emperor, probably, calculated on this effect, for suddenly the firing ceased, and as the smoke cleared away, the most superb sight opened upon us. A close column of the *Moyenne Garde* (about 8,000 men,) led by Marshal Ney, were seen ascending the rise, *au pas de charge*, shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!' They

continued to advance till within fifty or sixty paces of the bank; when the brigade had the order to stand up. Whether it was the sudden and unexpected appearance of a corps so near them, which must have seemed as starting out of the ground, or the tremendously heavy fire we threw into them, these men, who had never before failed, suddenly stopped. Those who, from a distance saw the affair, say that the effect of our fire was most extraordinary. It seemed to force the head of the column bodily back. In less than a minute, above 300 of them were down, and the column began to waver. In their rear they made something like an attempt to deploy, and some firing began over the heads of the men in front. So evident was their confusion, that 'brave des braves' Lord Saltoun, (who had joined from Hougomont, having had his light infantry annihilated, and having been superseded in the command by the arrival of Colonel Macdonald of the Coldstream), hallooed out, 'Now's the time, my boys!' and immediately the brigade sprang forward. The *Garde Imperial* turned, and gave us little opportunity of trying the effect of the bayonet. We continued the charge down the hill till our right flank had cleared the wood of Hougomont, when it became exposed to a column of, I believe, the sixth corps, who were the support to the *Garde*. As our advance was at that moment insulated, and we were not aware of being supported, we retired towards our original position; but opportunely, Sir F. Adam's light brigade, having moved from the knoll to their left under the hedge of the garden of Hougomont, advanced to our support; and as soon as we had uncovered the front of this brigade, both brigades advanced, which did not cease but with the total defeat of the enemy. The Duke of Wellington, who had observed the effect of our charge, had in the mean time ordered the whole line to advance. The

1st brigade halted in the bottom, where Napoleon had just before paraded the Garde Imperial; and as soon as order was restored, (for we had *wheeled* into line, four deep, from square formed from column of companies,) we proceeded along the Chaussee towards Genappe, on which we found nearly sixty pieces of artillery jammed together and deserted. *The cavalry had passed us, and gone in pursuit.* At the "Barriere du Roi" we halted for the night, moving off the Chaussee to allow the Prussians to pass; the regimental bands each played 'God save the King' as they marched past."

This must, I should think, settle the question, as far as the achievement of the 52d are concerned. I do not, by any means, censure Major Gawler for advancing claims which he believed to be well founded. It was but natural that he should seek, for the brave regiment to which he belongs, the laurels to which he thought it was entitled. But eye witnesses on every side have risen up to confront and confute him; and it does not require a tithe of his intelligence to discern that his position can no longer be successfully maintained.

I remain, Sir,
Your Obedient servant,

OMEGA.

P.S.—Sir Hussey Vivian has replied to Major Gawler's last statement, and, in our opinion, he has been able to put the principal point at issue between them in such a light as must render it impossible for any one to doubt the relative position of his and Adams's brigades at the moment when Lord Wellington ordered the advance. His words are these:—

"I will, however, conclude this part of the discussion by a fact, which is to me convincing, as to the distance the 6th brigade must have been in advance, and which will, I have no doubt, be equally convincing to my readers, if not to yourself. It is one that has been stated to me by Sir Colin Campbell, since I wrote my first observations

on the 'Crisis.' Lord Anglesey, who was riding with the Duke of Wellington, was wounded *after Sir Colin's return from having been with the message to me, to check my advance.* Now, as it is well known that Lord Anglesey was wounded with grape, (probably from one of those very guns to drive off which your right section was detached,) almost immediately after descending from the position, and was carried at once into the high road near La Haye Sainte, within a short distance from which this occurred, the fair inference is, that the Duke, on descending from the hill, and getting out of the smoke, perceived that my brigade was trotting away from the rest of the army, and therefore sent to check me, about the same time that he rode to your regiment, and, as you state, desired Sir John Colbourn to go on.

"Here then we have two facts, which, in my view of the case, are decisive. The Duke desired Sir Colin Campbell to go and *check my advance* before Lord Anglesey was wounded, consequently very soon after the advance of the army commenced, and *ordered the 52d to go on.* Is it probable that he would have done either the one or the other, if Adams's brigade had been in front of mine."

Undoubtedly not. Sir Hussey has completely proved his case, and one word more is unnecessary. How far it may please Major Gawler still to continue his war of "inferences" against plain matters of fact, we will not pretend to say; but it ought abundantly to satisfy his gallant correspondent, as it will, assuredly, satisfy every one else, that *he* has been enabled to establish facts which utterly overthrow these inferences. Sir Hussey is not called upon to fight with shadows,—and if the Major is disposed to persevere in the contest, without having any thing more substantial to advance, he will, we are persuaded, be suffered to persevere in it without an antagonist or audience.

EDITOR.

A FEW WORDS ON GENERAL POLITICS.

His Majesty's Ministers—God mend them, have been scattered abroad in various directions, "taking their *diversion*," for the last month, and truth to say, they would require to gather in a store of health and strength for the coming winter campaign, which is likely to be somewhat of the roughest. They complained a good deal of the hardships of the last, but unless we greatly err, it was all smooth sailing, compared with what the next will be. There is as pretty a storm brewing, as ever burst upon the heads of Ministers. Our worthy rulers—at least such of them as have any brains for observation, are tolerably well aware of this, and three of them, to wit, the Lords Grey, Althorp, and Melbourne, would be as glad to get out of the mess, as they ever were to get into it, but that a feeling of shame comes in aid of the strong love of the loaves and fishes they enjoy, and they hold on, hoping that the storm may pass, and yet horribly afraid that it will not. Stanley is young and self-confident, and to give the devil his due, has real courage, so that he looks the danger in the face, determined to fight it out bravely. Brougham looks at it too, with reckless audacity, satisfied that come what will, he will be able to carry on the humbug, and by the force of talk, keep himself in a good position. As for the rest, they are either so stupid, or so conceited, as not to see, or not to appreciate, the troubles they will have to encounter.

The work of the Reform Bill goes bravely on, and the populace taught, or encouraged, by the success of their combinations and their threats in that affair, (for which they received the thanks of the government) are resolved to carry the experiment as much further as may suit themselves. The London shop-keepers and tradesmen have resolved not to pay the assessed taxes, and it is already admitted on all hands, that *therefore*, the assessed taxes must be taken off. This is the most decidedly harassing—we might say ruinous—warfare against the govern-

ment that could possibly be adopted. Sweep away the taxes—the revenue of the country, and you rob the government of its sustenance—its very life-blood. Alterations of the laws, even the fundamental laws of the kingdom, do but change the course of the machine, and the manner of its working; but stop the coming in of the cash, and all must stop—it's "no go" any longer. Now this is just what their high mightinesses of the tax-resisting associations of London, are about; and the government papers say it is very naughty indeed—extremely wrong, and inconsiderate; but still what their mightinesses desire, must be done; for the government cannot venture to set itself against so strong an expression of *popular feeling*. A pretty predicament this, for the ministers; with enough, and more than enough to do, with all the money they can muster; including the produce of these taxes which *must* be repealed.

One of the very few true things set down in the *modest manifesto* of the ministry, which we noticed last month is this, that after deducting the *fixed charges* in payment of the interest of the public debt, the civil list, half-pay of the army and navy, superannuated and retired allowances to civil officers, &c., the residue, applicable to the actual public service now going on, is not more than *fifteen millions*. Now the house and window duties of Great Britain together, amount to something like *two millions and a half*. So here is our hopeful Chancellor of the Exchequer, the luminous Lord Althorp, shorn by one single cut of the popular pruning knife, of one-sixth of his means for carrying on the public service! This is startling enough, but the thing will of course not end here. The populace having found out that it only requires them to combine together, and threaten, in order to compel the government to obey, however monstrous the sacrifice they demand, will never be without their grievance to be redressed, or their desire to be accomplished, and the oftener they succeed, the more impossible

will it be, to make any effectual resistance to their demands. Probably the next thing which their worship in their wisdom will resolve upon, will be the repeal of the corn laws; which, being accomplished, Foreign Wheat would be likely to sell on the quay of Liverpool at about forty shillings, for five hundred pounds weight, and hence would follow, utter ruin to the farmers, and arable land owners, not only in Britain, but here in Ireland also. Then will come the question of how the eight millions a year, now paid out of the land, for the poor of Great Britain, shall be provided, and the end will be, that it will not be provided at all. And what will follow this? Will the English poor starve, and die by their dinnerless and desolate hearths, like the Connaught peasantry, when the potato crop fails? We trow not. If the English be not fed, they will rise up in most dreadful and savage mutiny against the laws, and scenes of horror, such as England has never seen since the wars of the Roses, will again visit that noble country, made rich by the peaceful and profitable industry, which tory policy so long protected and secured, while blood was flowing, and desolation spreading over all the rest of Europe.

But this is distressing; the first thing that will be expected from the finance minister when he meets parliament, is a declaration that in compliance with the wishes of the populace (whose servant, and not the king's, he really is,) he intends to relinquish the house and window duties, and this must, of course, be followed by the proposition of some other impost in their room; for to get the money by some means or other he must at least try. This will be a puzzler for Lord Althorp, even should he call to his aid, after thinking as much as he possibly can upon the subject, the united financial skill of all his colleagues. Some newspapers already talk of new or additional taxation in the departments of the customs and excise, but

the manufacturers and merchants of the new constituencies, and of the honorable reformed house, are very much inclined to doubt the probability of this; they mean the possibility of their *consenting* to it, but they do not say so. What then is the alternative? An income tax? There is none other left, but this will be even less favourably received than the other. The men in the reformed parliament are, for the most part, stupid or violent rich people, who joined the reform tumult, not knowing what they did, and upon that ground subsequently got into parliament, which many of them now surely lament. The greater portion of these people have no more feeling or sense of what is for the nation's glory or its benefit, than the benches on which they sit, but they are sensitive and acute enough as to what touches their purses; they are, in fact, the breeches-pocketocracy of the kingdom, and nothing is to them a greater breach of privilege, than what interferes with the said integumental pockets. An income tax is therefore very abominable in their sight, and the mention of it an irritation to their nerves, and an offence to their sensibilities. Nothing will so lower their opinion of the minister, as any proposition of the kind—yet, what is he to do? Pushed by the populace, on one hand, and opposed by the Parliament on the other; driven by the one to relinquish existing taxes, and forbidden by the other to call new taxes into existence; he will be indeed “perplexed in the extreme.”

If the members of the government were honest; if they had erred through any generous motive, we should certainly have pitied them; but as it is, they deserve no pity. The evils which will overwhelm them, are the plain results of their own encouragement of what they must have known to be wrong; but it served their selfish ends for the moment, and in the insolence of triumph, they forgot to calculate consequences.

“He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamt not of the rebound”—

and so it was with the whigs. In the rent they have made, they will themselves be caught, and it will be well for them if they do not suffer the whole of Milo's fate, and get torn to pieces,

while they are held fast, and unable to help themselves.

The public revenue does not appear in a very hopeful condition. The accounts published in London, up to the

10th October, which, by the by, do not include, *not* do the quarterly accounts published; ever include the revenues of Ireland; shew a deficiency in the year, compared with the year ending, 10th October, 1832, of £380,420, and on the *quarter* compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, the deficiency is £253,276. Considering the arrangements in Lord Althorp's most absurd budgets of the last two years, in which the duties of Tiles, Tax-Carts, Apothecaries Stuff, &c. which brought in a good round sum, and were felt by nobody, have been repealed, we cannot feel surprised that the revenue should fall off, but rather congratulate ourselves that it is no worse. There are, however, some curious points in the accounts lately published, which deserve observation. The grand falling off in the last quarter, is not in the branches of revenue, where the imports have been reduced, but in the customs, which have of late remained the same. The Excise is *better*, by £103,121, than it was in the corresponding quarter of last year, but the customs are *worse*, by a very large sum; no less than £423,680, in three months. Now, as every one admits, that in England at present, the manufacturing, and export business is unusually brisk, it seems to follow, from the great diminution of imports, indicated in the decline of the customs revenue, either that the value of our goods exported, is spent abroad, and consequently, the returns for them by so much diminished, or we are selling them so very cheap, that we no longer bring back in exchange, any thing like what we used to do. It is probable that both these causes are operating. English absenteeism, has increased to a frightful extent. It has been calculated lately, that there were 20,000 English in Paris alone; and Boulogne is said to contain of *permanent* British residents, at least 5,000. Many of these, and of the thousands scattered in other places, are rich, and spend a great deal of money; the drain therefore, upon the country, to provide for their expenditure, must be very great. On the other hand, it is certain that our manufacturers have done all they possibly could, to make their goods so cheap, that they might command the *best* possible quantity of foreign gold, or goods in exchange for them; and this is what they call suc-

cessful competition with the Foreigner, in his own market. We cannot help thinking, that the practice of spending so much on the Continent, and accepting such small returns for the goods disposed of in the Continental markets, is enriching the foreigner to ruin ourselves—but this is *liberality*, and to breathe a word against it is high treason against modern enlightenment, and universal citizenship.

Foreign affairs are, to the full, as perplexed and dangerous in their aspect, as domestic. Never, since he overthrew Bonaparte, did Great Britain so much require the knowledge and the sagacity of the Duke of Wellington, in the management of our relations with the various powers of the Continent, as it does at the present juncture: and who is the statesman to whom, instead of the man fitted for the task, the task is given? Lord Palmerston, the most puppyish of politicians. He is the creature of his own vanity and of Talleyrand. We do not mean to deny that Lord Palmerston is a clever man in a small way, but to give him the direction of the foreign affairs of Great Britain at such a time as this, is frightfully ridiculous.

The Northern Sovereigns have met, and held counsel together, and the *liberal* journals under the influence of the English and French governments have visited them alternately with sneers and abuse. To sneer at such powers as Russia, Austria and Prussia, with the whole of the Germanic Confederation, acting in concert, is rather too absurd; and that these sovereigns came to some serious determinations, is made manifest from the semi-official communications on the subject, which the German press has been permitted to send forth. We learn from thence, that the *critical state* of Europe, which renders it necessary to keep up a great military establishment, was maturely weighed by the sovereigns at Toplitz, Schewdt, and Munchen-Graatz, and was certainly found to be such as to call for the consideration of means to remedy it. It is further hinted that no blame can be attached to them, if "amid the elements of destruction by which society is threatened," it should be found necessary to abandon a system which aimed at maintaining tranquillity by pacific means, and to proceed instead, to extreme measures.

The sovereigns, it is added, will not adopt these latter means, except as the last resort, but they are most firmly resolved to employ them, as soon as the decisive hour comes of their necessity.

This language is tolerably significant, and every man in his senses must know, whatever he may affect, that these sovereigns have tremendous power, both in arms, and in compact governments, well secured by able ministers. It is not probable, however, that except under circumstances of extreme provocation, these powers will go beyond an unflinching maintenance of the "status in quo" as respects their own territories and dependencies, which have been disturbed by the active Propagandists of the French "liberal" or revolutionary school. In Austrian Italy, where disturbance was chiefly feared, Austria has now stationed 75,000 men, a tolerably sure guarantee against rebellion in that quarter. The German Confederation has lately published an account of its forces, which appear to be considerably increased. They amount to 361,785 men, of whom 51,699 are cavalry, with 727 pieces of cannon. England, crippled, as her navy is under Whig management, is still the mistress of the sea; but France, with all her military boasting, could do nothing against the united northern powers.* The time has gone by for Great Britain arranging the balance, by throwing her money into the scale; we can have no more of that. Russia, in spite of its opposition to "liberal" opinions, is of all European powers, that which is making, by its energy and ability, the most rapid advancement to political importance. The criminal apathy and stupidity of "our" Foreign department, has lately allowed her to secure the complete controul of the Dardanelles, the Euxine is therefore all her own, and the immense resources of its shores. In the north, too, the Eagle waxes stronger and stronger; and the sneers of the English ministerial journals, are but poor weapons against an obviously increasing power, which requires but a Navy to become absolutely supreme in Europe, and formidable in Asia.

The settlement of affairs between Holland and Belgium, will a thing to be looked for, and we may judge by the increasing amount of tone in which the King of the Netherlands is spoken of by our ministerial journals, the feeling of complete defeat in all his plans, is stronger than ever in the mind of our foreign minister. The fact we believe to be, that the King of the Netherlands feels strong in the support of the northern powers, and their recent manifestation of a determination to do what seems to them right, with the strong hand, if it cannot otherwise be managed, gives the Dutch King a greater moral force, and enables him, with more confidence, to resist what he looks upon as unjust.

As for France, though it is certain that upon the surface there is a shew of general contentment with the present government of the *national guard*, and better still, that the industry of the French is at present in a prosperous and promising condition, yet it is also true, that there is a strong under current of deep disappointment and dislike with regard to the government of the Tuilleries, and in very many quarters, the most bitter contempt for the king personally. At the moment we write, this contempt is stronger than ever, arising from the opinion, that the king has condescended to make use of government intelligence for stock jobbing purposes, and to have kept back information from the public, while he turned it to his own private account. Without assuming that such opinions as these are well founded, it may be fairly said that when such statements, find currency and credence, among the Parisians, the popular respect which can alone secure a throne "surrounded by republican institutions," is at a very low ebb. If the policy of the Whigs be founded, as it seems to be, upon the stability of the government of Louis Philippe, the foundation will be very likely to slip from under it, some of these fine days, when they least expect it.

Ferdinand of Spain is veritably dead, at last; and his fourth wife, and now widow, Maria Christina, seeketh

* The population of Austria, Prussia, Germany, and Russia, is computed to be 110,000,000: their naval and military force at about a million. The population of France is about 32,000,000, her troops of the line 400,000.

to reign in his stead with the title of Queen Regent, until her daughter, now three years old, shall attain the age of eighteen, and assume the sceptre as Isabella II. But the people and the priests like not a woman's rule, and desire instead, that of Don Carlos, brother of the late king. It is hardly necessary to apprise those acquainted with the political history of modern Europe, that by the ancient laws of Spain, a female might be the sovereign—that the Bourbons who obtained the Spanish throne at the beginning of the eighteenth century, brought with them the Salic law, which continued until 1798, when Charles IV. fearing that he would die with only daughters surviving him, obtained its repeal. But his son Ferdinand, who he then feared was about to die, did not die, but lived, and he had other sons, who also lived. So the old king seemed to forget that he had had the Salic law repealed, and when fifteen years afterwards, a collection of the laws of the kingdom was made by his order, the Salic law appeared at the head of them. Now when his son Ferdinand perceived that he, Ferdinand the King, was likely to die, having no child but one, and she a daughter, he caused the revocation of the Salic law, which never had been formally rescinded, to be republished as the law of the land, by virtue of which his daughter, and not his brother, was to succeed to his throne.

Thus do matters stand, and standing thus the Queen Regent claims the guar-

dianship of the crown for her daughter, and Don Carlos claims it for himself as his lawful right. Already all the elements of civil war are gathering into fearful clouds, portentous of bloody strife. The queen holds the capitol, but many important places in the provinces have risen for Carlos, and the Biscayans cry "long live our lord the King Carlos V." while the executive at Madrid acknowledges Isabella II. and the Queen mother as Regent. What France will do in the question, or whether she will interfere at all, remains at the time of our writing, an undecided question. What England will do, no one asks, so generally is it understood, that Lord Palmerston will indolently await his orders from France, and then act, or refrain from acting, accordingly. But in all probability the flame of civil war will soon light upon the peninsula, from Lisbon to the Pyrennees, and in that case, all Europe may chance to catch some of the sparks.

Altogether, as we said at the beginning of this our brief discourse, there is a most undeniable prospect of trouble and disturbance at home and abroad. The political horizon, turn where we will, lowers most portentously. But have we not these clever fellows, the Whigs, at the helm, to steer us out of all difficulties? To be sure we have; but for ourselves, not having a place or pension, or expecting any, we had rather trust in God, and a good conscience.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of several Poetical favours, which shall be attended to according to their deserts.

B. H. G. and Iota in our next.

We shall be happy to hear at greater length from H. Virtueso upon his interesting subject.

We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of communications from R. H. A.

"My Opinion of Sportmen," in our next, also "Scotland" and "Rene."

We hope to hear soon from P. A. B.

We feel obliged to R. D. C. for his candour; but a moment's consideration of the plan upon which our Magazine has been conducted from its commencement, must satisfy him, that we cannot accept his intended favours from the circumstances under which they are presented.

Want of space obliges us to defer our Critical Notices until the ensuing month.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XII.

DECEMBER, 1833.

VOL. II.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

POLITICAL STATE AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

IRELAND,—disastrous Ireland! How long will it be the opprobrium of British legislation! We fear much,—if present courses be only a little longer persevered in,—until it has proved the bane of the British empire.

Our object is not to declaim, or even to expostulate against the pernicious mispolicy which has converted a source of strength into a source of weakness, and made a country, fertile even to prodigality, and containing eight millions of a hardy and intelligent population, a fearful incumbrance, subtracting from the power and influence, instead of a noble addition to the greatness of England. The calamity is now too imminent, and too tremendous, to leave us either the leisure or the inclination to recriminate upon those by whom it has been occasioned;—and all that remains is, to point out, as clearly as we can, the present condition of the country, adverting briefly to the causes which have brought it into that condition, and indicating, to the best of our ability, the means by which its evils may be removed.

The measure of '29 commenced a new æra in Ireland. The moral and political resources of the country were thenceforward transferred, from the wealthy and the educated, into the hands of its physical population,—a population under the influence of seditious leaders, exasperated by a long continued struggle for what they deemed their rights, and obtaining those rights,

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not as a boon from an indulgent government, but as the reward of successful agitation.

Had the cabinet by whom the emancipating bill was passed continued in power, it is our opinion that they would have seen the necessity of taking such measures respecting Ireland as might have effectually coerced the disturbers. But, in giving power to others, they parted with it themselves. The great party by whom they were supported separated from them in anger, and they were unable to make any effectual resistance to the combined hostility with which they were assailed. Thenceforward the Whigs became ascendant; and their ascendancy was soon fearfully visible in the convulsion of the empire.

Agitation was now legitimated as one of the ordinary resources of government, and the prerogatives of the monarch unsparingly employed in undermining the stability of the throne. And here, perhaps, it is right to distinguish between the motives by which the present and the former government were actuated, in their adoption of those pseudo-liberal measures which have proved so disastrous to the country. The Duke of Wellington and his associates were led, most mistakenly, to believe that emancipation would have been a means of tranquillizing Ireland; and although they knew well the risk they ran of giving fatal offence to their steadiest friends, yet they

resolved to do so rather than halt in a course which they imagined would conduce to the public weal. *Their* liberality as a government was all against their interest as a party. Not so that of the Whigs. This body have always considered their interest as a party as of more importance than any other consideration; and their *liberal* measures, as they are called, were all intended as the purchase of popular support, by means of which their power might be perpetuated. Hence, the Reform Bill,—by which, in a word, the constitution of England has been so essentially changed, that the relation between the governors and the governed has been almost reversed; by which the House of Commons has been filled by the representatives of a fierce democracy, while the sovereign and the nobles tremble at their nod.

But it is in Ireland that the effects of Whig ascendancy have, as yet, been chiefly felt. The emancipating bill having left nothing, in the shape of political benefit, to be conceded to the Roman Catholics, the only indulgence which could be granted to them was, a permission to enter upon a crusade against the Established Church, and to persecute its righteous and unoffending clergy. This has been done until their property has been put under a kind of popular sequestration, and they have themselves become outlaws in their native land.

Indeed, from the moment the emancipating bill passed into a law, the destruction of the Irish Church might have been predicted: nor were there wanting those who foresaw that a course of policy would thenceforward be pursued which must endanger the continuance of the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland. This was the natural consequence of the triumphant entrance into parliament of a body of men, who were the creatures of popular violence, and who could maintain their station as legislators only by the most slavish submission to the dictates of the mob. Accordingly, in all measures adopted towards this country, not English interest but Irish antipathy was consulted. We do not mean by English interest that which is peculiarly advantageous to the one country, at the expense of the other, but that which is calculated for the mutual benefit of both countries,

and for cementing the connexion between them; and this, we maintain, was either designedly or grossly overlooked in all the recent measures of government, as they respected either the disturbances or the improvement of Ireland.

It is not easy to form an accurate estimate of the loss which the Protestant community has sustained by the suppression of charter schools, and by closing the doors of the Foundling Hospital. The latter establishment had been brought under a system of the most admirable rules and regulations at the very period when it was resolved to discontinue the grant for its support. It was fully capable of sending, annually, one thousand well principled and educated individuals into the community. The charter schools, the abuses of which might have been easily remedied, must have been able to furnish a much larger number; and their combined influence would have powerfully contributed to people the country with a loyal population. Both establishments were naturally disliked by those whose anti-anglican machinations they were likely to counteract; and their suppression is not the only instance in which the minister, either weakly or wickedly, consulted the prejudice of the factious at the expense of the well-being of the empire.

Nor was it alone by the suppression of establishments which were calculated to augment the ranks of loyalty in the humbler classes, that the fatal mispolicy of the present government has shewed itself. One by one the institutions and the offices, which furnished each a corps of devoted adherents to British connection, have disappeared. The principal officers belonging to the custom-house, the treasury, the excise and the stamp offices, have all been transferred to England; and even the inmates of the old hospital at Kilmainham, for decayed and wounded soldiers, are about to share the same fate. Thus, the country is deprived at the same time of the expenditure by which its poverty was alleviated, and which made some sort of compensation for the drain caused by its absentees, and of the loyalty which would have served as a counterpoise and a check to the hourly increasing violence of angry repealers.

The pride of Ireland was wounded. No one could witness unmoved the gradual disappearance of every thing calculated to confer upon it dignity as a nation, and few, but those who have had occasion to observe the actual working of these injudicious measures, can conceive the degree in which they have contributed to alienate the minds of Irish Protestants from the British government, and to endanger the integrity of the British empire.

We do not here enter into the question how far the changes which we deplore may or may not be justified by purely economical considerations. But certain we are, that that is not a wise or a politic economy, whose thrift is exhibited in starving loyalty, while its gains are squandered in pampering sedition.

Every individual who filled the office of commissioner, or superintendent in any of the suppressed institutions, was a man of weight and station in society, whose influence was always employed in strengthening the hands of the friends of social order. Was it a wise economy, that, for the saving of a few pounds, sacrificed such valuable auxiliaries in a country like Ireland?

Not merely the individuals in the actual service of government, but all those who might fairly hope to be so employed, felt an interest in the maintenance of a connexion upon which alone they could depend for the possession or the attainment of substantial advantages. *That* motive has been withdrawn, while no inconsiderable inducement has been held out, by the promoters of agitation, to embrace, in their whole extent, the wildest projects that could be prompted by senseless prejudice, or dictated by insane ambition.

Such, then, is the state of Ireland. The project of a repeal of the union is advocated by a vast numerical majority of the population, reinforced by no inconsiderable body of Protestants, who, either from party disgust or sectarian rancour, have been driven, or drawn, into a connexion with the disturbers. That party, which on former occasions was the stay of the government, has been alienated by recent policy, and now stands aloof from its support, in a state of suspicious neutrality, by which almost as much as by

direct co-operation the designs of the anti-unionists are promoted. The Established Church has been discountenanced and almost proscribed; Protestant institutions have been extinguished, and the Protestant rustic population are every day being reduced by rapidly increasing emigration; while the unseasonable disbanding of that body-guard of public functionaries has contributed not a little to foment the national discontent amongst those who remain at home, and materially reduced the influence of government, at the same time that it has fearfully augmented its difficulties and its dangers.

The state of the country is therefore essentially different from what it has ever been since its connexion with Great Britain. On former occasions Ireland contained within itself a power of repressing the disturbances by which it was distracted. If there was an Irish party at work to aggravate grievance into discontent, and stimulate discontent into sedition, there was also an English party who possessed the means of counteracting the movements of the disaffected; and but little apprehension could be entertained that this country could be dissevered from the British crown, while its wealth and intelligence continued to regard such a project, not merely with discouragement, but with indignation and horror.

On former occasions the propertied class were placed by circumstances in a commanding position, which gave legislative wisdom that ascendancy over mere physical strength, which mind should always possess over matter. The policy of the first James, in the creation of the Irish boroughs, not only enabled Protestantism to counterpoise Popery, but also enabled the advocates of British connexion always to out-number those whose prejudices as a sect, or whose passions as a party might engage them in projects of dismemberment or independence. That policy has now been not merely abandoned, but reversed. The boroughs have been thrown open; all the hedges have been broken down, which fenced the conservatories of sound Protestant principles, so that "the wild boar from the woods doth root them out, and the wild beast from the field doth devour them." And when reason and loyalty are at a dis-

count, and turbulence, and sedition at a premium, the consequences must be such as cannot be contemplated by the friends of good government and social order without the most alarming apprehensions.

Nor do we suppose that such are the only persons, who can at present read aright "the signs of the times." The government, we believe, are fully aware of the critical position in which this country has been placed, and are sincerely bent upon such remedial measures as to them seem calculated to avert or to mitigate impending evils. But we much fear, that their intended measures will only aggravate and confirm the disease. Of these we believe the principle to consist in the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy; and of this we have no hesitation in saying, that, if it be carried into effect, it is the very lever that will accomplish the overthrow of British authority in Ireland.

Our reasons for this opinion may be briefly stated:—if the government pay the Roman Catholic clergy, it will be, not because they *love*, but because they *fear* them. Are these men, on that account, likely to become less formidable? Their stipend will be paid as a kind of *black mail*. Did that tribute ever serve to convert the freebooter with a peaceable neighbour or a loyal subject? As little can the analogous payment operate in a favourable manner upon the conduct of the priests. In our judgment it would render them even more troublesome and more dangerous;—for they would regard their connexion with the government a suspicious connexion; they would feel themselves looked upon with not a little jealous scrutiny by their flocks, and might find it necessary to be even more violent in their demonstrations of devotion to the cause of "old Ireland," than they were before. In this case, if the stipend were paid, the government would be ostentatiously contributing to its own destruction; and if it were withdrawn, the priests would be aggrandized as incendiaries, and possess ten times the power of mischief which they possessed before.

But even if we suppose that such would not be the case; and that the stipend would have the effect of rendering the priesthood supine; and that,

by being gorged with *tid bits* from the treasury, they would become "dumb dogs," and be capable neither of snarling nor biting; are there none in that case, who would supply their places? What would the "regulars" be about? Even as matters are, the secular clergy in the Roman Catholic Church find it hard enough to compete with them for popularity. But, in the event of any such effect being produced by the payment of a stipend, as is, no doubt, contemplated by the government, they must be beaten out of the field, and leave their triumphant adversaries in possession of the entire affections and confidence of the people. In this case what will be gained? Just nothing at all. One set of sacerdotal agitators will have been called into existence before another has been quite extinguished.

Those who are acquainted with the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church know well, that *its priesthood can never be purchased*. They are devoted to the interests of their order; and, for no pecuniary consideration which can be suggested by the fears or the policy of the British government, will those interests be for one moment compromised. It is not even certain that they will accept of the mediated payment; but if they do, government may depend upon it they will only do so under circumstance, which will leave them clear of all suspicion in the eyes of their flocks.

It is very easy to talk of weaning them gradually from dependence upon the peasantry, and rendering it less their interest than it is at present to continue the trade of agitators. *This was what was said when Maynooth was about to be established*. That establishment was to convert treason into loyalty, and foreign sympathies into domestic attachments. All the peculiar feelings of the Roman Catholic priesthood were to be transferred, from the concerns of their own order, which were known to be adverse to British interests, into a grateful attachment to the government by whom they were patronized. And what was the result? What does experience teach us? How has the Maynooth scheme worked? These questions are, surely, unnecessary in Ireland. And the government, we have reason to believe, are, themselves, at length convinced of the precise value of that

sacerdotal gratitude which the alumni of the Roman Catholic College are in the habit of exhibiting towards their too confiding protectors. It is quite enough to say, *that they have not proved the pacificators of Ireland.* When the unruly tempest of sedition was agitating the country, they were not the individuals to pour oil upon the waves. When the evil spirit of religious and political hatred was stirring up their deluded votaries to deeds of rapine and murder, they were not the exorcists by whom they became dispossessed, and were reduced to tranquillity, and restored to reason. Whether the contrary of all this be the truth, and whether they exercised a very opposite influence, let it be for others to determine. But certain it is, that the objects proposed in the establishment of that seminary have not been answered. Just as little will the scheme that is now on foot tend to the accomplishment of the ends that are in contemplation. As in the one case, we have only given permanency to inveterate religious prejudice; so, in the other case, we shall only give permanency to inveterate political prejudice. In the one case, it is our belief that we have contributed to keep up a Roman Catholic priesthood not only upon a more extensive scale, but for a longer period than their people would consent to be burdened by it themselves. In the other case, if we pay this priesthood, *we shall only embody a staff of repealers*, by whose instrumentality O'Connell will become absolute master of the destinies of Ireland.

It cannot be denied that the repeal question has already made great way. Not only the Roman Catholic peasantry, and the majority of the Roman Catholic gentry, but that portion of the Protestant community who have been disgusted and alienated by the conduct of government, are already warm in the prosecution of an object big with national ruin. How is this formidable combination to be resisted? Can his majesty's ministers trust, in such a case, to the progress of reason? Will the solid arguments that may be employed against the fallacious representations of the demagogues, be sufficient to disabuse the people. Will the truth, as it might be set forth by honest and able men, be sufficient to contend successfully with falsehood in

the guise of patriotism, as it may be set forth by those whose political importance depends upon the continuance of this great delusion? If there be those who entertain any such expectation, we shall only say that they know not the present state of the popular mind in Ireland, they are ignorant of the excitable character of the people. They are unacquainted either with the extent of their ignorance, the grossness of their credulity, or the nature of their prejudices. As well might they attempt to charm away the delirium of a fever, by bidding the sufferer be composed, and pointing out the unreasonableness of the wild incoherency of his ravings, as to quell the passion for domestic legislation which has taken possession of the minds of the Irish, by demonstrating its inconveniences and its dangers.

But even if the Irish agitators were *disposed*, they are not *at liberty* to listen to reason. They go into parliament *pledged* to advocate the measure of repeal. *That* is the condition upon which they have been returned. Any vacillation upon that point would entirely deprive them of their influence, and most certainly insure their defeat at the next election. No one is more convinced of the ultimate consequences of repeal, than Mr. Sheil. No one is more convinced, that it must, if carried, lead, *and that not very remotely*, to the separation of the countries. But, he saw the question in such a state that, in his apprehension, the measure could not be long resisted;—and, as his political existence depended upon falling in with the views of its promoters, he preferred anticipating the course of events, and seeming to favour the popular cause, in its infancy, to that tardy and reluctant adhesion to it which circumstances might afterwards compel, but which would stand altogether divested of the grace of a voluntary adoption.

Mr. Shiel's sentiments upon the repeal question, in the earlier stages of its progress, were not *concealed*. There are those, to whom he hesitated not to denounce O'Connell and his party in terms which were sufficiently expressive of the abhorrence which he felt, or pretended to feel, at proceedings which he only considered not so injurious as they were wicked, because he conceived the government possessed of

sufficient wisdom and vigour to put them down. There can, I believe, be little doubt that his expectation in that respect would have been realized, had the policy of ministers been such as would have enabled them to establish a strong government in Ireland. But such was not the case. The agitators, instead of being coerced, were cherished. O'Connell, instead of being prosecuted, was eulogised. The young giant was nurtured with delicacies, and refreshed with new wine, until he has attained a stature and a vigour, which puts him beyond the controul of his tutors and governors, and renders it impossible, that, *by any ordinary means*, he can be resisted. And, therefore, it is that those who would have willingly conspired to subject him to a system of wholesome discipline, which would have circumscribed his powers of mischief, at a period when he might have been easily restrained, are now, in the absolute despair of being able to accomplish such an object, driven to make common cause with the Irish Polyphemus, and to become his slaves and tools in the accomplishment of the ruin which his ungovernable virulence must bring upon the empire.

The last elections must convince every one, not actually under the influence of insanity or infatuation, that there remains no hope of arresting the progress of national delusion upon this subject, until events may render it too late to do so, *except alone by authoritatively interdicting all discussion respecting the repeal of the legislative union*. Already have the repealers been strengthened by the accession of those whose opinions were determinately hostile to their views, and whose conversion could only have been produced by the conviction that it was hopeless any longer to struggle against the torrent which was bearing all before it. These men, it is but too natural to suppose, will enter upon their new course of politics with characteristic zeal, and endeavour to compensate, by the violence of their future, for the coldness of their past conduct in the cause of the people. Between fifty and sixty individuals have already been returned, who are bound to give his majesty's ministers no peace, until their own objects are accomplished. What such and so many individuals, so determined, and strengthened, as they,

no doubt, would be, by a large proportion of the radical members, might accomplish, how seriously they might embarrass any ministry, any one who has observed the working of parliament can understand. Upon ordinary questions, or, where the matter in dispute did not involve any serious consequences, means might be found for abating a nuisance such as this, without any recourse to measures of unusual vigour or severity. *But, when the question is, whether the empire shall or shall not continue united; and when the very continuance of the agitation of that question in such a country as Ireland must eventually necessitate dismemberment*, the course which a wise government should pursue can be no longer doubtful, AND ALL THOSE WHO THUS PRESUME TO INFLAME NATIONAL PASSIONS AT THE EXPENSE OF IMPERIAL INTERESTS, SHOULD BE DECLARED BY PARLIAMENT ENEMIES TO THEIR COUNTRY!

Is the national compact, which has united the legislature of Great Britain and Ireland, less important than those enactments which guaranteed the succession to the throne? Could that succession be, for one moment, secured, if Ireland was again invested with a legislative independence? These are questions which we will not, at present, stop to argue, because we cannot suppose that with thinking men *they are* questions. An Irish parliament, resembling in its character that sample of Irish legislative wisdom of which, by and by, the people of England will have had abundant experience, would not long continue to be swayed by the motives, actuated by the principles, or directed by the views of the corresponding assembly in St. Stephens.—Topics of difference would, perpetually, be suggested by national prejudice, national pride, national jealousy, and national resentment. Thus, upon the most trifling matters, a total obstruction might be put to the progress of public business: while, in matters involving important interests, the very existence of the monarchy might be endangered. It is not for a moment to be supposed, that even the most infatuated of the agitators themselves are so deluded as to suppose that, the legislature being again severed, the separate portions of it would continue connected like the Siamese twins, where

a mysterious unity of will is combined with duality of person, and either responds to the wants, the wishes, and the sentiments of the other, with an instinctive and instantaneous sympathy, which would almost prove the identity of their minds. No such assent and consent to the proceedings of the parliament in England can be expected in any parliament that may ever again be assembled in College-green. If, indeed, such might be calculated upon, why should the union be repealed? And if not, of what elements of discord would not such a measure be pregnant? Either the two parliaments must agree, or they must differ. If the former, the repeal would be superfluous. If the latter, it could not but be full of danger. We all remember the celebrated regency question. The English parliament decided that the heir apparent had no natural or constitutional right to assume the office of regent, but only as he was authorised so to do by that portion of the legislature which continued complete. The Irish parliament decided that he *had* such a natural and constitutional right, and that his title to the office of regent was as undoubted and as indefeasible, upon the ascertainment and during the continuance of the royal incapacity, as it was to the dignity of king upon the demise of the crown. Thus the two legislatures were at issue upon a question of vital importance. If the Irish parliament was right, the English was guilty of little short of treason against the crown. If the English parliament was right, the Irish was guilty of little short of treason against the people. By affirming the decision of either, the other was, in a manner, proscribed. Each seemed well inclined to support its speculative opinion by an appeal to arms, when the providential recovery of the sovereign rendered it unnecessary to have recourse to such an extremity, by adjourning, *sine die*, their discordant and perilous deliberations.—The evil of a divided legislature, which this momentous occasion so strongly exemplified, was, we believe, what first flashed conviction on the mind of the English ministers, that the measure of the legislative union was *indispensable* to the safety of the state. That union has been accomplished: and if the demands of the agitators be now complied with, or *their proceedings*

permitted, its repeal will be but the prelude to the overthrow of the monarchy and the dissolution of the empire.

We therefore ask, is this an evil which his majesty's ministers can see to be imminent, and yet neglect the only precaution by which it may yet be averted? The demagogue knows, to a certainty, that agitation, if permitted to go on, must ensure the accomplishment of his object. All reflecting men know, that such a result must bring destruction upon the country; must distract the councils of England, and lower her influence, while eventually it may involve her in civil war, or expose her to foreign subjugation. Can a wise and good man, therefore, hesitate how to act in such an emergency? No. Either the government must put down the agitation of this question, or the agitation of this question will put down the government. If they do not grapple with it in its infancy, it will overwhelm them in its maturity; and it may be too late when they discover, that, by parleying with sedition, they betrayed the constitution.

Nor are precedents wanting in English history, which justify what we propose. See the 33d of Henry the Eighth, when an English sovereign first assumed the title of King of Ireland. In that act it is declared that the kings of England are *de facto* kings of Ireland, and that any attempt, "by writing, deed, print, or act, whereby the king's majesty, his heirs or successors, or any of them, might be disturbed or interrupted of the crown of this realm," shall be adjudged guilty of high treason! Now is the unity of the parliament of less consequence than the unity of the crown? While the one is protected with so much vigilance, shall the other be exposed to so much danger?

It must, we believe, be generally acknowledged, that the crown was not more predominant above the other branches of the legislature in the reign of Henry the Eighth, than is the parliament in the reign of William the Fourth; and that the sovereign authority is now as much invaded by any thing that trenches on the authority of the latter, as it was, in the early period of our history, by any thing which abridged the prerogative of the former.

Let, therefore, the old enactment be adopted in spirit; and as there is no longer any apprehension of an attempt to defeat the succession of the king, LET ITS PENALTIES BE DIRECTED AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY THE INTEGRITY OF THE KINGDOM.

What was it that made the ministers of Queen Ann desirous of accomplishing the Scottish union? The danger to the Protestant succession as established by the parliament of Great Britain, from the jealousy and the jacobitism of the Scottish parliament. By the union, this danger was removed, which would have, otherwise, frustrated the great designs of the patriots of the revolution. For, when we consider the difficulty with which the Hanoverian succession was at length secured, and the frequent plots, and the two rebellions, which it was necessary to detect and defeat before it could be said to be finally established, we may easily understand how considerably these dangers and difficulties must have been increased by any thing which caused distraction or embarrassment in the national councils. In our humble judgment, and we think we are borne out by history, had Queen Ann not been able to contemplate the prospect of a peaceful accession to the House of Brunswick, she would have recommended the Pretender as successor to the throne. And such an accession she could not have expected, had not the union been accomplished, by which Scottish Jacobitism was neutralized, and Scottish jealousy rendered harmless.

In fact, a house divided against itself cannot stand. If England be thus divided against herself; if she become the theatre for two separate legislatures, to exhibit the weakness and petulance of partizans, instead of the moderation and the wisdom of statesmen, she will become the by-word of surrounding nations:—the laughing-stock of the whole world!

But the measure which we recommend will be said to be unconstitutional. Not at all; not even so much as the strong measures that have been already adopted. It is only proposed because the constitution is endangered. It is only proposed in order that the constitution may be preserved. Let it be judged by these tests; let the dangers which beset us be duly esti-

mated; let the means by which they are to be resisted be wisely pondered; and, if any less violent means may be fairly deemed fully adequate to rescue us from such dangers, let them, in God's name, be preferred. But let us not, under the vain pretence of doing homage to the spirit of enlightened liberty, become a species of passive conspirators with the promoters of a system of reckless violence, by which the fairest fruits of that liberty may be destroyed for ever.

The remedy is a strong one. It is; but it is *the only one* which seems calculated effectually to counteract the violence of the disease. It is the *only* one by which O'Connell and his myrmidons may be curbed. It is the *only* one by which Irish agitation may be resisted. It is the *only* one by which the public mind may have a chance of being restored to that peace and quietness which is as necessary for private happiness as for public prosperity.

Nor is Ireland the country in which such a measure would be very strongly resented. Far from it. The state of society in this unhappy country is, and for some time has been such, that, in the majority of instances, we are persuaded what we propose would be regarded as a boon by the people.—O'Connell is not universally regarded as a benefactor by his countrymen. By some he is, certainly, obeyed through love; but by others, and they can scarcely be called a minority, through fear. These latter would have willingly co-operated with any vigorous government that shewed a determination to put him down; but, no such determination having been effectually manifested, they were driven, in *self-defence*, into the ranks of the disturbers. They felt that their lives would be insecure if they did not fall in with the views of those to whose brutal passions and unruly prejudices the country seemed abandoned. Hence the almost universal conspiracy against tithes. Hence the system of merciless cruelty by which their collection has been obstructed. There are very few of the Irish peasantry who do not know that the payment of tithe is no real grievance. They can perfectly understand that, in the event of their "extinction," what is withheld from the clergyman must be paid to the landlord; and that, while the debt re-

mains the same, a mere change of the individual to whom it is to be paid, can make no real difference to them. They are, therefore, in arms against tithe, partly from sectarian and political, and partly from personal considerations. Some are opposed to them, because they hate the Protestant Church and every thing English ; others, and those not the least considerable either for rank or numbers, because they *dare* not openly dissent from the views, or decline to be partakers in the practices of a faction which has been enabled so successfully to set at defiance the laws of the land, and to carry into effect, with such terrible certainty, its own bloody and remorseless edicts.

We well remember, when Mr. Peel's act for the suppression of outrages and disturbances was in force in the South of Ireland, having had a conversation with a respectable farmer, who was obliged to contribute largely to the tax for the support of the extraordinary constabulary by which the insurgent districts was burdened. We condoled with him upon having so much to pay, on account of disorders for which he was by no means answerable, and lamented that the innocent should thus be obliged to suffer for the guilty. He said, that he by no means complained ; that he most willingly paid the tax, which exempted him from the watchings and anxieties by which he was harassed while he was in constant apprehension of being visited by the marauders ; and that, when he considered the expense of watchmen, whom he was obliged to employ, before the enforcement of the act, in order to prevent his premises from being burnt or plundered, he thought, on the whole, that he gained more than he lost by the new arrangement. If the prompt and effectual measures, which were then adopted, had been deferred, this man must either be the victim or the accomplice of the bands of midnight ruffians, by whom the country was then infested. But, security was afforded to his person and property by the strong arm of the law ; and he not only persevered in his allegiance, but felt attached and grateful to the government by whom he was protected.

So it is at present ; reasonable, moderate men in Ireland will become repealers or anti-repealers, just as they see

the government disposed to act towards the public disturbers. If vigorous measures be taken, they will soon become popular, and we will have a vast majority of the people on our side ; the contrary will take place if a temporising system be adopted. Moderate and reasonable men will feel that such a system must be wholly ineffective ; that while it may exasperate, it can never defeat the violence of the anti-anglican faction ; and that, while it must expose them to obloquy, it can by no means secure them against danger. *They will, therefore, take the only course that remains to them under such circumstances, and making a merit of necessity, go over to the side of the agitator, while yet they have a prospect, by so doing, of making terms for themselves.*

Nor are men to be too rashly censured, who are thus reduced to the deplorable dilemma of sacrificing either themselves or their country. The question seldom presents itself to them in that point of view, precisely ; they are gradually familiarised to the designs of the disturbers ; they are induced, day after day, to regard the project of a separation from England, with less and less of that abhorrence which the mention of it first inspired. There are many things which reconcile the human mind to a calamity, when once it is felt to be inevitable ; and those efforts which would be made to avoid or to resist it, whilst, by any means, it was to be averted, when no such hope can be entertained, will all be employed to palliate, or to render it endurable. So it will be with the repeal of the union. Many will regard it as being likely to be productive of nothing but good, who can at present see in it nothing but evil ; that is, if measures be not taken which may have a *decisive* effect in baffling the machinations of its promoters. In that case, indeed, all would again be well. The faithful would be encouraged to persevere in their loyalty. The seditious would be discouraged in the prosecution of their treason ; they would be made to feel that they were "kicking against the pricks ;" and, if they were not converted from errors of their ways, if the scales did not completely fall from their eyes, they would, at least, be rendered incapable of accomplishing any extensive or irreparable public mischief.

It will be said, O'Connell's power in the House of Commons is at present very great, and that extreme difficulty must be felt by any ministry in carrying a measure to which he would be so decidedly hostile. Upon this subject we must not presume to say much. The government must have much better means than we have of judging how far what we propose is practicable, as things now stand. But we have no hesitation in saying, that the very difficulty thus created only renders a complete suppression of all agitation respecting the repeal of the union more pressing urgent and indispensable. O'Connell's power in the house gives a fearful momentum to his power *out* of the house. As a simple agitator he would be opposed and despised by many, by whom, as a member of parliament, he is now honoured and supported; if he, therefore, finds impunity in the prosecution of his present courses, he will soon be able to rule and to agitate parliament, as he at present rules and agitates Ireland. Either, therefore, he must be checked in his designs, or England had better prepare in quietness to relinquish the sovereignty of this country.

"We dare not offend the Irish members." Then England is undone. Her ministers abandon her only chance of salvation. But we cannot believe that such abject timidity and criminal supineness will meet the approbation of any government pretending a regard for the public weal. Far are we from affecting to approve of the leading political principles, by which the members composing the present cabinet have been distinguished. They savour far too strongly of undefecated democracy for us. But hitherto they might have been borne, because of the permitted ascendancy of the monarchical and the aristocratic principles to which they were opposed; and there were many who considered them useful, and even necessary, to resist apprehended encroachments upon popular liberty. But now that the crown has been crippled, and the aristocracy trodden under foot by the reform bill, no such encroachments can be any longer feared. What the people have gained by the recent measure can never be taken from them but by themselves. The influence of the Duke of Newcastle has been overthrown, and O'Con-

nell this moment exercises a kind of slave proprietorship over more than fifty members! If, therefore, we are to make a stand at the point where we have already arrived, we must no longer encourage the violence of the mob; we must no longer excite the popular passions or flatter the popular prejudices. "*Parce, puer, stimulus, et fortiter utere loris,*" should now be the motto of England's ministry, if, indeed, they desire that our beloved country should not become a by-word and an astonishment to surrounding nations, and "flash, in frightful eccentricity, through the hemisphere of states, withering in its course, and cursed in its departure!"

If, therefore, a stand is to be made at the present point, (and we have arrived at the verge of the precipice,) the first care of his Majesty's ministers should be to take such steps as may enable them to resist and to defeat the combination that is already formed against them by the Irish members. These men have almost bound themselves under an oath to consider nothing accomplished until the union is repealed! that is, until the empire is dismembered! that is, until the constitution is overthrown! that is, until evils irremediable, and, at present unimaginable, are brought upon our country!!! Now, is a portentous confederacy, such as this, to be endured; or, considered only as one of those ordinary party manœuvres which characterise the tactics of parliament? Woe betides the empire, if such be the light in which it is to be regarded! Woe, indeed!—Woe almost as deserved as it will be deplorable, if the great council of the nation may thus become a sanctuary for traitors! if designs, big with the destruction of England may be hatched, and brought to a pestilent maturity, within the very walls consecrated to her public weal! We say, these things cannot be, unless we are already doomed; unless it be the deliberate purpose of those who are at the head of affairs to act as the menials of the agitators, and give their designs that *negative* countenance, which, because it excites but little alarm amongst the too unsuspecting friends, may be more favourable than the most active co-operation to the enemies of the constitution!

But, how may these combinators be

resisted? How may the viper be restrained from enfixing its fangs into the bosom in which it has been cherished? That is a difficulty, respecting which it would be miserable presumption in us to attempt to offer the government any assistance. Indeed, it is a difficulty which we should almost despair of seeing surmounted in ordinary cases. But there are a few considerations which will not, we trust, be overlooked in examining the bearings of this momentous question.

In the first place, is parliament, or is it not, a *deliberative assembly*? Our readers will smile at a question that answers itself. To suppose parliament *not* to be a deliberative assembly, but a meeting called together to give a pro forma assent to the decrees of some other power, were to suppose something destructive of its very essence, and, consequently, little short of high treason. Every one is aware that, so jealously does the House of Commons guard its deliberative functions, if any attempt was made, either by the crown or the nobility, to influence its debates, its promptest indignation might be expected. If such, then, be the nature of parliament, and if its deliberative functions are thus secured from interference on the part of the powers above, should they not be equally secured against such interference on the part of the very lowest of the people? If the King, openly or covertly, sought to controul the deliberations of the House of Commons, he would forfeit his title to the throne, and shall such a controul be now fearlessly claimed and acted upon by a body who assume to themselves all the attributes of sovereignty, without exciting suspicion, or provoking resentment?

In truth, the thunder and lightnings of royalty were the only dangers to which the parliaments were formerly exposed; and they took the proper precautions against them; they erected the conducting rods by which such visitations were rendered harmless. They are now exposed to another, and a somewhat opposite danger, namely, that of being swamped and inundated by an overwhelming democracy. The floods are every day and every hour rising around them, and unless they erect in time, the mounds and barriers by which its further influx may be stayed, their destruction, by popular tyranny,

will be as signal and complete, as their triumph over the encroachments of royal influence was ever on former occasions, happy and glorious!

A large number of individuals in the House of Commons *pledged* to vote upon particular questions in a particular way! What is that but, in other words, to say that *they are not free agents*? Suppose this to be the case universally, and the House of Commons will be the mere mouth-piece of the mob;—its members will be the mere scribes of democratic constitutions;—its proper occupation will be gone; and its most important functions transferred to tumultuous assemblies, where all calm deliberation is precluded! To call this a *free parliament*! Why, there never was so stupid a mockery! It is only *free* to be *enslaved*! It may affect to be in love with its masters. It may hug its chains. *But as long as it wears the livery of pledges, the mark of vassalage is upon it; and a dancing bear, with a ring in his nose, may be said to be as voluntary an agent in performing the movements of a minuet, as such an assembly, so fettered and mob-led, in mimicking the functions of a British parliament!*

It is right that a general sympathy should exist between the electors and the elected. The representatives of the people should always be ready to make known the wants, and protect the interests of those by whom they have been chosen: but they should not consist of those whose fidelity is so doubtful, that it cannot be trusted, or whose understandings are so feeble, that they must not think for themselves. The very fact of such distrust, either of their honesty or their ability, should in itself disqualify them from sitting in an assembly composed of the collected wisdom of the nation.

A member of parliament, though chosen by a particular district, is called upon to legislate for the country at large. So far, therefore, from being influenced by, he should rise above local prejudices, and spurn the controul even of his own constituency, if his conscience should tell him that it was adverse to the general good. A representative is never more meritoriously faithful to those by whom he has been delegated, than when he withstands their unwise and unruly

violence, and thus protects them against themselves.

A member of parliament bears much the same relation to the body by whom he has been deputed, as a physician or a lawyer, to those by whom they are employed. The latter are never consulted except by those who have a general confidence in their honesty and skill; and, when called in, are always left to the unshackled exercise of their own judgments in the adoption of such courses as appear to them most advisable for the interests of their clients, or the well-being of their patients. Just so should it be with a legislator in the House of Commons. He is selected because of a persuasion that his character and attainments qualify him for promoting the public weal. *But, once chosen upon these grounds, he must be at liberty to think and act for himself in all matters connected with his parliamentary duties; and he would abuse his trust and disgrace himself by consenting to be the mere automaton of his constituents, and only to speak and vote as they put words into his mouth, just as much as the lawyer or the physician, if they suffered their sober judgments to be overruled by the insane or the eccentric individuals in whose behalf they were consulted.*

A member of parliament is not an agent for a party. If he were, he might be shackled with any conditions which it might please that party to impose. No. He is a counsellor charged with a commission to use his utmost efforts to promote the general good;—to take care “ne quid respublica detrimenti caperet.”—and, as such, it is his duty to exercise an enlightened and discriminating judgment in drawing, from the stores of his wisdom and experience, those resources which may be available in the exigencies of his country. It is no less the privilege of his constituents to assemble for the purpose of discussing and recording their sentiments upon all those public matters, respecting which they feel an interest. To whatever may be said or done on such occasions, a good representative will always carefully attend. He may thus receive much instruction. New lights may be thrown upon subjects that were before involved in doubt; and he may be led to modify or to alter the judgment which he had formed respecting them, by the argu-

ments that were used, or the information that was elicited. So far, all is right. Any change of conduct which follows such a change in his opinions, is perfectly legitimate. Though he does appear to chime in with the views of the body whom he represents, he is still, no less than before, an independent member; his adoption of them being the result of conscientious conviction, after calm reflection upon the subject of their deliberations. But, if his conduct is altered, without any alteration in his views, and simply because a majority of his constituents have so willed it,—that moment he sinks the *counsellor* in the *agent*;—he ceases to be a *deliberative* member;—as far as he is concerned, parliament is degraded from a council chamber to an office; and its noblest and most distinguishing function becomes paralyzed!

In such a state of things, it may not be very easy to ascertain the precise point where deliberation ends, and dictation begins;—just as in cases, where ossification takes place in the human body, it may not be very easy to detect the precise moment of time when the cartilage becomes a bone. But, as the increasing stiffness of the joints will feelingly admonish the unhappy patient that such a process has commenced;—so, the increasing instances of statesmen succumbing to mob dictation, and going into parliament fettered by pledges which render them the mere agents of particular parties out of doors, afford equal proof of the progress of a legislative malady, which, if not promptly resisted, must be fatal. Whether this is the case, or, in what degree it is the case, is for others to judge. We believe we may venture to say, that, *in as much as it is*, the character of parliament is changed, and its most undoubted privilege invaded.

When a rage for interfering in the concerns of government has been excited by tribunitian violence, it affects the legislature like the touch of the torpedo. The natural guardians of the country's welfare are regarded as so many cyphers—or, if they refuse their assent to measures which they deem destructive, their places in parliament will know them no more;—and successors will be found, in all respects as reckless and as unprincipled as their revolutionary masters. The people

in fact, when not governed for their own benefit, will govern to the detriment of the country.

Now, against this usurpation of the popular will upon the rights and privileges of the House of Commons, it behoves the government of this great empire to be especially upon its guard. If the members of a reformed parliament are to be the mere organs of popular volition, we hesitate not to say that Watt or Arkwright could furnish a kind of machinery that would answer that purpose quite as well, and spare the country the expense and the inconveniences of contested elections. It should, therefore, be solemnly resolved, that parliament is a *deliberative assembly*; and that, when individuals are elected *not for the purpose of governing the country, but that they themselves may be governed by the dictation of their respective constituencies, the very object for which parliament assemblies is defeated.*

This being resolved, it will follow as a matter of course that all elections in which members have been fettered by unconstitutional pledges, are null and void; that the cajolery of deceitful promises should vitiate the proceedings at the hustings, quite as much as bribery and corruption. We may be told all this is very right in the abstract; but what is to be the criterion for ascertaining this new ground of disqualification? A natural, and a startling question; to which we will only reply, at present, by asking another,—what is the criterion for ascertaining the disqualification of the juror whose conscience has been tampered with by one or other of the parties whose case he was selected well and truly to try? First, let the principle be laid down, and a determination to act upon it evinced, and men of business will soon discover a mode of rendering it, for all practical purposes, sufficiently available. It would, at all events, set the character of parliament in its true light; and proclaim, with a distinctness not to be mistaken, and an authority not to be withstood, *that its members must be free agents*; and that none can be considered such, whose judgments are fettered by pledges, which are taken as the condition of their election, and which render it morally impossible that they should profit by that collected wisdom, by which alone the national

interest could be beneficially superintended.

If this were done, wisely and resolutely, much would be accomplished towards correcting the monstrous anomaly that at present exists, (most particularly in Ireland,) of members of parliament *hired*, as it were, not to guide, but to follow; not to instruct, but to be instructed by the people; not exhibiting a wary vigilance in guarding their interests, but an anxious solicitude to discover their inclinations, and comply with their most capricious desires even by anticipation.

If it be not done, the House of Commons must speedily become both inefficient and contemptible. Its proceedings will be but the hollow echo of the more important proceedings out of doors. Its members will resemble captives bound to the chariot wheels of an insulting rabble, seeking to derive a miserable importance by stimulating the violence which they cannot controul, and consenting to the wickedness of which they themselves will be amongst the first victims.

We may be asked, where the use of thus making war against pledges? Will not the individuals by whom they *would* be taken be elected, even if they were declared unconstitutional, as certainly as the individuals by whom they *are* taken, now that they are considered fair? Would not the *ochlocracy* thus be enabled to secure an equal number of *repealing members*? This may be a plausible, but it is an unsound objection: it may have a smack of amartness in theory; but, in a practical consideration of the matter at issue, it is without any force at all. We too much respect the common sense of our readers, to give it any lengthened refutation. *It is obvious, that the ex-actors of pledges do not consider them of no importance.* If they did, why should they be required? And is it not equally obvious, that the withholding of them must be adverse to that absolute controul which the popular constituencies exercise over their creatures? We do not say, that, by denouncing pledges, the members, who are at present bond slaves, would be completely emancipated. Assuredly, they would not. But their condition would be considerably improved.—They would be *somewhat like* free agents. They would feel it their pri-

vilage to exercise a certain latitude of thought upon the subjects which come before them in the legislature, that is at present denied. They would be enabled, in some degree, to breast and buffet the surges of popular turbulence, upon which they are at present so helplessly drifted; and be far less available, in the hands of the mob, as instruments for the accomplishment of those frantic acts of folly and violence which threaten such a speedy destruction to whatever remains of the constitution.

The exactors of pledges are well aware of their value; and, so far from judging the resolution, which we have taken the liberty to suggest, nugatory, or of but little importance, they would feel that, in contending against it, they were contending against the most formidable measure that could by possibility be directed against them. Let us, then, be admonished, while admonition may yet avail. "Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

We are now at the commencement of a new era. The late changes in the character of parliament, by rendering it more democratic, have proportionably diminished the power of those influences by which it was steadied and directed, and under the guidance of which, England was enabled to attain a degree of happiness and prosperity unexampled in the history of the world. As yet we have had but little experience of the working of the new system; but if any prognosis of what is to happen may be presumed from what has already taken place, our chief danger will arise from the characters and the disposition of the Irish members: and that, not merely because of the antipathy of many of them to British connection, their hatred of the church, their determination to prosecute measures at war with the fundamental principles of the monarchy; but because they enter the House of Commons under a compact which compels them to regard Irish passions and prejudices as of more importance than English interests, and to sacrifice the latter whenever they stand in the way of those ultimate objects, for the attainment of which they have been elected.

When Juvenal describes the corruption of Rome which arose from an overwhelming influx of slaves and bar-

barians, he does so by representing the Orontes as mingling its filthy waters with the Tiber. When we compare the representatives of Great Britain with the representatives who are sent from Ireland, are we not struck by a contrast which suggests some resemblance to the picture which the satirist has presented? And may we, not unreasonably, entertain the apprehension that similar causes must produce similar effects; and that the dry rot, which undermined the greatness of Imperial Rome, may weaken the stability of the British empire?

The evil to which we advert is such as must be *anticipated*, if it is to be averted. It does not admit of delay. Let it once come upon us, and the remedy is no longer in our power. We, and ours, and all that we value, and all that is valuable, must be overwhelmed in one common destruction. It is incumbent upon us, therefore, if we value our preservation, to examine the signs of the times, and to shape our course so as to avoid the quicksands, upon which, if we should strike, our ruin will be irretrievable.

If Lord Brougham and Mr. Stanley, together with such other members of the cabinet as are disposed to consider the reform bill a *final measure*, and who, therefore, may be truly called conservative, only entertained a just notion of the nature and extent of the dangers which threaten us, we should not despair of seeing the proper remedy promptly applied.

There is one error against which the government should be particularly on their guard; namely, *the delusion of half measures*. Such would never do. Nay, they would only serve to aggravate every symptom of the malady for the removal of which they might be prescribed. Either O'Connell and his faction must be put down, or they will put down the government of the country;—either their machinations must be defeated, or British connection must be given to the winds. And any measures which should not effectually curb, would only serve to exasperate the public disturbers. No. Let not the agitators be prosecuted, unless they can be convicted; and let them not be convicted, unless, upon conviction, they receive the due reward of their deeds. There is no edification in the unsightly spectacle of a government

courting defeat in its contests with a demagogue, and reaping no other advantage from its feeble and dastardly temerity than discomfiture and humiliation!

To us it seems perfectly certain that some such measures as those which we have indicated must, sooner or later, be adopted. The only question is, as to the point of time:—whether they are to precede, and, perhaps, prevent rebellion; or to follow and avenge it.

But, if rebellion be suffered to surprise us, its suppression may not, by any means, be as easy as it would be desirable. In the first place, it would be different from all former Irish rebellions. It would be the rebellion of an almost united people. In the second place, we have been too busy of late in affording our assistance to settle the questions which have arisen between the sovereigns and the subjects of other countries, to entertain the hope that we will be permitted to confine the arbitrement of our own internal differences to ourselves. Let Ireland be enabled to keep the standard of rebellion unfurled but for two years, and my Lord Palmerston's talents for negotiation, which have been so happily signalized in the voluminous protocols respecting the conflicting claims of Holland and Belgium, will find occupation nearer home. Mediators will appear, like the fox in the fable, who will undertake the adjudication of the matters at issue, much less with a view to our peace than to their own advantage;—and high contracting parties, who are now seasoned in the work of dismemberment, will use their political dissecting knives in separating Ireland from the British crown, with the same professional expertness and *nonchalance* which characterised their exploits at Antwerp and Navarino!

We have now stated what, in our view of the matter, are the evils of, and what the remedies for, the present disastrous state of things in this country. Our case is not yet so bad as to be utterly hopeless, if the government but do their duty. The Protestant mind, though offended and disgusted, has not yet been alienated from what may be called its instinctive attachment to British connection; and as long as that is the case, there yet remains a hope of making an effectual stand against the powerful

efforts which priests and demagogues are making for its destruction. O'Connell well knows that it is only by the misdirection of Protestant might and energy that a repeal of the union can be achieved. And, to do him but common justice, he has left nothing undone which could be accomplished by the most plausible craft and subtlety to effect a reconciliation between all classes of the people. He has applied himself with great address to the fears, the hopes, the resentments, and the prejudices of the Protestants, and has, we fear, been in too many instances successful in persuading them that their interest lay in making common cause with the disturbers. While, on the one hand, his influence within the walls of parliament has compelled the government to deprive them of a church, he has taken good care, on the other hand, to lose no opportunity out of parliament of reminding them that they have still a country. Events are in progress, which will, probably, give still greater plausibility to his anti-Anglican views; and those who may be made to feel that they are treated as a neglected colony, will have but little scruple in falling in with projects which hold out to them a prospect of national prosperity and independence. It is not enough to say, that all such prospects, in the present case, are delusive. When have large bodies of men been ever yet influenced by any thing but delusions? The misfortune in all such cases is, that the delusion is not discovered until it is too late. When the King of France consented to double the number of the *Tiers Etat*, he very soon discovered that he acted under a delusion. When Neckar effected the union of the chambers, he very soon was made to feel that he acted under a delusion. But, what of that? Their tardy repentance could not undo the acts by which the flood-gates of popular tyranny were opened upon the monarchy; and the events which flashed upon them the conviction of their folly, brought the one from a throne to a scaffold, and drove the other into exile. If we, therefore, would be saved, we must anticipate the course of events, and take the only measures by which the progress of an anti-British feeling can be arrested. We have indicated, to the best of our ability, the course

which should be pursued. What we have written has been written under a strong sense of duty, and with a full knowledge of the obloquy which it will bring upon us. We know not the party by whom the entire of what we have stated will be well received, and we are well acquainted with many parties by whom much, if not the whole of it, will be resented. Nor shall we conclude without an acknowledgment of the very great ability displayed by the advocates of repeal. The *Pilot* and the *Freeman's Journal*, the former with vast, the latter with transcendent talent, have availed themselves of every argument by which the measure could be recommended. We sincerely believe, that the writers are actuated by a laudable, though mistaken zeal for the honour of their native land, and, as long as that conviction rests upon our minds, we will not be more ready to oppose their views, than to do justice to their motives. But our persuasions of the ultimate consequences of repeal are very different;—and if we have not lent ourselves to the advocacy of temporising projects, nor spoken smooth words, it is only because we could not stifle our belief that by so doing we should be conspiring the destruction of this great empire.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—"John Anderson my jo."

Deep moaned the night and ilka star
 Had quietly stown away,
 As hame I journeyed 'neath my plaid
 That's seen a better day,
 The wind soughed loud, and aye the cauld
 Gaed to my duntin heart;
 Yet still I sang—My auld grey plaid
 We twa sall never part!

I ance had gowd within my reach,
 But like the faithless snaw,
 When just about to seize the prize,
 It melted fast awa,
 My lassie left me for a lout,
 Whilk maist did break my heart;
 Yet still I sang—My auld grey plaid,
 We twa sall never part!

The grave of ocean has a friend
 That ance was dear to me,
 And mony a weel kent face is gane
 That never mair I'll see.
 For what is life e'en at the best?
 We meet but just to part!—
 And thou my plaid art maistly a'
 That gathers round my heart!

THE DEAD BOXER.—AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

[The reader, in perusing the following Legend, must have the kindness to surrender his imagination to a detail of circumstances that have but very few facts to support them. The story of the Dead Boxer I remember to have heard more than once, and I am certain that the custom of demanding a sum of money from the corporation of the town in which he happened to appear, is one of its component parts. With respect to the mode of contest, I can only say, that a habit so barbarous as pugilism is, even at this day, was then incomparably more brutal; and the reader need not be surprised at the fact of the legitimate rules of that, which was not then known as a "science" having been departed from. At all events, neither Lamh Laudher's secret, nor the nature of the contest are mine. I gave them precisely as they were detailed to me in the Legend. By the way I may observe, that accounts of such contests are not confined to Ireland alone, but are also to be met with in Scotland.]

One evening in the beginning of the eighteenth century,—as nearly as we can conjecture the year might be that of 1720—sometime about the end of April, a young man named *Lamh Laudher* O'Rorke, or strong-handed O'Rorke, was proceeding from his father's house, with a stout oaken cudgel in his hand, towards an orchard that stood at the skirt of a County town, in a part of the kingdom which, for the present, shall be nameless. Though known by the epithet of *Lamh Laudher*, his Christian name was John; but in these times Irish families of the same name were distinguished from each other by some term indicative of their natural disposition, physical power, complexion, or figure. One, for instance, was called *Parra Ghashta*, or swift Paddy, from his fleetness of foot; another *Shaun buic*, or yellow Jack, from his bilious look; a third, *Micaul More*, or big Michael, from his uncommon size; and a fourth, *Shcemus Ruah*, or red James, from the colour of his hair. These epithets, to be sure, still occur in Ireland, but far less frequently now than in the times of which we write, when Irish was the vernacular language of the country. It was for a reason similar to those just alleged, that John O'Rorke was known as *Lamh Laudher* O'Rorke; he, as well as his forefathers for two or three generations, having been remarkable or prodigious bodily strength and

courage. The evening was far advanced as O'Rorke bent his steps to the orchard. The pale, but cloudless sun hung over the western hills, and shed upon the quiet grey fields that kind of tranquil radiance which, in the opening of Summer, causes many a silent impulse of delight to steal into the heart. Lamh Laudher felt this; his step was slow, like that of a man who, without being capable of tracing those sources of enjoyment which the spirit absorbs from the beauties of external nature, has yet enough of uneducated taste and feeling within him, to partake of the varied feast which she presents. As he sauntered thus leisurely along, he was met by a woman rather advanced in years, but still unusually stout and muscular, considering her age. She was habited in a red woollen petticoat that reached but a short distance below the knee, leaving visible two stout legs, from which dangled a pair of red garters that bound up her coarse blue hose. Her gown of blue worsted was pinned up, for it did not meet around her person, though it sat closely about her neck. Her grizzly red hair, turned up in front, was bound by a dowd cap without any border, a circumstance which, in addition to a red kerchief, tied over it, and streaming about nine inches down the back, gave to her *tout ensemble* a wild and striking expression. A short oaken staff, hooked under the hand, completed the descrip-

tion of her costume. Even on a first glance there appeared to be something repulsive in her features, which had evidently been much exposed to sun and storm. By a closer inspection one might detect upon their hard angular outline, a character of cruelty and intrepidity. Though her large cheek-bones stood widely asunder, yet her grey piercing eyes were very near each other; her nose was short and sadly disfigured by a scar that ran transversely across it, and her chin, though pointed, was also deficient in length. Altogether, her whole person had something peculiar and marked about it—so much so, indeed, that it was impossible to meet her without feeling she was a female of no ordinary character and habits.

Lamh Laudher had been, as we have said, advancing slowly along the craggy road which led towards the town, when she issued from an adjoining cabin and approached him. The moment he noticed her he stood still, as if to let her pass, and uttered one single exclamation of chagrin and anger.

"*Ma shaughth milia mollach ort, a callagh!* My seven thousand curses on you for an old hag," said he, and having thus given vent to his indignation at her appearance, he began to retrace his steps as if unwilling to meet her.

"The son of your father needn't lay the curse upon us so bitterly all out, Lamh Laudher!" she exclaimed, pacing at the same time with vigorous steps until she overtook him.

The young man looked at her maimed features, and, as if struck by some sudden recollection, appeared to feel regret for the hasty malediction he had uttered against her. "Nell M'Collum," said he "the word was rash; and the curse did not come from my heart. But, Nell, who is there that doesn't curse you when they meet you? Isn't it well known that to meet you is only another name for falling in wid bad luck. For my part I'd go fifty miles about rather than cross you, if I was bent on any business that my heart 'ud be in, or that I cared any thing about."

"And who brought the bad luck upon me first?" asked the woman. "Wasn't it the husband of the mother that bore you? Wasn't it *his* hand

that disfigured me as you see, when I was widin a week of bein' dacently married? Your father, Lamh Laudher, was the man that blasted my name, and made it bitter upon the tongue of them that mintions it."

"And that was because he would'n't see one wid the blood of Lamh Laudher in his veins married to a woman that he had reason to think—I don't like to say it, Nelly—but you know it *is* said that there was darkness, and guilt, too, about the disappearin' of your child. You never clear'd that up, but swore revenge night and day against my father, for only preventin' you from bein' the ruination of his cousin. Many a time, too, since that, has he asked you in my own hearin' what became of the boy."

The old woman stopped like one who had unexpectedly trod with bare foot upon something sharp enough to pierce the flesh to the bone, and even to grate against it. There was a strong, nay a fearful force of anguish visible in what she felt. Her brows were wildly depressed from their natural position, her face became pale, her eyes glared upon O'Rourke as if he had planted a poisoned arrow in her breast, she seized him by the arm with a hard pinching grip, and looked up for two or three minutes in his face, with an appearance of distraction. O'Rourke, who never feared man, shrunk from her touch, and shuddered under the influence of what had been, scarcely without an exception, called the "bad look." The crone held him tight, however, and there they stood, with their eyes fixed upon each other. From the gaze of intense anguish, the countenance of Nell M'Collum began to change gradually to one of unmingled exultation; her brows were raised to their proper curves, her colour returned, the eye corruscated with a rapid and quivering sense of delight, the muscles of the mouth played for a little, as if she strove to suppress a laugh;—at length O'Rourke heard a low gurgling sound proceed from her chest; it increased; she pressed his arm more tightly, and in a loud burst of ferocious mirth, which she immediately subdued into a condensed shriek that breathed the very luxury of revenge, she said

"*Lamh Laudher Oge*, listen;—ax the father of you, when you see him, what

has become of *his own child*—of the first that ever God sent him ; an' listen agin—when *he* tells *me* what has become of *mine*, I'll tell *him* what has become of *his*. Now go to Ellen—but before you go, let me *cuggher* in your ear that I'll blast you both. I'll make the *Lamh Laudhers Lamh Lhugs*. I'll make the strong arm the weak arm afore I've done wid 'em."

She struck the point of her stick against the pavement, until the iron ferrule with which it was bound dashed the fire from the stones, after which she passed on, muttering threats and imprecations as she left him.

O'Rorke stood and looked after her with sensations of fear and astonishment. The age was superstitious, and encouraged a belief in the influence of powers distinct from human agency. Every part of Ireland was filled at this time with characters, both male and female, precisely similar to old Nell McCollum. The darkness in which this woman walked, according to the opinions of a people but slightly advanced in knowledge and civilization, has been but feebly described to the reader. To meet her was considered an omen of the most unhappy kind ; a circumstance which occasioned the imprecation of Lamh Laudher. She was reported to have maintained an intercourse with the fairies, to be capable of communicating the blight of an evil eye, and to have carried on a traffic which is said to have been rather prevalent in Ireland at the time we speak of—namely, that of kidnapping. The speculations with reference to her object in perpetrating this crime were strongly calculated to exhibit the degraded state of the people at that period. Some said that she disposed of the children to a certain class of persons in the metropolis, who subsequently sent them to the colonies, when grown, at an enormous profit. Others maintained that she never carried them to Dublin at all, but insisted that, having been herself connected with the fairies, she possessed the power of erasing, by some secret charm, the influence of baptismal protection, and that she consequently acted as an agent for the "gentry" to whom she transferred them. Even to this day it is the opinion in Ireland, that the "good people" themselves cannot take away a child, except through

the instrumentality of some mortal residing with them, who has been baptized ; and it is also believed that no baptism can secure children from them, except that in which the priest has been *desired* to baptize them with an especial view to their protection against fairy power.

Such was the character which this woman bore, whether unjustly or not, matters little. For the present it is sufficient to say, that after having passed on, leaving Lamh Laudher to proceed in the direction he had originally intended, she bent her steps towards the head inn of the town. Her presence here produced some cautious and timid mirth, of which they took care she should not be cognizant. The servants greeted her with an outward show of cordiality, which the unhappy creature easily distinguished from the warm kindness evinced to vagrants whose history had not been connected with evil suspicion and mystery. She accordingly tempered her manner and deportment towards them with consummate skill. Her replies to their inquiries for news were given with an *appearance* of good humour ; but beneath the familiarity of her dialogue there lay an ambiguous meaning and a cutting sarcasm, both of which were tinged with a prophetic spirit, capable, from its equivocal drift, of being applied to each individual whom she addressed. Owing to her unsettled life, and her habit of passing from place to place, she was well acquainted with local history. There lived scarcely a family within a very wide circle about her, of whom she did not know every thing that could possibly be known ; a fact of which she judiciously availed herself, by allusions in general conversation that were understood only by those whom they concerned. These mysterious hints, oracularly thrown out, gained her the reputation of knowing more than mere human agency could acquire, and of course she was openly conciliated and secretly hated.

Her conversation with the menials of the inn was very short and decisive.

"Sheemus," said she to the person who acted in the capacity of waiter, "where's Meehaul Neil ?"

"Throth, Nell, dacent woman," replied the other, "myself can't exactly say that. I'll be bound he's on the *Esker*, lookin' after the sheep, poor

crathurs, durin' Anady Connor's illness in the small pock. Poor Andy's very ill, Nell, an' if God hasn't sed it, not expected; glory be to his name!"

"Is Andy ill," enquired Nell, "and how long?"

"Bedad, goin' an ten days."

"Well," said the woman, "I knew *nothin'* about that; but I want to see Meehaul Neil, and I know he's in the house."

"Faix he's not, Nelly, an' you know I wouldn't tell *you* a lie about it."

"Did you get the linen that was stolen from your mather?" enquired Nell significantly, turning at the same time a piercing glance on the waiter; "an' tell me," she added, "how is Sally Lavery, and where is she?"

"It wasn't got," he replied in a kind of stammer, "an' as to Sally, the nerra one o' me knows any thing about her, since she left this."

"Sheemus," replied Nell, "you know that Meehaul Neil is in the house; but I'll give you two choices, either to bring me to the speech of him, or else I'll give your mather the name of the thief that stole his linen; ay, an' the name of the thief that resaved it. I name nobody at present; an' for that matther, I know nothin'. Can't all the world tell you that Neil M'Collum knows nothin'!"

"*Ghe dhevin*, Nelly," said the waiter, "maybe Meehaul is in the house unknownst to me. I'll try, any how, an' if he's to the fore, it wont be my fau't or he'll see you."

Nell, while the waiter went to inform Meehaul, took two ribbons out of her pocket, one white and the other black, both of which she folded into what would appear to a by-stander to be a similar kind of knot. When the innkeeper's son and the waiter returned to the hall, the former asked her what the nature of her business with him might be. To this she made no reply, except by uttering the word *hush!* and pulling the ends, first of the white ribbon, and afterwards of the black. The knot of the first slipped easily from the complication, but that of the black one, after gliding along from its respective ends, became hard and tight in the middle.

"*Tha sha marrho!* life passes, an' death stays," she exclaimed; "Andy Connor's dead, Meehaul Neil; an' you may tell your father that he must

get some one else to look after his sheep. Ay! he's dead!—But that's past. Meehaul, folly me; its you I want, an' there's no time to be lost."

She passed out as she spoke, leaving the waiter in a state of wonder at the extent of her knowledge, and of the awful means by which, in his opinion, she must have acquired it.

Meehaul, without uttering a syllable, immediately walked after her. The pace at which she went was rapid and energetic, betokening a degree of agitation and interest on her part, for which he could not account. As she had no object in bringing him far from the house, she availed herself of the first retired spot that presented itself, in order to disclose the purport of her visit. "Meehaul Neil," said she, "we're now upon the Common, where no ear can hear what passes between us. I axe have you spirit to keep your sither Ellen from shame and sorrow?" The young man started, and became strongly excited at such a serious prelude to what she was about to utter.

"*Milka diowou!* woman, why do you talk about shame or disgrace comin' upon any sister of mine? What villain dare injure her that regards his life? My sither! Ellen Neil! No, no! theman that 'ud only think of *that*, I'd give his right hand a dip to the wrist in the best blood of his heart."

"Ay! ay! its fine spakin'; but you don't know the hand you talk of. It's one that you had better avoid than meet. It's the *strong hand*, an' the dangerous one when vexed. You know *Lamh Laudher Oge*."

Meehaul started again, and the cross could perceive by his manner, that the nature of the communication she was about to make had been already known to him, though not, she was confident, in so dark and diabolical a shape as that in which she determined to put it.

"Lamh Laudher Oge!" he exclaimed; "surely you don't mane to say that he has any bad design upon Ellen! It's not long since I gave him a caution to drop her, an' to look out for a girl fittin' for his station. Ellen herself knows what he'll get, if we ever catch him spakin' to her again. The day will never come that *his* faction and *ours* can be friends."

"You did do that, Meehaul," replied Nell, "an' I know it; but what 'ud

you think if he was so cut to the heart by your turnin' round upon his poverty, that he swore an oath to them that I could name, bindin' himself to bring your sister to a state of shame, in ordher to punish you for your words? That 'ud be great glory over a faction that they hate."

"Tut, woman, he daren't swear such an oath; or, if he swore it fifty times over on his bare knees, he'd ate the stones off o' the pavement afore he'd dare to act upon it. In the first place, I'd prepare him for his coffin, if he did; an', in the next, do you think so masely of Ellen, as to believe that she would bring disgrace an' sorrow upon herself an' her family? No, no, Nell; the ould *diousols* in you, or you're beside yourself, to think of such a story. I've warned her against him, and so did we all; an' I'm sartin, this minute, that she'd not go a single foot to change words with him, unknownst to her friends."

The old woman's face changed from the expression of anxiety and importance that it bore, to one of coarse glee, under which, to those who had penetration sufficient to detect it, lurked a spirit of hardened and reckless ferocity.

"Well, well," she replied, "sure I'm proud to hear what you tell me. How is poor Nanse M'Collum doin' wid yees? for I hadn't time to see her a while agone. I hope *she'll* never be ashamed or afraid of her aunt, any how. I may say, I'm all that's left to the good of her name, poor *girshak*."

"What 'ud ail her?" replied Meehaul; "as long as she's honest, an' behaves herself there's no fear of her. Had you nothin' else to say to me, Nell?"

The same tumultuous expression of glee and malignity again lit up the features of the old woman, as she looked at him, and replied, with something like contemptuous hesitation; "Why, I don't know that. If you had more sharpness or sinse I might say—Meehaul Neil," she added, elevating her voice, "What do you think I *could* say, this sacred minnit? Your sister! Why she's a good girl!—true enough that: but how long she *may* be so's another affair. Afeard! Be the ground we stand on, man dear, if you an' all belongin' to you, had eyes in your heads for every day in the year, you couldn't keep her from young Lamh Laudher. Did you hear any thing?"

"I'd not believe a word of it," said Meehaul calmly, and he turned to depart.

"I tell you it's as true as the sun to the dial," replied Nell; "and I tell you more, he's wid her this minnit behind your father's orchard!—Ay! an' if you wish, you may see them together wid your own eyes, an' sure if you don't b'lieve *me*, you'll b'lieve *them*. But, Meehaul, take care of him; for he has his fire-arms; if you meet him don't go empty-handed, and I'd advise you to have the *first shot*."

"Behind the orchard," said Meehaul, astonished; "Where there?"

"Ay, behind the orchard, where they often war afore. Where there? Why, if you want to know that, sittin' on one of the ledges in the grassy quarry. That's their sate whenever they meet; an' a snug one it is for them that don't like their neighbours' eyes to be upon them. Go now an' satisfy yourself, but watch them at a distance, an', as you expect to save your sister, don't breathe the name of Nell M'Collum to a livin' mortal."

Meehaul Neil's cheek flushed with deep resentment, on hearing this disagreeable intelligence. For upwards of a century before, there had subsisted a deadly feud between the Neils and Lamh Laudhers, without either party being able exactly to discover the original fact from which their enmity proceeded. This, however, in Ireland makes little difference. It is quite sufficient to know that they meet and fight upon all possible opportunities, as hostile factions ought to do, without troubling themselves about the idle nonsense of enquiring why they hate and maltreat each other. For this reason alone, Meehaul Neil was bitterly opposed to the most distant notion of a marriage between his sister and young Lamh Laudher. There were other motives also which weighed, with nearly equal force, in the consideration of this subject. His sister Ellen was by far the most beautiful girl of her station in the whole county, and many offers, highly advantageous, and far above what she otherwise could have expected, had been made to her. On the other hand, Lamh Laudher Oge was poor, and by no means qualified in point of worldly circumstances to propose for her, even were hereditary enmity out of the question. All things considered, the brother and

friends of Ellen would rather have seen her laid in her grave, than allied to a comparatively poor young man, and their bitterest enemy.

Meehaul had little doubt as to the truth of what Nell M'Collum told him. There was a saucy and malignant confidence in her manner, which, although it impressed him with a sense of her earnestness, left, nevertheless, an indefinite feeling of dislike against her upon his mind. He knew that her motive for disclosure was not one of kindness or regard for him or for his family. Nell M'Collum had often declared that "the wide earth did not carry a bein' she liked or loved, but *one*—not even exceptin' herself, that she hated most of all." This, however, was not necessary to prove that she acted rather from the gratification of some secret malice, than from a principle of benevolence. The venomous leer of her eye, therefore, and an accurate knowledge of her character, induced him to connect some apprehension of approaching evil with the unpleasant information she had just given him.

"Well," said Meehaul, "if what you say is true, I'll make it a black business to Lamh Laudher. I'll go directly and keep my eye on them; an' I'll have my fire-arms, Nell, an' by the life that's in me, he'll taste them if he provokes me; an' Ellen knows *that*." Having thus spoken he left her.

The old woman stood and looked after him with a fiendish complacency.

"A black business, will you?" she exclaimed, repeating his words in a soliloquy;—"do so—an' may all that's black assist you in it! Dher Chiernah, I'll do it or lose a fall—I'll make the Lamh Laudhers the Lamh Lhugs afore I've done wid'em. I've put a thorn in their side this many a year, that 'ill never come out; I'll now put one in their *marrow*, an' let them see how they'll bear *that*. I've left *one* empty chair at their hearth, an' it 'ill go hard wid me but I'll lave another."

Having thus expressed her hatred against a family to whom she attributed the calamities that had separated her from society, and marked her as a being to be avoided and detested, she also departed from the Common, striking her stick with peculiar bitterness into the ground as she went along.

In the mean time young Lamh Laudher felt little suspicion that the

stolen interview between him and Ellen Neil was known. The incident, however, which occurred to him on his way to keep the assignation, produced in his mind a vague apprehension which he could not shake off. To meet a red-haired woman, when going on any business of importance, was considered at all times a bad omen, as it is in the country parts of Ireland unto this day; but to meet a female familiar with forbidden powers, as Nell M'Collum was supposed to be, never failed to produce fear and misgiving in those who met her. Mere physical courage was no bar against the influence of such superstitions; many a man was a slave to them who never knew fear of a human or tangible enemy. They constituted an important part of the popular belief; for the history of ghosts and fairies, and omens was, in general, the only kind of lore in which the people were educated; thanks to the sapient traditions of their forefathers.

When Nell passed away from Lamh Laudher, who would fain have flattered himself that by turning back on the way, until she passed him, he had avoided meeting her, he once more sought the place of appointment, at the same slow pace as before. On arriving behind the orchard, he found, as the progress of the evening told him, that he had anticipated the hour on which it had been agreed to meet. He accordingly descended the Grassy Quarry, and sat on a mossy ledge of rock, over which the brow of a little precipice jutted in such a manner as to render those who sat beneath visible only from a particular point. Here he had scarcely seated himself when the tread of a foot was heard, and in a few minutes Nanse M'Collum stood beside him.

"Why, thin, bad cess to you, Lamh Laudher," she exclaimed, "but it's a purty chase I had afther you!"

"Afther me, Nanse? and what's the commission, *cush gasta* (light-foot)?"

"The sorra any thing, at all at all, only to see if you war here. Miss Ellen sent me to tell you that she's afear'd she can't come this evenin', unknownst to them."

"An' am I not to wait, Nanse?"

"Why, she says she *will* come, for all that, *if she can*; but she bid me

take your stick from you, for a rason she has, that she'll tell yourself when she sees you."

"Take my stick! Why, Nanse, *ma colleen baun*, what can *she* want with my stick? Is the darlin' girl goin' to bate any body?"

"Bad cess to the know *I* know, Lamh Laudher, barrin' it be to lay on yourself for stalin' her heart from her. Why thin, the month's mether o' honey to you, soon an' sudden, how did you come round her at all?"

"No matter about that, Nanse; but the family's bither against me? eh?"

"Oh, thin, in trops, it's ill their common to hate you as they do: but thin, you see, this faction-work will keep yees asundher for ever. Now gi'me your stick, an' wait, any way, till you see whether she comes or not."

"Is it by Ellen's ordhers you take it, Nanse?"

"To be sure, who else's: but the divil a one o'me knows what she manes by it, any how—only that *I* daren't go back widout it."

"Take it, Nanse; she knows *I* wouldn't refuse her my heart's blood, let alone a bit of a kippeen."

"A bit of a kippeen! Faix, this is a quare kippeen! Why it would sell a bullock."

"When you see her, Nanse, tell her to make haste, an' for God's sake not to disappoint me. *I* can't rest well the day *I* don't meet her."

"May be other people's as bad, for that matter: so good night, an' the mether o' honey to you, soon an' sudden! Faix, if any body stands in my way now, they'll feel the weight of this, any how."

After uttering the last words, she brandished the cudgel and disappeared.

Lamh Laudher felt considerably puzzled to know what object Ellen could have had in sending the servant maid for his staff. Of one thing, however, he was certain, that her motive must have had regard to his own safety; but how, or in what manner, he could not conjecture. It is certainly true that some misgivings shot lightly across his imagination, on reflecting that he had parted with the very weapon which he usually brought with him to repel the violence of Ellen's friends, should he be detected in an interview with her. He remem-

bered, too, that he had met unlucky Nell M'Collum, and that the person who deprived him of his principal means of defence was her niece. He had little time, however, to think upon the subject, for in a few minutes after Nanse's departure, he recognized the light quick step of her whom he expected.

The figure of Ellen Neil was tall, and her motions full of untaught elegance and natural grace. Her countenance was a fine oval; her features, though not strictly symmetrical, were replete with animation, and her eyes sparkled with a brilliancy indicative of a warm heart and a quick apprehension. Flaxen hair, long and luxuriant, decided, even at a distant glance, the loveliness of her skin, than which the unsunned snow could not be whiter. If you add to this a delightful temper, buoyant spirits, and extreme candour, her character, in its strongest points, is before you.

On reaching the bottom of the Grassy Quarry, as it was called, she peered under the little beetling cliff that overhung the well known ledge on which Lamh Laudher sat.

"*I* declare, John," said she, on seeing him, "*I* thought at first you weren't here."

"Did you ever know me to be late?" said John, taking her by the hand, and placing her beside him; "and what would you a' done, Ellen, if *I* hadn't been here?"

"Why, run home as if the life was lavin' me, for fear of seein' something."

"*You* needn't be afeard, Ellen dear; nothing could harm you, at all events. However, puttin' that aside, have you any better tidins than you had when we met last?"

"*I* wish to heaven *I* had, John! but indeed *I* have far worse; ay, a thousand times worse. They have all joined against me, an' *I*'m not to see or speak to you at all."

"That's hard," replied Lamh Laudher, drawing his breath tightly; "but *I* know where it comes from. *I* think your father might be softened a little, ay a great deal, if it wasn't for your brother Meehaul."

"Indeed, Lamh Laudher, you're wrong in that; my father's as bither against you as he is. It was only on Tuesday evenin' last that they told

me, one an' all, they would rather see me a corpse than your wife. Indeed an' deed, John, I doubt it never can be."

"Ellen," replied John, "I see plainly enough that they'll gain you over at last. That will be the end of it: but if you choose to break the vows and promises that passed between us, you may do so."

"Oh! *Lamh Laudher*," said Ellen, affected at the imputation contained in his last observation; "don't you treat me with such suspicion. I suffer enough for your sake, as it is. For near two years, a day has hardly passed that my family hasn't wrung the burnin' tears from my eyes on your account. Haven't I refused matches that any young woman in my station of life ought to be proud to accept?"

"You did, Ellen, you did; but still I know how hard it is for you to hould out against the persecution you suffer at home. No, no, Ellen dear, I never doubted you for one minute. All I wondher at is, that such a girl as you ever could think of one so humble as I am, compared to what you'd have a right to expect an' could get."

"Well, but if I'm willin' to prefer you, John?" said Ellen with a smile.

"One thing I know, Ellen," he replied, "an' that is, that I'm far from bein' worthy of you; an' I ought, if I had a high enough spirit, to try to turn you against me, if it was only that you might marry a man that 'ud have it in his power to make you happier than ever I'll be able to do; any way, than ever *its likely* I'll be able to do."

"I don't think, John, that ever money or the goods of this world made a man an' wife love one another yet, if they didn't do it before; but it has often put their hearts against one another."

"I agree wid you in that, Ellen; but you don't know how my heart sinks when I think of you an' my own poverty. My poor father, since the strange disappearance of little Alice, never was able to raise his head; and indeed my mother was worse. If the child had died, an' that we knew she slept with ourselves, it would be a comfort. But not to know what became of her—whether she was drowned or kidnapped—that was what crushed their hearts. I must say that since I grew up, we're improvin'; an' I hope, God willin', now that my father laves

the management of the farm to myself, we'll still improve more an' more. I hope it for their sakes, but more, if possible, for yours. I don't know what I wouldn't do to make you happy, Ellen. If my life would do it, I think I could lay it down to show the love I bear you. I could take to the highway and rob for your sake, if I thought it would bring me means to make you happy."

Ellen was touched by his sincerity, as well as by the tone of manly sorrow with which he spoke. His last words, however, startled her, when she considered the vehement manner in which he uttered them.

"John," said she alarmed, "never, while you have life, let me hear a word of that kind out of your lips. No—never, for the sake of heaven above us, breathe it, or think of it. But, I'll tell you something, an' you must bear it, an' bear it too, with patience."

"What is it, Ellen? If its fair an' manly, I'll be guided by your advice."

"Meehaul has threatened to—to—I mane to say, that you mustn't have any quarrel with him, if he meets you or provokes you. Will you promise this?"

"Meehaul has threatened to strike me, has he? An' I, a *Lamh Laudher*, am to take a blow from a Neil, an' to thank him, I suppose, for givin' it."

Ellen rose up and stood before him.

"*Lamh Laudher*," said she, "I must now try your love for me in earnest. A lie I cannot tell, no more than I can cover the truth. My brother *has* threatened to strike you, an' as I said afore, you must bear it for his sister's sake."

"No, *dher Chiernah*, never. That, Ellen, is goin' beyant what I'm able to bear. Ask me to cut off my right hand for your sake, an' I'll do it. Ask my life, an' I'll give it: but to ask a *Lamh Laudher* to bear a blow from a Neil—never. What! how could I rise my face afther such a disgrace? How could I keep the country wid a Neil's blow, like the stamp of a thief upon my forehead, an' me the first of *my own* faction, as your brother is of *his*. No—never!"

"An' you say you love me, John?"

"Betther than ever man loved woman."

"No, man—you don't," she replied,

"if you did, you'd give up *something* for me. You'd bear *that* for my sake, an' not think it much. I'm beginnin' to believe, *Lamh Laudher*, that if I was a poor portionless girl, it wouldn't be hard to put me out o' your thoughts. If it was only for my own sake you loved me, you'd not refuse me the first request I ever made to you; when you know, too, that if I didn't think more of you than I ought, I'd never make it."

"Ellen, would you disgrace me?—Would you wish me to bear the name of a coward? Would you want my father to turn me out of the house? Would you want my own faction to put their feet upon me, an' drive me from among them?"

"John," she replied, bursting into tears, "I *do* know that it's a sore obligation to lay upon you, when every thing's taken into account; but if you wouldn't do this for me, who would you do it for? Before heaven, John, I dread a meetin' between you an' my brother, afther what *he* tould me; an' the only way of preventin' danger is for you not to strike him. Oh, little you know what I have suffered these two days for *both* your sakes! *Lamh Laudher Oge*, I doubt it would be well for me if I had never seen your face."

"Any thing undher heaven but what you want me to do, Ellen."

"Oh! don't refuse me this, John. I ask it, as I said, for *both* your sakes, an' for my own sake. Meehaul wouldn't strike an unresistin' man. I won't lave you till you promise; an' if that won't do, I'll go on my knees an' ask you, for the sake of heaven above, to be guided by me in this."

"Ellen, I'll lave the country to avoid him, if that'll please you."

"No—no—no, John; that doesn't please me. Is it to lave your father an' family, an' you the staff of their support? Oh, John, give me your promise—if you *do* love me as you say, give me your promise. Here on my two knees I ask it from you, for my sake, for your own, and for the sake of God above us! I know Meehaul. If he got a blow from you on my account, he'd never forgive it to either you or me."

She joined her hands in supplication to him as she knelt, and the tears chased each other like rain down her

cheeks. The solemnity with which she insisted on gaining her point staggered *Lamh Laudher* not a little.

"There must be something undher this," he replied, "that makes you set your heart on it so much. Ellen, tell me the truth; what is it?"

"If I loved you less, John, an' my brother too, I wouldn't care so much about it. Remember that I'm a woman, an' on my knees before you. A blow from you would make him take your life or mine, sooner than that I should become your wife. You ought to know his temper."

"You know, Ellen, I can't at heart refuse you any thing. I will not strike your brother."

"You promise, before God, that no provocation will make you strike him?"

"That's hard, Ellen; but—well, I do: before God, I won't—an' its for *your* sake I say it. Now get up, dear, get up. You have got me to do what no mortal livin' could bring me to but yourself. I suppose that's what made you send Nause M'Collum for my staff?"

"Nause M'Collum!—When?"

"Why, a while ago. She tould me a quare enough story, or rather no story at all, only that you couldn't come, an' you could come, an' I was to give up my staff to her by your orders."

"She tould you false, John. I know nothing about what you say."

"Well, Ellen," replied *Lamh Laudher*, with a firm seriousness of manner, "you have brought me into danger I doubt, without knowin' it. For *my own part*, I don't care so much. Her unlucky aunt met me comin' here this evenin', and threatened both our family and yours. I know she would sink us into the earth if she could. Either she or your brother is at the bottom of this business, whatever it is. Your brother I don't fear; but *she* is to be dreaded, if all's true that's said about her."

"No, John—she surely couldn't have the heart to harm you an' me. Oh, but I'm light now, since you did what I wanted you. No harm can come between you and Meehaul; for I often heard him say, when speakin' about his faction fights, that no one but a coward would strike an unresistin' man: Now come and see me past the Ped-

lar's Cairn, an' remember that you'll thank me for what I made you do this night. Come quickly—I'll be missed."

They then passed on by a circuitous and retired path that led around the orchard, until he had conducted her in safety beyond the Pedlar's Cairn, which was so called from a heap of stones that had been loosely piled together, to mark the spot as the scene of a murder, whose history, thus perpetuated by the custom of every passenger casting a stone upon the place, constituted one of the local traditions of the neighbourhood.

After a tender good night, given in a truly poetical manner under the breaking light of a May moon, he found it necessary to retrace his steps by a path which wound round the orchard, and terminated in the public entrance to the town. Along this suburban street he had advanced but a short way, when he found himself overtaken and arrested by his bitter and determined foe, Meehaul Neil. The connection betwixt the promise that Ellen had extorted from him and this rencounter with her brother flashed upon him forcibly: he resolved, however, to be guided by her wishes, and with this purpose on his part, the following dialogue took place between the heads of the rival factions. When we say, however, that Lamh Laudher was the head of his party, we beg to be understood as alluding only to his personal courage and prowess; for there were in it men of far greater wealth and of higher respectability, so far as mere wealth could confer the latter.

"Lamh Laudher," said Meehaul, "whenever a Neil speaks to you, you may know it's not in friendship."

"I know that, Meehaul Neil, without hearin' it from you. Speak; what have you to say?"

"There was a time," observed the other, "when you and I were enemies only because our *cleavvrens* were enemies; but now there is, an' you know it, a blacker hatred between us."

"I would rather there was not, Meehaul; for my own part, I have no ill-will against either you or yours, an' you know that; so when you talk of hatred, spake only for yourself."

"Don't be mane, man," said Neil; "don't make them that hates you despise you into the bargain."

Lamh Laudher turned towards him fiercely, and his eye gleamed with passion; but he immediately recollected himself, and simply said—

"What is your business with me this night, Meehaul Neil?"

"You'll know that soon enough—sooner, maybe, than you wish. I now ask you to tell me, if you are an honest man, where you have been?"

"I am as honest, Meehaul, as any man that ever carried the name of Neil upon him, an' yet I won't tell you that, till you show me what right you have to ask me."

"I b'lieve you forget that I'm Ellen Neil's brother: now, Lamh Laudher, as her brother, I choose to insist on your answerin' me."

"Is it by *her* wish?"

"Suppose I say it is."

"Ay! but I won't suppose that, till you lay your right hand on your heart, and declare as an honest man, that—tut, man—this is nonsense. Meehaul, go home—I would rather there was friendship between us."

"You were with Ellen this night in the Grassy Quarry."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I saw you both—I watched you both; you left her beyond the Pedlar's Cairn, an' you're now on your way home."

"An' the more mane you, Meehaul, to become a spy upon a girl that you know is as pure as the light from heaven. You ought to blush for doubtin' sich a sister, or think'n it your duty to watch her as you do."

"Lamh Laudher, you say that you'd rather there was no ill-will between us."

"I say that, God knows, from my heart out."

"Then there's one way that it may be so. Give up Ellen; you'll find it for your own interest to do so."

"Show me that, Meehaul."

"Give her up, I say, an' then I may tell you."

"Meehaul, good night. Go home."

They had now entered the principal street of the town, and as they proceeded in what appeared to be an earnest, perhaps a friendly conversation, many of their respective acquaintances, who lounged in the moonlight about their doors, were not a little surprised at seeing them in close conference. When Lamh Laudher

wished him good night, he had reached an off street which led towards his father's house, a circumstance at which he rejoiced, as it would have been the means, he hoped, of terminating a dialogue that was irksome to both parties. He found himself, however, rather unexpectedly and rudely arrested by his companion.

"We can't part, Lamh Laudher," said Meehaul, seizing him by the collar, "till this business is settled—I mane till you promise to give my sister up."

"Then we must stand here, Meehaul, as long as we live—an' I surely won't do that."

"You *must* give her up, man."

"Must! Is it must from a Neil to a Lamh Laudher? You forget yourself, Meehaul: you are rich *now*, an' I'm poor *now*; but any old friend can tell you the differ between your grandfather an' mine. Must, indeed!"

"Ay; must is the word, I say; an' I tell you that from this spot you won't go till you swear to do it; or this stick—an' its a good one—will bring you to submission."

"I have no stick, an' I suppose I may thank you for that."

"What do you mane?" said Neil; "but no matther—I don't want it. There—to the devil with it;" and as he spoke he flung it over the roof of the adjoining house.

"Now give up my sister, or take the consequence."

"Meehaul, go home I say. You know I don't fear any single man that ever breathed; but, above all men on this earth, I wish to avoid a quarrel with *you*. Do you think, in the mean time, that even if I didn't care a straw for your sister, I could be mane enough to let myself be bullied out of her by you, or any of your faction? Never, Meehaul; so spare your breath, an' go home."

Several common acquaintances had collected about them, who certainly listened to this angry dialogue between the two faction leaders with great interest. Both were powerful men, young, strong, and muscular. Meehaul, of the two, was taller, his height being above six feet, his strength, courage, and activity, unquestionably very great. Lamh Laudher, however, was as fine a model of physical strength, just proportion, and manly beauty as ever was created; his arms, in parti-

cular, were of terrific strength, a physical advantage so peculiar to his family as to occasion the epithet by which it was known. He had scarcely uttered the reply we have written, when Meehaul with his whole strength aimed a blow at his stomach, which the other so far turned aside, as to bring it higher up on his chest. He staggered back, after receiving it, about seven or eight yards, but did not fall. His eye literally blazed, and for a moment he seemed disposed to act under the strong impulse of self-defence. The solemnity of his promise to Ellen, however, recurred to him in time to restrain his uplifted arm. By a strong and sudden effort he endeavoured to compose himself, and succeeded. He approached Meehaul, and with as much calmness as he could assume, said—

"Meehaul, I stand before you, an' you may strike, but I won't return your blows; I have reasons for it, but I tell you the truth."

"You won't fight?" said Meehaul with mingled rage and scorn.

"No," replied the other, "I won't fight *you*."

A murmur of "shame" and "coward" was heard from those who had been drawn together by their quarrel.

"*Dher ma chorp*," they exclaimed with astonishment, "but Lamh Laudher's afeard of him!—the *garran banes* in him, now that he finds he has met his match."

"Why, hard fortune to you, Lamh Laudher, will you take a blow from a Neil? Are you goin' to disgrace your name?"

"I won't fight him," replied he to whom they spoke, and the uncertainty of his manner was taken for want of courage.

"Then," said Meehaul, "here, before witnesses, I give you the *coward*, that you may carry the name to the last hour of your life."

He inflicted, when uttering the words, a blow with his open hand on Lamh Laudher's cheek, after which he desired the spectators to bear witness to what he had done. The whole crowd was mute with astonishment, not a murmur more was heard; but they looked upon the two rival champions, and then upon each other with amazement. The high-minded young man had but one course to pursue.

Let the consequence be what it might, he could not think for a moment of compromising the character of Ellen, nor of violating his promise, so solemnly given; with a flushed cheek, therefore, and a brow redder even with shame than indignation, he left the crowd without speaking a word, for he feared that by indulging in any further recrimination on the subject, his resolution might give way under the impetuous resentment which he curbed in with such difficulty.

Meehaul Neil paused and looked after him, equally struck with surprise and contempt at his apparent want of spirit.

"Well," he exclaimed to those who stood about him, "by the life within me, if all the parish had sworn that Lamh Laudher Oge was a coward, I'd not 'a' b'lieved them!"

"Faix, Misther Neil, who would, no more than yourself?" they replied; "devil the likes of it ever we seen! The young fellow that no man could stand afore five minutes!"

"That is," replied others, "bekase he never met a man that *could* fight him. You see when he did, how he has turned out. One thing, any how, is clear enough—afther this he can never *rise* his head while he lives."

Meehaul now directed his steps homewards, literally stunned by the unexpected cowardice of his enemy. On approaching his father's door, he found Nell M'Collum seated on a stone bench, waiting his arrival. The moment she espied him she sprang to her feet, and with her usual eagerness of manner, caught the breast of his coat, and turning him round towards the moonlight, looked eagerly into his face.

"Well," she enquired, "did he show his fire-arms?—Eh?—What was done?"

"Somebody has been making a fool of you, Nell," replied Meehaul; "he had neither fire-arms nor staff, nor any thing else, an' for my part, I might as well have left mine at home."

"Well, but, *diouh*, man, what was done? Did you smash him? Did you break his bones?"

"None of that, Nell, but worse; he's disgraced for ever. I struck him, an' he refused to fight me; he hadn't a hand to raise."

"No, *Dher Chiernah* he had not; an' he may thank Nell M'Collum for

that. I put the weakness over him. But I've not done wid him yet. Ill make that family curse the day they crossed Nell M'Collum, if I should go *down* for it. Not that I have any ill-will to the boy himself, but the father's heart's in him, an' that's the way Meehaul, I'll punish the man that was the means of lavin' me as I am."

"Nell, the devil's in your heart," replied Meehaul, "if ever he was in mortal's. Lave me, woman: I can't bear your revengeful spirit, an' what is more, I don't want *you* to interfere in *this* business, good, bad, or indifferent. You bring about harm, Nell; but who has ever known you to do good?"

"Ay! ay!" said the hag, "that's the cuckoo song to Nell; she does harm, but never does good! Well, may my blackest curse wither the man that left Nell to hear that, as the kindest word that's spoke either to her or of her! I don't blame you, Meehaul—I blame nobody but *him* for it all. Now, a word of advice before you go in; don't let on to Ellen that you know of her meetin' him this night;—an' rason good,—if she thinks you're watchin' her, she'll be on her guard—ay, an' outdo you in spite of your teeth. She's a woman—she's a woman! Good night, an' *mark* him the next time betther."

Meehaul himself had come to the same determination and from the same motives.

The consciousness of Lamh Laudher's public disgrace, and of his incapability to repel it, sank deep into his heart. The blood in his veins became hot and feverish, when he reflected upon the scornful and degrading insult he had just borne. Soon after his return home, his father and mother both noticed the singularly deep bursts of indignant feeling with which he appeared to be agitated. For some time they declined making any enquiry as to its cause; but when they saw at length the big scalding tears of shame and rage start from his flashing eyes, they could no longer restrain their concern and curiosity.

"In the name of heaven, John," said they, "what has happened to put you into such a state as you're in?"

"I can't tell you," he replied; "if you knew it, you'd blush with *burnin'* shame—you'd curse me in your heart

For my part, I'd rather be dead fifty times over than livin', after what has happened this night."

"An' why not tell us, Lamh Lauther?"

"I can't, father; I couldn't stand upright afore you and spake it. I'd sink like a guilty man in your presence; an' except you wan't to drive me distracted, or perjured, don't ask me another question about it. You'll hear it too soon."

"Well, we must wait," said the father; "but I'm sure, John, you'd not do any thing unbecomin' a man. For my part, I'm not unasy on your account; for except to take an affront from a Neil, there's nothing you would do could shame me."

This was a fresh stab to the son's wounded pride, for which he was not prepared. With a stifed groan he leaped to his feet, and rushing from the kitchen, bolted himself up in his bed-room.

His parents, after he had withdrawn exchanged glances.

"That went home to him," said the father, "an' as sure as death, the Neils are in it, whatever it is. But by the crass that saved us, if he tuck an affront from any of *them*, widout payin' them home double, he is no son of mine, an' this roof wont cover him another night. Howsomever, we'll see in the mornin', plase God!"

The mother, who was proud of his courage and prowess, scouted with great indignation the idea of *her* son's tamely putting up with an insult from any of the opposite faction.

"Is it he bear an affront from a Neil! arrah, don't make a fool of yourself, ould man! He'd die sooner—I'd stake my life on him."

The night advanced, and the family had retired to bed; but their son attempted in vain to sleep. A sense of shame overpowered him keenly. He tossed, and turned, and groaned at the contemplation of the disgrace which he knew would be heaped on him the following day. What was to be done? How was he to wipe it off? There was but one method, he believed, of getting his hands once more free; that was to seek Ellen, and gain her permission to retract his oath on that very night. With this purpose he instantly dressed himself, and quietly unbolting his own door, and that of

the kitchen, got another staff, and passed out to seek her father's inn.

The night had now become dark, but mild and agreeable; the repose of man and nature was deep, and save his own tumultuous thoughts, every thing breathed an air of peace and rest. At a quick but cautious pace he soon reached the inn, and without much difficulty passed into the garden, from which he hoped to be able to make himself known to Ellen. In this, to his great mortification, he was disappointed; the room in which she slept, being on the third story, presented a window, it is true, to the garden; but how was he to reach it, or hold a dialogue with her, even should she recognise him, without being overheard by some of the family? All this might have occurred to him at home, had he been sufficiently cool for reflection. As it was, the only method of awakening her that he could think of was to throw up several handfuls of small pebbles against the windows. This he tried without any effect. Pebbles sufficiently large to reach the window would have broken the glass, so that he felt himself compelled to abandon every hope of speaking to her that night. With lingering and reluctant steps he left the garden, and stood for some time before the front of the house, leaning against an upright stone, called the market cross. Here he had not been more than two minutes, when he heard footsteps approaching, and on looking closely through the darkness, he recognized the figure of Nell M'Collum, as it passed directly to the kitchen window. Here the crone stopped, peered in, and with caution gave one of the pains a gentle tap. This was responded to by one much louder from within, and almost immediately the door was softly opened. From thence issued another female figure, evidently that of Nanse M'Collum, her niece. Both passed down the street in a northern direction, and Lamh Lauther, apprehensive that they were on no good errand, took off his shoes, lest his footsteps might be heard, and dogged them as they went along. They spoke little, and that in whispers, until they had got clear of the town, when, feeling less restraint, the following dialogue occurred between them:—

"Isn't it a quare thing, aupt, that

she should come back to this place at all?"

"Quare enough, but the husband's comin' too—he's to folly her."

"He ought to know that he needn't come here, I think."

"Why, you fool, how do you know that? Sure the town must pay him fifty guineas if he doesn't get a customer, and that's worth comin' for. She must be near us by this time. Husht! do you hear a car?"

They both paused to listen, but no car was audible.

"I do not," replied the niece; "but isn't it odd that he lets her carry the money, an' him trates her so badly?"

"Why would it be odd? Sure, she takes better care of it, an' puts it further than he does. His heart's in a farden, the nager."

"Rody an' the other will soon spare her that trouble, any way," replied the niece. "Is there no one wid her but the carman?"

"Not one—hould your tongue—here's the gate where the same pair was to meet us. Who is this stranger that Rody has picked up? I hope he's the thing."

"Some red-headed fellow. Rody says he's honest. I'm wondherin', aunt, what ud happen if she'd know the place."

"She can't, *girshah*—an' what if she does? She may know the place, but will the place know her? Rody's friend says the best way is to do for her; an' I'm afraid of her, to tell you the truth—but we'll settle that when they come. There now is the gate where we'll sit down. Give a cough till we try if they're—whisht! here they are!"

The voices of two men now joined the conversation, but in so low a tone, that *Lamh Laudher* could not distinctly hear its purport.

The road, along which they travelled, was craggy, and full of ruts, so that a car could be heard in the silence of night at a considerable distance. On each side the ditches were dry and shallow; and a small elder hedge, which extended its branches towards the road, afforded *Lamh Laudher* the obscurity which he wanted. With stealthy pace he crept over and sat beneath it, determined to witness whatever incident might occur, and to take a part in it, if necessary. He had scarcely seated himself when the car

which they expected was heard jolting about half a mile off along the way, and the next moment a consultation took place in tones so low and guarded, that every attempt on his part to catch its purport was unsuccessful. This continued with much earnestness, if not warmth, until the car came within twenty perches of the gate, when Nell exclaimed—

"If you do, you may—but remember I didn't egg you on, or put it into your hearts, at all evints. Maybe I have a child myself livin'—far from me—an' when I think of him, I feel one touch of nature at my heart in favour of her still. I'm black enough there, as it is."

"Make your mind asy," said one o' them, "you won't have to answer for her."

The reply which was given to this could not be heard.

"Well," rejoined Nell, "I know that. Her comin' here may not be for my good; but—well take this shawl, an' let the work be quick. The carman must be sent back wid sore bones to keep him quiet."

The car immediately reached the spot where they sat, and as it passed, the two men rushed from the gate, stopped the horse, and struck the carman to the earth. One of them seized him while down, and pressed his throat, so as to prevent him from shouting. A single faint shriek escaped the female, who was instantly dragged off the car and gagged by the other fellow and Nanse M'Collum.

Lamh Laudher saw there was not a moment to be lost. With the speed of lightning he sprung forward, and by a single blow, laid him who struggled with the carman prostrate. To pass then to the aid of the female was only the work of an instant. With equal success he struck down the villain with whom she was struggling. Such was the rapidity of his motions, that he had not yet had time even to speak; nor indeed did he wish at all to be recognised in the transaction. The carman, finding himself freed from his opponent, bounced to his legs, and came to the assistance of his charge, whilst *Lamh Laudher*, who had just flung Nanse M'Collum into the ditch, returned in time to defend both from a second attack. The contest, however, was a short one. The two ruffians, finding that there was no chance of

succeeding, fled across the fields ; and our humble hero, on looking for Nanse and her aunt, discovered that they also had disappeared. It is unnecessary to detail the strong terms in which the strangers expressed their gratitude to Lamh Laudher.

"God's grace be upon you, whoever you are, young man!" exclaimed the carman, "for wid his help an' your own good arm, it's my downright opinion that you saved us from bein' both robbed an' murdered."

"I'm of that opinion myself," replied Lamh Laudher.

"There is goodness, young man, in the tones of your voice," observed the female ; "we may at least ask the name of the person who has saved our lives?"

"I would rather not have my name mentioned in the business," he replied ; "a woman, or a devil I think, that I don't wish to cross or provoke, has had a hand in it. I hope you haven't been robbed?" he added.

She assured him, with expressions of deep gratitude, that she had not.

"Well," said he, "as you have neither of you come to much harm, I would take it as the greatest favour you could do me, if you'd never mention a word about it to any one."

To this request they agreed with some hesitation. Lamh Laudher accompanied them into the town, and saw them safely in a decent second rate inn, kept by a man named Luke Connor, after which he returned to his father's house, and without undressing, fell into a disturbed slumber until morning.

It is not to be supposed that the circumstances attending the quarrel between him and Meehaul Neil, on the preceding night, would pass off without a more than ordinary share of public notice. Their relative positions were too well known not to excite an interest corresponding with the characters they had borne, as the leaders of two bitter and powerful factions : but when it became certain that Meehaul Neil had struck Lamh Laudher Oge, and that the latter refused to fight him, it is impossible to describe the sensation which immediately spread through the town and parish. The intelligence was first received by O'Rorke's party with incredulity and scorn. It was impossible that he of

the Strong Hand, who had been proverbial for courage, could all at once turn coward, and bear the blow from a Neil ! But when it was proved beyond the possibility of doubt or misconception, that he received a blow tamely before many witnesses, under circumstances of the most degrading insult, the rage of his party became incredible. Before ten o'clock the next morning his father's house was crowded with friends and relations, anxious to hear the truth from his own lips, and all, after having heard it, eager to point out to him the only method that remained of wiping away his disgrace—namely, to challenge Meehaul Neil. His father's indignation knew no bounds ; but the mother, on discovering the truth, was not without that pride and love which are ever ready to form an apology for the failings and errors of an only child.

"You may all talk," she said, "but if Lamh Laudher Oge didn't strike him, he had good reasons for it. How do you know, an' bad cess to your tongues, all through other, how Ellen Neil would like him after weltn' her brother? Don't ye think but she has the spirit of her faction in her as well as another?"

This, however, was not listened to. The father would hear of no apology for his son's cowardice but an instant challenge. Either that or to be driven from his father's roof were the only alternatives left him.

"Come out here," said the old man, for the son had not yet left his humble bedroom, "an' in presence of them that you have brought to shame and disgrace, take the only plan that's left to you, an' send him a challenge."

"Father," said the young man, "I have too much of your own blood in me to be afraid of any man—but for all that, I neither will nor *can* fight Meehaul Neil."

"Very well," said the father bitterly, "that's enough. *Dher Manim*, Oonagh, you're a guilty woman ; that boy's no son of mine. If he had my blood in him, he couldn't act as he did. Here, you damnable intherloper, the door's open for you, go out of it, an' let me never see the branded face of you while you live."

The groans of the son were audible from his bedroom.

"I will go, father," he replied, "an'

I hope the day will come when you'll all change your opinion of me. I can't, however, stir out till I send a messenger a mile or so out of town."

The old man, in the mean time, wept as if his son had been dead; his tears, however, were not those of sorrow, but of shame and indignation.

"How can I help it," he exclaimed, "when I think of the way that the Neils will clap their wings and crow over us! If it was from any other family he tuck it so manely, I wouldn't care so much; but from *them*! Oh, Chienah! its too bad! Turn out, you villain!"

A charge of deeper disgrace, however, awaited the unhappy young man. The last harsh words of the father had scarcely been uttered, when three constables came in, and inquired if his son were at home.

"He is at home," said the father, with tears in his eyes, "and I never thought he would bring the blush to my face that he did by his conduct last night."

"I'm sorry," said the principal of them, "for what has happened, both on your account and his. Do you know this hat?"

"I do know it," replied the old man, "it belongs to John. Come out here," said he—"here's Tom Breen wid your hat."

The son left his room, and it was evident from his appearance that he had not undressed at all during the night. The constables immediately observed these circumstances, which they did not fail to interpret to his disadvantage.

"Here is your hat," said the man who bore it; "one would think you were thravellin' all night by your looks."

The son thanked him for his civility, got clean stockings, and after arranging his dress, said to his father—

"I'm now ready to go, father, an' as I can't do what you want me to do, there's nothing for me but to lave the country for a while."

"He acknowledged it himself," said the father, turning to Breen, "an' in that case, how could I let the son that shamed me live undher my roof?"

"He's the last young man in the county I stand in," said Breen, "that any one who ever knew him would suspect to be guilty of robbery. Upon

my soul, Lamh Landher More, I'm both grieved an' distressed at it.—We're come to arrest him," he added, "for the robbery he committed last night."

"Robbery!" they exclaimed with one voice.

"Aye," said the man, "robbery, no less—an' what is more, I'm afraid there's little doubt of his guilt. Why did he lave his hat at the place where the attempt was first made? He must come with us."

The mother shrieked aloud, and clapped her hands like a distracted woman; the father's brow changed from the flushed hue of indignation, and became pale with apprehension.

"Oh! no, no," he exclaimed; "John never did that. Some qualm might come over him in the other business, but—no, no—your father knows you're innocent of robbery. Yes, John, my blood is in you, and *there* you're wronged, my son. I know you too well, in spite of all I've said to you, to believe *that*, my truehearted boy."

He grasped his son's hand as he spoke, and his mother at the same moment caught him in her arms, whilst both sobbed aloud. A strong sense of innate dignity expanded the brow of young Lamh Landher. He smiled while his parents wept, although his sympathy in their sorrow brought a tear at the same time to his eye-lids. He declined, however, entering into any explanation, and the father proceeded—

"Yes! I know you are innocent, John; I can swear that you didn't lave this house from nine o'clock last night up to the present minute."

"Father," said Lamh Landher, "don't swear that, for it would not be true, although you *think* it would. I was out the greater part of last night."

His father's countenance fell again, as did those of his friends who were present, on hearing what appeared to be almost an admission of his guilt.

"Go," said the old man, "go; neighbours, take him with you. If he's guilty of this, I'll never more look upon his face. John, my heart was crush'd before, but you're likely to break it, out an' out."

Lamh Landher Oge's deportment, on hearing himself charged with robbery, became dogged and sullen. The conversation, together with the sym-

thy and the doubt it excited among his friends, he treated with silent indignation and scorn. He remembered that on the night before, the strange woman assured him she had *not* been robbed, and he felt that the charge was exceedingly strange and unaccountable.

"Come," said he, "the sooner this business is cleared up, the better. For my part, I don't know what to make of it; nor do I care much how it goes. I knew since yesterday evening, that bad luck was before me, at all events, an' I suppose it must take its course, an' that I must bear it."

The father had sat down, and now declined uttering a single word in vindication of his son. The latter looked towards him, when about to pass out, but the old man waved his hand with sorrowful impatience, and pointed to the door, as intimating a wish that he should forthwith depart from under his roof. Loaded with twofold disgrace, he left his family and his friends, accompanied by the constables, to the profound grief and astonishment of all who knew him.

They then conducted him before a Mr. Brookleigh, an active magistrate of that day, and a gentleman of mild and humane character.

On reaching Brookleigh Hall, Lamh Laudher found the strange woman, Nell M'Collum, Connor's servant maid, and the carman, awaiting his arrival. The magistrate looked keenly at the prisoner, and immediately glanced with an expression of strong disgust at Nell M'Collum. The other female surveyed Lamh Laudher with an interest evidently deep; after which she whispered something to Nell, who frowned and shook her head, as if dissenting from what she had heard. Lamh Laudher, on his part, surveyed the features of the female with an earnestness that seemed to absorb all sense of his own disgrace and danger.

"O'Rorke," said the magistrate, "this is a serious charge against you. I trust you may be able effectually to meet it."

"I must wait, your worship, till I hear fully what it is first," replied Lamh Laudher, "after that I'm not afraid of clearin' myself from it."

The woman then detailed the circumstances of the robbery, which it appeared took place at the moment her

luggage was in the act of being removed to her room, after which she added, rather unexpectedly, "And now, your worship, I have plainly stated the facts; but I must, in conscience, add, that, although this woman," turning to Nell M'Collum, "is of opinion that the young man before you has robbed me, yet I cannot think he did."

"I'll swear, your worship," said Nell, "that on passin' homewards last night, scein' a car wid people about it, at Luke Connor's door, I stood behind the porch, merely to thry if I knew who they wor. I seen this Lamh Laudher, wid a small oak box in his hands, an' I'll give my oath that it was open, an' that he put his hand into it, and tuck something out."

"Pray, Nell, how did it happen that you yourself were abroad at so unseasonable an hour?" said the magistrate.

"Every one knows that I'm out at quare hours," replied Nell; "I'm not like others. I know where I ought to be, at all times; but last night, if your worship wishes to hear the truth, I was on my way to Andy Murray's wake; the poor lad that was shepherd to the Neils."

"And, pray, Nell," said his worship, "how did you form so sudden an acquaintance with this respectable looking woman?"

"I knew her for years," said Nell; "I've seen her in other parts of the country often."

"You were more than an hour with her last night—were you not?" said his worship.

"She made me stay wid her," said Nell, "bekase she was a stranger, an', of coorse was glad to see a face she knew, afther the fright she got."

"All very natural, Nell; but, in the mean time, she might easily have chosen a more respectable associate. Have you actually lost the sum of six hundred pounds, my good madam?"

"I have positively lost so much," replied the woman, "together with the certificate of my marriage."

"And how did you first become acquainted with Nell M'Collum?" he enquired.

The stranger was silent, and blushed deeply at this question; but Nell, with more presence of mind, went over to

the magistrate, and whispered something which caused him to start, look keenly at her, and then at the plaintiff.

"I must have this confirmed by herself," he said in reply to Nell's disclosure, "otherwise I shall be much more inclined to consider you the thief than O'Rorke, whose character has been hitherto unimpeachable and above suspicion."

He then beckoned the woman over to his desk, and after having first enquired if she could write, and being replied to in the affirmative, he placed a slip of paper before her, on which was written—"Is that unhappy woman, called Nell M'Collum, your mother?"

"Alas! she is, Sir," replied the female, with a deep expression of sorrow. The magistrate then appeared satisfied. "Now," said he, addressing O'Rorke, "state fairly and honestly what you have to say in reply to the charge brought against you."

"Please your worship," said the young man, "you hear the woman say that she brings no charge against me; but I can prove, on oath, that Nell M'Collum and her niece, Nanse M'Collum, along with two men that I don't know, except that one was called Rody, met at Franklin's gate, with an intention of robbing, an' it's my firm belief of murdering, this woman."

He then detailed with great earnestness the incidents and conversation of the preceding night.

"Sir," replied Nell, with astonishing promptness, "I can prove by two witnesses, that, no longer ago than last night, he said he would take to the high-road, in order to get money to enable him to marry Ellen Neill. Yes, you villain, Nanse M'Collum heard every word that passed between you and her in the grassy quarry; an' Ellen, your worship, can prove it too, if she's sent for."

This had little effect on the magistrate, who at no time placed any reliance on Nell's assertions; he immediately however dispatched a summons for Nanse M'Collum.

The carman then related all that he knew, every word of which strongly corroborated what Lamh Laudher had said. He concluded by declaring it to be his opinion, that the prisoner was innocent, and added, that according to the best of his belief, the box

was not open when he left it in the plaintiff's sleeping-room above stairs.

The magistrate again looked keenly and suspiciously towards Nell. At this stage of the proceedings, O'Rorke's father and mother, accompanied by some of their friends, made their appearance. The old man, however, declined to take any part in the vindication of his son. He stood sullenly silent, with his arms folded and his brows knit, as much in indignation as in sorrow. The grief of the mother was louder, for she wept audibly.

Ere the lapse of many minutes, the constable returned, and stated that Nanse was not to be found.

"She has not been at her master's house since morning," he observed, "and they don't know where she is, or what has become of her."

The magistrate immediately despatched two of the constables with strict injunctions to secure her, if possible.

"In the mean time," he added, "I will order you, Nell M'Collum, to be strictly confined, until I ascertain whether she can be produced or not. Your haunts may be searched with some hope of success, while you are in durance; but I rather think we might seek for her in vain, if you were at liberty to regulate her motions. I cannot expect," he added, turning to the stranger, "that you should prosecute one so nearly related to you, even if you had proof, which you have not; but I am almost certain, that she has been some way or other concerned in the robbery. You are a modest interesting woman, and I regret the loss you have sustained. At present there are no grounds for committing any of the parties charged with the robbery. This unhappy woman I commit only as a vagrant, until her niece is found, after that we shall probably be able to see somewhat farther into this strange affair."

"Something tells me, Sir," replied the stranger, "that this young man is as innocent of the robbery as the child unborn. It's not my intention ever to think of prosecuting him. What I have done in the matter was against my own wishes."

"God in heaven bless you for the words!" exclaimed the parents of O'Rorke, each pressing her hand with

delight and gratitude. The woman warmly returned their greetings, but instantly felt her bosom heave with a hysterical oppression, under which she sank into a state of insensibility. Lamh Laudher More and his wife were proceeding to bring her towards the door for air, when Nell M'Collum insisted on a prior right to render her that service. "Begone, you servant of the devil," exclaimed the old man, "your wicked breath is bad about her, or about any one else; you won't lay a hand upon her."

"Don't let her, for heaven's sake!" said his wife; "her eye will kill the woman!"

"You are not aware," said the magistrate, "that this woman is her daughter."

"Whose daughter, please your honour?" said the old man indignantly.

"Nell M'Collum's," he returned.

"It's as false as hell!" rejoined O'Rorke, "beggin' your honour's pardon for sayin' so. I mane it's false for Nell, if she says it. Nell, Sir, never had a daughter, an' she knows that; but she had a son, an' she knows best what became of him."

Nell, however, resolved not to be deterred from getting the stranger into her own hands. With astonishing strength and fury she attempted to drag the insensible creature from O'Rorke's grasp; but the magistrate, disgusted at her violence, ordered two of the persons present to hold her down.

At length the woman began to recover. She sobbed aloud, and copious flood of tears drenched her cheeks. Nell ordered her to tear herself from O'Rorke and his wife:—

"Their hands are bad about you," she exclaimed, "and their son has robbed you, Mary. Love them, I say, or it'll be worse for you."

The woman paid her no attention; on the contrary, she laid her head upon the bosom of O'Rorke's wife, and wept as if her heart would break.

"God help me!" she exclaimed with a bitter sense of her situation, "I am an unhappy, an' a heart-broken woman! For many a year I have not known what it is to have one friendly breast to weep on."

"She then caught O'Rorke's hand and kissed it affectionately, after which she wept afresh; "Merciful!" said

she—"Oh, how will I ever be able to meet my husband! and such a husband! oh, heavens pity me!"

Both O'Rorke and his wife stood over her in tears. The latter bent her head, kissed the stranger, and pressed her to her bosom.

"May God bless you!" said O'Rorke himself solemnly—"trust in Him, for he can see justice done to you when man fails."

The eyes of Nell glared at the group like those of an enraged tigress; she stamped her feet upon the floor, and struck it repeatedly with her stick, as she was in the habit of doing, when moved by her strong and deadly passions.

"You'll suffer for that, Mary," she exclaimed; "and as for you, Lamh Laudher More, my debt's not paid to you yet. Your son's a robber, an' I'll prove it before long; every one knows he's a coward too."

Mr. Brookleigh felt that there appeared to be something connected with the transactions of the preceding night, as well as with some of the persons who had come before him, that perplexed him not a little. He thought that, considering the serious nature of the charge preferred against young O'Rorke, he exhibited an apathy under it, that did not altogether argue innocence. Some unsettled suspicions entered his mind, but not with sufficient force to fix with certainty upon any of those present, except Nell, and Nanse M'Collum who had absconded. If Nell were the woman's mother, her anxiety to bring the criminal to justice appeared very natural. Then, again, young O'Rorke's father, who seemed to know the history of Nell M'Collum, denied that she ever had a daughter. How could he be certain that she had not, without knowing her private life thoroughly? These circumstances appeared rather strange, if not altogether incomprehensible; so much so, indeed, that he thought it necessary, before they separated, to speak with O'Rorke's family in private. Having expressed a wish to this effect, he dismissed the other parties, except Nell, whom he intended to keep confined until the discovery of her niece.

"Pray," said he to the father of our humble hero, "how do you know, O'Rorke, that Nell M'Collum never had a daughter?"

"Right well, your honour. I knew her since she was a child; an' from that day to this she was never six months from this town at a time. No, no—a son she had, but a daughter she never had."

"Let me ask you, young man, on what business were you abroad last night? I expect you will answer me candidly?"

"It's no matther," replied young Lamh Laudher gloomily, "my character's gone. I cannot be worse, an' I will tell no man how I spent it, till I have an opportunity of clearin' myself."

"If you spent it innocently," returned the magistrate, "you can have no hesitation in making the disclosure we require."

"I will not mention it," said the other; "I was disgraced, an' that is enough. I think but little of the robbery."

Brookleigh understood him; but the last assertion, though it exonerated him in the opinion of a man who knew something about character, went far in that of his friends who were present to establish his guilt.

They then withdrew; and it would have been much to young Lamh Laudher's advantage if this private interview had never taken place.

The next morning O'Rorke and his wife waited upon Mr. Brookleigh to state, that in their opinion it would be more judicious to liberate Nell M'Collum, provided that he kept a strict watch upon all her motions. The magistrate instantly admitted both the force and ingenuity of the thought; and after having appointed three persons to the task of keeping her under *surveillance*, he set her at large.

This was all judicious and prudent; but in the mean time, common rumour, having first published the fact of young Lamh Laudher's cowardice, found it an easy task to associate his name with the robbery. His very father, after their last conference with the magistrate, doubted him; his friends, in the most sympathetic terms, expressed their conviction of his guilt, and the natural consequence resulting from this was, that he found himself expelled from his paternal roof, and absolutely put out of *caste*. The tide of ill fame, in fact, set in so strongly against him, that Ellen, startled as she

had been by his threat of taking to the highway, doubted him. The poor young man, in truth, led a miserable life.—Nanse M'Collum had not been found, and the unfavourable rumour was still at its height, when one morning the town arose and found the dead walls and streets placarded with what was in those days known as the fatal challenge of the DEAD BOXER!

This method of intimating his arrival had always been peculiar to that individual, who was a man of colour. No person ever discovered the means by which he placarded his dreadful challenge. In an age of gross superstition, numerous were the rumours and opinions promulgated concerning this circumstance. The general impression was, that an evil spirit attended him, by whose agency his advertisements were put up at night. A law, it is said, then existed, that when a pugilist arrived in any town, he might claim the right to receive the sum of fifty guineas, provided no man in the town could be found to accept his challenge within a given period. A champion, if tradition be true, had the privilege of fixing only the place, not the mode and regulations, of battle. Accordingly the scene of contest uniformly selected by the Dead Boxer was the church-yard of the town, beside a new made grave, dug at his expense. The epithet of the Dead Boxer had been given to him, in consequence of a certain fatal stroke by which he had been able to kill every antagonist who dared to meet him; precisely on the same principle that we call a fatal marksman a *dead shot*; and the church-yard was selected, and the grave prepared, in order to denote the fatality incurred by those who entered into a contest with him. He was famous, too, at athletic sports, but was never known to communicate the secret of the fatal blow; he also taught the sword exercise, at which he was considered to be a proficient.

On the morning after his arrival, the town in which we have laid the scene of this legend felt the usual impulse of an intense curiosity to see so celebrated a character. The Dead Boxer, however, appeared to be exceedingly anxious to gratify this natural propensity. He walked out from the head inn, where he had stopped, attended by

his servant, merely, it would appear, to satisfy them as to the very slight chance which the stoutest of them had in standing before a man whose blow was so fatal, and whose frame so prodigiously herculean.

Twelve o'clock was the hour at which he deemed proper to make his appearance, and as it happened also to be the market-day of the town, the crowd which followed him was unprecedented. The old and young, the hale and feeble of both sexes, all rushed out to see, with feelings of fear and wonder, the terrible and far-famed Dead Boxer. The report of his arrival had already spread far and wide into the county, and persons belonging to every class and rank of life might be seen hastening on horseback, and more at full speed on foot, that they might, if possible, catch an early glimpse of him. The most sporting characters among the nobility and gentry of the county, fighting peers, fire-eaters, snuff-candle squires, members of the hell-fire and jockey clubs, guagers, gentlemen farmers, bluff yeomen, labourers, cudgel players, parish pugilists, men of renown within a district of ten square miles, all jostled each other in hurrying to see, and if possible to have speech of, the Dead Boxer. Not a word was spoken that day, except with reference to him, nor a conversation introduced, the topic of which was not the Dead Boxer. In the town every window was filled with persons straining to get a view of him; so were the tops of the houses, the dead walls, and all the cars, gates, and available eminences within sight of the way along which he went.—Having thus perambulated the town, he returned to the market-cross, which, as we have said, stood immediately in front of his inn. Here, attended by music, he personally published his challenge in a deep and sonorous voice, calling upon the corporation in right of his championship, to produce a man in ten clear days ready to undertake battle with him as a pugilist, or otherwise to pay him the sum of fifty guineas out of their own proper exchequer.

Having thus thrown down his gauntlet, the musicians played a dead march, and there was certainly something wild and fearful in the association produced by these strains of death and the fatality of encountering him. This

challenge he repeated at the same place and hour during three successive days, after which he calmly awaited the result.

In the mean time, certain circumstances came to light, which not only developed many cruel and profligate traits in his disposition, but also enabled the worthy inhabitants of the town to ascertain several facts relating to his connections, which in no small degree astonished them. The candid and modest female whose murder and robbery had been planned by Nell M'Collum, resided with him as his wife: at least if he did not acknowledge her as such, no person who had an opportunity of witnessing her mild and gentle deportment, ever for a moment conceived her capable of living with him in any other character. His conduct to her, however, was brutal in the extreme, nor was his open and unmanly cruelty lessened by the misfortune of her having lost the money which he had for years accumulated. With Nell M'Collum he was also acquainted, for he had given orders that she should be admitted to him whenever she deemed it necessary. Nell, though now at large, found her motions watched with a vigilance which no ingenuity on her part could baffle.—She knew this, and was resolved by caution to overreach those who dogged her so closely. Her intimacy with the Dead Boxer threw a shade of still deeper mystery around her own character and his. Both were supposed to be capable of entering into evil communion with supernatural beings, and both, of course, were looked upon with fear and hatred, modified, to be sure, by the peculiarity of their respective situations.

Let not our readers, however, suppose that young Lamh Laudher's disgrace was altogether lost in the widespread fame of the Dead Boxer. His high reputation for generous and manly feeling had given him too strong a hold upon the hearts of all who knew him, to be at once discarded by them from public conversation as an indifferent person. His conduct filled them with wonder, it is true; but although the general tone of feeling respecting the robbery was decidedly in his favour, yet there still existed among the public, particularly in the faction that was hostile to him, enough

of doubt, openly expressed, to render it a duty to avoid him; particularly when this formidable suspicion was joined to the notorious fact of his cowardice in the rencounter with Meehaul Neil. Both subjects were therefore discussed with probably an equal interest: but it is quite certain that the rumour of Lamh Laudher's cowardice would alone have occasioned him, under the peculiar circumstances which drew it forth, to be avoided and branded with contumely. There was, in fact, then in existence among the rival factions of Ireland much of the military sense of honour which characterizes the British army at this day; nor is this spirit even yet wholly exploded from our humble countrymen. Poor Lamh Laudher was, therefore, an exile from his father's house, repulsed and avoided by all who had formerly been intimate with him.

There was another, individual, however, who deeply sympathized in all he felt, because she knew that for her sake it had been incurred; we allude to Ellen Neil. Since the night of their last interview, she too had been scrupulously watched by her relations. But what vigilance can surpass the ingenuity of love? Although her former treacherous confidant had absconded, yet the incident of the Dead Boxer's arrival had been the means of supplying her with a friend, into whose bosom she felt that she could pour out all the anxieties of her heart. This was no other than the Dead Boxer's wife; and there was this peculiarity in the interest which she took in Ellen's distresses, that it was only a return of the sympathy which Ellen felt in the unhappy woman's sufferings. The conduct of her husband was indefensible; for while he treated her with shameful barbarity, it was evident that his bad passions and his judgment were at variance, with respect to the estimate which he formed of her character. In her honesty he placed every confidence, and permitted her to manage his money and regulate his expenses; but this was merely because her frugality and economic habits gratified his parsimony, and fostered one of his strongest passions, which was avarice. There was something about this amiable creature that won powerfully upon the affections of Ellen Neil; and in entrusting her with the secret of her love,

she felt assured that she had not misplaced it. Their private conversations, therefore, were frequent, and their communications unreserved on both sides, so far as woman can bestow confidence and friendship on the subject of her affections or her duty.—This intimacy did not long escape the prying eyes of Nell McCollum, who soon took means to avail herself of it for purposes which will shortly become evident.

It was about the sixth evening after the day on which the Dead Boxer had published his challenge, that, having noticed Nell from a window as she passed the inn, he despatched a waiter with a message that she should he sent up to him. Previous to this the hag had been several times with his wife, on whom she laid serious injunctions never to disclose to her husband the relationship between them. The woman had never done so, for in fact the acknowledgment of Nell, as her mother, would have been to any female whose feelings had not been made callous by the world, a painful and distressing task. Nell was the more anxious on this point, as she feared that such a disclosure would have frustrated her own designs.

"Well, Granny," said he, when Nell entered, "any word of the money?"

Nell cautiously shut the door, and stood immediately fronting him, her hand at some distance from her side, supported by her staff, and her grey glittering eyes fixed upon him with that malicious look which she could never banish from her countenance.

"The money will come," she replied, "in good time. I've a charm near ready that'll get a clue to it. I'm watchin' him—an' I'm watched myself—an' Ellen's watched. He has hardly a house to put his head in; but *no bocklish*! I'll bring you an' him together—ay, *dher manim*, an' I'll make him give you the first blow; after that, if you don't give him one, it's your own fault."

"Get the money first, granny. I won't give him the blow till it is safe."

"Won't you?" replied the beldame; "ay, *dher Creeetha*, will you, whin you know what I have to tell you about him an'—an'—"

"And who, granny?"

"*Diowoul*, man, but I'm afraid to tell you, for fraid you'd kill me."

"Tut, Nelly—I'd not strike an Obeah-woman," said he laughing.

"I suspect foul play between him an'—*her*!"

"Eh? Fury of hell, no?"

"He's very handsome," said the other, "an' young—far younger than you are, by thirteen—"

"Go on—go on," said the Dead Boxer, interrupting her, and clenching his fist, whilst his eyes literally glowed like live coals, "go on—I'll murder him; but not till—yes, I'll murder him at a blow. I will; but no—not till you secure the money *first*. If I give him the blow—*THE BOX*—I might never get it, granny. A dead man gives back nothing."

"I suspect," replied Nell, "that the *arraghid*—that is, the money—is in other hands. Lord preserve us! but it's a wicked world, blackey!"

"Where is it?" said the Boxer, with a vehemence of manner resembling that of a man who was ready to sink to perdition for his wealth. "Devil! and furies! where is it?"

"Where is it?" said the imperturbable Nell; "why *manim* a *yeah*, man, sure you don't think that I know where it is. I suspect that your landlord's daughter, his *raal* sweetheart, knows something about it;—but thin, you see, I can *prove* nothing; I only suspect. We must watch an' wait.—You know *she* wouldn't prosecute him."

"We *will* watch an' wait—but I'll finish *him*. Tell me, Nell—fury of hell, woman—can it be possible—no—well—I'll murder him, though; but can it be possible that *she's* guilty? eh? She wouldn't prosecute him!—No—no—she would not!"

"She is not worthy of you, blackey. Lord save us! Well, throth, I remember whin you wor in Lord S—'s; you were a fine young man of your colour. I did something for the young Lord in my way then, an' I used to say, when I called to see *her*, that you wor a beauty, barrin the face. Sure enough, there was no lie in that.—Well—that was before you tuck to the fightin'; but I'm ravin'. Whisper, man. If you doubt what I'm sayin', watch the north corner of the orchard about nine to-night, an' you'll see a meetin' between *her* an' O'Rorke.—God be wid you! I must go."

"Stop!" said the Boxer; "don't—but *do* get a charm for the money."

"Good by," said Nell; "*you* a heart wid your money! No, *damh* *sheery* on the charm ever I'll get you, till you show more spunk. You! My curse on the money, man, when your disgrace is consarned!"

Nell passed rapidly, and with evident indignation, out of the room; nor could any entreaty on the part of the Dead Boxer induce her to return and prolong the dialogue.

She had said enough, however, to produce in his bosom torments almost equal to those of the damned. In several of their preceding dialogues, she had impressed him with a belief that young Lamh Laudher was the person who had robbed his wife; and now to the hatred that originated in a spirit of avarice, she added the deep and deadly one of jealousy. On the other hand, the Dead Boxer had, in fact, begun to feel the influence of Ellen Neil's beauty; and perhaps nothing would have given him greater satisfaction than the removal of a woman whom he no longer loved, except for those virtues which enabled him to accumulate money. And now, too, had he an equal interest in the removal of his double rival, whom, besides, he considered the spoliator of his hoarded property. The loss of this money certainly stung him to the soul, and caused his unfortunate wife to suffer a tenfold degree of persecution and misery. When to this we add his sudden passion for Ellen Neil, we may easily conceive what she must have endured. Nell, at all events, felt satisfied that she had shaped the strong passions of her savage dupe in the way best calculated to gratify that undying spirit of vengeance which she had so long nurtured against the family of Lamh Laudher. The Dead Boxer, too, was determined to prosecute his amour with Ellen Neil, not more to gratify his lawless affection for her, than his twofold hatred of Lamh Laudher.

At length nine o'clock arrived, and the scene must change to the northern part of Sheemus Neil's orchard. The Dead Boxer threw a cloak around him, and issuing through the back door of the inn, entered the garden, which was separated from the orchard only by a low clipped hedge of young whitethorn, in the middle of which stood a small gate. In a moment he was in

the orchard, and from behind its low wall he perceived a female proceeding to the northern side, muffled like himself in a cloak which he immediately recognised to be that of his wife. His teeth became locked together with the most deadly resentment; his features twitched with the convulsive spasms of rage, and his nostrils were distended as if his victims stood already within his grasp. He instantly threw himself over the wall, and nothing but the crashing weight of his tread could have saved the lives of the two unsuspecting persons before him. Startled, however, by the noise of his footsteps, Lamh Laudher turned round to observe who it was that followed them, and immediately the massy and colossal Black, now stripped of his cloak,—for he had thrown it aside,—stood in their presence. The female instinctively drew the cloak round her face, and Lamh Laudher was about to ask why he followed them, when the Boxer approached him in an attitude of assault.

With a calmness almost unparalleled under the circumstances, Lamh Laudher desired the female by no means to cling to him.

"If you do," said he, "I am murdered where I stand."

"No," she shrieked, "you shall not. Stand back, man; stand back. If you murder him I will take care you shall suffer for it. Stand back. Lamh Laudher never injured you."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Boxer in reply; "why, what is this? Who have we here?"

Ellen, for it was she, had already thrown back the cloak from her features, and stepped forward between them.

"Well, I am glad it is you," said the black, "and so may he. Come, I shall conduct you home."

He caught her arm as he spoke, and drew her over to his side like an infant.

"Come, my pretty girl, come; I will treat you tenderly, and all I shall ask is a kiss in return. Here, young fellow," said he to Lamh Laudher, with a sense of bitter triumph, "I will show you that one black kiss is worth two white ones."

Heavy, hard, and energetic was the blow which the Dead Boxer received upon the temple, as the reply of Lamh

Laudher, and dead was the crash of his tremendous body on the earth. Ellen looked around her with amazement.

"Come," said she, seizing her lover's arm, and dragging him onward: "gracious heaven! I hope you haven't killed him. Come, John; the time is short, and we must make the most of it. That villain, as I told you before, is a villain. Oh! if you knew it!—John, I have been the manes of your disgrace and suffering, but I am willing to do what I can to remedy that. Is your disgrace, Ellen will be ready, in four days from this, to become your wife. John, come to meet me no more. I will send that villain's innocent wife to your aunt Alley's, where you now live. I didn't expect to see you myself; but I got an opportunity, and besides she was too unwell to bring my message, which was to let you know what I now tell you."

John, ere he replied, looked behind him at the Dead Boxer, and appeared as if struck with some sudden thought.

"He is movin'," said he, "an' on this night I don't wish to meet him again; but—yes, Ellen, yes—God bless you for the words you've said: but how could *you* for one minute doubt me about the robbery?"

"I did not, John—I did not; and if I did, think of your own words at our meetin' in the Quarry; it was but a small suspicion though,—no more. No, no; *at heart* I never doubted you."

"Ellen," said John, "hear me. You never will become my wife till my disgrace is wiped away. I love you too well ever to see you blush for your husband. My mind's made up—so say no more. Ay, an' I tell you that to live three months in this state would break my heart."

"Poor John!" she exclaimed, as they separated, and the words were followed by a gush of tears, "I know that there is not one of them, in either of the factions, so noble in heart and thought as *you* are."

"I'll prove that soon, Ellen; but never till my name is fair and clear, an' without spot, can *you* be *my* wife. Good night, dearest. In every thing but *that* I'll be guided by you."

They then separated, and immediately the Dead Boxer, like a drunken man, went tottering, rather crestfallen,

towards the Inn. On reaching his own room, his rage appeared quite ungovernable; he stormed, stamped, and raved, on reflecting that any one was able to knock him down. He called for brandy and water, with a curse to the waiter, swore deeply between every sip, and ultimately despatched another messenger for Nell M'Collum.

"That Obeah woman's playing on me," he exclaimed; "because my face is black, she thinks me a fool. Fury of hell! I neither know what she is, nor who the *other* is! But I *will* know."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Nell, gliding into the apartment.—"You can say little, blackey, or think little, avournceen, that *I'll* not know. As to who *she* is, you needn't ax—she won't be long troublin' you; an' in regard of myself, I'm what you see me, an' somethin' over an' above. So don't vex me. Arra, *dher ma chuirp*, man alive, I could lave you in one night that a boy in his first *breestha* (small clothes) could bate the marrow out of you."

"Where did you come from now, granny?"

"From *her* room; she's sick—that was what prevented her from meetin' Lamh Laudher."

"Granny, do you know who she is? I'm tired of her—sick of her."

"You know enough about her to satisfy you. Wasn't she a beautiful crature when Lady S— tuck her into the family, an' reared her till she was fit to wait upon herself. Warn't you then sarvant to the ould Lord, an' didn't I make her marry you, something against her will too; but she did it to plase me. That was before "buildin' churches" *druv* you out of the family, an' made you take to the fightin' trade."

"Granny, you must bring this young fellow across me. Damnation! woman, do you know what he did? He knocked me down, granny—struck me senseless! Fury of hell! *Me!* Only for attempting to kiss his sweetheart!"

"Ha!" said Nell bitterly, "keep that to yourself, for heaven's sake! *Dher ma Chuirp*, man, if it was known, his name 'ud be higher up than ever. Be my sowl, any how, that was the *Lamh Laudher blow*, my boy, an' what that is, is well known. The devil curse him for it!"

"Granny, you must assist me in three things. Find a clew to the money—bring this fellow in my way, as you promised—and help me with the landlord's daughter."

"Is there nothin' else?"

"What?"

"*She's* sick."

"Well, let her die then—I don't care."

"In the *other* things I will help you," said Nell; "but you must clear your own way *there*. I can do every thing but *that*. I have a son myself, an' my hands is tied against blood till I find *him* out. I could like to see some people withered, but I can't kill."

"Well, except *her* case, we understand one another. Good night, then."

"You must work *that* for yourself. Good night!"

In the mean time a circumstance occurred which scarcely any person who heard it could at first believe. About twelve o'clock the next day, the house of Lamh Laudher More was surrounded with an immense crowd, and the whole town seemed to be in a state of peculiar animation and excitement. Groups met, stood, and eagerly accosted each other upon some topic that evidently excited equal interest and astonishment.

LAMH LAUDHER OGE HAD CHALLENGED THE DEAD BOXER!

True. On that morning, at an early hour, the proscribed young man waited upon the Sovereign of the town, and requested to see him. Immediately after his encounter with the black the preceding night, and while Ellen Neil offered to compensate him for the obloquy she had brought upon his name, he formed the dreadful resolution of sending him a challenge. In very few words he stated his intention to the Sovereign, who looked upon him as insane.

"No, no," replied that gentleman, "go home, O'Rorke, and banish the idea out of your head; it is madness."

"But I say *yes, yes*, with great respect to you, Sir," observed Lamh Laudher. "I've been banished from my father's house, and treated with scorn by all that know me, because they think me a coward. Now, I'll let them know I'm no coward."

"But you will certainly be killed," said the Sovereign.

"That's to be seen," observed the young man; "at all events, I'd as soon be dead as livin' in disgrace. I'll thank you, Sir, as the head of the town, to let the black know that Lamh Laudher Oge will fight him."

"For heaven's sake, reflect a moment upon the—"

"My mind's made up to fight," said the other, interrupting him. "No power on earth will prevent me, Sir. So if you don't choose to send the challenge, I'll bring it myself."

The Sovereign shook his head, as if conscious of what the result must be.

"That is enough," said he; "as you are fixed on your own destruction, the challenge will be given; but I trust you will think better of it."

"Let him know, if you please," added Lamh Laudher, "that on to-morrow at twelve o'clock we must fight."

The magistrate nodded, and Lamh Laudher immediately took his leave. In a short time the intelligence spread. From the Sovereign it passed to his clerk; from the clerk to the other members of the corporation; and, ere an hour, the town was in a blaze with the intelligence.

"Did you hear what's reported?" was the general question.

Lamh Laudher Oge has challenged the Dead Boxer!

The reader already knows how bitterly public opinion had set in against our humble hero; but it would be difficult to describe, in terms sufficiently vivid, the rapid and powerful re-action which now took place in his favour. Every one pitied him, praised him, remembered his former prowess, and, after finding some palliative for his degrading interview with Meehaul Neil, concluded with expressing a firm conviction that he had undertaken a fatal task. When the rumour had reached his parents, the blood ran cold in their veins, and their natural affection, now roused into energy, grasped at an object that was about to be violently removed from it. Their friends and neighbours, as we have stated, came to their house for the purpose of dissuading their son against so rash and terrible an undertaking.

"It mustn't be," said they, "for whatever was over him wid Meehaul Neil, we know now he's no coward, an' that's enough. We mustn't see him

beat dead before our eyes, at all events. Where is he?"

"He's at his aunt's," replied the father; "undher *this* roof he says he will never come, till his fame is cleared. Heavens above! For him to think of fightin' a man that kills every one he fights wid!"

The mother's outcries were violent, as were those of his female relations, whilst a solemn, and even mournful spirit brooded upon the countenances of his own faction. It was resolved that his parents and friends should now wait upon him, and, by every argument and remonstrance in their power, endeavour to change the rashness of his purpose.

The young man received them with a kind, but somewhat of a sorrowful spirit. The father, uncovered, and with his grey locks flowing down upon his shoulders, approached him—extended his hand, and with an infirm voice said—

"Give me your hand, John. You're welcome to your father's heart an' your father's roof once more!"

The son put his arms across his breast, and bowed his head respectfully, but declined receiving his father's hand.

"Not, father—father dear—not till my name is cleared."

"John," said the old man now in tears, "will you refuse *me*? You are my only son, my only child, an' I cannot lose you. Your name is cleared."

"Father," said the son, "*I've sworn*; it's now too late. My heart, father, has been crushed by what has happened lately. I found little charity among my friends. I say, I cannot change my mind, for I've sworn to fight him. And even if I had not sworn, I couldn't, as a man, but do it, for he has insulted them that I love better than my own life. I knew you would want to persuade me against what I'm doin'—an' that was why I bound myself this mornin' by an oath."

The mother, who had been detained a few minutes behind them, now entered, and on hearing that he had refused to decline the battle, exclaimed—

"Who says that Lamh Laudher Oge won't obey his mother? Who dare say it? Wasn't he ever an' always an obadient son to me an' his father? I won't believe that lie of my boy, so more than I ever believed a word

of what was sed against him. *Shawn Oge, aroon*, you won't refuse me, *avilish*. What 'ud become of me, *avick ma chree*, if you fight him? Would you have the mother's heart broken, an' our roof childless all out? We lost *one* as it is—the daughter of our heart is gone, an' we don't know how—an' now is your father an' me to lie down an' die in desolation widout a child to shed a tear over us, or to put up one prayer for our happiness?"

The young man's eyes filled with tears; but his cheek reddened, and he dashed them hastily aside.

"No, my boy, my glorious boy, won't refuse to save his mother's heart from breakin'; ay, and his grey hair'd father's too—he won't kill us both—my boy won't,—nor send us to the grave before our time!"

"Mother," said he, "if I could I—Oh! no, no. Now, it's too late—If I didn't fight him, I'd be a perjured man. You know," he added, smiling, "there's something in a Lamh Laudher's blow, as well as in the Dead Boxer's. Isn't it said, that a Lamh Laudher needn't strike two blows, when he sends his strength with one."

He stretched out his powerful arm, as he spoke, with a degree of pride, not unbecoming his youth, spirit, and amazing strength and activity.

"Do not," he added, "either vex me, or sink my spirits. I'm sworn, an' I'll fight him. That's my mind, and it will not change."

The whole party felt, by the energy and decision with which he pronounced the last words, that he was immovable. His resolution filled them with melancholy, and an absolute sense of death. They left him, therefore, in silence, with the exception of his parents, whose grief was bitter and excessive.

When the Dead Boxer heard that he had been challenged, he felt more chagrin than satisfaction, for his avarice was disappointed; but when he understood from those members of the corporation who waited on him, that Lamh Laudher was the challenger, the livid fire of mingled rage and triumph which blazed in his large blood-shot eyes absolutely frightened the worthy burghers.

"I'm glad of that," said he—"here Joe, I desire you to go and get a coffin made, six feet long and properly wide—we will give him room enough;

tchee! tchee! tchee!—ah! tchee! tchee! tchee! I'm glad, gentlemen.—Herrr! agh! tchee! tchee! I'm glad, I'm glad!"

In this manner did he indulge in the wild and uncouth glee of a savage as ferocious as he was powerful.

"We have a quare proverb here, Misther Black," said one of the worthy burghers, "that, be my sowl, may be you never heard!"

"Tchee! tchee! agh! What is that?" said the boxer, shewing his white teeth and blubber lips in a furious grin, whilst the eyes which he fastened on the poor burgher blazed up once more, as if he was about to annihilate him.

"What is it, Sar?"

"Faith," said the burgher, making towards the door, "I'll tell you that when I'm on the safe side o' the room—devil a haporth, barrin' that neither you nor any man ought to reckon your chickens before they are hatched. Make money of *that*;" and after having discharged this pleasantry at the black, the worthy burgher made a hasty exit down stairs, followed at a more dignified pace by his companions.

The Dead Boxer in preparing for battle observed a series of forms peculiar to himself, which were certainly of an appalling character. As a proof that the challenge was accepted, he ordered a black flag, which he carried about with him, to wave from a window of the inn, a circumstance which thrilled all who saw it with an awful certainty of Lamh Laudher's death. He then gave orders for the drums to be beaten, and a dead march to be played before him, whilst he walked slowly up the town and back, conversing occasionally with some of those who immediately surrounded him. When he arrived nearly opposite the market-house, some person pointed out to him a small hut that stood in a situation isolated from the other houses of the street.

"There," added his informant, "is the house where *Lamh Laudher Oge's* aunt lives, and where he himself has lived since he left his father's."

"Ah!" said the black pausing, "is he within, do you think?"

One of the crowd immediately inquired, and replied to him in the affirmative.

"Will any of you," continued the boxer, "bring me over a half-hundred

weight from the market crane? I will shew this fellow what a poor chance he has. If he is so strong in the arm and active as is reported, I desire he will imitate me. Let the music stop a moment."

The crowd was now on tiptoe, and all necks were stretched over the shoulders of those who stood before them, in order to see, if possible, what the feat could be which he intended to perform. Having received the half-hundred weight from the hands of the man who brought it, he approached the widow's cottage, and sent in a person to apprise *Lamh Laudher* of his intention to throw it over the house, and to request that he would witness this proof of his strength. *Lamh Laudher* delayed a few minutes, and the Dead Boxer stood in the now silent crowd, awaiting his appearance, when accidentally glancing into the door, he started as if stung by a serpent. A flash and a glare of his fierce blazing eyes followed.

"Ha! damnation! true as hell!" he exclaimed, "*she's* with him! Ha!—the Obeah woman was right—the Obeah woman was right. Guilt, guilt, guilt! Ha!"

With terror and fury upon his huge dark features, he advanced a step or two into the cottage, and in a voice that resembled the undergrowl of an enraged bull, said to his wife, for it was she—"You will never repeat this—I am aware of you; I know you now! Fury! prepare yourself; I say so to you. Ha!" Neither she nor *Lamh Laudher* had an opportunity of replying to him, for he ran in a mood perfectly savage to the half-hundred weight, which he caught by the ring, whirled it round him two or three times, and, to the amazement of the thousands who were crowded about him, flung it over the roof of the cottage.

Lamh Laudher had just left the cabin in time to witness the feat, as well as to observe more closely the terrific being in his full strength and fury, with whom he was to wage battle on the following day. Those who watched his countenance, observed that it blanched for a moment, and that the colour came and went upon his cheek.

"Now, young fellow," said the Boxer, "get behind the cabin and throw back the weight.

Lamh Laudher hesitated, but ulti-

mately was proceeding to make the attempt, when a voice from the crowd, in tones that were evidently disguised, shouted.

"Don't be a fool, young man; husband your strength, for you will want it."

The Dead Boxer started again—"Ha!" he exclaimed, after listening acutely, "fury of hell! are you there? ha! I'll grasp *you* yet, though."

The young man, however, felt the propriety of this friendly caution—"The person who spoke is right," said he, "whoever he is. I *will* husband my strength," and he passed again into the cabin.

The Boxer's countenance exhibited dark and fitting shadows of rage. That which in an European cheek would have been the redness of deep resentment, appeared on his, as the scarlet blood struggled with the gloomy hue of his complexion, rather like a tincture that seemed to borrow its character more from the darkness of his soul, than from the colour of his skin. His brow, black and lowering as a thunder-cloud, hung fearfully over his eyes, which he turned upon *Lamh Laudher* when entering the hut, as if he could have struck him dead with a look. Having desired the drums to beat, and the dead march to be resumed, he proceeded along the streets until he arrived at the inn, from the front of which the dismal flag of death flapped slowly and heavily in the breeze. At this moment the death-bell of the town church tolled, and the sexton of the parish bustled through the crowd to inform him that the grave which he had ordered to be made was ready.

The solemnity of these preparations, joined to the almost super-human proof of bodily strength which he had just given, depressed every heart, when his young and generous adversary was contrasted with him. Deep sorrow for the fate of *Lamh Laudher* prevailed throughout the town: the old men sighed at the folly of his rash and fatal obstinacy, and the females shed tears at the sacrifice of one whom all had loved. From the inn, hundreds of the crowd rushed to the church-yard, where they surveyed the newly made grave with shudderings and wonder at the strangeness of the events which had occurred in the course of the day. The death

music, the muffled drums, the black flag, the mournful tolling of the sullen bell, together with the deep grave that lay open before them, appeared rather to resemble the fearful pageant of a gloomy dream, than the reality of incidents that actually passed before their eyes. Those who came to see the grave departed with heaviness and a sad foreboding of what was about to happen; but fresh crowds kept pouring towards it for the remainder of the day, until the dusky shades of a summer night drove them to their own hearths, and left the church-yard silent.

The appearance of the Dead Boxer's wife in the house where Lamh Laudher resided, confirmed, in its worst sense, that which Nell M'Collum had suggested to him. It is unnecessary to describe the desolating sweep of passion which a man, who like him, was the slave of strong resentments, must have suffered. It was not only from motives of avarice and a natural love of victory that he felt anxious to fight; to these was now added a dreadful certainty that Lamh Laudher was the man in existence who had inflicted on him an injury, for which nothing but the pleasure of crushing him to atoms with his own hands, could atone. The approaching battle, therefore, with his direst enemy, was looked upon by the Dead Boxer as an opportunity of glutting his revenge. When the crowd had dispersed, he called a waiter, and desired him to inquire if his wife had returned. The man retired to ascertain, and the Boxer walked backwards and forwards in a state of mind easily conceived, muttering curses and vows of vengeance against her and Lamh Laudher. After some minutes he was informed that she had not returned, upon which he gave orders that on the very instant of her appearance at the Inn, she should be sent to him.—The waiter's story in this instance was incorrect; but the wife's apprehension of his violence, overcame every other consideration, and she resolved for some time to avoid him. He had, in fact, on more than one occasion, openly avowed his jealousy of her and O'Rorke, and that in a manner which made the unhappy woman tremble for her life. She felt, therefore from what had just occurred at Widow Rorke's cabin, that she must separate herself

from him, especially as he was susceptible neither of reason nor remonstrance. Every thing conspired to keep his bad passions in a state of tumult. Nell M'Collum, whom he wished to consult once more upon the recovery of his money, could not be found. This, too, galled him; for avarice, except during the whirlwind of jealousy, was the basis of his character—the predominant passion of his heart. After cooling a little, he called for his servant, who had been in the habit of acting for him in the capacity of second, and began, with his assistance, to make preparations for tomorrow's battle.

Nothing now could exceed the sympathy which was felt for young Lamh Laudher, yet, except among his immediate friends, there was little exertion made to prevent him from accelerating his own fate. So true is it that public feeling scruples not to gratify its appetite for excitement, even at the risk or actual cost of human life.—His parents and relations mourned him as if he had been already dead. The grief of his mother had literally broken down her voice so much, that from hoarseness, she was almost unintelligible. His aged father sat and wept like a child; and it was in vain that any of their friends attempted to console them. During the latter part of the day, every melancholy stroke of the death bell, pierced their hearts: the dead march, too, and the black flag waving, as if in triumph over the lifeless body of their only son, the principal support of their declining years, filled them with a gloom and terror, which death, in its common shape, would not have inspired. This savage pageant on the part of the Dead Boxer, besides being calculated to daunt the heart of any man who might accept his challenge, was a cruel mockery of the solemnities of death. In this instance it produced such a sensation as never had been felt in that part of the country. An uneasy feeling of wild romance, mingled with apprehension, curiosity, fear, and amazement, all conspired to work upon the imaginations of a people in whom that quality is exuberant, until the general excitement became absolutely painful.

Perhaps there was not one among his nearest friends who felt more profound regret for having been the occasion of his disgrace, and consequent-

ly of the fate to which he had exposed him, than Meehaul Neil. In the course of that day he sent his father to old Lamh Laudher, to know if young O'Rorke would grant him an interview, the object of which was to dissuade him against the battle.

"Tell him," said the latter, with a composure still tinged with a sorrowful spirit, "that I will not see him to-day. To-morrow I may, and if I don't, tell him that for his sister's sake, he has my forgiveness."

The introduction of the daughter's name shortened the father's visit, who left him in silence.

Ellen, however, had struggles to endure which pressed upon her heart with an anguish bitter in proportion to the secrecy rendered necessary by the dread of her relations. From the moment she heard of Lamh Laudher's challenge, and saw the funeral appendages with which the Dead Boxer had darkened the preparations for the fight, she felt her heart sink, from a consciousness that she had been indirectly the murderess of her lover.—Her countenance became ghastly pale, and her frame was seized with a tremor which she could hardly conceal. She would have been glad to have shed tears, but tears were denied her. Except the Boxer's wife, there was none to whom she could disclose her misery; but, alas! for once, that amiable creature was incapable of affording her consolation. She, herself, felt distress resulting both from the challenge, and her husband's jealousy, almost equal to that of Ellen.

"I know not how it is," said she, "but I cannot account for the interest I feel in that young man. Yet, surely, it is natural, when we consider that I owe my life to him. Still independently of that, I never heard his voice, that it did not fall upon my heart like the voice of a friend. We must, if possible, change his mind," she added, wiping away her tears, "for I know that if he fights that terrible man, he will be killed."

At Ellen's request, she consented to see Lamh Laudher, with a view of entreating him, in her name, to decline the fight. Nor were her own solicitations less urgent. With tears and grief which could not be affected, she besought him not to rush upon certain death—said that Ellen could not sur-

vive it—pleaded the claims of his aged parents, and left no argument untouched that could apply to his situation and conduct. Lamh Laudher, however, was inexorable, and she relinquished an attempt that she felt to be ineffectual. The direction of her husband's attention so unexpectedly to Widow Rorke's cabin, at that moment, and his discovery of her interview with Lamh Laudher, determined her, previously acquainted as she had been with his jealousy, to keep out of his reach, until some satisfactory explanation could be given. Ellen, however, could not rest; her grief had so completely overborne all other considerations, that she cared little, now, whether her friends perceived it or not.—On one thing she was fixed, and that was, to prevent Lamh Laudher from encountering the Dead Boxer. With this purpose she wrapped herself in a cloak about ten o'clock, and careless whether she was observed or not, went directly towards his aunt's house.—About two-thirds of the way had probably been traversed, when a man, wrapped up in a cloak, like herself, accosted her in a low voice, not much above a whisper:

"Miss Neil," said he, "I don't think it would be hard to guess where you are going."

"Who are you that asks?" said Ellen.

"No matter; but if you happen to see young O'Rorke to night, I have a message to send him that may serve him."

"Who are you?" again inquired Ellen.

"One that cautions *you* to beware of the Dead Boxer, one that pities and respects his unfortunate wife, and one who, as I said, can serve O'Rorke."

"For God's sake, then, if you can, be quick; for there's little time to be lost;" said Ellen.

"Give him this message," replied the man, and he whispered half a dozen words into her ear.

"Is *that* true?" she asked him, "and may he depend upon it?"

"He may, as there's a God above me. Good night!" He passed on at a rapid pace.

When Ellen entered his aunt's humble cabin, *Lamh Laudher* had just risen from his knees. Devotion, or piety if you will, as it is in many cases, though

undirected by knowledge, may be frequently found among the peasantry associated with objects that would appear to have but little connection with it. When he saw her he exclaimed with something like disappointment;—

"Ah! Ellen dear, why did *you* come? I would rather *you* hadn't crossed me now, darling."

His manner was marked by the same melancholy sedateness which we have already described. He knew the position in which he stood, and did not attempt to disguise what he felt. His apparent depression, however, had a dreadful effect upon Ellen, who sat down on a stool, and threw back the hood of her cloak; but the aunt placed a little circular arm chair for her somewhat nearer the fire. She declined it in a manner that argued something like incoherence, which occasioned O'Rorke to glance at her more earnestly. He started, on observing the wild lustre of her eye, and the woe-begone paleness of her cheek.

"Ellen," said he, "how is this? Has anything frightened you? Merciful mother! aunt, look at her!"

The distracted girl sank before him on her knees, locked her hands together, and while her eyes sparkled with an unsettled light, exclaimed,

"John!—John!—Lamh Laudher Oge—forgive me, *before you die!* I have murdered you!"

"Ellen, love, Ellen!"—

Do you *forgive me?* do you? Your blood is upon me, Lamh Laudher Oge!"

"Heavens above! Aunt, she's turned!—Do I forgive *you*, my heart's own treasure? How did you ever offend me, my darling? You know you never did. But *if* you ever did, my own Ellen, I do forgive you."

"But I murdered you—and that was because my brother said *he* would do it—an' I got afraid, John, that he might do you harm, an' afraid to tell you too—an'—an'—so you promise me you won't fight the Dead Boxer? Thank God! thank God! then your blood will *not* be upon me!"

"Aunt, she's lost," he exclaimed, "the brain of my *colleen dhas* is turned!"

"John, won't you save *me* from the Dead Boxer? There's nobody able to do it but you, Lamh Laudher Oge!"

"Aunt, aunt, my girl's destroyed," said John, "her heart's broke! Ellen!"

"But to-morrow, John—to-morrow—sure you won't fight him to-morrow?—If you do—if you do—he'll kill you—an' 'twas I that—that."

O'Rorke had not thought of raising her from the posture in which she addressed him, so completely had he been overcome by the frantic vehemence of her manner. He now snatched her up, and placed her in the little arm chair alluded to; but she had scarcely been seated in it, when her hands became clenched, her head sank, and the heavy burthen of her sorrows was forgotten in a long fit of insensibility.

Lamh Laudher's distraction and alarm prevented him from rendering her much assistance; but the aunt was more cool, and succeeded with considerable difficulty in restoring her to life. The tears burst in thick showers from her eye-lids, she drew her breath vehemently and rapidly, and, after looking wildly around her, indulged in that natural grief which relieves the heart by tears. In a short time she became composed, and was able to talk collectedly and rationally.

This, indeed, was the severest trial that Lamh Laudher had yet sustained. With all the force of an affection as strong and tender as it was enduring and disinterested, she urged him to relinquish his determination to meet the Dead Boxer on the following day. John soothed her, chid her, and even bantered her, as a cowardly girl, unworthy of being the sister of Meehaul Neil, but to her, as to all who had attempted to change his purpose, he was immoveable. No; the sense of his disgrace had sunk too deeply into his heart, and the random allusions just made by Ellen herself to the Dead Boxer's villany, but the more inflamed his resentment against him.

On finding his resolution irrevocable, she communicated to him in a whisper the message which the stranger had sent him. Lamh Laudher, after having heard it, raised his arm rapidly, and his eye gleamed with something like the exultation of a man who has discovered a secret that he had been intensely anxious to learn. Ellen could now delay no longer, and their separation resembled that of persons who never expect to meet again. If Lamh Laudher could at this moment have affected even a show of cheerfulness, in spite of Ellen's depression it would have given her

great relief. Still, on her part, their parting was a scene of agony and distress which no description could reach, and on his, it was sorrowful and tender; for neither felt certain that they would ever behold each other in life again.

A dark sunless morning opened the eventful day of this fearful battle. Gloom and melancholy breathed a sad spirit over the town and adjacent country. A sullen breeze was abroad, and black clouds drifted slowly along the heavy sky. The Dead Boxer again had recourse to his pageantries of death. The funeral bell tolled heavily during the whole morning, and the black flag flapped more dismally in the sluggish blast than before. At an early hour the town began to fill with myriads of people. Carriages and cars, horsemen and pedestrians, all thronged in one promiscuous stream towards the scene of interest. A dense multitude stood before the inn, looking with horror on the death flag, and watching for a glimpse of the fatal champion. From this place hundreds of them passed to the house of Lamh Laudher More, and on hearing that the son resided in his aunt's, they hurried towards her cabin to gratify themselves with a sight of the man who dared to wage battle with the Dead Boxer. From this cabin, as on the day before, they went to the churchyard, where a platform had been already erected beside the grave. Against the railings of the platform stood the black coffin intended for Lamh Laudher, decorated with black ribbons that fluttered gloomily in the blast. The sight of this and of the grave completed the wonder and dread which they felt. As every fresh mass of the crowd arrived, low murmurs escaped them, they raised their heads and eyes exclaiming,—

“Poor Lamh Laudher! God be merciful to him!”

As the morning advanced, O'Rorke's faction, as a proof that they were determined to consider the death of their leader as murder, dressed themselves in red ribbons, a custom occasionally observed in Ireland even now, at the funerals of those who have been murdered. Their appearance passing to and fro among the crowd made the scene with all its associations absolutely terrible. About eleven o'clock they went in a body to widow Rorke's, for the purpose of once more attempt-

ing to dissuade him against the fight. Here a most unexpected intelligence awaited them; LAMH LAUDHER OGE HAD DISAPPEARED. The aunt stated that he had left the house with a strange man, early that morning, and that he had not returned. Ere many minutes the rumour was in every part of the town, and strong disappointment was felt, and expressed against him in several round oaths, by the multitude in general. His father, however, declared his conviction that his son would not shrink from what he had undertaken, and he who had not long before banished him for cowardice, now wept for his courage. At the old man's suggestion, his friends still adhered to their resolution of walking to the scene of conflict in a body.

At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, the black flag was removed from the inn window, the muffled drums beat, and the music played the same dead march as on the days of uttering the challenge. In a few minutes the Dead Boxer, accompanied by so me of the neighbouring gentry, made his appearance, preceded by the flag. From another point, the faction of Lam Laudher fluttering in blood-red ribbons, marched at a solemn pace towards the churchyard. On arriving opposite his aunt's, the mother wept aloud, and with one voice all the females who accompanied her, raised the Irish funeral cry. In this manner, surrounded by all the solemn emblems of death, where none was dead, they slowly advanced until they reached the platform. The Dead Boxer attended by his own servant, as second, now ascended the stage, where he stood for a few minutes, until his repeater struck twelve. That moment he began to strip, which having done, he advanced to the middle of the stage, and in a deep voice required the authorities of the town to produce their champion. To this no answer was returned, for not a man of them could account for the disappearance of Lamh Laudher. A wavy motion, such as passes over the forest top under a low blast, stirred the whole multitude: this was the result of many feelings, but that which prevailed amongst them was disappointment. A second time the Dead Boxer repeated the words, but except the stir and hum which we have described, there was not a voice heard in reply. Lamh Laudher's very friends

now felt mortified, and the decaying spirit of the Lamh Laudher More rallied for a moment. His voice alone was heard above the dead silence,—

"He *will* come, black," said he, "my son will come; and I would now rather see him dead than that he should fear to be a man."

He had scarcely spoken, when a loud cheer, which came rapidly onward, was heard outside the church-yard. A motion and a violent thrusting aside, accompanied by a second shout,—“he's here!” gave intimation of his approach. In about a minute, to the manifest delight of all present, young Lamh Laudher, besmeared with blood, leaped upon the platform. He looked gratefully at the crowd, and in order to prevent perplexing enquiries, simply said,

"Don't be alarmed—I had a slight accident; but I'm not the worse of it."

The cheers of the multitude were now enough to awaken the dead beneath them; and when they had ceased his father cried out—

"God support you, boy—you're my true son, an' I know you'll show them what the Lamh Laudher blood an' the Lamh Laudher blow is."

The young man looked about him for a moment, and appeared perplexed.

"I'm here alone," said he; "is there any among you that will second me?"

Hundreds immediately volunteered this office; but there was *one* who immediately sprung upon the stage, to the no small surprise of all present—it was Meehaul Neil. He approached Lamh Laudher and extended his hand, which was received with cordiality.

"Meehaul," said O'Rorke, "I thank you for this!"

"Do not," replied the other; "no man has such a *right* to stand by you *now* as I have. I never knew till this mornin' why you didn't strike me the last night we met."

The Dead Boxer stood with his arms folded, sometimes looking upon the crowd, and occasionally glaring at his young and fearless antagonist. The latter immediately stripped, and when he stood out erect and undaunted, upon the stage, although his proportions were perfect, and his frame active and massy, yet when measured with the Herculean size of the Dead Boxer, he appeared to have no chance.

"Now," said he to the Black, "by what rules are we to fight?"

"If you consult *me*," said the other, "perhaps it is best that every man should fight as he pleases. You decide that. I am the challenger."

"Take your own way, then," said O'Rorke, "but you have a secret, black; do you intend to use it?"

"Certainly, young fellow."

"I have *my* secret, too," said Lamh Laudher, "an' now I give you warning that I will put it in practice."

"All fair—but we are losing time," replied the man of colour, putting himself in an attitude; "Come on."

Their seconds stood back, and both advanced to the middle of the stage. The countenance of the black, and his huge chest, resembled rather a colossal statue of bronze, than the bust of a human being. His eye gleamed at Lamh Laudher with baleful flashes of intense hatred. The spectators saw, however, that the dimensions of Lamh Laudher gained considerably by his approximation to the black. The dusky colour of the Boxer added apparently to his size, whilst the healthful light which lay upon the figure of his opponent took away, as did his elegance, grace, and symmetry, from the uncommon breadth and fulness of his bust.

Several feints were made by the black, and many blows aimed, which Lamh Laudher, by his natural science and activity, parried; at length a blow upon the temple shot him to the boards with great violence, and the hearts of the spectators, which were all with him, became fearfully depressed.

Meehaul flew to his assistance, and O'Rorke, having been raised, shook his head, as if to throw off the influence of the blow. Neil afterwards declared that when coming to the second round, resentment and a sense of having suffered in the opinion of the multitude by the blow which brought him down, had strung his muscular power into such a state of concentration, that his arms became as hard as oak. On meeting again, he bounded at the Boxer, and by a single blow upon the eyebrow felled him like an ox. So quickly was it sent home, that the black had not activity to guard against it; on seeing which, a short and exulting cheer rose from the multitude. We are not now giving a detailed account of this battle, as if reporting it for a newspaper; it must suffice to say, that Lamh Laudher was knocked down twice, and

the Dead Boxer four times, in as many rounds. The black, on coming to the seventh round, laughed, whilst the blood trickled down his face. His frame appeared actually agitated with inward glee, and indeed a more appalling species of mirth was never witnessed.

It was just when he approached Lamh Laudher, chuckling hideously, his black visage reddened with blood, that a voice from the crowd shouted—

“He’s laughing—the blow’s coming—O’Rorke, remember your instructions.”

The Boxer advanced, and began a series of feints, with the intention of giving that murderous blow which he was never known to miss. He even threw out his foot in an attempt to kick Lamh Laudher’s leg or knee, when the latter, availing himself of his secret, with all his force and might kicked him severely upon the shin. The savage gave a yell, and stooped to rub the part, and at that moment Lamh Laudher struck home on the neck. The Dead Boxer fell, and from his ears, nostrils, and mouth, the clear blood sprang out, streaking, in a fearful manner, his dusky neck and chest. His second ran to raise him, but his huge, woolly head fell from side to side with an appearance of utter lifelessness.—

In a few minutes, however, he rallied, and began to snort violently, throwing his arms and limbs about him with a quivering energy, such as, in strong men who die unwasted by disease, frequently marks the struggle of death. At length he opened his eyes, and after fastening them upon his triumphant opponent with one last glare of hatred, jealousy, and despair, he ground his teeth, clenched his gigantic hands, and stammered out—“Fury of hell! I—I—damnation!” This was his last exclamation, for he suddenly plunged again, extended his shut fist towards Lamh Laudher, as if he would have crushed him even in death, then becoming suddenly relaxed, his head fell upon his shoulder, and after one groan, he expired on the very spot where he had brought together the apparatus of death for another.

When the spectators saw and heard what had occurred, their acclamations rose to the sky; cheer after cheer pealed from the grave-yard over a wide circuit of the country. With a wild luxury of triumph they seized O’Rorke,

placed him on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph through every street in the town. All kinds of mad but good-humoured excesses were committed. The public-houses were filled with those who had witnessed the fight, songs were sung, healths drank, and blows given. The streets, during the remainder of the day, were paraded by groups of his townsmen belonging to both factions, who on that occasion buried their mutual animosity in exultation for his victory.

The worthy burghers of the corporation, who had been both frightened and disgusted at the dark display made by the Dead Boxer previous to the fight, put his body in the coffin that had been intended for Lamh Laudher, and without any scruple, took it up, and went in procession with the black flag before them, the death bell again tolling, and the musicians playing the dead march, until they deposited his body in the inn.

After Lamh Laudher had been chaired by the people, and borne through every nook of the town, he begged them to permit him to go home. With a fresh volley of shouts and hurrahs they proceeded, still bearing him in triumph, towards his father’s house, where they left him, after a last and deafening round of cheers. Our readers can easily fancy the pride of his parents and friends on receiving him.

“Father,” said he, “my name’s cleared. I hope I have the Lamh Laudher blood in me still. Mother, you never doubted me; but you were forced to give way.”

“My son, my son,” said the father embracing him, “my noble boy!—There never was one of your name like you. You’re the flower of us all!”

The mother wept with joy, and pressed him repeatedly to her heart; and all his relations were as profuse as they were sincere in their congratulations.

“One thing troubles us,” observed his parents, “what will become of his wife? John dear,” said his mother, “my heart aches for her.”

“God knows and so does mine,” exclaimed the father; “there is goodness about her.”

“She is freed from a tyrant and a savage,” replied their son, “for he was

both, and she ought to be thankful that she's rid of him. But you don't know that there was an attempt made on my life this mornin'."

On hearing this, they were all mute with astonishment.

"In the name of heaven, how, John?" they inquired with one voice.

"A red-haired man came to my aunt's," he continued, "early this mornin', an' said if I wanted to hear something for my good, I would follow him. I did so, an' I observed that he eyed me closely as we went along. We took the way that turns up the Quarry, an' after gettin' into one of the little fir groves off the road, he made a stab at my neck, as I stooped to tie my shoe that happened to be loose. As God would have it, he only tore the skin above my forehead. I pursued the villain on the spot, but he disappeared among the trees, as if the earth had swallowed him. I then went into Darby Kavanagh's, where I got my breakfast; an' as I was afraid that you might by pure force prevent me from meetin' the black, I didn't stir out of it till the proper time came."

This startling incident occasioned much discussion among his friends, who of course were ignorant alike of the person who had attempted his assassination and of the motives which could have impelled him to such a crime. Several opinions were advanced upon the circumstance, but as it had failed, his triumph over the Dead Boxer, as unexpected as it was complete, soon superseded it, and many a health was given "to the best man that ever sprung from the blood of the Lamh Laudhers!" for so they termed him, and well had he earned the epithet. At this moment an incident occurred which considerably subdued their enjoyment. Breen, the constable, came to inform them that Nell M'Col-lum, now weltering in her blood, and on the point of death, desired instantly to see them.

Our readers have been, no doubt, somewhat surprised at the recent disappearance of Nell. This artful and vindictive woman had, as we have stated, been closely dogged through all her turnings and windings, by the emissaries of Mr. Brookleigh. For this reason she judiciously kept aloof from the particular haunt where she was in the habit of meeting her pri-

vate friends. The preparations, however, for the approaching fight, and the tumult it excited in the town, afforded her an opportunity of giving her spies the slip. She went, on the evening before the battle, to a small dark cabin in one of the most densely inhabited parts of the town, where, secure in their privacy, she found Nanse M'Col-lum, who had never left the town, since the night of the robbery, together with the man called Rody, and another hardened ruffian with red hair.

"*Dher ma chuirp*," said she, without even a word of previous salutation, "but I'll lay my life that Lamh Laudher bates the black. In that case he'd be higher up wid the town than ever. He knocked him down last night!"

"Well," said Rody, "an' what if he does? I would feel rather satisfied at that circumstance. I served the black dog for five years, and a more infernal tyrant never existed, nor a milder or more amiable woman than his wife. Now that you have his money, the sooner the devil gets himself the better."

"To the black *diousal* wid yerself an' your Englified *gosther*," returned Nell indignantly; "his wife! *Dhamno orth*, don't make my blood boil by speakin' a word in *her* favour. If Lamh Laudher comes off best, all I've *struv* for is knocked on the head. *Dher Chier-nah*, I'll crush the sowl of his father or I'll not die happy."

"Nell, you're bitterer than soot, and blacker too," observed Rody.

"Am I?" said Nell, "an' is it from the good crathur that was ready, the other night, to murder the mild innocent woman that he spakes so well of, that we hear sich discourse?"

"You're mistaken there, Nelly," replied Rody; "I had no intention of taking away her life, although I believe my worthy comrade here in the red hair, that I helped out of a certain gaol once upon a time, had no scruples."

"No, curse the scruple!" said the other.

"I was in the act of covering her eyes and mouth to prevent her from either knowing her old servant or making a noise, but d—it I was bent to *save* her life that night, rather than take it," said Rody.

"I know this friend of yours, Rody,

but a short time," observed Nell; "but if he hasn't more spunk in him than yourself, he's not worth his feedin'."

"Show me," said the miscreant, "what's to be done, life or purse—an' here's your sort for both."

"Come, then," said Nell, "by the night above us, we'll thry your mettle."

"Never heed her," observed Nanse; "aunt, you're too wicked an' revengeful."

"Am I?" said the aunt. "I tuck an oath many a year ago, that I'd never die till I'd put sharp sorrow into Lamh Laudher's sowl. I punished him through his daughter, I'll now grind the heart in him through his son."

"An' what do you want to be done?" enquired the red man.

"Come here, an' I'll tell you that," said Nell.

A short conversation took place between them, behind a little partition which divided the kitchen from two small sleeping rooms, containing a single bed each.

"Now," said Nell, addressing the whole party, "let us all be ready to-morrow, while the whole town's preparin' for the fight, to slip away as well disguised as we can, out of the place; by that time *you'll* have your business done, an' your trifle o' money earned;" she directed the last words to the red-haired stranger.

"You keep me out of the secret?" observed Rody.

"It's not worth knowin'" said Nell; "I was only thryin' you, Rody. Its nothing bad. I'm not so cruel as you think. I wouldn't take the wide world an' shed blood wid my own hands. I tried it once on Lamh Laudher More, an' when I thought I killed him hell came into me. No; that I may go *below* if I would!"

"But you would get others to do it, if you could," said Rody.

"I need get nobody to do it for me," said the crone. "I could wither any man, woman, or child, off o' the earth, wid one charm, if I wished."

"Why don't you wither young Lamh Laudher then?" said Rody.

"If they fight to-morrow," replied Nell; "mind I say *if* they do—an' I now tell you they won't—but I say *if* they do—you'll see he'll go home in the coffin that's made for him—an' I know how that 'll happen. Now at

eleven we'll meet here if we can to-morrow."

The two men then slunk out, and with great caution proceeded towards different directions of the town, for Nell had recommended them to keep as much asunder as possible, lest their grouping together might expose them to notice. Their place of rendezvous was only resorted to on urgent and necessary occasions.

The next morning, a little after the appointed hour, Nell, Rody, and Nanse M'Collum, were sitting in deliberation upon their future plans of life, when he of the red hair entered the cabin.

"Well," said Nell, starting up,— "what—what was done? show me?"

The man produced a dagger slightly stained with blood.

Dhamno orrum! exclaimed the aged fury, "but you've failed—an' all's lost if he beats the black."

"I did fail," said the miscreant. "Why, woman, if that powerful active fellow had got me in his hands, I'd have tasted the full length of the dagger myself. The d—I's narrow escape I had."

"The curse of heaven light on you, for a cowardly dog!" exclaimed Nell, grinding her teeth with disappointment. "You're a faint-hearted villain. Give me the dagger."

"Give me the money," said the man.

"For what? no, consumin' to the penny; you didn't earn it."

"I did," said the fellow, "or at all evints attempted it. Ay, an' I must have it before I lave the house, an' what is more you must lug out my share of the black's prog."

"You'll get nothing of that," said Rody; "it was Nell here, not you, who took it."

"One hundred of it on the nail, this minnit," said the man, "or I bid you farewell, an' then look to yourselves."

"It's not mine," said Rody; "if Nell shares it, I have no objection."

"I'd give the villain the price of a rope first," she replied.

"Then, I am off," said the fellow, "an' you'll curse your conduct."

Nell flew between him and the door, and in his struggle to get out, she grasped at the dagger, but failed in securing it. Rody advanced to sepa-

rate them, as did Nanse, but the fellow by a strong effort attempted to free himself. The three were now upon him, and would have easily succeeded in preventing his escape, had it not occurred to him that by one blow he might secure the whole sum. This was instantly directed at Rody, by a back thrust, for he stood behind him. By the rapid change of their positions, however, the breast of Nell M'Collum received the stab that was designed for another.

A short violent shriek followed, as she staggered back, and fell.

"Staunch the blood," she exclaimed, "staunch the blood, an' there may be a chance of life yet."

The man threw the dagger down, and was in the act of rushing out, when the door opened, and a *posse* of constables entered the house. Nell's face became at once ghastly and horror-stricken, for she found that the blood could not be staunched, and that, in fact, eternity was about to open upon her.

"Secure him!" said Nell, pointing to her murderer, "secure him, an' send quick for Lamb Laudher More. God's hand is in what has happened! Ay, I raised the blow for him, an' God has sent it to my own heart. Send, too," she added, "for the Dead Boxer's wife, an' if you expect heaven, be quick."

On receiving Nell's message the old man, his son, wife, and one or two other friends, immediately hurried to the scene of death, where they arrived a few minutes after the Dead Boxer's wife.

Nell lay in dreadful agony; her face was now a bluish yellow, her eye-brows were bent, and her eyes getting dead and vacant.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "Andy Hart! Andy Hart! it was the black hour you brought me from the right way. I was innocent till I met you, an' well thought of; but what was I ever since? an what am I now?"

"You never met me," said the red-haired stranger, "till within the last fortnight."

"What do you mean, you unfortunate man?" asked Rody.

"Andy Hart is *my* name," said the man, "although I didn't go by it for some years."

"Andy Hart!" said Nell raising herself with a violent jerk, and screaming, "Andy Hart! Andy Hart! stand over before me. Andy Hart! It is his father's voice. Oh, God! Strip his breast there, an' see if there's a blood-mark on the left side."

"I'm beginnin' to fear something dreadful," said the criminal, trembling and getting pale as death, "there is—there is a blood-mark on the very spot she mentions—see here."

"I would know him to be Andy Hart's son, God rest him!" observed Lamb Laudher More, "any where over the world. Blessed mother of heaven!—down on your knees, you miserable crathur, down on your knees for her pardon! You've murdered your unfortunate mother!"

The man gave one loud and fearful yell, and dashed himself on the floor at his mother's feet, an appalling picture of remorse. The scene, indeed, was a terrible one. He rolled himself about, tore his hair, and displayed every symptom of a man in a paroxysm of madness. But among those present, with the exception of the mother and son, there was not such a picture of distress and sorrow, as the wife of the Dead Boxer. She stooped down to raise the stranger up; "Unhappy man!" said she, "look up, I am your sister!"

"No," said Nell, "no—no—no. There's more o' my guilt. Lamb Laudher More, stand forid, you and your wife. You lost a daughter long ago. Open your arms and take her back a blameless woman. She's your child that I robbed you of as *one* punishment; the *other* blow that I intended for you has been struck here. I'm dyin'."

A long cry of joy burst from the mother and daughter, as they rushed into each other's arms. Nature, always strongest in pure minds, even before this *dénouement*, had, indeed, rekindled the mysterious flame of her own affection in their hearts. The father pressed her to his bosom, and forgot the terrors of the scene before him, whilst the son embraced her with a secret consciousness that she was, indeed, his long lost sister.

"We couldn't account," said her parents, "for the way we loved you the day we met you before the magistrate; every word you said, Alice

darling, went into our hearts wid delight, an' we could hardly ever think of your voice ever since, that the tears didn't spring to our eyes. But we never suspected, as how could we, that you were our child."

She declared that she felt the same mysterious attachment to them, and to her brother also, from the moment she heard the tones of his voice on the night when the robbery was attempted.

"Nor could I," said Lamh Laudher Oge, "account for the manner I loved you."

Their attention was now directed to Nell, who again spoke.

"Nanse, give her back the money I robbed her of. There was more o' my villainy, but God fought against me, an'—here I——. You will find it along with her marriage certificate' an' the gospel she had about her neck, when I kidnapped her, all in my pocket: Where's my son? Still, still, bad as I am, an' bad as he is, isn't he my child? Amn't I his mother? put his hand in mine, and let me die as a mother 'ud wish!"

Never could there be a more striking contrast witnessed than that between the groups then present; nor a more impressive exemplification of the interposition of Providence to reward the virtuous and punish the guilty even in this life.

Lamh Laudher More," said she, "I once attempted to stab you, only for preventin' your relation from marryin' a woman that you knew Andy Hart had ruined. You disfigured my face in your anger too; that an' your preventin' my marriage, an' my character bein' lost, whin it was known what he refused to marry me for, made me swear an oath of revenge against you an' your's. I may now ax *your* forgiveness, for I neither dare, nor will, ax God's."

"You have mne—you have all our forgiveness," replied the old man, "but, Nell, ax God's, for it's his you stand most in need of—ax God's!"

Nell, however, appeared to hear him not.

"Is that your hand in mine, avick?" said she, addressing her son.

"It is—it is," said the son. "But mother I didn't, as I'm to stand before God, aim the blow at you, but at Rody."

"Lamh Laudher!" said she, forgetting herself, "I ax your forgive"—

Her head fell down before she could conclude the sentence, and thus closed the last moments of Nell McCollum.

After the lapse of a short interval, in which Lamh Laudher's daughter received back her money, the certificate, and the gospel, her brother discovered that Rody was the person, who had, through Ellen Neil, communicated to him the secret that assisted him in vanquishing the Dead Boxer, a piece of information which saved him from prosecution. The family now returned home, where they found Meehaul Neil awaiting their arrival, for the purpose of offering his sister's hand and dowry to our hero. This offer, we need scarcely say, was accepted with no sullen spirit. But Lamh Laudher was not so much her inferior in wealth as our readers may suppose. His affectionate sister divided her money between him and her parents, with whom she spent the remainder of her days in peace and tranquillity. Our great grandfather remembered the wedding, and from him came down to ourselves, as an authentic tradition, the fact that it was an unrivalled one, but that it would have never taken place were it not for the terrible challenge of the Dead Boxer.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRI IN LA VENDEE.*

We remember to have read somewhere of an Eastern Prince, who, being in trouble, was conducted into a gloomy cavern scooped out of the side of a hill, where he was shown a ponderous ring, and a rope proceeding from it, which ran into the farther part of the cave, and seemed to extend into the recesses of the mountain. An axe was presented to him, and he was desired, if he would deliver himself from his misfortunes, to separate the rope from the ring, which he accordingly did, expecting to witness a miraculous restoration to prosperity,—but instead of this, it rushed from his sight into the cavern, and he found himself after some time still standing in the midst of gloom, with the iron at his feet, and the axe in his hand. In like manner the blow was struck that smote asunder finally and for ever the long line of succession that stretched uninterruptedly away into the darkness of antiquity, and had for so many ages secured the throne of France to its lawful heir;—and in like manner did the representative of the house of Orleans behold hereditary monarchy vanish before him, and feel that he had still the *axe* in his hand, the iron of which, though turned from the throat of the victims, even now enters, whetted with a perpetual edge, *into the soul* of the captives in the miserable *oubliettes* of the revolution. It may be said that, as in the fairy tale, so in France, the effects, being remote, were not at first perceived, and that the *two enchanters*, superstition and despotism, were ultimately destroyed by the apparently ineffectual stroke;—but we may be allowed to answer, that we have not yet had time to *compass the mountain* to discover the alleged effect, and that at all events other enchanters of tenfold malignity appear likely to arise after the wound, with a hydra-prolificness, and to assume the more fearful shapes of disunion, lawlessness, anarchy, and infidelity.

A death-blow was not given to the reigning house of Bourbon until the termination of the Vendean insurrection in 1832. The claims of the Duke of Bordeaux were contemporaneous with the abdication of Charles X. and his son. The individual incapacity of one man to rule, in no instance is considered as affecting the capabilities or the rights of another; nor can a regal inheritance be assigned away at the will of a profligate monarch: and no sooner had the besotted Charles stepped down from the ancestral throne which he was unfit to fill, drawing his feeble or unambitious son after him, than in the eyes of the unprejudiced portion of Europe, Henri V. of France—unsullied by a crime—unaccused of a fault—ascended it, clothed in the purple of legitimate and consecrated succession. But the laws and customs of their ancestors were an abomination to the disciples of Voltaire and Napoleon. Some ruler must be had who had nothing to claim by a right thus based, and the young king was accordingly thrust aside, and the Duke of Orleans *released unto them*. The Duchess of Berri, however, still felt and cherished the claims of her son, and the desperate effort she made to enforce them forms the subject of the volume before us.

The circumstances of this eventful period are detailed by General Dermoncourt, the officer appointed to the command of the military subdivision at Nantes, and who was himself the individual that seized the person of the Duchess of Berri. In spite of a consequential air, and a spirit of bitterness occasionally manifested when he speaks of his superiors, whether military or civil, the General has contrived to give such a tone to his volume, as lends to the whole narrative the charm of romance, and in some places kindles the interest of the reader almost into enthusiasm. The English edition of the work has,

* The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée, by General Dermoncourt. London. 8vo. Bull and Churton. 1833.

besides an engraving of the Duchess of Berri, one of the General himself, executed in a coarser style, but shewing better than any written delineation can do, the *presentment* of our author. In the necessary absence of such a means of communication, we select a passage in which he displays, or discovers, his own character with tolerable fidelity.

"At my time of life, when a man may speak of himself with the same freedom he would use in speaking of another, I may be allowed to say, that my appointment was a proof that ministers would no longer trifle with the insurgents of La Vendée. Forty-four years' service in Europe, in Asia, in America, and in Africa—the giant battles in which I have shared, and compared with which our battles of the present day are mere skirmishes, have made me careless of life, and the sword fit lightly to my hand. Moreover, my disgrace under the restoration, during the existence of which I would not re-enter the service—the active part I took in the conspiracy of Belfort, in which I was near losing my head—and the promptitude with which I offered my services to the provisional government of July 1830, constituted a sure moral pledge to the government of the zeal with which I would smite the Chouans. I accordingly took my departure for Nantes.

"I was now about to see my old friends the Vendéans once more; but this time we were not to part without saying to each other some of those sharp words which tend to pierce a man's body through and through. The country was not wholly unknown to me; the manner of fighting with its inhabitants was familiar to me, and the campaigns I had served in Spain, had kept me in good practice of this warfare of hedges and ravines; a stupid and bad kind of warfare, it is true, but which it was necessary to accept for want of a better."

Such was the hero—one who would prefer hedge and ditch fighting with his own countrymen, with which he was *familiar*, to not fighting at all—who was to *smite* the sturdy peasantry of La Vendée, and to write, like another Cæsar, the history of his campaign.

On the 21st of April, 1832, Marie Caroline, Duchess of Berri, bearing a

commission of Regent during the minority of Henri V., written by the ex-king at Edinburgh, embarked at Genoa, on board of the steamer Carlo Alberto, for Marseilles, off which town she found herself on the 29th. An insurrection was to have broken out there on that night, to which she was to have given countenance by her presence; but owing to the boisterous state of the weather, the vessel could not near the shore any where except in the roadstead of Marseilles, where of course a landing was out of the question. The Duchess, however, was not to be diverted from her purpose, "it being a peculiarity in her character," as the General with some simplicity remarks, "to adhere more strongly to her resolutions when any opposition is offered to them;" and she accordingly gave orders for the boat to be lowered, in spite of the prudential resistance of the captain.

"Two persons entered it with the Duchess; namely, M. de Ménars and General de Bourmont. The rowers took their seats, and the frail bark, separating from the steamer, disappeared between two mountains of water, then rose upon the top of a wave like a flake of foam.

"It was by a miracle that so slight a vessel was able, during three hours, to resist so heavy a sea. The Duchess on this occasion was what she always is in real danger—calm, and almost gay. She is one of those frail delicate beings whom a breath would be supposed to have power to bend, and yet who only enjoy existence with a tempest either over their head or in their bosom."

They arrived safe at a deserted part of the coast about nightfall, and, not daring to enter any house, the Duchess wrapped herself in a cloak, lay down under shelter of a rock, and fell asleep, while M. de Ménars and General Bourmont kept watch over her till daylight.

Our readers are probably aware of the unsuccessful termination of this rash insurrection, which was only calculated to put the French government on its guard, and give publicity to her arrival in France. The steamer in which she had been transported to its shores was chased away next day by a frigate, and she thus found herself at

once in the midst of her enemies, with one nobleman for a court, and one general for an army, deprived of all opportunity of retreat. However, she formed her determination at the moment, and set out the very next night on foot, with a peasant for a guide, to throw herself and her cause upon the loyalty of La Vendée. After a toilsome journey, the little party at last found it necessary to separate in order to avoid detection, and she adopted the novel expedient of going herself to the Maire of the Commune of C****, "*a furious republican*," and demanding protection and an escort to Montpellier, both of which were granted her.

At Toulouse, so much had her journey inspired her with confidence, she held a levée, attended, in consequence of an undesigned affront to an *old maid*, "with almost the same publicity as if it had occurred in the Thuilleries;" and, having passed Bordeaux without being recognized, and the castle of Blaye, the place of her future captivity, *without recognizing it*, she knocked at the door of the chateau of one of her friends, which was crowded with company, and introduced herself as the cousin of the proprietor, keeping up the farce with much humour during a whole week that she remained there, and even amusing herself at one time with the embarrassment of a curé, who had seen her on some former occasion, but was afraid to speak his suspicions.

From this chateau she wrote to her friends both in La Vendée and at Paris, acquainting them with her arrival and intentions, and at the same time she issued a proclamation, declaring her determination to fulfil her promise, and calling upon the inhabitants of the faithful provinces of the west to open their doors to the fortunes of France.

These proceedings were taken by her, against the advice of all her friends and well-wishers. The Marquis de Coislin, who had been entrusted by her to organize the proceedings in La Vendée, remonstrated with her in strong terms on the rashness of the undertaking, urging upon her consideration the misrepresentations that had been made to her, the want of preparation and unanimity in the Chouans, and the ruinous consequences of a failure to her friends and followers. Her

reply was dated the 18th of May, and contained a command *that arms should be taken on the 24th of the same month*.

The Marquis, on receiving the letter, hastened to execute the orders of the Duchess, and wrote to all the chiefs, amongst whom was his own son, directing them to hold themselves and their forces in readiness for that day.

In the mean time the Duchess of Berri left the chateau where she had been personating the proprietor's cousin, and pursued her way towards Nantes, meeting with a variety of adventures on the way, one of which is deserving of transcription.

"In crossing the Maine a little below Remouillé on a bridge, or rather a dyke of wet stones, the Duchess's foot slipped, and she was precipitated into the little river. Charette (her conductor) immediately jumped into the water, and bore her to the opposite bank. Our heroine, who was dressed as a boy, had no change of clothes, which greatly embarrassed her; but, perceiving a house close by, she entered it, undressed, and going straight to a bed, took from it a blanket, which she wrapped round her whilst her clothes were drying; then returning to the cheering rays of the sun outside the door of the house, partook of a bowl of sour milk and a piece of black bread, which her companions had asked for."

She stopped on the 17th at a small hut, remote from any other dwelling, and completely concealed from casual observation; and here it was that M. Berryer, who had been despatched from Paris by her friends there, to endeavour to dissuade her from her undertaking, met her, after having had ample proof afforded him on his way, of the fidelity, taciturnity, and sagacity of the peasantry of La Vendée. We should, we are confident, be pardoned by our readers, were we to follow the narrative in this part, and detail the almost miraculous escape of the Paris advocate from a party of General Dermoourt's troops, which passed so close to him and his guides as that nothing but a hedge intervened between them;—but our space will not permit of our turning our eyes long from the principal personage of the drama, and we consequently must introduce M. Berryer at the door of the

farm house in which *Monsieur Charles*, alias the Duchess, was concealed.

" 'We want to see *Monsieur Charles*,' said the chief.

" 'He is asleep,' the old woman replied; 'but he gave orders to be immediately informed if any one arrived. Come into the kitchen, and I will go and awaken him.'

" 'Tell him that it is *M. Berryer*, from Paris.'

"The old woman left them in the kitchen, and they approached the huge fire-place, in which were still some burning embers, the remains of the fire used during the day. One extremity of a board was in the fire-place, whilst at the other there was a slit containing one of those lighted pieces of pine which, in the Vendean cottages, are used as torches in lieu of lamps and candles.

"In about ten minutes she returned, and informed *M. Berryer* that *Monsieur Charles* was ready to receive him. He accordingly followed her up a rickety staircase outside the house, which seemed scarcely fastened to the wall. It led to a small room on the first floor, the only one in the house at all fit to be inhabited.

"This was the apartment of the Duchess of Berri, into which the old woman ushered *M. Berryer*, shut the door, and returned to the kitchen.

"All *M. Berryer's* attention was now directed to the Duchess, who was in bed, upon a wooden bedstead clumsily made with a hedging-bill. She had sheets of the finest lawn, and was covered with a Scotch shawl of green and red plaid. She had on her head one of those woollen coifs worn by the women of the country, the pinners of which fall over the shoulders. The walls of the room were bare, the apartment was warmed by an awkward stove of plaster of Paris, and the only furniture, besides the bed, was a table covered with papers, upon which were two brace of pistols, and in a corner a chair, upon which lay the complete dress of a peasant boy, and a black wig."

M. Berryer remained with the Duchess till four o'clock in the morning, endeavouring to persuade her to give up her undertaking, and to quit France. It was an important office that was entrusted to him, and well deserved so protracted a deliberation. The fortunes and lives of thousands

depended on the result of that night's conference—nay, the hopes of the young monarch, and in him the legitimate succession of the French crown were involved in it, and it was only after these considerations had been repeatedly urged upon her, that she was at last persuaded to promise *M. Berryer* to meet him the same day at a house four leagues distant, in order to commence the journey that was to place her beyond the eastern confines of France. *M. Berryer* waited at the place of rendezvous in vain. The Duchess had changed her mind before the hour of meeting had arrived, probably before the Paris emissary was out of hearing, and she sent him a note instead, in which she only stated that she had deferred the assumption of arms from the 24th of May to the 3d or 4th of June.

This middle course was fatal to the conspiracy. General *Demoncourt*, having in the mean time seized in the chateau of a Chouan chief letters and papers which disclosed the future objects and arrangements of the insurgents, was thereby enabled to concert measures which effectually checked their efforts, and prevented their designs with all the certainty derived from full and authentic information. His commanding officer indeed, General *Solignac*, would appear to have been culpably supine on this occasion, and consequently to have been betrayed into unbecoming confusion when he found, on the morning of the 4th of June, that the peasants had risen in many quarters, and that the tocsin was sounding: but although we do not censure, we have nevertheless observed the jealousy of our gallant author when any other person can be supposed by any possibility to lay claim to a share of the merit due to him as the captor of the illustrious rebel, even if it only consists in taking preliminary steps to render her capture more easy, and therefore, while we are disposed to give *M. Demoncourt* every credit for vigilance and heroism, we are inclined to spare *M. Solignac* until we hear his capacity called in question by a less interested witness.

Between the 4th and 6th of June skirmishes, dignified by our author with the name of actions, took place at or near the villages of *Aigrefeuille*, *Maisdon*, and *Viellevigne*, at which

last the Duchess of Berri was present. She had, as the General afterwards learned, dressed the wounds of the men with her own hands, and had escaped only by changing horses with Charrette, one of her friends, who with great difficulty himself avoided being taken prisoner. But a more warmly contested engagement took place on the 6th at a little chateau called *La Penissière de la Cour*, attended, too, with circumstances of some interest. Forty-five Chouans assembled there on that day, all young men of family, and commanded by two brothers, ex-officers in the royal guard. They had with them two peasants, who, having learnt at Nantes to play upon the light infantry bugle, constituted their band of military music. An hundred and seventy-five voltigeurs and gendarmes, under the command of the *chef-de-battalion* Georges, forced this little body, after a short engagement, to retreat into the house, and attacked it for a considerable time without effect, the Chouans within keeping up a well sustained and very ably directed fire to the inspiring accompaniment of the bugles, one performer being placed on each floor, and both playing during the whole action.

At length, the soldiers succeeded in setting fire to the roof of the house, and rushed simultaneously towards the door, thinking the day their own,—but the garrison replied to their triumphant shouts with a flourish of bugles, and a volley of musketry, as well directed as the former, partly fired through intervals they had torn open between the beams and rafters,—and at last forced them to retreat again. In the next charge, however, the soldiers were enabled to set fire to the lower part of the house, and in a few minutes the whole was in a blaze. A short council was held within. Eight volunteered to sacrifice their lives for the safety of their comrades, and to divert the attention of the troops, while the rest were to make a hole in the wall opposite to the side attacked, and to retreat through the park. They set forth in good order. A volley was fired after them, which killed three of their number. The bugle player, at the head of the little band, received three balls in his body, and still continued to play, until they were out of

reach of the enemy. Meantime the Chouans who remained within, though surrounded with flame, still continued to pour their shot upon the besiegers, until at last the floors of the house fell in with a crash, and the soldiers, concluding that their enemies were crushed to death beneath the ruins, speedily retired. *Not one of the little band of heroes fell*; they had retired into a sort of recess just as the floors gave way, and by remaining silent and motionless, had escaped the notice of the soldiers. They reached the hedge in safety, and joined their companions who had given them up for lost. General Dermoncourt with much good feeling remarks in conclusion—"It is a pity that I dare not publish the names of such men."

Our gallant author still continued to scour the country with his troops, in the hope of surprising the object of his search, and in one place chanced upon a prisoner of some importance, a M. de Puyllaroc, who bore papers of moment about him, and had but just left the presence of the Duchess; but he was unable to get any clue to her places of concealment, and through his own activity, met by the faithful vigilance of the peasantry, he always found himself upon her steps, it is true, but always *a little too late*.

This fugitive life, however, was not what the Duchess could undergo much longer, and after much deliberation as to how she should enter the town of Nantes, she herself determined that she would proceed thither on foot, in the dress of a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mlle. Eulalie de Kersabiec and M. de Ménars.

"In consequence of this decision, the Duchess of Berri set out, on the very next market-day, which I believe was 16th of June, at six o'clock in the morning, from a cottage at which she had slept, situated in the neighbourhood of Château-Thibaud. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was dressed like the Duchess, and M. de Ménars as a farmer. They had five leagues to journey on foot.

"After travelling half an hour in this trim, thick nailed shoes and worsted stockings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet. Still she attempted to walk; but, judging that if she continued to wear these

shoes and stockings, she should soon be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, and thrust them into her large pockets, and continued her journey bare-foot.

"A moment after, having remarked the peasant-girls who passed her on the road, she perceived that the skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were likely to betray her; she therefore went to the road-side, took some dark-coloured earth, and after rubbing her legs with it, resumed her walk. She had still four leagues to travel before she reached the place of her destination."

"This sight, it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman who, two years before, had her place of Queen-Mother at the Thuilleries, and possessed Chambord and Bagatelle; rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body-guards resplendent with gold and silver—who went to the representation of theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches—who filled the theatre with her sole presence, and, on her return to her palace, reached her splendid bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions from Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet;—this woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the smoke of the action at Vielleigne, beset with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl—going to seek an asylum, from which she might, perhaps, be shut out, clad in the garment of a peasant, walking bare-foot upon the angular sand and pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered, but her companions; they had tears in their eyes, and she, laughter, jests, and consolation in her mouth. Oh! these are curious times we live in, when almost every country has its kings who wander bare-foot through the highways!"

A more lofty conclusion might follow the beautifully wrought climax of this passage, and give our minds an opportunity of dwelling a moment on the oft repeated theme—the strange

vicissitudes of fortune. We have ourselves seen the suffering and deserted creature here described in the days when she was "the observed of all observers," animating the dance by her presence and participation, lighting the crowded drawing-room with her smiles, and seeming to wear all the jewels of her coronet without its weight; and we should have thought—as it was fondly thought before of a personage even more exalted and more unfortunate—that a thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge a look that threatened injury to *her*: we cannot therefore read the account of her houseless desolation and her weary wandering, and her bleeding feet, without asking that question boldly, which the General of Louis Philippe has only hinted at—what crime has she committed? Louis Philippe it was that cast the first stone at her. Is he the righteous man that could do so with impunity? We envy him not as he sits in that Thuilleries *where he ought not to be*, and reads this recital of suffering borne with fortitude, danger braved with heroism, misfortune endured with resignation, in the infiction of which he has had so damning a part. But we dare not trust ourselves on this subject, and we resume the thread of our narrative.

Nantes at length appeared in sight, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town.

Having escaped an *apple-woman's* detection, by her admirable personation of her assumed character, and calmly read a placard, in which a price was set on her head, she arrived in a few minutes at the house where she was expected,—and from thence, as soon as she had changed her habiliments, she proceeded to the residence of Mesdemoiselles Deguigny, Rue haute-de-chateau, No. 3, where the final scene of this drama was enacted. The apartment allotted to her was a *mansarde* on the third floor, consisting of two small rooms, and the place of concealment was a recess within the angle closed by the chimney of the innermost room. An iron plate formed the entrance to the hiding place, and was opened by a spring.

Here the Duchess passed five weary months, eluding all the vigilance of the police and military forces, which were however employed in tracing and dis-

concerting the schemes of the Chouans : and here probably she might have remained until measures could have been adopted for her escape, but that even among her own most apparently devoted adherents she cherished a Judas, who, like his prototype, made use of his familiar trust with his benefactress to betray "the innocent blood."

The author of the treachery was a man of the name of Deutz, a native of Cologne, who, having been originally a Jew, had embraced the Catholic faith, and after numberless deceptions practised on his *Christian* patrons, was at length taken into the confidential service of the Duchess of Berri, by whom he was sent about this time to negotiate a loan in Paris.

As soon as the police of the metropolis became aware of the presence of an agent of the Duchess, attempts were made by M.M. Montalivet and Thiers to bribe him to betray his mistress, and they at last succeeded in purchasing his services. He proceeded to Nantes in order to carry their designs into execution ; and after some time, having succeeded in making the Duchess aware of his arrival, he was taken to the home of Demoiselles Deguigny, where he had an interview with his mistress : but not having been able on this occasion to ascertain the localities with precision, he requested leave to have a second audience, which was granted him, in spite of a warning the Duchess had received from Paris, and on the 6th of November, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Deutz, followed by some skilful police-agents, was conducted to the *mansarde*. Immediately after the interview this heartless traitor, having taken note of every thing that might serve to identify the place and persons, proceeded to the Prefecture, and informed M. Maurice Duval of all he had seen. The Prefect having communicated with the Count D'Erlon (the new Commander in Chief) and General Dermoncourt, about 1200 men were marched by different avenues to the house, and disposed around it so as completely to invest it.

"Darkness had now begun to spread her mantle over the city, and the night was beautiful. The Duchess of Berri, from the windows of her apartment, saw the moon rise above the horizon upon a calm, dark blue sky. The mas-

sive towers of the old castle, silent and motionless, displayed their forms like a brown shadow upon the heavens.— There are moments when Nature seems to us so mild, and so friendly, that, amid the calmness she displays, we cannot suspect that danger is lurking nigh. The fears excited in the Duchess of Berri by the letter she had received from Paris were wholly dissipated at this beautiful sight, when, on a sudden, M. Guibourg, who had approached the window, saw the glitter of bayonets, and a column of troops in full march towards the house. It was the one commanded by Colonel Simon Lorrière. He immediately started back, and exclaimed,

" ' Hide yourself, Madam ! for God's sake, hide yourself !'

"On reaching the *mansarde*, the recess was immediately opened, and a dispute arose, as to who should enter it first. This was really not a vain quarrel of etiquette and precedence : the passage into the place of concealment was by no means easy, and the soldiers might reach the *mansarde* before the last of the party could have time to enter it. The opening would then be closed, and this person, whoever it might be, taken prisoner.— Moreover, the recess was so small, that two men would have found great difficulty in entering it after the females of the party had preceded them. The Duchess of Berri, however, put an end to the discussion by *commanding* that all should enter according to their stature, the tallest first. Thus M. de Ménars was to take the lead, and M. Guibourg follow. But the latter gentleman reversed the order by entering first. The Duchess and Mademoiselle Stylite Kersabiec still remained, and the latter at first refused to pass in before the royal fugitive. But the Duchess with a smile said to her,

" ' In good strategy, Stylite, when a general effects a retreat, he always goes last.'

"Mademoiselle Stylite, therefore, went into the recess, the Duchess followed her, and was in the act of closing the aperture when the soldiers opened the door of the room."

Several circumstances previously detailed by Deutz, left no doubt on the mind of the commissary of police that they were in the house where the Duchess was concealed, and accord-

ingly sentries were posted in all the rooms, and troops at every issue on the outside. The whole population of Nantes crowded the streets and squares in silence, expecting with grave and solemn curiosity the issue of the search.

Every thing was opened. Masons, sappers, and architects examined every crevice, and struck the walls to ascertain whether they were hollow. They then proceeded to the adjoining houses, and the Duchess and her companions heard workmen hammering with all their might against the wall of the apartment contiguous to the recess. No clue could be got by interrogating the Demoiselles Deguigny, the proprietors of the house; and heaps of gold, increased by degrees, and placed before their two servants, were unwilling to draw from the faithful creatures even a hint as to the place of the Duchess's concealment.

At length the prefect, almost in despair, left the house for the night, continuing however the circumvallation by the troops, and leaving sentries in every apartment, two of whom were stationed in the very room containing the secret recess.

"The poor prisoners were therefore obliged to remain very still; though their situation must have been dreadfully painful, in a small closet, only three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten inches at the other. The men, in particular, must have suffered great inconvenience, because in the recess, which became narrower as it increased in height, they had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters. Moreover, the night was damp, and the cold humid air, penetrating through the slates of the roof, fell upon the party, and chilled them almost to death. But no one ventured to complain, as the Duchess did not.

"The cold was so piercing, that the gendarmes stationed in the room could bear it no longer. One of them, therefore, went down stairs, returned with some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning in the chimney, behind which the Duchess and her friends were concealed.

"This fire, which was lighted for the benefit of only two individuals, gave out its warmth to six; and, frozen

as the prisoners then were, they considered this change of temperature a great blessing. But the good that this fire did them at first was soon converted into a most painful sensation. The chimney-plate and the wall being acted upon by the fire, threw out, in a short time, a frightful degree of heat which continued gradually to increase. The wall at length became so hot, that neither of them could bear to touch it, and the cast-iron plate was nearly red hot. Almost at the same time, and although the dawn had not yet appeared, the labours of the persons in search of the Duchess recommenced. Iron bars and beams were struck with redoubled force against the wall of the recess, and shook it fearfully. It seemed to the prisoners as if the workmen were pulling down the house and those adjoining. The Duchess therefore expected, even if she escaped from the flames, to be crushed to death by the falling ruins. Nevertheless, during these trying moments, neither her courage nor her gaiety forsook her; and several times, as she afterwards informed me, she could not help laughing at the conversation and guard-house wit of the two gendarmes on duty in the room. But their talk being at length all spent, one of them went to sleep, and slept soundly too, notwithstanding the horrid din close to his ears, proceeding from the neighbouring houses; for all the efforts of the searchers were now for the twentieth time concentrated round the recess. His companion, being sufficiently warm, had ceased to keep up the fire; the plate and the wall therefore gradually cooled. Meantime, M. de Ménars had succeeded in pushing aside some of the slates, so as to make two or three little openings, through which the fresh air from without renewed that in the recess. Now, all the fears of the little party turned towards the workmen, who were sounding with heavy blows the very wall that protected them, and the plate of a chimney close to them, but belonging to another house. Each blow detached the plaster, which fell upon them in powder. The prisoners could perceive, through the cracks which this violence was every moment making in the wall, almost all the persons in search of them. They at length gave themselves up for lost, when, to their great relief, the workmen suddenly

abandoned that part of the house which, from an instinct I cannot explain, they had so minutely explored. The poor fugitives now drew their breath freely, and the Duchess thought herself safe; but this hope did not last long.

"The gendarme who had kept watch, anxious to take advantage of the silence which had succeeded the noise made by the workmen, under whose efforts the whole house had tottered, now awoke his companion in order to have a nap in his turn. The other had become chilled during his sleep, and felt almost frozen when he awoke. No sooner were his eyes open than he thought of warming himself. He therefore relit the fire, and as the turf did not burn fast enough, he threw into it a great number of bundles of the *Quotidienne*, which happened to be in the room. They soon caught, and the fire again blazed up in the chimney.

"The paper produced a denser smoke and a greater heat than the fuel which had been used the first time. The prisoners were now in imminent danger of suffocation. The smoke passed through the cracks made by the hammering of the workmen against the wall, and the plate, which was not yet cold, soon became heated to a terrific degree. The air of the recess became every instant less fit for respiration: the persons it contained were obliged to place their mouths against the slates, in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air. The Duchess was the greatest sufferer, for, having entered the last, she was close to the plate. Each of her companions offered several times to change places with her, but she always refused.

"At length, to the danger of being suffocated was soon added another—that of being burned alive. The plate had become red-hot, and the lower part of the clothes of the four prisoners seemed likely to catch fire. The dress of the Duchess had already caught twice, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands, at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. Each moment rarified the air in the recess still more, whilst the external air did not enter in sufficient quantity to enable the poor sufferers to breathe freely. Their lungs became dreadfully oppressed; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would be to endanger the life of

her Royal Highness. Each of her companions entreated her to go out; but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, and the burning air immediately dried them upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but the movement she made in doing so, pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully.

"The motion of the plate having made the turf placed against it roll back, this excited the attention of the gendarme, who was trying to kill the time by reading some numbers of the *Quotidienne*, and who thought he had built his pyrotechnic edifice with greater solidity than it seemed to possess. The noise made by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec inspired him with a curious idea: fancying that there were rats in the wall of the chimney, and that the heat would force them to come out, he awoke his companion, and they placed themselves, sword in hand, one on each side of the chimney, ready to cut in twain the first rat that should appear.

"They were in this ridiculous attitude, when the Duchess, who must have possessed an extraordinary degree of courage to have supported so long as she had done the agony she endured, declared she could hold out no longer. At the same instant M. de Ménars, who had long before pressed her to give herself up, kicked open the plate. The gendarmes started back in astonishment, calling out,

"'Who's there?'

"'I,' replied the Duchess. 'I am the Duchess of Berri; do not hurt me.'

"The gendarmes immediately rushed to the fire-place, and kicked the blazing fuel out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth the first, and as she passed was obliged to place her hands and feet upon the burning hearth; her companions followed. It was now half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and the party had been shut up in this recess for *sixteen hours* without food."

General Dermoncourt was sent for, and on his arrival beheld for the first time the Duchess of Berri. A conversation ensued, in which he displayed much of the artful gallantry habitual to a

Frenchman, and nothing now remained but the perilous duty of conducting her to the chatcau, little more than sixty yards distant, without making her a victim to the fury of the citizens of Nantes, who, having been much straitened by the continuance of the Vendean insurrection, now vowed vengeance against the prime mover of it. Dermoncourt, however, having pledged himself for her safety, was resolved to redeem it, and taking her arm in his, preceded by the Prefect and Mademoiselle Kersabiec, led her through the muttered curses of the inhabitants that lined the crowded streets.

They arrived in safety, and the next day General Dermoncourt bid adieu to her, and took the route to La Chasselière, in search of M. de Bourmont. He never saw her again. An hour after his departure, a steamer bore the Duchess of Berri down the Loire to the brig *Capriceuse*, and in a short time she was far from the scene which she had consecrated by her misfortunes and her heroism.

Of General Dermoncourt's style of composition it is difficult to judge, seeing it as we do through the medium of an unambitious translation. He gives extraordinary animation to his descriptive passages, but his reflections are affected and unphilosophical, and are more than once dragged in so *mal-à-propos*, as to destroy the effect of the

narrative they are meant to dignify or elucidate. This fault, however, he has, in common with most French authors, especially those of the revolutionary school, who never can shake off that unconnected, half-dreamy sentiment that seems meant to give its own extenuating tint to any particular action, no matter how glaring it may be in itself. The translator appears to do tolerable justice to the original, but his notes had been much better omitted. They only satisfy the coarsest curiosity, at an expense too heavy for the reader of refinement,—and while he puts stale jests upon the public in the cloak of originality, he publishes secrets and names of state with a degree of self-sufficiency that naturally inclines us to question the accuracy of his information.

We had congratulated ourselves on the worthy General's having kept up the interest of the volume by avoiding all allusion to the circumstance which has since thrown a sort of ridicule upon everything connected with the Duchess. He could not, however, leave off without one word on the subject; and as reviewers we feel ourselves obliged to quote, in conclusion, the last sentence in his book.

*"Let another now undertake the task of relating the third act of the drama, which began à la Marie-Thérèse, and has ended à la Marie-Louise."**

* Since writing these sheets, which have been unavoidably contracted for want of space, we have seen a review of this volume in the last number of a leading periodical. There is nothing contained in it which disposes us to modify the observations already made, or to make any additional ones, except this, that, according to a report said to be current in Paris, the book is *not* written by General Dermoncourt, but by an author of known reputation, M. Dumas, under whose father he had served, and who was himself intimately acquainted with the localities of La Vendée.

IRELAND—No. II.

Bishop Berkeley, with that happy mixture of acuteness and humour, which characterizes most of his queries respecting Ireland, asks, "whether a tax upon dirt would not be very productive, and a very useful way of encouraging native industry?" The suburbs of almost every one of our cities and considerable towns, consist of long straggling disjointed rows of miserable tumble-down huts, the abode of filth and wretchedness, which are in general emphatically styled *Irishtown*, as if in extenuation of the mass of pigs, poverty, and population, which they present to the offended eye of the English or foreign traveller, until his sight becomes "more Irish and less nice." We cannot see why these nests of abomination and all uncleanness should be suffered to remain, disfiguring the fair face of our smiling land, and rendering our people a byword and a reproach in the mouths of our sadder and more cleanly fellow-subjects across the water. For though "dirty and cheerful," like "cheap and nasty," has passed into a proverb, we cannot, for our own poor peculiar, perceive the necessary connexion between filth and hilarity. Indeed, next to a fast gallop on a high-mettled racer, we know of few things more cheering to the spirits, when the heart of a man is depressed with care, than a good wash, a thorough purification of the whole body corporate in a warm bath, or the like, and of this the Irish peasantry, to do them justice, seem to be not wholly unconscious, for when they strip to their work, or peel in a scrimmage, no men show cleaner or whiter skins. How they keep their bodies or their butter free from the contamination of the surrounding noisomeness, is to us, we own, a marvel and a mystery, but the high estimation in which both are held among the most dainty judges, sets the fact beyond dispute. Nevertheless, it were seemly and convenient that those

dingy dens of dirt and of disease to which we have been paying our compliments above, should be displaced by neat and comfortable cottages, fit for the habitation of man, as distinguished from the brute creation; and truly we see not why Berkeley's tax on dirt should not be brought into general and lively operation to effect this consummation so devoutly to be wished. If people will insist in vegetating in the rank luxuriance of a dunghill, rather than use a little trouble and a sprinkling of fair water, to live cleanly, we see not why they should not be made to pay for that luxury, just as much as for leave to eat dirt under the name of tobacco, or even more; for the dunghills are perhaps the more noisome nuisance of the two. "The houses of these suburban paupers," says the same high authority we have already quoted, "can be compared only to the cave of poverty. Within you see a pot and a little straw—without, a heap of children tumbling on the dunghill. Providence and nature have done their part for Ireland, and no country is better qualified to furnish the necessaries of life; yet no people, perhaps, are worse provided. In vain is the earth fertile and the climate benign, if human labour be wanting. Nature supplies the materials, which art and industry improves to the use of man, and it is the want of the application of this industry which occasions all our other wants. Idleness is the mother of hunger and the sister of theft, which hatcheth many vices, and figureth a lion in the way, and is proof against all encouragement. We are a people, and the only people, who starve in the midst of plenty." We cannot deny our readers the felicity of viewing the completion of this picture, nearly a century after it was first sketched, by a famous fellow-countryman of ours, Jemmy Connery by name, and of "the city of slaughtering and prime mess beef," by station. "Hav-

ing occasion," writes this accurate and graphic observer, "to go to a cottier tenant's house, the latter end of March, 1830, between* four and five o'clock in the morning, when the family were all asleep," (fie! Mr. Connery, how could your "occasion" lead you to be so naughty?) "and, as the door was shattered and open in the joints, and no fastening to it but a spade that I observed to bear against it from the within-side, which I easily removed and gained admittance; and there I beheld the *entire* family, consisting of the man, wife, and six children, snoring in a bed of very coarse heath on the cold ground, (*if I be allowed the expression*) before the fire-place in the kitchen, with the heads of half of them *reversed*, having but a very small share of covering, and the father who was a tall man, over six feet, with his head projecting a few inches to the rear of his couch, beyond the rest, and his beloved" (wife? no,) "cow, though tied to a stake, was lying down *equally contented*, having her"—(oh fie! fie, naughty Mr. Connery, but the *English* word is *ultimatum*.) "within a few inches of the man's nose as he lay on his back, and on my calling aloud he started up with a large clod of the unsightly filth," (order, order, Mr. Connery) "in which his long bushy hair was entangled, *who* requested of me to stand outside the door while dressing, as he apprehended a vicious sow that had a young litter of pigs close by his bedside, would make a rush, *which* might destroy me with her tusks, *as she was in the habit of doing to all strangers*" (oh the murderous villain!) "through ferocity in defence of her young."

I calmly asked him, when he came outside the door to me, the reason of his suffering such a devouring animal so near his bed, *who* told me she was quite *reconciled* to himself and children." (not a word of the wife,) "I secondly *upbraided* him for sleeping so near the fire-place, at the tail of his cow, and so near the pigs, who replied he could not help it, as the fleas ejected him some time before from the bed in which he usually lay, in a dungeon of a room he had."

Let the facetious reader fancy to his mind's eye so sage and celebrated a philosopher, and writer on national statistics, as Mr. Connery, standing outside the door of the cottier-tenant's mud edifice, and *calmly* upbraiding two yards and upwards of potato-eating humanity, adorned by a clod of cow-mire as to his long bushy hair, with the ferocious character of an integral part of his *entire* family, and with the snuffing pig-tail by night as well as day! We confess to having shed seven gallons of tears, imperial measure, on reading this so touching description. What proportion of the amount may have been due to the sad story of poor Paddy's sleeping and snoring sorrows, what to the novel nature of his perfumed hair pomatum, and what to Mr. Connery's peculiarly pathetic use of the relative pronoun, we leave to be determined by the rational and figurative reader. But "non obstante" this pleasant dash of the ludicrous, not the less exquisite for being wholly undesigned, the bill is a true bill; the cottier tenant *does* too often live pretty nearly in the manner described, and the maxim "*noscitur a sociis*," that is, show me a bull dog and I'll show you a blackguard, holds. Those who live with brutes will live like brutes, and infinite pains should be taken to remove this just reproach which has so long been one of the "burning shames" of Ireland. With all her faults, England, it must be owned, does not present the painful contrast of misery with splendour which so often strikes and shocks the stranger on entering an Irish town. If the attention of the government were at all directed to the subject, we cannot conceive that with the aid of the municipal authorities in corporate towns, and of the chief constable or principal public officer in others, any insuperable difficulty could be offered to the suppression of gross and offensive filthiness of the kind complained of, especially if a system of small fines for filth, and premiums for tidiness, were established, and impartially administered by those persons who should thus be made to a certain degree publicly responsible for the decent cleanli-

* Anglice between, but pronounced, in those parts, *betune*.

ness of their respective districts. In country parishes, where such means could not be employed, it is incalculable how much good may be done in this, as well as in a thousand other ways, by the exertions and kind attention of benevolent individuals. A good resident landlord, or an agent who performs his duty, may communicate heart and hope, habits of outward decency springing from feelings of increased inward self-respect, to hundreds upon hundreds who might otherwise have dropt into the grave amid neglect and wretchedness; and, if capable of appreciating the blissful consciousness of doing kindnesses, the effort and even the outlay it may cost them will, independently of other most desirable results, be found its own exceeding rich reward.

The location of poor tenants, whether in country villages or in the suburban districts of cities and towns, will both create a needful demand for useful labour in the first instance, and supply a constant stimulus to it afterwards, if conducted on a proper plan. The streets, in either case, should always be laid out very wide, with small gardens in front of the houses, well furnished with kitchen vegetables, and adorned with flowers, and evergreens, and flowering shrubs; the yard and necessary offices should be in the rear, the houses double, but the pairs not adjoining, as they thus present a much better, more respectable appearance, than either single houses or a continued chain of building. Wherever it is practicable, an acre, or even half or quarter of an acre, of kitchen garden to each cottage forms a most desirable addition. According to a plan in which every item has been accurately estimated, it is ascertained that under average circumstances, a sum of forty pounds will provide a comfortable slated cottage, for which, with an acre of garden ground, five pounds a year might be fairly charged, and would be cheerfully paid. This, taking the land at twenty shillings an acre, and twenty years' purchase, would yield within a minute fraction of eight per cent. on the property and outlay of the landlord or proprietor, and secure to him the measureless pleasure and advantage of a happy comfortable tenantry, under his own immediate controul, instead of a horde

of starving diseased and filthy paupers, promising perhaps to pay even more for miserable hovels and patches of potato ground, but incapable of procuring the means of manuring and cultivating their strip of land, much less of sustaining themselves decently, and paying their rent besides. But to delineate the condition of the hovel-haunting mendicants of Ireland we must again have recourse to the graphic pencil of the same excellent prelate we have cited before: "It is a shameful thing," he writes, "and peculiar to this nation, to see hordes of lusty vagabonds roving about the country and begging, without any pretence to beg;—ask them why they do not labour to earn their own livelihood, they will tell you they want employment; offer to employ them, and they shall refuse your offer; or, if you get them to work one day, you may be sure not to see them the next." I have known them decline even the slightest labour, that of hay-making, having, at the same time, neither clothes to their backs, nor food for their stomachs.

To such fellows a sore leg is an estate; and this may be easily got, and continued with small trouble. Such is their laziness, that rather than work they will cherish a distemper. This I know to be true, having seen more than one instance wherein the second nature so far prevailed over the first, that sloth was preferred to health.—To these beggars, who make much of their sores and prolong their diseases, you cannot do a more thankless office than cure them, except it be to shave their beards, which conciliate a sort of reverence to that order of men. It is indeed a difficult task to reclaim such fellows from their slothful and brutal manner of life, to which they seem wedded with an attachment which no temporal motives can conquer. In every road the ragged ensigns of poverty are displayed; you often meet caravans of poor, whole families in a drove, without clothes to cover or bread to feed them, both which might be easily procured by moderate labour. They are encouraged in this vagabond life by the miserable hospitality they meet with in every cottage, whose inhabitants expect the same kind reception in their turn, when they become beggars themselves; beggary being

the last refuge of these improvident creatures.”*

The good Bishop seems to have been somewhat chafed by the misdoings of these sturdy vagrants, so as scarcely to be able to speak of them with common patience, and almost reminds one of the vehement indignation of Fletcher of Saltoun, who wrote a book to prove the necessity of establishing slavery by law in Scotland, in order to put a stop to similar proceedings on the part of ‘lustie loons and maisterfu’ sorners’ there; but it must be confessed that one of the strongest arguments that can be urged in favour of a labour rate for Ireland, is drawn from the vast number of idle and able-bodied beggarmen who rove about, spreading disease, and often profligacy, from house to house and from town to town. No doubt the rapid consolidation of farms, by the ejectment of tenants under the Subletting Act, has of late years greatly contributed to swell the always too redundant numbers of these unfortunate and pernicious persons.—The writer of this paper well remembers talking this subject over, at considerable length, with Mr. Alexander Nimmo, who strenuously advocated the introduction of a labour rate into Ireland, to which the writer was at that time somewhat, though not blindly or obstinately, opposed. That great and excellent man, who may be justly characterised as having been the best informed and highest practical authority upon every subject connected with the statistical improvement of Ireland, summed up the matter in his own emphatic way, by saying, “as it is, these hordes of roving beggars are supported; they do not die of hunger; and they do nothing, or worse than nothing, in return for their food. I don’t want them to be supported better: I only ask for means by which they shall be made to render some return, in useful labour, to the public, for that maintenance which, working or idle, they must have, and by which the whole community, instead of the very poorest

only, may be made to contribute what is wanting, along with their own earnings, to enable them to live.” Few, if any, will be found, we suppose, to adopt now the broad principle of the poor laws of England, as advisable for us. The plan of ekeing out the wages of a labourer in full work by an additional allowance from the parish work-house, cannot be too earnestly deprecated; it has led the French commission of inquiry on the means of improving the social condition of their nation, to denounce the English poor laws as the internal cancer which is eating into the bowels of England’s social prosperity; but bad as the system stigmatized in these exaggerated terms may be, and little as we feel disposed for its *unmodified* introduction amongst us, we think it less unfair and less injurious than the manner in which the whole back-breaking burden of pauperism is thrown upon the cottiers and working classes throughout the country parts of Ireland. Mr. Nimmo, in his evidence before the Lords’ Committee in 1824, thus compares the expense and the effect of the very different modes in which eleemosynary relief is administered in the two countries:—“The poor of Ireland are in general left to obtain their subsistence by mendicancy; and according to the best information I have been able to procure on that head, in the various parts of the kingdom, the expenditure of every family upon the begging poor cannot be averaged at less than a penny a day, or half a stone of potatoes. This, from a million of families, would amount to at least a million and a half sterling, per annum. Admit that we include in this sum the result of public charities, hospitals, &c.; but add three quarters of a million for grand jury presentments, which are almost all for purposes covered, or nearly covered, by the poor rates in England, and independent of an indefinite sum levied in Great Britain every season by emigrant poor from Ireland, we have in Ireland itself, and raised from residents

* How strongly does all this recal to one’s mind the beautiful observation of Southey on the beggars who infest the streets of Lisbon:—“These wretches, so many and so miserable, do indeed occasion harsh and ungentle feelings, not against them, but against that unwholesome and depraved state of society that disinherits of happiness the fairest portion of the civilized world.”

alone, two millions and a quarter annually. This sum is more than half the public revenue, double the tithes, a fourth part of the land rent, and a twentieth part, at least, of the entire consumption. Now the poor of England are supported by a rate upon property, which at the highest nominal amount, namely, seven millions and a half, was only one-eighth of the public revenue, one-seventh of the land rent, about one and a half times the tithe, and scarcely a fortieth of the entire consumption. I conclude, therefore, that in the present mode of management, the support of the poor in Ireland, in proportion to other burdens or to the general income, *is double the rate in England*; and with this vast advantage in the English system, that the rate being under a regular administration, however defective, the attention of the landholders has been enforced to the necessity of training the youth to habits of industry and order, to the giving employment to the adult poor, and to the cherishing that accumulation of property among the lower ranks which has in two centuries made England the most wealthy and comfortable country in the world, with an industrious population. These measures having been neglected in Ireland, have left her steeped in poverty, with an excessive population, unemployed, and consequently unprofitable, destitute of property, and living on the very brink of want. If, by any regulation for the employment of the population of Ireland, the labour of each individual could be made worth even so much as a penny a day, the annual amount would be equal to the land rent, and double the revenue. Were the minds of the poor relieved by having a legal right to provision in time of distress, which would operate as a check to the subdivision of farms and the exactions of land-jobbers, the creation and investment of property, the fruit of industry, would go on progressively as in Britain. If Ireland could thus be brought to the same state of industry and security as Scotland now enjoys, the increased value of the land and stock could not be estimated at less than a thousand millions sterling, or about four times its present estimated amount."

This looks extremely like a demonstration that our present system, in

addition to its injurious tendencies towards promoting idleness, fraud, disease, and licentiousness, is also relatively more expensive than the English poor-rate; and though one should be very sorry to break in upon the humane and charitable disposition which so generally actuates the mass of our people at present, still we think that means may be devised, by which all that is virtuous and estimable in this disposition, all of it, in short, that springs from Christian charity, may be retained, while the useless or injurious operation of its exercise may be removed. Such institutions as that admirable one for the relief of sick and indigent room-keepers in Dublin, and even the mendicity associations which have been established in very many towns as well as the metropolis, for the employment and maintenance of the destitute poor, reach as near the great desideratum as can well be conceived. They feed the hungry and clothe the naked, heal the sick and raise up them that were ready to perish, with very little, if any, tendency to blunt the keenness of the natural affections in those who have the means and ought to have the will to minister a less painful species of relief to the poor and needy sufferers whom they succour, and therefore from the bottom of our hearts we bid them, and the kind-hearted beings who watch over them, God speed. We account the active exercise of the natural affections also as a cardinal virtue of the poor, and we do look upon it as one of the worst consequences of the English poor-laws, that they have so strong a tendency to bring this virtue into disuse; but were we always to refrain from trying to do any good until we were made sure that no particle of contingent evil might also possibly follow, we should sit still and do nothing all our lives; and this we know that nature, or rather its beneficent author, never intended. Wealth itself, prosperity, and a sense of independence, will generally bring increased selfishness, and, it may be, arrogance in their train; and as nations grow rich and plentiful, they must either forego the general exercise of many of our best and most useful instincts, or must, by improved education, substitute principle for feeling in the breasts of their population; but the part of wisdom certainly consists in embracing and

holding fast that which is good, sifting out the evil from it with all the skill and care we may, rather than in rejecting the means of promoting the welfare and happiness of ourselves or others, because we cannot secure advantage without risk of inconvenience, or procure the good without any alloy.— Besides, we must beware of refining too far, in our dread of injuring the charitable and benevolent character of our peasantry. It is certain that there are no conditions in which man can be placed, more certain to entail upon him the habit of selfishness and callousness of feeling, than extreme poverty and constant privation: it is altogether as bad as, or even worse than boundless wealth and the power of unrestrained indulgence of every appetite or caprice. To abuse the operation of the poor laws in England is part of the cant, or fashion of the day. It is very certain, however, both that the comfort and happiness of the general mass of the people is incomparably greater there than in Ireland, and also that the whole of the funds expended upon the poor, even if we include in this amount the very large proportion so iniquitously charged upon it, being paid to able-bodied labourers, (and which is plainly in fact a part of the wages of labour, not of charity to the poor,) still the total sum bears a very much smaller proportion to the actual and available resources of the country, than the cost of supporting the poor, not in money indeed, but in money's worth, does with us. We have dwelt thus much at length upon this subject, even at the risk of being thought tedious by some of our readers, not only on account of its great intrinsic importance, but also because it is believed that some great measure for the permanent relief of the poor is in the present contemplation of the Irish executive. The question is one upon which we should take shame to ourselves, did we for a moment indulge in anything like *party* feeling. It is a common field, an oasis in the desert of political debate, in which men of all creeds, political or religious, *might* meet together to consult for the common good of their poor and unfriended fellow-creatures. In fact it is impossible that any government can be so behind-hand with the age as not to know that the security of

the state depends upon the well-being and contentment of the general mass of the people. From the moment that any man begins to think that "the world is not his friend, nor the world's law," the world, and the people in it, and the laws of their enactment, are sure to have that man for their enemy. If he does not take to the hill-side and become a broken man, to burn and murder without remorse, he abandons himself to hopeless despondency or listless despair, and becomes a useless, if not a hurtful member of the community. Attempts to reclaim, by the severity of penal or coercive statutes, however effectual they may seem to be for the time, often prove in the end worse than unavailing. They provoke and rattle that spirit of stubbornness and insubordination which is sometimes not a disease naturally inherent in the individual, so much as one brought on by neglect or ill-treatment, by unjust suffering or untoward circumstances. Well and truly has it been observed, by the great philosophical writer, whose sentiments we have quoted in a passing note before, that "you might as well attempt to stop the progress of an epidemic by punishing those who are affected by the baneful principle in the air, as to remedy poverty by penal laws against the poor." Men must be led to their duty, not driven to it. You may deter them from doing what is criminal while the sword of the law is suspended over their necks, but you cannot compel them to practice what is right; and if the right could be forced upon them by compulsion, the right will, the motive, would still be wanting. But try the effect of kindness and cheering hope upon the man who has wrapt up himself in the covering of a reckless and abandoned despair, and you will see verified the beautiful old apologue of the Sun, after the wind, seeking to disencumber the traveller of his cloak. The heart that is steeled against the terrors of the law, which it feels or fancies to be unjust, will often yield to the gentler approaches of kindness and sympathy and good will, as the flower that closes at the full of night, and shuts itself from the approach of storms and darkness, will unfold its petals at the return of light, and expand in gladness before the beams of the morning sun. Fallen and degraded

as man may be, the touch of nature is still strong within his soul. It is so like the maid in the gospel, it is not dead but sleepeth. Let the accents of kindness and sympathy and encouragement be but heard, and the sunken eye will light up, the features distorted with envy and hatred, or furrowed with the lines of despair, will relax into hopefulness, and lighten into smiles. An interest in self-improvement will be excited in minds kept alive by the consciousness that there are benefactors who care for them. Dirty and vicious habits will give place to feelings of decency and self-respect, and the appalling contrast between heedless wealth and squalid pauperism will no longer haunt us at every step, nor be seen momentarily jostling one against the other in our country villages and our public streets.

We are willing, nay, anxious, to give even the present government credit for a strong desire to diminish the evils of this state of society, if it knew how to direct its efforts so as to contribute to their diminution. There is one rock upon which we have been assured there is at least a possibility they may split in the direction of their efforts; and it is with the sincerest wish to promote the ultimate end we believe them to have in view, namely, the amelioration of the condition of the poor, that we solemnly warn them against the apprehended danger. It has been confidently said by those whose "wish was father to the thought," that the design is entertained of making the Popish priests the chief almoners of the intended bounty to their flocks. This would be to establish the most pernicious of all conceivable forms of a poor rate. It would be, in fact, to confirm the worst prognostications of the bitterest adversaries of all legal relief to the poor, and would be tantamount to an Agrarian law. The reason is obvious: the popish priest derives his own income from the contributions of his flock; he teaches and preaches among his own people, (however differently he may expound the matter when writing to Mr. Littleton or ploughing the half-acre,*) that they,

and not the present Protestant possessors, are the rightful owners of all the landed property of Ireland, and, as surely as he is the professor of a corrupt form of Christianity, he would take a double delight in making the rate press hard and heavy on the Protestant proprietor by excessive and inordinate exactions which would at once gall those whom he counts his enemies, and enrich the payers of his own dues—gratify his covert malice, under a fair show of infinite compassion for the poor, and at the same time fill his purse; for when the sponges were full he would be at no loss how to squeeze them into his own maw.

Let the clergy of all persuasions be invited to attend as visitors and supervisors to the due and equitable distribution of the fund, however raised, but by no means give any man, and least and last of all men, a Popish priest, any power of imposing or increasing a cess in the amount of which he is himself deeply, though but mediately interested. We know well that the priests are fair-spoken, plausible persons; and we confess our fears that they may find those at the castle soft and *raw* enough to give ear to their smooth speeches, but we also know that, as George III. said of the Whigs, *there is no honesty in them*; and if Mr. Littleton, or Marquis, or Mister any body else, think fit to listen to their proposals, they will in the end be left floundering in the pool, and suffer not only disgrace and dishonour, but also infinite loss.

The quarter of Ireland in which the misery of the poor has been, and is most general, and most wretched, is the province of Connaught, though the Celtic inhabitants of that district suffer and die of hunger and hardship, more silently and quietly than the ruder and less delicately organized Gothic inhabitants of Munster. In that province alone, and for the purpose of mitigating some part of its overwhelming wretchedness, our lamented friend, Alexander Nimmo, expended a sum of £170,000 in public works, and so judiciously that the increase of the *annual* revenue to government, in the im-

* If any gentleman should be so superfluous as to demand an explanation of this genuine Eblanatic phrase, let him consult Sir Jonah Barrington.

proved district, has since exceeded the whole of the capital employed. It seems to us therefore that one very obvious and unimpeachable means of attaining the great desideratum now in question, would be, to have plans and surveys of the works most desirable and useful in every county, made by the government engineers, that a rate of wages should be fixed, considerably lower perhaps than the average rate of private wages in each county, and that all applicants, who on examination were found worthy of relief, should, from time to time, be employed upon this reserved fund, as it were, of labour; the wages-fund being raised chiefly by a tax levied similarly to the acreable charge under the tithe composition act, or to an improved form of the grand jury cess, which ought to be almost superseded by the works under the new law, and partly perhaps by parliamentary grants, which, for a while at least, until it was seen how the system worked, might well be conceded in lieu of the now extraordinary police and other expenses of government, which it is anticipated that the increased peace and comfort of the people would render nearly, if not altogether unnecessary. This great general principle of the law being once simply and clearly laid down, the existing machinery of the petty Sessions, and the ordinary police, together with a parish committee appointed for the purpose, might almost suffice for carrying it into operation, as occasion should require.

The barony constable, with additional remuneration if now insufficiently paid, might be made to perform many of the duties of overseer, and while the sick and impotent who had no relations to look after them, (and these who trust and believe, would not in Ireland be found very burdensome,) were properly provided for, the profligate and even the lazy, should be rigidly cut down to the lowest pittance of potatoes, that would keep soul and body together, that there might never be the slightest inducement to quit the regular channels of employment to go upon the parish. As to any separate provision for the families of the labourers so employed, that would be quite superfluous, and no such thing should be dreamt of. It is well known that an Irish peasant, who can get constant regular employ-

ment, at even very moderate wages, and the object of the change now proposed would be precisely to secure this object to him, never grumbles at having to support a family, nor calls his children an 'encumbrance.' If such a provision, however, were made for securing the Irish peasant from the extremity of distress, we should not much scruple to add to it an enactment, prohibiting any man under twenty-five, or woman under twenty-one, from marrying, unless the parties seeking to be made one, could prove property between them to the amount of twelve, or perhaps twenty, pounds, over the marriage dues. As long as they are left to perish if they pullulate too fast, the legislature would have small right to interfere, or check the indulgence of the single animal enjoyment ever placed within their reach; but when at length taken really under the protection of the law, it might fairly impose some moderate and not tyrannical restraint upon the known improvidence of our peculiar people, and thus far assist the landowner, who would then have to pay the piper, in repressing the growth of a pauper population on his estate.

Since our former paper went to press, the report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the present state of agriculture, and of persons employed in agriculture, in the United Kingdom, has been published. The committee states that, "In Ireland, as far as the growing demand of the English market extends, agriculture is improving, the growth of wheat is rapidly increasing, and the gross amount of produce is considerably augmented. The demand for lime and for manure is great throughout the province of Leinster; new roads have been formed; the inland navigation has been improved; the soil is fertile; and progressive increase of the supply of wheat from Ireland may be anticipated. With the war, however, the great contracts for salt provisions, which were drawn from Ireland, terminated; and it is doubtful whether any present demand from England for corn compensates for the loss which Ireland thus sustained." Coupled with this statement, however, it is to be observed that in another part of the report we learn that the importation of wheat into England

from abroad has for the last five years averaged 1,145,000 quarters a year, at a cost of about two millions and a half sterling, annually; and there is no good reason why this 'good round sum' should not come to Ireland instead of going abroad. But one of the first and leading steps towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object, is, by improving the port of Dublin, to facilitate the transmission of corn, and all other commodities, to and from the metropolis, and thus render really available all the other improvements enumerated, which without this are likely to prove comparatively nugatory. To promote this great end then, a general meeting of persons interested in the prosperity of Ireland, was convened by public advertisement in August last, and at this meeting it was unanimously resolved that the best means of carrying the design into effect would be by 'the construction of a Ship Canal, connecting the asylum harbour at Kingstown with the port of Dublin,' and a committee was appointed with a view to promote this undertaking. The report of this committee, embodying also the report of the select committee of the House of Commons on the same subject, now lies before us. The preliminary report of the committee of the House is so pregnant with matter, that we cannot bring the question more fully and fairly before our readers, in a brief compass, than by some short extracts selected from its contents:

"Your Committee find that the Board of Commissioners for improving the port and harbour of Dublin, commonly called the Ballast Board, have subsisted for a great number of years, are invested with ample and extraordinary powers, and possessed of large funds, raised by a heavy impost on the trade of the city of Dublin, applicable to the improvement of the river and harbour: the Board appear, even by the evidence already given, to have expended very large sums for that purpose; to have been for some years past sedulous in discharge of their duty, not without some success in particular instances; yet, from the natural defects of the river and harbour, the trade of Dublin, materially affecting as it does the trade of the country, so far as it is connected with shipping, remains subject to many and

serious difficulties arising from those defects, and from which, there is reason to fear, it cannot be effectually and fully relieved by any measures such as have hitherto been resorted to for that purpose."

"Considering the subject of a Ship Canal, referred to your Committee, as a proposed remedy for those defects, and with a view to the general and national expediency of such a work, the attention of your Committee was necessarily attracted to some very important considerations connected with the present state of the trade and port of Dublin, and of the inland navigation of Ireland. Among those considerations, they could not overlook the fact, that there now exist in the country two canals traversing it in different directions and to a great extent, and connecting themselves with the river Liffey in Dublin; the one reaching to, and communicating with, the river Shannon, and thus bisecting the whole island; the other, in a north-western direction, reaching towards, and not unlikely hereafter to be extended to Lough Erne, as a very few miles only distant from the Atlantic. Deep and capacious docks, communicating with the Liffey, have also been made by, and belong to, each of those canal companies; and there is also extensive and valuable dockage, the property of the public, connected with the Dublin Custom-house. Kingstown harbour, itself a great national work, one of the finest artificial harbours in the empire, and situate not more than five or six miles distant from the site of those docks and canals, and the landing quays of Dublin, stands singularly circumstanced, inasmuch as it is in no other way connected with those docks and quays than by a passage in a great degree artificial and imperfect, through the Dublin harbour and river Liffey; the one, obstructed by a bar at the entrance, not likely to be permanently removed, the other, shoally and shallow, and with an uneven bottom, where vessels lie aground at almost every ebb tide; circumstances, which, taken together, render the harbour and river to a great degree inconvenient, if not dangerous, to any but vessels of small tonnage, and generally productive of very inexpedient delays. Looking at facts like these, and considering them with reference to a remedy for those

inconveniences, and to give to the country at large, as well as to the immediate trade of Dublin, the benefits which Kingstown harbour is obviously so capable of affording to both, through the medium of those canals, and their extensive, but at present nearly unused dockage, the expediency of a Ship Canal has been considered by your Committee. It has appeared in evidence to your Committee, that the making of a Ship Canal from that part of the coast where Kingstown harbour is now situate, has long been in the contemplation of those who have from time to time during the last century been led to consider the state of the harbour and river of Dublin. Several of those gentlemen, and particularly the late Mr. John Rennie, the late able engineer, Mr. Nimmo, and the late Mr. Killaly, an engineer also of very considerable abilities and experience, were favourable to the adoption of such a canal."

"On the whole, therefore, of the evidence taken by your Committee, combining that given by Mr. Cubitt with that bearing on the nature of the defects under which the river and harbour of Dublin labour, and taking also into account the improvements lately made by the expenditure of the Ballast Commissioners, and the probable future improvements which they may be capable of making, your Committee have felt it their duty to report to the House, that, in their opinion, such a Canal would be both expedient in a national as well as local view, and certainly practicable between the City of Dublin and Kingstown Harbour, and would, if completed, tend to place the port of Dublin among the best in the empire, instead of being as it now is, in many respects, one of the most inconvenient."

"And your Committee, in conclusion, beg leave, in the strongest terms, to recommend to this House, that means should be provided for the making of such survey and estimate as they have

above suggested, as the basis for the undertaking of a work of such great national utility."

From the evidence appended to this report, it certainly appears that by such a measure as the proposed Ship Canal, the harbour of Dublin might be rendered one of the best commercial harbours in the empire, and capable of producing the most important national benefits; the only obstacle being the question of expense; and even that, we believe, will be found, on the necessary survey and estimates being made,* not to exceed a few years' revenue of the Board whose funds are specially set apart to be devoted to the improvement of the port of Dublin. The Dublin and Kingstown Rail-road Company have been, we perceive, so superfluous as to petition against the formation of the proposed Ship Canal, on the ground of its interfering with their interests; and the select committee heard counsel on their behalf before making the very favourable report from which we have quoted.—We are far from wishing to interfere with the interests of the Rail-road, or of any other public work in Ireland, so long as its promoters are willing to abide by the sound maxim of British jurisprudence, "so use your own as not to harm your neighbour's;" but it really seems monstrous, to propose that the commerce of the country should continue to be crippled, and a great national benefit be defeated, lest it might perhaps partially diminish the profits of a company established chiefly for the more rapid conveyance of passengers, with a chance of the occasional carriage of the cargoes of large vessels coming into Kingstown and discharging there for the Dublin market. As well might the jingle-men and Rock car-boys have sought to prevent, as indeed they did in their own summary way, the formation of the railway itself. But the schoolmaster and the march of intellect ought to have taught the directors of a great company better

* Mr. Cubitt, the engineer, has, we believe, at length commenced a survey for the government, with the express stipulation that such survey shall not exceed 300*l.* and also that said government be not pledged to any ulterior proceedings grounded upon his report. This seems very like a conciliation humbug; but we hope and believe that should the merchants of Dublin feel that the trade of the port would be very materially benefitted by such an undertaking, there is sufficient ability and energy among them to have it carried into effect.

things. Let the railway flourish, say we; but not the less on that account let the ship canal, which is of incomparably greater *public* importance, have dominion from Kingstown harbour to Ringsend docks, so as to render Dublin a far superior port, and ultimately, we trust, a not less flourishing emporium of trade and commerce than Liverpool itself. The private advantage that may possibly accrue to the Railway Company in particular, from the incalculable number of tourists who will be induced to avail themselves of their conveyance, for the sake of the novelty and variety of a circuit by sea and land, sailing over the watery-way in

steam ships, and returning in chariots over an iron road, at the trifling cost of an hour's time and a shilling's coin, we think it needless to dilate upon in this place, being sufficiently obvious to the dullest capacity.

Before taking leave, however, of the subject of roads and internal communication, we cannot forbear making most honourable mention of the extraordinary and successful exertions in this behalf, not of a great company incorporated by act of parliament, and backed with public loans and private purses, but of a single stranger, unmonied and unfriended, who, coming from his own sunny land of the South,

Il bel paese
Ch'Apennin parte, e'l mar circonda, e l'Alpe,

Set up his staff amongst us, in the lowly, though not servile nor unrefined vocation of an itinerant printseller; and learning from personal experience, that best of all possible teachers, the painfulness and inconvenience of toiling from town to town, weary and travel-stained, on foot, he set up a jaunting-car as soon as he could muster the very moderate funds requisite, and endeavoured to defray the expenses of his horse's keep, by picking up stray passengers occasionally along the road. For a time the speculation did not tell; but by degrees the convenience began to be felt and appreciated. The plan was relished; another car was set up, for passengers only, with two horses instead of one, and a careful, courteous driver. The thing took, and the establishment spread. The comfort, regularity, cheapness, and despatch, of these conveyances are now universally known; radiating from Clonmel, as a centre, they traverse Munster in every direction, and include not a few of the towns of Leinster and Connaught in their round. In fact, this spirited and enterprising foreigner may be said to have opened up the whole south of Ireland to the traveller, and to have done far more to promote and facilitate internal intercourse in a large division of the kingdom than even the far-famed coaching company of Messrs. Anderson of Fermoy. He is now the principal contractor for the conveyance of the royal mails on all the cross-roads in the south; his establishment gives constant and well-paid employment to

upwards of six score of families, directly as his servants, besides consuming an immense quantity of agricultural produce for the food of man and horse, and employing numbers of tradesmen in the construction of his vehicles, harness, and other appendages. Whenever any of the persons in his own immediate service becomes by age or accident disabled from duty, if they have been well behaved, he continues to support them; and, what perhaps they value more, when they die he buries them in the grave of their own people, and lays their bones by their father's bones, at his own expense. Their children, too, are cared for after them, schooled with diligence, and in due time preferred in the establishment. There is something so very amiable, as well as excellent, in all this, that when we read the other day that government had granted letters of naturalization to this gentleman, we own we felt for a moment more than half ashamed that the courtesy was not accompanied by some more flattering and distinguished mark of approbation. But 'tis better as it is. To such a man the consciousness of his own pleasant thoughts is the most suitable reward. The respect of the wise, the esteem of the good, and the blessing of the poor, far, far transcend the hollow mockery of official compliment. Be it ours to record, and to transmit to our children's children, in the deathless pages of imperishable *MAGNA*, honour and praise to CARLO BIANCONI!

NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH PALESTINE.

CHAPTER I.

Jerusalem—Calvary—Mar Michael—Church of the Sepulchre—Mount of Olives—The King's Dale—Mosque of Omar—Synagogues—Camels—Bethany—Bethlehem—Solomon's Gardens.

On the 31st of August, 1831, my fellow travellers and I came in sight of the Holy City, Jerusalem, and never shall I forget the feelings which struck me at the first sight of a place so memorable as the great scene of our Redemption. All the other associations of ideas which scripture supplies, in connection with the Holy City seemed absorbed in this *one* most interesting, most important fact, that here the corner stone was laid of that stupendous edifice which well may mock the ravages of time, when its builder has declared that it shall be coeval with eternity.

Its appearance struck on me in a more favorable light than I had anticipated. "The walls with the towers thereof" gave it an air of importance, whilst the lofty minarets of the mosques, and the domes of the church of the sepulchre gave sufficient proof of a still existing consequence. Jerusalem, even to the present day, "is builded as a city that is compact together," its situation exactly answers to what we have in Psalm cxxv. 2. "As the mountains stand round about Jerusalem." It is built on a hill with the valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat separating it from the Mount of Olives and the surrounding hills; this explains the expression, "Whither the tribes go up." I called to mind its former greatness, and the wonderful love of an offended Deity towards its rebellious inhabitants; and, whilst I deeply sympathised with its present state of affliction and punishment, the cheering promises, which are in so many passages set forth in the book of Truth, of its final and perfect restoration, helped to dissipate the gloom that its present separation from the divine favour threw around me.

On my left, as I entered the city, lay the Mount of Olives; at its foot, inside the walls, rose the beautiful and majestic mosque of Omar, built upon the site of the ancient Temple. But my eager eyes refused to dwell on these,

no doubt, most interesting objects. Where is Calvary? was my first and hasty demand from my surrogee, (or muleteer) when pointing to a large cupola, he informed me it was the Church of the Sepulchre built on Calvary. I gazed intently in this direction, and felt myself influenced by emotions which I cannot describe. This, indeed, seemed the bourne of my pilgrimage, "What spot on earth," I asked myself, "can ever be so full of interest to me, or excite such pleasurable feelings?" I looked upon the object of my now rivetted attention, as if I could have seen a ray of light yet hovering over this hallowed spot; my friends seemed also lost in their reflections, not one word was spoken the remainder of the journey, and the first thing that recalled my wandering senses, and awoke me from my dream of thought, was the wailing and lamentations of some of the "daughters of Jerusalem" for one they were conveying to the burial ground. They uttered shrieks such as I never heard before, threw their garments in the air, and accompanied their expressions of sorrow with frantic gestures of their hands. It reminded me of the funerals in the South of Ireland, one of which I saw take place at Killarney, where there were women regularly hired to bewail, or rather vociferate, the merits of the deceased, while "ever and anon" the bottle was applied to add fresh vigour to this strange celebration of their no less extraordinary orgies. I must except this latter part of the ceremony from the mode in which Eastern funerals are conducted, as wine and spirits are forbidden to the followers of the Prophet; while in Ireland one of the two, at least, is considered indispensable, it is hard to say whether as a remedy for or a stimulant to grief!

The tombs or "whited sepulchres" resemble towns in miniature. The Christians, Jews, and Turks have each their separate burial grounds.

We at length arrived at the gate

JERUSALEM.



Drawn by William West, Esq.

Mount of
Olives,

Mosque of Omar, built on
the site of the Temple.

Mountains of
Moab.

Church of the
Sepulchre.



Bab-el-Haled, or well beloved, leaving Aceldama, or "field of blood unto this day," on our right. The gates of eastern cities are towers, through which there is an archway, with stone benches at either side, on which the soldiers sit, having their arms hung over their head. This is doubtless the same description of gate that David sat in, to shew himself to the people who came in and out of the city.—Samson also carried away the doors of the gate, which shews that a gate signifies the mason-work. The gates were places of public assemblies, and also used as courts where justice was administered, as in the case of Boaz and Ruth at the gate of Bethlehem.

After we had ridden through several narrow and dirty streets, we reached Mar Michael, the Greek convent, situated on Mount Calvary. When the trouble and confusion of unloading our mules and satisfying our guides was over, we procured two rooms in the convent, and these we had to furnish ourselves, as there was nothing but the naked walls; so laying down our rugs, which served as sofas, beds, or saddles, as occasion required, we took some rest after our fatigue. I was very desirous to have an early view of the tomb, and satisfy the curiosity which could not fail to be intense, with such objects for its gratification. Having sent my servant to inquire if the church was open, he brought back answer that it was not, that the keys were with the governor of the city, but that some pilgrims had arrived, and that it should be open the following morning. I contented myself, therefore, knowing that I was actually on Mount Calvary; that my eye could rest on the place hallowed to all posterity, that I was in Jerusalem, once the glory of the whole earth.

The long wished for morning at length arrived, when we proceeded to the Church of the Sepulchre. The first object that presented itself to our view on entering was a group of Turkish soldiers, seated cross-legged on a bench, smoking and sipping coffee. They had been sent by the governor with the keys of the church, and to receive backsheesh (money) from the pilgrims. The governor derives a considerable revenue from the sepulchre and the other holy places about Jerusalem: each convent pays nearly

ten thousand dollars annually. There are travelling monas attached to the convents, who wander all over Europe, collecting alms to defray these taxes. Spain, Italy, and Austria contribute largely to the support of the Latin convents, whilst Greece and Russia provide for the Greek. It is therefore not surprising that Christians are tolerated by the Turks, and superstition countenanced and encouraged.—The Christians are the chief sources from whence the pachas and nobles derive their revenues.

Immediately opposite the entrance was a handsome slab of coloured marble, marking the spot where it is said the body of our Lord was anointed previous to burial. A little to the left of this is an iron railing, where the Virgin Mary stood when she beheld the sufferings of her blessed Son. We then came to the inner church, in the centre of which a heavy unmeaning kind of temple, (in which there are holes at the side, whence the holy fire issues at Easter,) is built, containing the tomb. On approaching a low narrow door leading into it, a priest sprinkled me with rose water, and made signs to me "to take off my shoes." This order I willingly complied with. I then crept into a narrow chamber overhung with lamps. On the right as I entered was a simple white marble slab, marking the spot "where the Lord lay." Two or three pilgrims knelt at it, paying their vows of adoration. I must own I pardoned and half envied their worship, though I could not suppose, (as I am inclined to think they did) that any saving efficacy could be derived from the sanctity of the spot, or that the privations and sufferings necessarily undergone in their pilgrimage could tend to the promotion of their Maker's glory or the benefit of their own souls. I stood for some moments, indulging in those absorbing feelings which my position was so well calculated to give rise to. Here I felt at perfect peace with all mankind. Whatever, and how great may have been the differences between my religion and that of those around me, all were removed at the recollection that here had lain the sacrifice for all. It is a strange sight to see Greek and Armenian, Latin and Lutheran, and the various other sects of Christians, all coming to this

centre of devout attraction : all are equally agreed on this one point, that here had been the closing scene of that history to which the world affords no parallel.

Leaving the tomb, I entered the Greek chapel opposite, in the centre of which is a marble urn or ornament, marking the place which the modern Greeks conceive the centre of the world,* leaving to the ancient Greeks the credit of having discovered it to be Delphi. The interior of this church is hung round with gaudy pictures of saints, richly gilt. Among these worthies I discovered England's patron, St. George. He is in high esteem with the Greeks, who shew on Mount Lebanon the precise spot on which he killed the dragon. St. Patrick seems never to have travelled so far ; he is quite unknown in these countries. It must be very mortifying to an Irish pilgrim to meet with such specimens of ignorance, and neglect of so important a personage. The Greeks never use carved images, though they allow paintings. I asked some Greeks on what passage of Scripture they founded an authority for images. Their answer was, that Christ, when asked about the tribute money, said, "whose image and superscription is this?" which he would not have done if he thought it idolatry ; and moreover, that he commanded the worship of images by desiring them "to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's." The glaring absurdity of such an interpretation is a sufficient refutation of it. A flight of twenty one marble steps leads to the summit of Mount Calvary, on which is placed a circle of silver, chased with figures, shewing where the cross was planted. On the right of this is a split in a rock, covered with a piece of cloth. It is said to have been caused when the "rocks rent ;" but to see this effect more satisfactorily, I descended to the chapel underneath, where Adam's skull was said to have been found, from which circumstance the place takes the name "Golgotha" or place of a skull. I might enumerate many other localities ; for instance, where the cross was found by Helena, the place where Christ was buffeted and his feet placed in the stocks, &c., but I

consider them without sufficient grounds for belief, and most probably invented to favour the lucrative desires of the monks, and gratify the superstitious notions of pilgrims, who go about kissing every relic and counting their beads, endeavouring, as they say themselves, to make their souls, not knowing "that bodily exercise profiteth little." I must own I was disappointed with my visit. I had hoped to have seen Calvary in its natural state—to have pictured the whole scene of the crucifixion before my eyes, as it occurred eighteen centuries ago. My feelings were too often offended with the mistaken piety and bad taste that presented themselves continually. All seemed one chaos of buildings, paintings, stairs, lamps, images, &c.

Calvary is within the present circuit of the walls, though at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion it was not then included in the city. This circumstance is no objection to its being the Calvary on which Christ was crucified. As the city when rebuilt after its destruction under Titus may have been extended on the one side and contracted on the other, as is the case with Mount Zion which is now outside the walls, and was then within their circuit. Besides this, it is not probable that the early Christians who were so zealous, and, doubtless, regarded with veneration every place connected with our Saviour, could have neglected or forgotten so remarkable a locality as the tomb, even under their severest persecutions.

Next to Calvary, the Mount of Olives affords to the Christian mind the most agreeable associations of ideas, as it recalls many of our Saviour's acts during his ministry, and more particularly its being his favourite resort with his disciples. Here he explained to them his parables, which their blindness prevented them from understanding when declared to them. Here he was wont to pray, and underwent his greatest humiliation in the garden of Gethsemane ; it was from this he wept over the ill-fated Jerusalem, and predicted its overthrow. But what distinguishes it most in its connexion with Christ is, that from its summit he ascended to the right-hand

* Ezekiel, v. 5.

of his Father, there to remain till he comes in like manner as he was seen to ascend when departing from his disciples. There are several olive trees yet, some of which are of a considerable size. A mosque is built over the place where Christ ascended; in this is preserved a marble slab, with the impression of feet in it, which the monks pretend was left by Christ.

The King's Dale, or Valley of Jehosophat, and the brook Kedron separate the Mount of Olives from Zion, "The strong holds of David," whose tomb is held in great respect by the Arabs; it is the chief burial place of Christians of all denominations. Here I saw the tombs of many Europeans who have fallen victims to fevers and various others diseases incidental to these climates. Among the number I discovered those of the late pious missionary Dr. Dalton, also that of Mr. Bradford, an American traveller. The singular circumstances connected with the death of the latter, will show the fraud and treachery of the Latin monks in their true colours: Mr. B—— took a fever when at Jerusalem, and was, in consequence, prevented from joining his friends on an excursion to the Dead Sea; they left him in care of the monks, at whose convent they were residing, in hopes of finding him on their return quite recovered. They were shocked to find he had died in the interim. A long story was made out of the piety of the deceased—of his having renounced the errors of the Lutheran faith, and demanded the consecrated wafer in his last moments. To these fables the distressed friends gave no heed, and on leaving Jerusalem composed a suitable inscription for his tomb-stone, and placed in the hands of the superior of the convent a sufficient sum to defray the necessary expenses. I read on his tomb an inscription which the wily monks composed to suit their proselytizing purposes; it pretended that he died renouncing the errors of the Lutheran faith, and was received into the arms of the holy mother church. We had heard from the Greeks of the convent where we were staying, that his death was very mysterious; they even asserted, that it had been hastened by the monks, in order to possess themselves of any money he might have, and to communicate to his Holiness the Pope,

that they had effected a great and miraculous conversion, for which glad tidings, doubtless, they calculated on having the thanks and blessing of the follower of St. Peter, accompanied perhaps with some temporal advantages to the superior. By a strange course of events I met with a gentleman at Constantinople, who had been one of Mr. B.'s companions, and had actually composed the original epitaph; I need not say that it had a far different tendency from the one that now falsely records his religious tenets. But I must follow this singular affair to the end, as there seems to be more than mere *chance* employed for developing the secret. On my return to Europe, I met an American gentleman at Paris, who being aware of my having visited the East, enquired if I had met with a Mr. Bradford who had died in Jerusalem; I at once recollected the circumstances of the epitaph, &c., and told him all the particulars I was in possession of; he said he was acquainted with the late Mr. B.'s brother, who was then in Paris, and would doubtless be very anxious to hear my account which was in direct opposition to the information he had received. I lost no time in having an interview with the brother, and felt truly happy in being made the humble instrument of removing every pang and doubt from the brother's breast, and of enabling him to communicate this happy contradictory intelligence to his afflicted family; I also furnished him with the addresses of some missionary friends in Syria, who could put him in possession of any further intelligence he might desire.

Jerusalem is supplied with water from the pool of Siloam, which is conveyed by asses in the skins of goats (the "bottles" of Scripture;) whole troops of asses gallop down the precipices leading to the well; several steps hewn out of the rock lead to a kind of grotto, at the entrance of which are heard distant murmuring voices proceeding from women below, who are filling the skins for the asses. The Brook Kidron, or Cedron, had no water in it when I visited it. There are some ruins shewn for the pool of Bethesda, but there were only two porches; it seems certainly to have been a reservoir for water. The most interesting place of antiquity in the

environs of Jerusalem are the tombs of the Kings of Judah; they are all hewn out of the solid rock, forming several chambers, with smaller ones branching off, which contained the bodies; over the porch, or entrance, is a wreath of grapes, leaves, and other ornaments cut out of the native rock; from the quantities of rubbish, it is now only accessible by creeping through a hole; to effect this, we took off parts of our dress, leaving one of our friends outside to keep watch and take care of our clothes; it was very fortunate we did so, as some Arabs came down after us in hopes of finding that we had all entered; by their rolling a stone to the mouth of the entrance, they could have effectually prevented our egress, and have kept us in till we had given them our money; being disappointed in their plan, they accused us of digging for treasures, from an idea which the Arabs entertain that there are riches hid in the ruins. On our return we passed near the mosque of Omar, where is preserved that which tradition asserts to have fallen from heaven, and on which Mahomet is to sit in judgment. Some Turkish females seeing from our dress that we were Christians, cried out *Harem, Harem*, i. e. sacred, sacred! This word equally implies the sanctity of the mosque, as it does of the seraglio, it being death for a *Giaour* to enter either; seeing that we disregarded their injunctions, they took a more efficacious way of making us not approach too near, by spitting at us, calling us by all the abusive titles possible, and by throwing a volley of stones which they sent with force and dexterity, and actually made us retreat out of the gate St. Stephano, where the martyr, from whom it takes its name, was stoned. Not far from this gate is a wall connected with the mosque of Omar, built from the stones of the temple. The Jews pay annually a large sum for being permitted to pray and weep over them. There is an irregularity in the placing of the stones which shews evidently that they have been rebuilt, and leaves no doubt that prophecy has been literally fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus—"There shall not be one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

Whilst I was taking the dimensions of

these stones, which drew from a disciple, "see what manner of stones and what buildings are here," some Jews, who came to pray and weep there, seeing me measuring the stones and taking a fragment away, came and asked me in a plaintive tone, why I did so? I told them in Arabic as well as I could, and with the assistance of my dragoman or (interpreter) that I was a stranger from a far country, that I revered these stones as being part of the temple, and was bringing away a piece for my absent friends; they seemed quite dejected, and yet were happy in finding one of another country, language, and religion, who deigned to commiserate them in their bondage. What a beautiful illustration of Psalm cii. 14, "Thy servants think upon her stones, and it pitieth them to see her in the dust." This wall now stands on the site (as is supposed) of Solomon's porch. There are several synagogues in Jerusalem, some of which I visited;—what a painful and afflicting contrast is visible here between the glorious beauty and splendour of the temple, and the poor miserable, filthy hovels where now the children of Israel worship their God. On the 8th of September, which answers to the month *Tisri*, or First of the Civil Year, and the Feast of Trumpets, I heard in one of the synagogues, the blowing of a small squeaking trumpet at intervals; I regret to say I saw none of that sorrow of heart, which one might expect to find with those, who *must* feel themselves under the curse of a broken law and the displeasure of an injured, yet all-merciful God. I do believe that many account for their slavery and dispersion from the rejection of the Messiah. They frequently ask what can the crime be, for which they have suffered so long and so severely, when they were punished with only seventy years captivity for the dreadful sin of idolatry; "but their minds were blinded, for until *this* day remaineth the same vail untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament, which vail is done away in Christ." The women remain in an outer court separated from the men.

The number of Jews resident in Jerusalem cannot be well ascertained.—The whole population is calculated from 20,000 to 25,000, the greater part of which are Mahomedans; the re-

mainder comprises Christians and Jews. There is always a great influx of strangers. The number of pilgrims who annually visit Jerusalem at the time of Easter is calculated to be about 10,000; the circumference of the city is three miles, or one hour. Distances are calculated by hours, as the camel is thought to travel at the rate of three English miles the hour, whilst the dromedary is capable of going seven or eight within the hour. Naturalists have fallen into error in the distinction they make between the camel and dromedary, by the humps on the back; there is actually no other difference than what exists in the breeding of a cart and race horse,—the dromedary having slight and well formed limbs, with great swiftness; whilst the camel is slow and heavy. Those of Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, though differing in size and strength, have only one hump: the Bactrian camel has two. Jeremiah compares Israel to a swift dromedary traversing her ways. It derives its name from the Greek *δρομεον*, to run. Nothing shews the ignorance and state of barbarity in which the inhabitants of these countries exist more than their reluctance and opposition to the introduction of any European customs or improvements. One day, while sketching the King's Dale, where yet stands the tomb or "pillar of Absalom, which he reared for himself in his life time," a Bedouin, either taking me for one of the hated race of the Jews, or supposing that I was laying down plans to take the city by storm, presented his long ornamented gun at me. I immediately hid behind the stem of an olive tree, under the shade of which I had been sitting.—He continued to keep it steadily pointed, till I should shew sufficient of my body to make sure of his aim. Fortunately I was on an eminence, that by its precipitancy prevented his nearer approach unless by a circuitous route, which might enable me to escape in the interim. He resorted to a ruse de guerre, by pretending to take no further notice of me, and walked on, expecting that I would come from behind cover. As soon as ever I protruded part of my body, he turned about; but before he could fire, I was in close embrace

to the olive tree. Some Arabs who were coming up with a drove of camels made him relinquish all further attempts on the worthless object of his sanguinary and misguided zeal for the religion of the false prophet. Thankful for this providential escape, I regained my friends and the convent without seeking to finish my sketch.

How often has my heart sunk within me as I heard the name of Christ blasphemed. Many a time have mothers called their children to the door, to lisp a curse against the passing Christian.

On our road to visit Bethany (the village of Mary and Martha,) we passed through the Jewish burial ground in the valley of Jehosophat: some Jewesses were bewailing their dead;—it is customary to visit the graves of their friends. The Jews thought that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, was going to weep at the grave of her brother when they saw her going out to meet her Lord. This valley is a favourite place of interment with the Jews, as they imagine judgment will commence there. This idea is founded on the 12th verse of 3d chapter of Joel:—"Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehosophat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." To the left of this valley is the small village of Bethphage, half a mile distant from Jerusalem. It was here that Jesus gave commands to two disciples to go into the village* over against them, where they were to find the ass on which Sion's King sat when he entered Jerusalem, amidst the hosannas of the assembled multitudes.—A few miserable mud hovels compose Bethany at present, "nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off," (John, xi. 18.) The grave of Lazarus is kept by some Arabs, who demand money from all visitors. We descended several narrow steps by torch light, at the bottom of which was a small chamber, where the body of Lazarus was laid. On comparing this with the account we have in John xi., I met with some difficulty in reconciling them. It does not agree with our Saviour's commands—"come forth:" it should rather be "come up," which would have been attended with much diffi-

* Probably Siloe.

culty to one bound with grave-clothes. Some explain it away by Christ's descending the steps, and on coming to the chamber or "cave," upon which a stone was laid, issuing his commands—"Lazarus, come forth." Here Christ lodged for some time, and it was here that he blessed his disciples before "he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." There is a fine view of the Dead Sea from this; the bold rugged mountains of Moab overhang this gloomy lake, in whose sulphury bosom lie immersed the wicked cities of the once fruitful plain. Among the many interesting places surrounding Jerusalem, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, was not forgotten, nor considered "the least" of those mentioned in connection with Christ, being where the sun of righteousness first arose.—Its distance from Jerusalem is six miles or two hours' drive; on the way-side is the tomb of Rachael, and on the right, in an olive grove about two miles distant from Ephrath or Bethlehem, is Rama, where the murder of the innocents took place under Herod. Bethlehem, or the house of bread, is situated on an eminence, with a barren valley at its foot, supposed to be where the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night. There are some fine mountains in the back ground; one in particular, resembling a cone, with its summit taken off, not unlike an extinct volcano. Mountainous districts were called coasts in Scripture, a term equally applied to inland hill country as well as maritime. It was the children of these mountains that Herod, when mocked of the wise men, slew. Bethlehem is two days journey from the sea. At the entrance of the village are some wells, supposed to be those whose waters David desired so much to drink of. The convent, which is built over the stable where the child Christ was born and laid in a manger, has lofty and well-built walls, with iron cased doors, so as to resist invasion from the Arabs. We had a letter of introduction to the superior, from one of their brethren at Jerusalem; but we were afraid it would not avail us any thing, as we kept knocking and shouting for a considerable time: at length we were informed that it was necessary to ascend a small hill, from whence we might be seen by the monks, so as to satisfy themselves, before opening to

us, whether we were some of their plundering neighbours or pious pilgrims. On our shouting out we were English, there was no further delay to our being admitted, as they calculated on adding something handsome to their coffers. They are obliged to take all these precautions, as the Arabs would rush in and carry off every thing they could lay hold of. In the celebrated convent of Megaspilion, in the Peloponnesus, the monks are drawn up and let down the walls, like St. Paul at Damascus, in a basket.

The convent and church are both on an extensive scale. The stable is subterranean, and is entered from the church by a flight of marble steps leading down to it. Grottos and caves were and are still used for keeping cattle, being less exposed to the heat of the sun than if they were above ground. I met here the same disappointment as I did at the sepulchre. I never could have supposed it to be the simple rude stable in which Mary "brought forth her first-born, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."—Every spot was covered over with marbles and daubs of paintings; some massive lamps hung from the ceiling, which casting a faint flickering light around, gave a very solemn effect to a procession of monks, who were prostrating themselves before a recess with a silver star inserted in a slab. This is where Christ the Saviour of the world was born. A few feet distant from this is shewn where the manger stood; it is now inlaid with marble. The inhabitants of Rome pretend to possess the original, which is of wood, and is carried about in procession on Christmas morning in the church of Sancta Maria degli Angeli. There is a considerable trade carried on at Bethlehem in the manufacture of crosses, boxes, and images carved from mother-of-pearl taken from the Red Sea. The stocks of the Arab guns are beautifully inlaid with this shell. Pilgrims always lay in here a bountiful supply of beads, crosses, &c. for their friends, which when brought into Italy and blessed by the Pope, are supposed to possess the invaluable properties of preventing and removing all kinds of sickness and dangers. These they carry round their necks as charms. The Mahomedans

likewise "bind about their necks" passages from the Koran, enclosed in a silver "tablet." I have seen the women in Egypt wear similar charms as "frontlets between their eyes," and it is a very usual practice for Christians and Mussulmen to have "signs" and letters tattooed on their arms and backs of their hands. About four or five miles distant from Bethlehem are situated the Pools of Solomon: they are three in number, rising one above the other, and resembling ship docks in size and form. There was very little water in them, but they are capable of containing great supplies. Solomon is supposed to allude to these in his Song, iv. 12. A subterranean aqueduct conducts the water to a valley where Solomon's gardens lay: they appeared to me, from their magnitude, to be intended for supplying Bethlehem and the city of Jerusalem with water. The country around is very sequestered and surrounded with mountains. Our guides expressed great apprehensions from robbers, and repeatedly came to see if we had our arms in readiness. I found it so difficult to travel with safety in my European dress, and was so frequently exposed to insult, that on my return to Jerusa-

lem I adopted that of the Mameluke, and had my head entirely shaved, not leaving even the prophet's lock, by which Mahomet is to lift the faithful into Paradise. I purchased a handsome Persian shawl, which I encircled round my calpac or red skull-cap: this made a most respectable turban, and though heavy, I found it cooler than the poor unmeaning hat I had just doffed, as its many folds resisted the rays of a burning sun; my trowsers, which were of scarlet and handsomely embroidered, formed a regular sack with holes at either end, through which I protruded my feet. The Turks judge of the respectability of a man by the quantity and quality of his cloth: they would frequently lay hold of my dress and exclaim, "Marshalla," or, God is great. My change of costume I found very agreeable, and from its fulness, much cooler than its predecessor. My beard and moustachoes had already attained a considerable length, so that I was greeted by the descendants of the Prophet with their own peculiar salutation of "Salaam Aleikum," which is only addressed by the faithful to each other, and which to a Giaour or Christian dog, would be "Mar Salaam," peace be with you.

CHAPTER II.

Emmaus—Hawārah—Nabloose—Nazareth.

"Oroorola, Oroorola," (may our journey be auspicious) shouted our Mucoraw,* as he dashed before us, out of the gate of Jerusalem, on our road to Nazareth. The same silence pervaded our party on leaving the Holy City, as there did on our entering. Every now and then we turned our eyes to gaze on what we were so shortly to leave, and each indulged in his own silent reflections, till we had arrived at a ridge of hills which were for ever to eclipse from our view the earthly Jerusalem. We cried a halt, and set our faces once more toward the Holy City. How eagerly my eyes scanned the outlines of the Hills of Zion and of

Olivet, and rested on the domes of Calvary. Anxious that the recollection of them might never fade from my memory. Oh! that the set time was come when Zion shall be freed from the bondage of those who now trample her glory in the dust. As I turned round my mule to proceed on my journey, and my eye took its last lingering look, I felt I could say with the Psalmist, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

We passed by Emmaus, distant from Jerusalem sixty furlongs, or seven and a half miles. It was here our Saviour made himself known to two of

* Muleteer.

his disciples after his resurrection. Towards evening we arrived at Beer or Beeroth, now a small village; here we rested by a well for the night. We took provisions from Jerusalem to last us two days; but, on our awaking in the morning, there were none forthcoming. Having charged our muleteers with the theft, they, in return, charged the jackalls; so as there was little probability of our getting at the truth of the matter, we had to content ourselves with whatever we might fall in with on our journey. Before the sun arose, we were on our way to Nabloose, the ancient Sychem of Samaria; our route lay over the mountains of Bethel and Gibeon, and the supposed site of Samuel's tomb. The general appearance of the country is that of sterility; here and there, however, there is some slight cultivation, olive, fig, and vine-yards are reared on terraces, one above the other, like steps, having loose stone walls to prevent the earth being washed away by the winter torrents. The corn is thrashed out by oxen or asses trampling it, the sheaves are placed in a circle, round which the oxen are driven: they are not prevented eating of the corn as they work, fulfilling the command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."* I was particularly struck with the size of the goats and sheep, the ears of the former are very long, and well adapted to keep off the numerous stinging insects that invade their heads: the sheep have tails a third the size of their bodies. Nothing is so remarkable as the accuracy with which the character of the true shepherd, as described by our Lord in the xth chapter of John, is illustrated by the shepherd of Palestine. He wanders from hill to hill, and valley to valley, seeking fresh and tender pasturage for his flock; he has no certain home, and seldom is he cheered by the society of friend or relative. On the approach of night, he conducts his flock into some secure cave or fold, formed of the branches of trees or rushes, into which the beasts of prey cannot enter, at the dawn of morning he leads them out, and they all follow him,

as he is with them continually, both by day and night, never leaving them an instant; he *knows* his sheep, and they are known of him, and should a stranger call them by name, (for the shepherd gives each a separate name) him they will not follow, *for they know not the voice of strangers*. I have seen them, when called by their shepherd, run down the steepes on which they were feeding, and come jumping up to him like so many dogs, each endeavouring to get his head between the legs, and in the shade of the shepherd, whilst he himself "bears both the burden and heat of the day."

We reached a small village called Hawārah, distant from Nabloose about two and a half hours, here we lay down under a tree, rolling ourselves in our rugs, having previously procured two Arab guides to conduct us, when rested, to Jacob's well, where our Saviour conversed with the woman of Samaria. At midnight when the moon arose, our half-naked guides came to awake us; but, my friends not liking to intrust themselves with such companions, at such an hour, and on a solitary mountain, began to make excuses; one that he was too tired, another that he was unwell, and a third candidly avowing that he did not altogether relish the yatikans,† and savage countenances of the guides. As I had made up my mind, *coute qui coute*, to see the well, I started alone with my swarthy gigantic companions, who went bounding before me making the hills re-echo with their yells. They girded their only article of dress, which consisted of a camel's hair quilt, round their loins, so as to allow their limbs the greater freedom. We had not proceeded far up the rugged sides of the mountain, when we heard the barking of a dog, one of the Arabs fell flat on his face to the ground, the other beckoned to me to do the same, which command I instantly obeyed, without knowing the why or wherefore; he ran off himself in an opposite direction, leaving us both prostrate; I suspected that all was not right, so raising myself a little to discover the real cause of alarm, I saw two turbaned figures ap-

* Deut. xxv. 4.

† A large knife or sword worn in the girdle.

proach us, coming from the direction in which I heard the dog. The light of the moon becoming brighter, shewed at a little distance the towers of an old castle, in which I concluded the advancing forms resided; I did not wish to remain any longer in this grovelling position, as if I was guilty of some evil intent, so immediately I sprang on my feet, my guide did the same, and in a minute the two figures were confronting us, one seemed from his dress a Shiek or chief, the other his slave; my guide entered into conversation with them, not one word of which I understood. The chief looked at me with his dark scrutinizing eyes, and addressed me, in an authoritative air, not comprehending a syllable of his harsh guttural Arabic. I laid my hand on my breast, saying the word *Inglis*, meaning that I was English, then pointed in the direction from whence I came, and then to the top of the mountain up which I was ascending, repeating the words, "*Nar Yacoub*," (Jacob's well) thus performing a sort of pantomime. In the mean time the run-away guide returned, bringing with him an Arab having a gun six or seven feet in length; it appeared they employed this man as an additional protection and guide up the mountain. Anxious to be off, I salaamed the shiek who seemed unwilling to let me proceed without paying him tribute. I felt half inclined to give up my expedition, and return to my friends, not over and above liking my companions, who tapped me on the shoulder in no very gentle manner, by way of encouragement, saying, "*tieb, tieb*," (all's well.) My desire for seeing the well overcame all my fears, so I continued my course.

After an hour's difficult climbing over loose stones, we came to the ruins of an old monastery, built in the times of the early Christians, my Arabs bounded over the ruins, dragging me after them, and in a wild cry of joy, accompanied with strange gestures, repeated the words "*Nar Yacoub*" several times. With what subdued and reverential feelings did I approach the place where Jesus, being wearied with his journey, rested; a

wall two feet in height surrounds the mouth of the well, which is about a yard in diameter, a large stone was placed in the mouth of it like a stopper, which I endeavoured to take up; but, fearing lest I should cause it to fall down, I desisted. I threw down some pebbles to discover the probable depth of the well, and found it indeed "deep," as the woman described, from the time the stones took in falling; but, on their reaching the bottom, I heard no splash, which made me conclude there was no water. Oh! that wells of the living water were to spring up in this barren and benighted country. But that same Almighty Agent that "turneth a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein," can yet "turn the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs." There are other wells and subterranean passages about the ruins, but none answering the character of "deep" but this one; I brought away with me a piece off one of the stones that surrounds the well, perhaps off that one upon which Christ sat. Having satisfied my curiosity I motioned to my guides to return, who surrounded me, and demanded their money, I thought if I were to pay them all the sum agreed on, they might leave me to return as I best could, so I paid only the half, allowing them to suppose I had no more about me, and that they must return to Hawarah, to receive the remainder. After consulting each other, they thought it more advisable not to persevere in their demands; we made a circuitous route by Joseph's tomb,* and returned to my sleeping friends at four in the morning, who congratulated me on my safety. As soon as our mules were ready, we started for Nabloose. On our road about a mile distant from Nabloose, we passed a stream issuing from a spring, which some travellers have erroneously termed Jacob's well, it is neither deep† nor on a mountain.‡

Nabloose is beautifully situated in the midst of gardens, of orange, date, fig, and other fruit trees, having Mount Gerizim, on which the blessings were delivered, on the one side, and Mount

* Over which a small mosque is erected.

† John, iv. 11.

‡ John, iv. 20.

Ebal, that on which the curses were delivered, on the other. Terraces extend a considerable way up Mount Gerizim, on whose summit are ruins of cisterns lined with cement, which apparently are of great antiquity; this mountain joins the one on which Jacob's well is situated. On our entering the town we put up at a Khan, built in the time of the Crusades. It is a quadrangular building, with small rooms leading off each side, which were occupied with travellers and merchants; some of the latter offered us goods for sale; among the many novel articles shewn us, was a cloak made of the skin of an ostrich with the feathers on; one of my companions invested himself with this singular costume, and on the merchant seeing our surprize and curiosity excited, demanded a considerable sum, much greater than either the article was worth, or than any of us felt inclined to give. We visited a synagogue of the Samaritans to see their celebrated manuscript *said* to have been written by Abishua, son of Phineas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron, the high priest; this ancient record they at first refused to shew us, and thought to satisfy our curiosity by producing one written only eight centuries ago. The priest said he should have to change his dress, and go to the bath before it would be lawful for him to touch so sacred a relic; a few piasters soon removed all his scruples, and without his changing attire, using ablutions, or lighting candles he laid sacrilegious hands on this most holy volume. One of my companions read some of it aloud, much to their astonishment. They would not be persuaded but that there are Samaritans in England, as none but a Samaritan could have taught him. They deny that they are in any way descended from the Assyrians, which Shalmaneser left behind him when he laid waste Samaria, and carried its inhabitants into captivity, and abuse the Jews, who assert that their (the Samaritan) nation has perished. Whilst they were stating to us their grievances, some Jews entered who desired us not to mind those books, nor what the Samaritans said, as they (the Jews) alone preserved the pure law of Moses; this

difference of opinion gave rise to a dispute which we had much difficulty in quelling, thus setting forth the truth of what we find in the 14th of John, 9, "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." On the 15th of the month Nisan, or Abih, they annually offer up a lamb on Mount Gerizim, which sacrifice they keep secret from the Mahomedans. A German Jew conducted us to the place where the Patriarch Jacob resided—also the cave in which he mourned the loss of his son Joseph.

Nabloose is frequently alluded to in Scripture under the names of Shechem, Sychar, or Sychem—its classic name was Neapolis. After the destruction of Samaria by Shalmaneser, Shechem became the capital of the Samaritans; and we find from Josephus, it continued to be so in the time of Alexander the Great. The population may be about 7000, who carry on a considerable trade with Egypt. Its principal article of manufacture is soap, but it has many other factories which supply the surrounding neighbourhood with silks, cloths, and various other articles of dress; numerous caravans of camels, used for the purpose of conveying goods, repose in the olive groves outside the gates. The bazaars are well supplied, and there is much appearance of bustle and activity; at a short distance from the town is a ledge of rock which contains a number of tombs; a fine clear spring rises near this, which sends its cooling waters through a small artificial conduit into the town. As we received many insults from the inhabitants, being frequently spit upon and reviled as Christian dogs, (on one occasion whilst I was drawing a view of the town and Mount Gerizim, a boy came behind me and threw dust upon what I was colouring;) we felt no inclination to remain any longer in this "city of refuge,"* so took our departure on the third day from our arrival. Crossing some rugged mountains we passed by Thannoor, known by the name of Thoron in the time of the Crusades; it is situated on a rocky eminence, and is now in ruins, having been lately destroyed in a siege by the Bashaw of Acre.

* Joshua xx. 7.

The country around is considered very dangerous, so much so that we could not induce our guides to travel by night, though there was a fine moonlight. On our reaching Jenneen we sought every where for a room to rest ourselves in, but no one would receive us as soon as they discovered we were Christians; one house offered to lodge us, provided they got the consent of the Mutsellem (governor,) which being refused we were obliged to rest under the broken shade of an olive grove outside the town. Our motive for wishing to get into a house, was in order to avoid being seen by the inhabitants who bear a very indifferent character in matters relating to honesty or forbearance towards Christians. After some rest we proceeded to Jezreel, distant about three hours; here we pitched for the night in Naboth's vineyard, a short distance from the town, not wishing to enter the filthy mud hovels which abound with vermin. The Mucoraws placed their animals in a circle, which they secured by an iron chain, one end of which was fastened round their fetlocks, and the other attached to a spike run into the ground; we ranged ourselves and luggage within this circle, as we were informed the Jezreelites would have no scruples in carrying off anything they could lay hold on. We sent our servants into the village to buy bread, eggs, and anything else that they could procure. Each of us assisted in preparing our supper; one gathered sticks and leaves for fuel, another laid the rugs in order, a third tried his skill on an omelette, whilst it fell to the lot of another to execute and pluck some fowl, which our servants succeeded in procuring. As soon as the Arabs saw our fire lighted, and the appearance of cooking going on, they hovered about us and gradually came nearer; some thought to get into our good graces by appearing to assist us, and run our messages; others who were Christians (secretly, that the Mahomedans might not observe them) made the sign of the cross, and though it is too much to be feared that they were Christians only in name, yet I felt that I could not resist answering their sign, as a tacit acknowledgment of that

by which alone wretched sinners can be saved. By the time our supper was ready we found our self-invited guests had come into close quarters with us, and had already squatted themselves in a circle, cross-legged, and were commencing operations on our pilaff which they soon helped to diminish, thrusting their copper-coloured fingers into the same dish from which we were eating. On my using a knife and fork (implements unseen before by our guests) to carve a fowl; one of them thinking I was giving myself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, snatched it up in his fingers, and tore the limbs and bones asunder, and with an air of self-approbation said, "shoof, shoof!" (look, look.) On his finishing his operations, he dipped a part of the dismembered fowl into the rice and stuffed it into my mouth, thus taking the honours of the banquet on himself; this custom forcibly reminded me of the sop our Saviour gave Iscariot, and of the passage, "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish.*" The washing of hands before and after meals, the usual practice in these countries, and which, in accordance with English ideas of cleanliness would be thought a very necessary accompaniment to an Arab repast, was on this occasion entirely omitted by our swarthy guests who made an essuimain of their beards and trowsers. It would have been a very impolitic action to have sent them away or spoken roughly to them, as they might perhaps have paid us a visit in the night, when even still less ceremony would be observed. In order to return the compliment we paid them, or rather they paid themselves for the supper, they lit their chiboukes (pipes) which when they had smoked for a while, they stuffed without ever wiping them into our mouths. As night came on they withdrew, and notwithstanding our watchfulness over them, after they had left us, sundry complaints were made by our servants of things having disappeared. We each kept watch in turn whilst the rest slept; when my turn came to mount guard, I was kept on the qui vive in driving away the jackalls and numerous hungry dogs that came prow-

* Matt. xxvi. 23.

ling about. I was going to fire at some of them, but thought it more advisable not, as it might bring down upon us a fresh importation of Arabs, who would gladly make use of our having shot their dogs as as a plea for plunder. The savage dogs reminded me that here the prophecy of Elijah was literally fulfilled. "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." In the morning we entered the extensive plains of Jezreel or Esdrealon, also called the plain of Tabor; the Galilean plain and great plain (its present name is Merdj ibn Aamer.) This is memorable as the place where "Sisera was discomfited, and all his chariots and all his host, with the edge of the sword, before Barak."* It was here also that Josiah, King of Judah, was put to death by Pharaoh-nechoh, King of Egypt;† nor are these plains the less remarkable in our days, as it was here that Napoleon's troops, commanded by Murat, encountered an overwhelming army of Turks and Mamelukes. These plains, from their extent, and the facility they afford for manœuvring, are well adapted for being the theatre of war. I saw a singular and beautiful effect of mirage, when crossing these plains. I could not be persuaded, though repeatedly assured to the contrary, but that a most beautiful lake was before me at the extremity of the plains, and was anticipating the pleasure of refreshing myself in its waters; but ever as I advanced it fled before me, like the phantom image of the lost Creusa. The chief production of this plain, which is only partially cultivated, consists of cotton. Passing Endor,‡ where the witch that raised Samuel resided, and the village of Nain,§ where Christ raised the only son of a widow, we came to the foot of Hermon, where we slept among rows of prickly pears or Indian figs, some of the fruit of which we eat and found the flavour rather agreeable.—The camels eat the leaves without any difficulty, though covered with thorns. On rising in the morning I found my coverlet completely wet through with the dews that had fallen during the night. I recollected it was to these dews the Psalmist alluded, in describ-

ing the unity of brethren, in his cxxxii Psalm.

After winding for some time along the foot of the hill, we came to the precipice down which the Jews were about to cast Jesus, when he escaped from them.

Nazareth, now Nassara, is situated on rising ground, in a valley encompassed with barren mountains. The houses are flat roofed, and seldom exceed one story; they are very straggling, and built without any regard to regularity or line of street. We put up at the Latin convent, where seven or eight monks and the superior resided. There are good substantial walls surrounding the building, which give to the traveller of these lawless regions a feeling of security. Bread, wine, and lodging is provided gratis at this convent for all pilgrims or travellers, for three days, at the expiration of which time it is expected they will proceed on their journey. We found the monks very civil in directing us to the various places of interest. The first place they conducted us to was the chapel of the convent, built over the cave or house of the Virgin. On entering the humble abode of the mother of Jesus, we remarked a granite column suspended as if by some miraculous agency, over the spot where the angel Gabriel appeared to Mary. Queen Helena is said to have placed it there, that so holy a locality might be preserved. In the centre of the cave is an altar, under which is an inscription, stating "Verbum caro hic factum est." At the back of the altar are some steps, hewn out of the solid rock, leading up to her sleeping chamber. The monks tell you, with all gravity, it was from this house the angels carried away the one now at Loretto. There are some paintings hung round the sides of the chapel;—one representing St. Antonio, which a monk assured me performed wonderful cures and miracles, when prayed to. On his seeing me smile, and express doubts as to the possibility of a piece of canvass, with an old head daubed on it, possessing any miraculous properties, he mitigated his praises, and said, "al meno dicono così," (at least

* Judges, iv. 15.

† 1 Sam. xxviii. 7.

‡ 2 Kings, xxiii. 29.

§ Luke, vii. 11.

NAZARETH.



Drawn by William West, Esq.

Tabor.

Gilboa. Convent.

Hermon.

Preciptee.



they say so.) There is also the likeness of our Saviour, which the same authority informed me had no less a personage for its artist than St. Luke. In another part of the town the synagogue was shewn us, into which Jesus entered, "as his custom was on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read." It was on this occasion the prophecy contained in the 61st chapter and 1st verse of Isaiah was fulfilled in the ears of those who heard him.* It is now converted into a church of the Maronites. On our coming out I saw a boy, of about twelve years of age, run upon another, and having struck him, pulled off his turban. One of my friends separated them, and on our inquiring the cause of the assault, found to our grief that the assailant was a Christian, who beat the other, a Mahomedan, for entering the church, thus retaliating for his not being permitted to enter the mosque. Alas! how little those lessons of forbearance taught by Jesus of Nazareth seem to be remembered by those who now assume the name of Christian. We were afterwards conducted to the workshop of Joseph: it is used as a place of worship, and on the wall is a painting, representing Joseph at his bench, with his carpenter's tools about him; by his side stands the infant Jesus, whom he holds by the hand, and seems about instructing in his humble and despised profession.†

At a short distance from the town is the Greek Church, built by the side of a well, where the Greeks, in opposition to the Latins, affirm the annunciation took place. Amongst other holy places shewn us, was a small chapel that contains a large sized stone, upon which (as we learned from a Latin inscription on the wall) Christ sat and eat with his disciples, both before and after his resurrection. Though these places are so well calculated to interest him, who views them with the eye of faith, and, though I am convinced many do still preserve their original localities, yet I would not allow my enthusiasm to force me to surrender my judgment to an implicit belief in every place which the monks point out, particularly where contending parties

lay equally well supported the claims to genuineness of the subject of dispute. What I attached most interest to, and even whilst I write these notes, my mind refers to, and dwells on, with indescribable pleasure, is the extensive and deeply interesting view that I enjoyed from the hill behind Nazareth; on my left Mount Tabor (that on which Jesus was transfigured, when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light") raised his lofty and darkly wooded head above the hills that encompass Nazareth. In the distance stretched the mountains of Gilboa, yet called by the Arabs, Djebel Gilbo; they form the western boundary of the plain of the Jordan, and are memorable for the defeat of Saul and Jonathan. Before me rose Hermon, the companion of Tabor;* and, on my right, the precipice terminated my view. Below me lay the town, in the centre of which rises a handsome mosque, built in a garden of cypresses. As I contemplated the scene before me, and my eye dwelt on these mountains and valleys that yet preserve unchanged, the forms they presented to their rejected but divine inhabitant, my attention was arrested by the shrill cry of the Muezzin from the minaret summoning the faithful to prayer. "Prayer is better than sleep, there is no God but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

The week before we arrived, the inhabitants rose up and slew the governor, who was endeavouring to introduce European tactics in obedience to the commands of Abdullah, Bashaw of Acre. The Moslems concerned in the murder have fled, and the Bashaw has confiscated their property. Nazareth is miserably supplied with commodities. Being anxious to purchase something that I might take with me as a souvenir, I actually could procure nothing worth the trouble of bringing away; I felt the justice of Nathaniel's remark, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth." Having seen all the interesting places in the vicinity, we procured mules to convey us to Saafet. During our stay at the convent, we had every reason to be satisfied with the hospitality of the monks,

* Luke, iv. 21.

† Matt. xiii. 55.

‡ Psalm, lxxxix. 12.

who supplied us with excellent wine and any thing else we required. On the evening previous to our departure, we made a calculation as to what might be a sufficient remuneration for any expense or trouble the convent was put to, during our stay, and presented it in the morning to the superior, in the name of charity to the poor. We mounted our mules and took our departure from the convent, accompanied with the A Dios,* and Buon Viaggios of the monks who followed us to the gates.

* Addio, or A Dio.

"MON AGONIE."

The hour of bitterness is past,
 Of passion and of hope the last—
 A new existence is begun,
 And I am *that* which can be won
 To grief nor joy—here lies a heart
 That knows not how to take a part
 With mankind :—scorning fortune's frown,
 O'er joy and sorrow looking down,
 Regardless what they each can bring,
 A cold, indifferent, reckless thing,
 Above their storm it holds away,
 And sees their lightnings idly play,
 And bursts of passion strike to death,
 And shatter humbler minds beneath.—
 It towers, like a lonely rock,
 That, frowning, breasts wild ocean's shock,
 And when its waters loveliest sleep,
 Still darkly scowls upon the deep.—
 That she had lured me on, she owned—
 But—let it pass—I am enthroned
 Above revenge—the time is o'er—
 No warmth can reach this region more.
 Cold—bare—it laughs at *feelings* now—
 All withered with the broken vow :—
 And I am found amongst the gay,
 As heedless, heartless, light as they—
 They hear not what has passed within,
 Nor should they—they may not begin
 To *feel*, when half a life is past,
 And sympathize with *me* at last.—
 They know me not—they shall not know—
 My story and my dust shall go
 Together to a stoneless tomb,
 Unwept—unhonoured—'tis my doom.

THE TALE OF THE TUB,

OR THE STRANGE THING THAT HAPPENED TO BISHOP M'HALE.

A New Irish Ballad to the tune, "Which Nobody can Deny."

Come all ye gay fellows from Cork to Kinsale,
 Who love a good song or a tragical tale ;
 Attend to my lay, and you'll hear without fail
 Of a strange thing that happened to Bishop M'Hale,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

'Twas all in Maronia the same came to pass ;
 Such a crowd at the chapel the like never was,
 Some knelt on the steps and some knelt on the grass,
 And they all knelt together attending high mass,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

When all of a sudden—I tell a true story—
 Up starts in the middle old Denny Mac Rory,
 Crying "look, Judy, look at the Bishop before ye,
 For I'm blest but he's got on a bright crown of glory !
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny."

Then Judy looked up, and she saw such a sight,
 As dazzled her two eyes and bothered her quite ;
 For, behold you, the Bishop was clad like a sprite,
 In a blazing array and a wonderful light,—
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

You may think how the people were struck with surprise ;
 Some held up their hands and some turned up their eyes ;
 Some thought it an angel came down in disguise,
 And some thought the Bishop was bound for the skies,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

Till that heretic Bet gave her neighbour a nudge,
 (For Bet at the Bishop had always a grudge,)
 Saying, "Troth, it's the sunshine *reflected*, I judge,
 From that tub full of water behind Father Fudge,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny."

Ere the words were well out, up spoke young Father John :
 "Sure enough, boys," says he, "it's a miracle yon ;
 And never you mind how old Betty gets on,
 For she still was a goose and a great Omadawn,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

"It's a miracle, boys, if there ever was one,
 By ever a saint in the calendar done ;
 It's as plain as a pike-staff and clear as the sun,
 And the man that denies it's the son of a gun,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

"It may seem a strange thing to this silly poor dunce
That has hardly a nut's weight of wit in her sconce ;
But, though heretics laugh and would call it romance,
The likes was as common as ditch-water once,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

"Did you never hear tell of the King of the Vandals,
Struck blind by the light of Saint Anthony's sandals ?
Or Saint Patrick, whose teeth were so bright, says M'Randles,
That whenever he laughed they had no need of candles ?
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

"Or blessed Saint Bridget—and oh ! could I utter
How she changed fish to flesh, and turned stones into butter—
The soles of whose feet did so gloriously glitter
That they made a clear stream of the dirtiest gutter ?
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

"And was not Saint Crispin, as every one knows,
So glorified over by stripes and by blows,
That, when he was hung up to die, by the toes,
The old Romans lighted their pipes at his nose ?
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

"And if honor like that to a cobbler was show'd
That lived in a stall by the side of the road,
Why shouldn't far greater on him be bestowed
That's a Bishop, no less, and a Father in God,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

"For, what says Saint Austin—" *De Hibernicorum*
Agua mirabili—whisky golemum—
Nemora, femora, hic, hoc, et horum,
Sanguis et cæpis—hooh !—diabolorum !
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

Then, turning to Bet—"So, you impudent targe ye,
You'd set yourself up for as wise as your clergy !
But fasting and penance shall properly purge ye,
Or I'll take my own whip, and it's neatly I'll scourge ye,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny."

"Your Reverence's pardon I humbly implore,"
Cries Bet kneeling down on the sill of the door,
"For your learned discoursing has made my heart sore,
And I'll not say a word of that same, any more,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny."

"Well, well," says the Father, "to give you a rub,
Just to teach you again how your betters you snub,
You'll get me ten *Patens*, and a hot sylla-bub ;
And Bet, do you hear ? *not a word of the tub*
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny."

THE HAUNTED GRANGE.

"The steed is vanished from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;

The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quenched in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill.
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again."

BYRON.

It was in the autum of 1830, after a long and animated correspondence with my tailor, bootmaker, and a host of other rapacious anthropophagi, that, disgusted by the sordidness of mankind in general, and of creditors in particular, I resolved, after the example of Bolingbroke, Byron, and other persecuted men of genius, to forsake the busy haunts of men, and to bury myself and my sorrows in the bosom of some sequestered and solitary retreat.

The little village of Boreham was a hamlet, such as few are now to be found in over-populated and over-civilized England. The simple denizens pursued their daily labours with peaceful and contented hearts; there were no idle gentry to excite their envy—no drinking establishments to corrupt their morals. The village boasted not of an exciseman; the vicar resided in the neighbouring town; there was no practice for an apothecary, and in fine, the only respectable inhabitant of the place was an antiquated attorney, who at the time I speak of, was engaged in the superintendence of his clients' business in London. It was indeed the most stupid "gite" upon the face of the earth. That I did not expire of ennui during my sojourn there, was owing to a singular piece of good fortune which I shall presently relate.

About a quarter of a mile from the extremity of the village, on the bank of the river Bore, stood a spacious old weather-stained mansion. Dreary, dark,

and desolate, with its steep shelving roof and mouldering casements, it seemed a blot upon the fertile and well cultivated tract of country that surrounded it.

At the front of the house were the remains of a garden that extended to the water's edge, but its once trim alleys were neglected and overgrown with bushes. Grass grew upon the walks, rank weeds flourished where once had bloomed the dahlia, and the rose; the fruit trees, long unused to the pruning-knife, bore no fruit upon their moss-grown branches; the sundial, with its quaint motto—*fugit hora brevis*—hung loosely from its worm-eaten supporter. The tangled thicket by the river side had once been an arbour, but the rustic table, with its benches, lay rotting upon the ground. I deemed, as I gazed upon the place, that it had once appertained to some wealthy squire, a mighty hunter perhaps, and a game preserver; a devourer of fruit, a fancier of flowers, and a follower of Isaac Walton.

I felt a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the wreck of that deserted garden: the remnants of taste and attention that lay mouldering around me conjured up the image of the former proprietor, as the banners which flaunt raggedly above some fretted sepulchre recall the memory of the once proud noble who sleeps beneath.

The condition of the house seemed little superior to that of the garden; the roof was uncovered in various

places, the walls were overgrown with ivy, swallows had built their nests at the window-corners; heat and cold, summer and winter, seemed to have done their worst upon the decaying wood-work; the windows, with the exception of one that looked into the garden, were closed; the bat and the owl, the rat and the mole, were the only tenants of the deserted village.

The spacious court-yard, that stood at the ree, was in melancholy unison with the other parts of the premises; the pavement was overgrown with weeds; the roofs of the offices had fallen in; bloated toads basked lazily upon the heated stones in the autumnal sun.

On every part an unknown hand seemed to have traced the word—MYSTERY!

During the continuance of my residence at Boreham, the romantic aspect of "Haverfield Grange" became inexpressibly interesting to me. It was better than a ruin. Ruins are noted down in guide-books and county surveys; this building, comparatively modern, yet preying, as it were, upon itself, contained a secret—a mystery, as I have said; it was a treasure to a dreamer and fantastic idler like myself.

In the sombre evenings of October, I loved to linger and to meditate in the solitary pleasure ground. I formed a thousand speculations, a thousand extravagant romances, in connection with it. For worlds I would not have asked a question of the inhabitants of the village upon the subject. A sentence, nay even a word, might have put to flight the happiest creation of my excited fancy.

Throughout the retreat, all seemed sombre, silent, and solitary,—a cemetery without a tomb! a monastery without a monk! An involuntary tremour sometimes crept over me, as I heard the evening breeze moaning dismally amongst the tangled bushes, scattering the crisping leaves upon the ground, or turning the ancient weathercock, with a creaking sound, upon its rusty pivot.

Alas! I grow tedious: there was too much whiskey in the last tumbler of punch.

One evening when the ground felt damp and clammy; when an icy mantle seemed to have descended upon me, I

stood, with folded arms, looking upon the discoloured front of the mysterious mansion. I took no note of time, for my thoughts were bent upon the solution of the enigma which seemed to lurk in the desolation that surrounded me. I turned my eyes upon the casement; time or tempest had divested it of its massy shutters. I started—it surely could not be, and yet when I gazed more earnestly, I was convinced I had not been mistaken. At that window, unfurnished as it was with either curtains or glass, I plainly discerned the figure of a man. He seemed young and handsome; long ringlets of dark brown hair flowed gracefully around a face, the extreme paleness of which appeared to be its only defect: his dress was of a somewhat antiquated fashion; the extreme richness of the material might have furnished matter for a diatribe to the satirists of the spectator. The exclamation that I uttered seemed to attract the attention of the figure; it slowly turned its dark full eyes upon me, and receding from the window, gradually disappeared from my view. A shudder ran chillily through my frame, for I deemed that the glassy glance so lately cast upon me had not been bestowed by a living man.

I returned to the "Ship and Shovel," where I lodged, a prey to a thousand fantastic imaginings.

When I had nearly concluded my supper, the landlady entered with an air of mystery, and announced Mr. Pettiquirk!

I was aware that Mr. Pettiquirk was the village attorney, but a visit from him was more than I had calculated on.

Mr. Pettiquirk entered, making a grotesque species of salaam, that bore a faint resemblance to a bow.

The attorney was a short thick man, about sixty years of age, attired in a rusty suit of black; the jovial, though alert expression of his crimsoned countenance, put me in mind of a glass jug filled with claret.

"Make yourself a glass of grog, Mr. Pettiquirk," said I, as I stirred the fire; "the night is chilly, and the rum, I'll venture to assert, is unexceptionable."

The fat lawyer took his seat, mixed his toddy, rubbed his hands, and commenced the conversation.

"My name, Sir, is Pettiquirk."

I inclined my head, and emitted a lengthy volume of tobacco smoke from the corner of my mouth.

"I have taken the liberty of waiting on you," added he, "in consequence of information that has reached me, touching divers visits of your's to a certain close or messuage, situate and being in this township, commonly called Haverfield Grange."

"Well, Sir," said I, "and what then?"

"What then!" cried he, as he drank off the remainder of his grog, "why, Sir, I have to inform you, that you have been guilty of a most flagrant trespass: you have with force and arms, broke and entered the aforesaid close or messuage, and trod down, trampled upon, consumed, and spoiled the grass and herbage, there growing, and divers other wrongful acts done. But," continued he, softening, as I pushed the gardevine towards him, "it is not my wish to be hard upon a gentleman of your stamp. I come here in performance of a duty, as the executor of the late Mrs. Desborough, I am compelled to request that you will discontinue your visits to the premises now known, and distinguished by the denomination of Haverfield Grange. You are a stranger, Sir, and not aware of the circumstances that have obliged me to permit the prettiest spot in the parish to fall into decay. Since the opening of Mrs. Desborough's will, a period of twenty years, I have not once passed the boundaries myself. It was a most unaccountable will that. The heir talked of litigating it, but——"

I respected the loquacity of the worthy man, and proffered him a cigar, as a testimony of my reverential feeling.

"If it is not too great a liberty," said I, "might I enquire the particulars of this extraordinary business?"

The rubicund little lawyer took an enormous pinch of snuff, rubbed his hands, crossed his legs, and put himself in the posture of a man about to tell a long story. The will of the late Mrs. Desborough was evidently one of his favourite topics.

"You must know, Sir," said Mr. Pettiquirk "that about twenty years ago I was head clerk in the chambers of old Muddleman, the attorney, in

Pump-court, Inner Temple—capital chambers they were. I dare say you have heard of Muddleman; he would have taken me into partnership, Sir, but the sly old fox wanted more money than, at that time, I could command, so I came back here to Boreham, where I had some relations, and set up for myself. It was about three months after I had made my arrangements, that about eleven o'clock at night, just as I was thinking of retiring to bed, a message arrived from Mrs. Desborough, who was then at Desborough Park, about seven miles distant from Boreham, requesting I would attend her without delay; her own maid, a bouncing lass, who now lives as chambermaid at this inn, had come over in the family coach, for the purpose of fetching me out. Now, I should have informed you before, that the Squire, Mr. Desborough, one of the most extensive land owners in the county, had died in London a very short time previous—he perished, as I have been given to understand, in a very shocking manner—given up to every kind of debauchery and excess. Well, Sir, what was very unaccountable, the very day of his departure for town, Mrs. Desborough left the Grange where they had been residing, carried off all the furniture, and, as some said, had it burnt upon the lawn at Desborough Park. You have been to the park?—No! Fine place!—beautiful spot. I have heard," continued the attorney, "that for some time previous to their separation, the Squire and his lady lived very unhappily together; they inhabited different parts of the house—rarely met even at meal-time—seldom spoke to each other. When her husband had left the country, Mrs. Desborough shut herself up at the park. She never went to church—refused to see anyone but Margaret, her maid—the poor people whom she used to relieve were neglected. The poor dear lady (I only saw her once, when she presented me with this diamond ring) became very ill; no doubt, she despaired of her recovery, for she refused to call in a physician in spite of the entreaties of Margaret. Some people said she was not quite right in her head.

"Well, Sir, my curiosity was wonderfully excited by the summons I had received from Mrs. Desborough, I questioned the maid as cunningly as I

to me, and my heirs for ever to our own use and behoof; with a proviso, that if the directions of her will were not punctually carried into execution, the Grange should then descend to testatrix's right heirs.

"Now, Sir," said the attorney, as he mixed himself a fresh glass of grog, "you will judge, if I had not some reason for requesting you to discontinue your walks in the Haverfield grounds."

"I assure you," said I, when I had paid the talkative little lawyer a few compliments upon the felicity of his descriptive powers, that I almost fancy I behold the unfortunate lady with her large black eyes, and her pallid face before me; I am certain I shall dream of nothing else. But have you never, Mr. Pettiquirk, formed any conjecture as to the motive for these singular directions?"

"Sir," said the attorney, "I never presume to judge of the conduct of those who honour me with their bequests.

It will be a comfortable thing, when it falls into possession, said I, "with your experience, (you will not be more than a hundred years old,) you may make a snug box of it.

Pettiquirk smiled.

"But the case you have mentioned," added I, "is by no means a solitary one, there are two houses in Bethnal Green and one in the Minories, similarly circumstanced."

This, by the bye, was an invention of my own, but I wanted to pique the lawyer into a little more communicativeness.

I related a few other anecdotes, the coinage of my own brain, connected with the subject, and by degrees the attorney resumed a portion of his former loquacity; he enumerated in detail the numerous legends that were current in the village, embellished as they were with the incrustations of twenty years, but all these were so contradictory, and so absurd, that I despaired more than ever of obtaining a solution of the mystery. What took place afterwards between Mr. Pettiquirk and myself, I cannot distinctly call to mind; I have a dim recollection of pulling his wig off, and throwing it into the fire, but cannot depose with certainty to the fact; in truth, the rum had in some sort gotten

into my head, and on such occasions I am sometimes affected with a species of unconsciousness, which obfuscates, as it were, my intellectual faculties.

While I was sitting over a late breakfast the next day, my landlady, a good humoured elderly woman, with a face, figure, and dress, worthy the pencil of Teniers, entered with a smoking number of the "*Morning Herald*."

"Good morning to you, Mr. Poplar; how do you find yourself this morning, Sir?"

"Cursed headache," said I.

"Ah! Sir, that's a terrible thing—a cup of strong tea will do you good, Sir. And so Mr. Pettiquirk was with you last night, Sir?"

"He was," said I, "and a very jolly fellow he seems to be."

"He's a nice gentleman, Mr. Pettiquirk. Did he tell you any thing about the Old Grange, the haunted house on the river-side?"

"He did," said I, fancying I might secure some clue to the attainment of my object—"a melancholy story"—and I related to her the particulars of the death of Mrs. Desborough.

At each pause in my narrative, my landlady stretched forth her neck, regarding me with an expression which is, I believe, peculiar to innkeepers, and custom-house officers.

"My dear Mrs. Scoremup," said I, "you look as if you knew a great deal more about the matter, do now be so good as to sit down and tell me the whole story."

"The whole story!—well now, was there ever such a gentleman!" What kind of man was Mr. Desborough?"

"Mr. Desborough, Sir, Oh! a fine gentleman, Sir; he had the best horses and the finest pack of hounds in the county. When he married Miss Haverfield, the rich heiress, they were the handsomest couple I ever set eyes on. Such an equipage, Sir!—four such horses!"

"Did they live happily together?"

"Happily! yes, to be sure, Sir; the lady always had her own way—did just as she pleased—the squire never interfered;—sometimes when he came home from hunting (he was always out with the horses or the dogs, Sir,) he would be a little fractious in his liquor, as I have heard Margaret say; but, Lord love you, Sir, they lived very comfortably."

I allowed the worthy lady to run on in this manner for some time, in the hope that she would at length come to something more german to the matter; I was rewarded for my patience by a repetition of the stale romances, to which, in Mr. Pettiquirk's company, I had inclined so attentive an ear; the hostess concluded her rigmarole with a morceau well worthy the attention of the married reader.

A woman in the neighbouring town of Dunderton murdered her husband, salted the body like a pig, and deposited it in her cellar. Every morning she cut a portion from the carcase, and flung it into the river. She told the neighbours that her husband had gone to sea, and it is probable that the greater part of him actually did go there.—At length the whole body, with the exception of the head, was disposed of in this manner.—By some accident the murder was discovered; the murderess was apprehended, tried, found guilty, and executed. When the magistrate, who committed her, demanded why she had not disposed of the head in the same manner as the rest of the body—she answered, simply, that she had several times made the attempt, but that the head was too heavy!"

Reduced to despair by the pertinency of this last sally, I was devising some means of putting a stop to the current of a flow of words that seemed to have no limit, when happening to cast my eyes upon a neck-kerchief which decorously concealed my hostess' bosom, I there beheld an ornament that I little expected to find in such a place. It was a miniature, a portrait, and an admirably executed one of the figure which I had so strangely discovered the preceding evening at the window of Haverfield Grange; there was the same beautiful countenance, somewhat less pallid, the same profusion of brown ringlets, and even the very dress which had already so deeply excited my interest.

"My dear Mrs. Scoremup," said I, breaking in upon the gossip which she was pouring into an unconscious ear, "I never saw so pretty a portrait: is it a correct likeness of the late Mr. S——? The late Mr. S——! marry come up! cried the offended landlady, my poor dear man that's gone, would have made three of this little whipper-

snapper. Why, I don't think *he* stood more than five feet five, or six at the very most without his shoes.—That's my husband's picture, Sir, that stands over the mantel-piece in my small parlour,—the one in the regimentals of the Boreham Fencibles, with an orange in his hand; the limner wanted to paint a nosegay, Sir, but poor dear Mr. Scoremup had a mortal objection to nosegays, ever since he saw a highwayman go up Holborn Hill to be hanged, with one in his hand."

"Then who is the person that portrait is intended to represent?" said I, pointing to the miniature.

"Why this," said Mrs. Scoremup, "is the likeness of a young gentleman who came to this house about twenty years ago, a real gentleman I thought he was—it was quite ridiculous the way he used to wheedle me, Sir, when he wanted to get an additional bottle of claret; I was a young woman then, Sir;—he had such a winning way with him, with his pale baby face."

"What was his name?" said I.

"We used to call him Number Three, Sir, because you see, he used to sleep in No. 3, your own room, Sir; well he stayed here a matter of six weeks or more; he was uncommon fond of fishing, sometimes he'd ramble out after breakfast with his rod, and never show his face until eleven, and twelve at night, and what was most curious he never brought home any fish—he was the oddest gentleman—I used to jeer him about it. Well, one morning he went out as usual, telling me not to trouble myself about his dinner, for he might not be home until late; so when eleven o'clock came, and my gentleman wasn't returned, I told Sally Chambermaid to wait up for him, and went to my bed. Well, Sir, when I got up next morning, the first person I met in the passage, was Dick Ostler with the gentleman's fishing rod in his hand. I'm afraid ma'am, said Dick, that summut's gone wrong with the young squire. Dick always called him squire."

Why, mercy on me! Dick, said I, what can be the matter?

Matter, ma'am, says Dick, the matter's this, as I was watering brown Dobbin down at the river this morning, I found this here fishing-rod, that belongs to the strange gentleman, a-sticking amongst the long rushes; and Sally

Chambermaid says, ma'am, that he was out all night, and hasn't come back by no means.

Well, Sir, I was in such a quandary!—we first thought he was drowned, and poor Mr. Scoremup had the river dragged nearly as far down as Dunder-ton, but we never got any tidings of him. Mr. Scoremup said he was a swindler, but I often thought that if the poor gentleman had been alive, he'd have come back to settle his account; he owed me a matter of fifteen pounds, Sir; he didn't care what he ordered—I thought he was a rare customer—when we came to search his portmanteau, there were only a few shirts and stockings in it; poor Mr. Scoremup wore them himself afterwards; there was no mark upon his linen; I found this picture in the table-drawer in his room."

"Did you not advertize?" said I.

"Advertize! bless your heart, Sir, twenty years ago; we never saw a paper here from year's end to year's end."

Mrs. Scoremup and I had some further conversation upon the same subject; I wanted to purchase the portrait of her, but she refused to part with it. "I sometimes suspect," said she, "as she was leaving the room, that Margaret Chambermaid knows more about the matter than she would have us to think; she can't abide to look at this picture, and the first time she saw me wearing it, I thought she would have dropped; she's a strange girl sometimes, Sir."

When my landlady had departed, I was altogether at a loss what to do with myself; my visits to the ruined house had been interdicted by Mr. Pettiquirk, no other part of the neighbourhood possessed the slightest interest in my eyes; I had nothing for it, but to sit down quietly by the fireside, and ruminate in silence upon the strange histories I had so recently been listening to.

Haverfield Grange, with its neglected grounds, its closed-up gates, and its shattered casements, seemed faintly shadowed forth on the billowy clouds of Varinas vapour that rolled heavily from my lips. As I sat in my solitary sitting room, I seemed again to behold the spectral form of the mysterious stranger gazing from the dilapidated window, and reflecting upon the story I had heard from Mr. Scoremup, felt convinced that the circumstances of his

mysterious disappearance had some connection with the fortunes of the late proprietors of the deserted dwelling.

The fact, that Margaret had been the waiting-maid of Mrs. Desborough, coupled with the concluding expressions of my loquacious landlady, was sufficient to induce me to cross-examine that interesting chambermaid when at five o'clock, she came to lay the cloth, and make other preparations for my dinner. She was an elegant looking virgin of about forty, with a sharp nose, and a blooming but shrivelled countenance.

"Margaret," said I, "it strikes me as a very unaccountable circumstance, that you should still be unmarried."

"As for the matter of that," said she, "it's not for the want of offers, if one was inclined to make a fool of one's self."

"Were you not lady's maid at Haverfield Grange at the time the young man was drowned, who lodged at this inn about twenty years ago?"

The poor creature's countenance became excessively pale, the decanter, she was about to place upon the table, dropped upon the floor, and was shattered in a thousand fragments.

"I am afraid you are unwell," said I.

"Oh dear no, Sir; I'm quite well now, Sir. Yes, Sir; I was lady's maid at the Grange, when" —

I never saw grief and horror more vividly depicted upon a countenance, than upon that of the trembling rustic figure before me.

Something more than a week had elapsed since the professional visit of my friend Mr. Pettiquirk, my landlady was abroad at some village junketting, and my fire blazed cheerfully in its ample hearth: in short I was happy, for I had at length prevailed upon Margaret to reveal to me the hitherto hidden mystery of the deserted house. It were needless to enumerate the various devices I put in practice to entrap the *ci-devant soubrette*; it is a vulgar error to suppose that ladies are incapable of retaining secrets, I do not know any class of persons who in general keep them better, or, indeed, have more to keep. It was not until I had declared to Margaret, in a solemn manner my serious intention of espousing her, and thereupon laid claim to that unreserved

confidence, which is the privilege of a husband, that I induced her to communicate the morceau of secret history which I am about to relate.

Were I servilely to adhere to the style and form of expression used by the fair narratrix, together with the somewhat copious digressions, and episodes consequent thereon, I fear that my unhappy narrative would become almost as tedious, although not so extensive as a Whig Commission of enquiry; trusting, therefore, that such of my readers as are still awake will pardon the prolixity I have already indulged in, I shall, in a few words as possible, hasten to the conclusion of this "strange eventful history."

"The village clock was striking ten, when Mr. Desborough, alone, and on foot, arrived at the back-entrance of Haverfield Grange. He had met with three signal misfortunes in the course of the day, and his temper was consequently exacerbated to an unusual degree. He had been completely thrown out in the chase; he had staked his favourite hunter to death in an ineffectual attempt to regain his place, and he had received a fall which, without inflicting any serious injury, had shaken his frame in a most uncomfortable manner.

"It is not to be wondered at, then, that he was in no disposition to enjoy the boisterous festivities of the foxhunting club, of which he was a member, and that he took the earliest opportunity of escaping from his claret-drinking companions, who seemed to have regarded the mishaps he had met with as themes of unextinguishable mirth.

"Instead of knocking at the gate, as was his usual custom when he returned home on horseback; on this particular evening he made use of his master-key, and not wishing to exhibit to his servants the tattered, bemired, and altogether rueful looking condition of his habiliments, he determined to proceed at once to his chamber, and committing himself to his couch, seek that repose which his aching bones told him he stood so much in need of.

"Now, it appears, that the chamber occupied by the Squire and his lady at Haverfield, was one of those, whose windows looked out upon the garden that extended, as I have said before, to the river's side, it contained a small cabinet, or closet, with a glass door,

situated between the two windows, and excavated, as it were, out of the thickness of the wall, which even for a country mansion was unusually solid."

"I did not expect you so early, Desborough," said his lady, as she closed the door of the little cabinet.

"Who have you got in the closet, Adeline?" said the Squire, who had caught an indistinct glimpse of a dark figure in the farthest recess.

"'Tis only Margaret, folding up my dresses," rejoined the lady, with a quiet air. "Had you an agreeable dinner at the club to-day?"

Mr. Desborough did not answer her, for, at that moment, the chamber door opened, and Margaret entered; it was a clap of thunder to the hitherto unsuspecting husband; he thrust his hands to the extremity of his breeches-pockets, and forgetting his bruises and his fatigues, began to pace up and down the bed-room with a hasty and uncertain step.

"Is there any thing the matter with you, Desborough?" said his wife, looking timidly at him, "have you received any disagreeable intelligence?"

The husband continued his promenade without speaking.

"Margaret, you may leave me now," said Mrs. Desborough to her maid, who was occupied in arranging her mistress's hair for the night.

When Margaret was out of hearing, or rather was supposed to be so, for she remained with her ear rivetted to the key-hole, Mrs. Desborough looked up, and beheld her husband standing before her; his cheeks were pale, his lips trembled, and his voice was husky with suppressed passion.

"Madam!" said he, "there is somebody concealed in that closet."

She gazed upon him with an appearance of stupefaction, the expression of her countenance resembled that of a sleeper distorted by a perturbed dream.

Mr. Desborough had turned away with the intention of scrutinizing the fatal cabinet himself, when his further progress was arrested by the hand of his wife, laid gently upon his arm; there was something touching in her regard, and in the subdued tones of her voice, as she looked up sadly in his face.

"Desborough," said she, "reflect for a moment upon what you are about

to do, if you enter that cabinet and find no person within, we are parted for ever."

The Squire was moved to an unwonted degree by this appeal on the part of a wife, whom, notwithstanding his constant neglect, and occasional brutality, he still loved, and felt proud of.

"Adeline," said he, "I will not enter your closet; in either case you would be lost to me for ever. I do justice to the purity of your heart, and the blamelessness of your life. I am not insensible to the patience with which you have endured my irregularities, and the caprices of my temper; will you then, for my satisfaction, give me your word, that there is no person concealed in that closet?"

"I will," said she, "there is no person that I am aware of, concealed in that closet."

"Nay," cried the Squire, "you will swear it?"

"I will swear," said the lady, in hurried accents, "that there is no person concealed in that closet."

"I am quite satisfied," replied the husband, as he rang the bell, "and now I shall give you an account of the misfortunes that befel me to-day."

"Margaret," said he, addressing himself to that soubrette, who appeared at the door, "tell Wilkins I wish to speak to him."

Mr. Wilkins was the head groom, valet, and occasional confidant of the Squire.

"Wilkins, said Mr. Desborough, going to the door where the servant stood awaiting him, Wilkins, and he lowered his voice, "go through the house, and see that all the servants retire to their sleeping rooms, with as little delay as possible, then run down to the village and bring up Joberson, the mason, with you, you can assist him in carrying his tools. You understand" added he, slipping a couple of guineas into his agent's hands, "there is a job to be done here to-night, and it must be done, as expeditiously, and quietly as possible."

"Well as I was saying," said the Squire, returning to his wife whom he had taken care not to lose sight of, while giving his directions to the servant, I was mounted upon the sorrel mare, &c. &c. &c.

"Joberson is waiting at the door, Sir," said Wilkins, who had executed his master's commands with his usual celerity and exactness.

On hearing the mason announced, Mrs. Desborough coloured slightly, but made no remark.

"Joberson," said her husband, "I wish to have the door-way of that closet built up with as much despatch as possible, Wilkins will take you to the barn, where you will find bricks and materials for mortar, sufficient for the purpose."

Mrs. Desborough appeared occupied by the perusal of a volume of "the Tatler," which she held in her hand.

"Joberson," said the Squire, in a low tone of voice, when the mason had returned, "it is your intention, I understand, to set out for America shortly?"

"I should have gone there last Spring, Sir," said the mason, "but my money was not sufficient."

"Well," said the Squire, "I think I can put you in a condition to leave the country handsomely; if you do this job cleverly, and without making a noise, you shall have a cheque upon my banker in London for two hundred pounds. You shall have five hundred more on my being apprized of your arrival at New York, and after the expiration of ten years, if I shall be satisfied that you have resided all that time in America, you shall have three hundred more."

"A thousand pounds in all!" shouted the astonished mason, "I'll set about it directly, Sir, if you please."

Mr. Desborough walked to the window farthest from the fire-place, and stood with folded-arms, and gazing upon the moon that floated tranquilly amongst the fleecy clouds.

"Joberson!" whispered Mrs. Desborough, "a hundred guineas, if you leave a crevice in the wall—a breathing space."

The Squire turned hastily round, divested his wearied feet of his heavy boots, put on a pair of velvet slippers, and recommenced, with noiseless steps, his promenade up and down the chamber.

The mason, who by his looks seemed to have understood the hint he had received, contrived to dislodge, with much dexterity, and little noise, the large pain of plate-glass, which occupied the centre of the closet-door;

when he had done this he was enabled to perceive, not without infinite amazement and some horror, the sombre figure of a man, whose black eyes seemed to flash fire from amid the darkness that surrounded them.

The unhappy lady took the opportunity of her husband's back being turned towards her, to admonish the stranger by a sign, that hope had not yet abandoned her.

It was four o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Joberson had completed his well requited piece of masonry, he was dismissed by the Squire with his cheque, and a positive command to proceed directly to London, without stopping a single day either in the village, or on the road; the ill-fated couple then retired to their couch, and the chamber, lately the scene of so singular an adventure, became nearly as silent, as, afterwards, it was destined to remain for sixty years.

About nine o'clock, when the Squire had nearly concluded dressing himself, he turned suddenly to his wife, and said, "By the bye, if you have no objection to joining me in a late breakfast, I should like to step down to Farmer Grumpus's turnip field, where the sorrel mare staked herself yesterday; I should be sorry were the poor thing devoured by the dogs, or what is worse, by the carrion crows, so if Grumpus will agree to have her buried."—

"Very well," said Mrs. Desborough, "I shall wait breakfast."

"Margaret!" shrieked the lady, in a thrilling tone, when her husband had

departed, "come quickly, lend me your assistance—it may not yet be too late."

A brick or two of the massive structure had been loosened, and displaced by the frantic exertions of the distracted woman, assisted as they were by the vigorous arm of the faithful maid. Mrs. Desborough turned her head, as if to take breath for a renewed effort, and beheld—her husband standing behind her!

She fainted.

"Put your mistress to bed," said the Squire, coldly to Margaret.

"Wilkins," added he, turning to his confidential servant, "you will carry me my meals until further orders to this apartment; your mistress has got a bad fever, and I am determined not to quit her bed-side until the crisis be over."

During thirteen days the vindictive husband continued closely to confine himself within the fatal room, which his agonized and guilty wife could not summon resolution to quit; when upon the fourth and fifth the involuntary groans of the dying man became fearfully audible in the silent chamber, and the horror-stricken lady would fain have interceded on behalf of the immured victim: her dignified, deprecatory, or despairing addresses were calmly interrupted with—

"But, my dear, you have sworn to me, that no person is concealed in that closet."

G. C.

MIGNON'S SONG IN REMEMBRANCE OF ITALY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, BY MRS. HEMANS.

MIGNON'S SEHNSUCHT.

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still, und hoch der Lorber steht.
Kennst du es wohl?—

—Dahin! dahin!

Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter! ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
"Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?"
Kennst du es wohl?—

—Dahin! dahin!

Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Beschützer! ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
Es stürzt der Fels, und über ihn die Fluth.
Kennst du es wohl?—

—Dahin! dahin!

Geht unser Weg! O Vater, lasst uns ziehn!

A young and enthusiastic girl (the character in one of Goethe's Romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's *Fenella* has been partially copied) is supposed to have been stolen in early childhood from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of the Palace-home, from which she is an exile, are perpetually haunting her, and break forth at times into the following song:

Know'st thou the Land where bloom the Citron bowers?
Where the gold Orange lights the dusky grove?
High waves the Laurel there, the Myrtle flowers,
And thro' a still blue Heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well?—

—there, there, with thee,

O Friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee!

Know'st thou the Dwelling?—there the Pillars rise,
Soft shines the Hall, the painted Chambers glow;
And forms of Marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—"poor child! what thus hath wrought thee woe?"
Know'st thou it well?—

—there, there, with thee,

O my Protector! homewards would I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain?—high its bridge is hung,
Where seeks the Mule through mist and cloud his way;
There lurk the Dragon-race, deep caves among,
O'er beetling Rocks there foams the torrent-spray;
Know'st thou it well?—

—with thee, with thee,

There lies my path; O Father! let us flee!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

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[Thus marked (*) are annual officers.]

Chancellor.

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Duke of Cumberland, L.L.D.

Vice Chancellor.

Lord John George Beresford, D.D., Lord
Bishop of Armagh, and Primate of all
Ireland.

The Provost.

Bartholomew Lloyd, D.D.

* *Vice Provost.*

Francis Hodgkinson, L.L.D.

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Mr. Moore.

* *Senior Lecturer.*

Dr. Prior.

* *Preachers.*

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Dr. Elrington.

Assistants.

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Archbishop King's Lecturer.

Dr. O'Brien.

Assistants.

Dr. Singer, Mr. Stack, Mr. Chapman,
Mr. Luby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Todd.

Catechist.

Dr. Sadleir.

* *Professor of Greek.*

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Assistants.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Meade.

* *Greek Lecturer.*

Mr. Chapman.

Assistant.

Mr. M'Cullagh.

* *Morning Lecturers.*

Mr. Stack, Mr. M'Cleane, Mr. Luby,
Mr. Todd.

* *Provost's Marker.*

William B. Drury, A.B. Scholar of the
House.

At the Michaelmas Quarterly Examinations, the Gold Medal for Science was adjudged to Eyre (John), the Gold Medal for Classics to Crawford (Francis).

CERTIFICATES FOR SCIENCE were adjudged to O'Brien (Matthew), Thomas (Henry), Finlay (Robert), Mr. Murland (James W.), Lee (William), Vickers (Henry), Jacob (William H.) Mr. Shaw (Geo. A.), Conway (Michael), Keogh (William), Biggs (Richard), King (Robert).

PREMIUMS FOR SCIENCE to Mr. Gore (Robert), Hawthornthwaite (Thomas), Mockler (William), Macbride (John R.), M'Mahon (John), Heastie (Edward), Burke (Fras.), Trayer (James), Maunsell (George), Orr (Alexr.), Ferguson (William), Ringwood (Frederick).

CERTIFICATES FOR CLASSICS to Ringwood (Henry), Reeves (William),—Mockler (William), Hopkins (Robert), Lee (William), Woodward (Thomas), Mullins (Robert), Wade (Benjamin), Henn (Thomas R.), Hickey (John), Finney (Daniel), Ringwood (Frederick).

PREMIUMS FOR CLASSICS to Todd (Charles), Fitzgerald (William), Lyons (James), Woodroffe (William), Philips (Jonathan), Callaghan (Thomas), Wilson (Hugh)—Mr. Kyle (John Torrens), Baillie (John), Stawell (William), Lyons Peter).

A PREMIUM FOR GENERAL ANSWERING to Gray (Joseph).

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1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.







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